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HISTORY

OF THE

FOURTH REGIMENT

NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS

1861

WHAT IT WAS
WHERE IT WENT
WHAT IT ACCOMPLISHED

1865

*PUBLISHED BY THE HISTORY COMMITTEE
OF THE
FOURTH REGIMENT VETERAN ASSOCIATION*

JOHN G. HUTCHINSON
FIRST SERGEANT CO. E.
Historian.

MANCHESTER, N. H.
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1913



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Fourth Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers

From
Manchester to Concord
By way of
the Southland

September 27, 1861, August 30, 1865

~~The arms are fair,~~
~~When the intent of bearing them is just.~~
—Shakespeare

~~PART I.~~

THE STORY OF THE FOURTH REGIMENT.

1861 --- 1865.



TENTH CORPS BADGE.

IN MEMORY OF THE MEN OF THE FOURTH
REGIMENT NEW HAMPSHIRE
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

Call
Who, in command of the gallant veteran, Colonel Whipple, in 1861 went to the front in response to the call of President Lincoln for 300,000 volunteers, and from Jacksonville, Florida, in 1862, to Fort Fisher, N. C.; in 1865 were led by our brave and gallant Colonel Bell, who gave his life that our country might endure, and after four long years' service returned to our New Hampshire homes in command of Lieutenant-Colonel Parker; and of all our comrades who gave their lives, made great sacrifices and bore an honorable record and helped to make our history from 1861 to 1865, these pages are lovingly dedicated by

YOUR HISTORIAN.

“OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS”

“To New Hampshire men the whole nation is a sepulchre, for their blood watered the soil of every state but their own, and their dust is mouldering by every great river and in every mountain pass from Maine to Georgia, from Charles to Rio Grande and the red river of the North.

They died before Warren at Bunker Hill, before Washington at Yorktown, under the eye of Jackson at New Orleans; they were thrown in their hammock-shroud from the bloody deck of Paul Jones, and Lawrence, and Decatur, and Farragut; they marched with Sherman, they charged with Sheridan, they conquered with Thomas, they fought it out on his own line with Grant. But no soldier of my native state ever fell on his own soil, or was buried in his dear native earth, unless the restless ocean cast his body on its narrow sea coast, or the love and care of parent, or brother, or child, restored to their sorrow and pride the corpse that had fallen a thousand miles from home.”

HON. F. B. SANBORN,

Concord, Mass.

In the Massachusetts Legislature March 14, 1889.

INTRODUCTION.

PROF. E. J. BURNHAM.

The battle of Bull Run, fought on July 21, 1861, dispelled all illusions in the North as to the nature of the struggle between the states. While the result of that battle was undue elation and dangerous over-confidence among the people of the South, in the North the effect was the crystallization of public opinion into a fixed determination to preserve the Union at whatever terrible cost of blood and treasure.

The members of the Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers, who assembled at Manchester for their regimental formation during the month of September, having enlisted for three years or during the war, knew that they had entered upon a hard and dangerous service, from which many of them would never return. There was no longer confident assertion of the war ending within ninety days, and even New Hampshire, far removed from the seat of the conflict, had already experienced something of the stern reality of warfare.

The body of young Ladd, a New Hampshire boy serving in the Sixth Massachusetts and killed at Baltimore, had been brought back to his New Hampshire home for burial at Alexandria. The Second New Hampshire, which left Portsmouth on June 20, had received its baptism of fire at Bull Run a month later, where twelve of its members had been killed or mortally wounded. These were, indeed, slight incidents, compared with what was to follow, but they were sufficient to cause heavy hearts and bitter tears in thousands of New Hampshire homes as regiment after regiment was organized and sent to the front.

The long controversy over slavery had reached a point beyond which a settlement was no longer possible other than by the grim

10 *Fourth Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers.*

arbitrament of war. Yet only eight years before there had been a general feeling throughout the country that the issues growing out of that controversy had been disposed of for at least a generation to come by the compromise measures of 1850. It has been agreed by historians that when congress assembled in December, 1853, the domestic quiet of the country was more nearly complete than it had been for many years. The people of all sections were, in general, weary of the political unrest, business disturbance and social enmity which had so long distracted them, and welcomed the compromise which seemed definitely to fix the status, in so far as slavery was concerned, of every state and territory. It is a significant fact, in this connection, that at the presidential election in November, 1852, the vote of the Free Soil party, which in 1848 was 290,000, fell to only 155,800. Everybody, except a handful of agitators and a few sagacious or scheming politicians, looked forward to a long period of political repose and friendly business and social intercourse between the sections.

Then, like the unexpected explosion of a bombshell, came the introduction of the Kansas-Nebraska bill in the senate by Stephen A. Douglas, chairman of the senate committee on territories, and immediately the country was ablaze with a conflagration which was to be quenched only with a torrent of blood.

Probably comparatively few of the young men who were gathering at Manchester during those September days of 1861 knew or cared much about the terms of the compromise on the creation of the territories of Utah and New Mexico, but most of them did know, and cared a great deal about the violence and bloodshed which had bestowed upon another territory the title of "Bleeding Kansas," the direct result of the Kansas-Nebraska bill and its principle of squatter sovereignty which had thrown open the territories to a bitter and bloody struggle between pro-slavery and anti-slavery settlers for control of territorial government and the adoption of a constitution which should recognize slavery or prohibit it forever, as the event might turn.

It is easy to see, after the lapse of more than a half century, that a peaceful settlement of the question of slavery was rapidly

becoming impossible, if, indeed, it had ever been possible. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe, of which three hundred thousand copies were sold in the United States in a single year, inflamed the people of the North against the institution of slavery, and very likely made, as Rufus Choate said it would, two million Abolitionists. On the other hand, the "raid" by John Brown with eighteen followers, upon the United States arsenal and other public buildings at Harper's Ferry, in October, 1859, although it resulted, as any sane man must have seen that it would, in the death of most of the party and the execution of its leader, filled the entire South with gloomy apprehensions of the horrors of a servile insurrection.

The presidential election of 1860 occurred in the confusion of party discord, sectional bitterness and universal distrust and apprehension. Abraham Lincoln was elected, and fortunately by a vote which made his title to the presidency indisputably clear, he receiving 180 electoral votes, while the other three candidates received only 103 all together. In twenty years the party opposed to slavery, which in 1840 cast only 7,000 votes, had gained control of the national government. Its candidate had carried every free state except New Jersey, and had received four of the seven votes of that state.

Ordinances of secession by several of the Southern states followed in rapid succession. South Carolina seceded on December 20, and was immediately followed by Mississippi. By February 1 seven states had declared their purpose to withdraw from the Union, and on the eighth of the same month the Southern Confederacy was organized at Montgomery, Alabama, by the adoption of a provisional constitution and the selection of Jefferson Davis of Mississippi and Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia as provisional president and vice-president respectively. The disruption of the Union, long threatened and gravely apprehended, was an accomplished fact in so far as it lay in the power of the seceding states to make it so, and preparations were at once undertaken for armed resistance to federal authority.

Meanwhile the people of the North were reluctant to accept the conclusion that war was inevitable. The closing months of

the Buchanan administration were marked by hesitancy, and President Lincoln, in his inaugural address on the fourth of March, stoutly reiterated what he had previously declared as a private citizen, that the people of the South need have no apprehension on account of the coming in of a Republican administration. He had no purpose, he declared, either directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery, but he also stoutly maintained that the union of the states was perpetual. Resolves and ordinances of secession were legally void, and as President, sworn to the support of the Constitution, he should act on the assumption that the Union was still unbroken. He declared that the power confided to him by the people would be used to hold, occupy and possess the property and places of the United States and to collect the customs duties. Beyond that, there would be no using of force anywhere. There need be no bloodshed. He even went so far as to announce that wherever hostility to the United States was so great as to deter competent resident citizens from holding the Federal offices, he would not force strangers upon any community. His closing words deserve to be repeated on every suitable occasion, and may properly find a place in the history of a regiment which did its part faithfully and efficiently in maintaining the Union. In closing his first inaugural address, Abraham Lincoln said:

“In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.”

The prophecy has been fulfilled. The “better angels” have touched the “mystic chords” in the “chorus of the Union,” but fulfillment was to be attended by a sacrifice, both on the part

of himself and of the country, of which the newly inaugurated president could have no adequate apprehension on that fourth of March, 1861.

Several weeks of anxious suspense followed the inauguration. Then came the sailing of the Federal fleet from New York for the purpose of revictualling Fort Sumter, followed promptly by the demand of the Confederate authorities for the surrender of the fort. The first gun was fired at about four in the morning of April 12, and the war had begun. After a gallant defense Major Anderson was forced to surrender, and the garrison, leaving the fort with colors flying and drums beating, went on board the steamship *Baltic*—a vessel which was later to figure in one of the most thrilling incidents of the long service of the Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers.

The bombardment of Fort Sumter set both sections of the country ablaze. By the end of the first week in May the number of seceding states had been increased to eleven, and in the same week, so great had been the eagerness for military service, the Southern governors were compelled to announce that no further enlistments could be allowed. In the North, President Lincoln's proclamation, issued immediately after the fall of Sumter, calling for 75,000 men, was responded to with alacrity, and New Hampshire was not behind her sister states. Enthusiastic meetings were held, recruiting offices were opened, and, although the old-time militia system of the state had been abolished some years previously, the First New Hampshire Volunteer Regiment, completely organized and fully equipped, left Concord for Washington on the twenty-fifth of May.

The Second Regiment, the first from the state to be composed of volunteers enlisted for three years, left Portsmouth on June 20, and the Third Regiment, more elaborately equipped than any that preceded it, left Concord on September 3. The enthusiasm remained unabated, volunteers continued to press forward, and such had been New Hampshire's readiness in filling her quota and in assuming her share of the burdens of the war, that, upon the departure of the Eighth Regiment from Manchester, January 25, 1862, the recruiting offices were closed by order of the war department.

HISTORY COMMITTEE.

More than fifty years after the commencement of the Civil War, and long after the return of the Fourth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, from that war, this record of what they accomplished is published for the benefit of the few surviving members and their children and interested friends.

A history has now been published of each of the twenty-one different organizations which the Granite State sent to the war, with the exception of five—the Tenth, Heavy Artillery, Battery, Cavalry and Sharpshooters. There has also been published a history of the Seventeenth Regiment, so called, of which only two companies were raised, and they were consolidated with the Second New Hampshire.

The committee congratulates the survivors of the Fourth that their history, so long delayed, has at last been written. There have been both advantages and disadvantages in the delay. It has rendered the record more complete than would otherwise have been possible, while on the other hand many interesting incidents have been lost. The dead cannot speak, and but few of the living are able to help in the compilation of tabulated records and the description of scenes in which they were actors so many years ago. The committee has been fortunate, however, in securing some diaries and other memoranda, which have enabled it to furnish the narrative for this volume.

The committee is grateful to the comrades and friends of the regiment who have rendered financial aid to make this work a success, and to all the comrades who have in any way contributed to these pages. It is a great satisfaction to know that the history which the regiment made from 1861 to 1865 is written and before the public in printed form, for criticism or commendation. The Fourth makes no claim to superiority, and makes no boast. It only maintains with just pride that it had a creditable if

modest part in achieving the great victory which culminated at Appomattox.

The committee gratefully acknowledges the great financial assistance from the State of New Hampshire, without which it is hardly possible this work could have been completed. It is evidence that the great heart of the American public yet beats in sympathy for those who served their country honorably in war, and that, before he shall be borne to his silent tomb, the last survivor of the Civil War, in dying, will be comforted and consoled by the thought that a grateful people have never forgotten the services of those who made great sacrifices that a nation might live.

The work of this committee is completed, and this history is the report it makes to the surviving comrades of the Fourth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers.

*CHARLES HENRY MOORE,
GEORGE HENRY TILTON,
AARON PEABODY ORDWAY,
JOHN GOULD HUTCHINSON,
ELIAS ALEXANDER BRYANT,
CHARLES E. MILLER,

History Committee.

*Deceased.

HISTORIAN.

Six years after the war the first reunion of the Fourth Regiment was held at Manchester, September 21, 1871, when many of the leading officers of the regiment were present, including Colonel Whipple. On that occasion a history was spoken of, but no action was taken. From that time to the present the question has often been asked, "Shall we have a history?" A few comrades were always interested in any movement having for its object a regimental record, but not until 1907 was any progress made. Those who served in the ranks had expected that this work would be undertaken by some of our officers in the war. Colonel Parker was looked upon as the ideal historian, for he served every hour of the regiment's history as an officer, and, as lieutenant-colonel, was its commanding officer after Colonel Bell was killed, but his busy life in educational work prevented. Lieutenant M. V. B. Richardson wrote a brief sketch for a local Manchester paper, which is given in PART III of this volume. His early death, in 1885, lost us his services as historian.

So the matter drifted along until the reunion of October 22, 1907, the forty-fifth anniversary of our first battle, when a history committee was appointed, consisting of

| | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| Lieut. Normand Burdick, | Lieut. Charles H. Moore, |
| George H. Tilton, | Charles E. Miller, |
| John G. Hutchinson. | |

Before a meeting of the committee, Lieutenant Burdick died at Albany, N. Y., May 14, 1908. Then Aaron P. Ordway and Elias A. Bryant were added to the committee.

The first start towards a history was made several years ago, when George H. Tilton, who served three years in Company D, a resident of Laconia, told your historian of his willingness to

contribute five hundred dollars towards a fund, provided any other one member of the regiment would do the same. The first meeting at which progress was made was on a rainy morning, November 17, 1908, when your historian, then in New York city visiting a sick son in a hospital, called on A. P. Ordway, a drummer boy of Company H, at his place of business on Thirty-seventh street. It was a meeting of two comrades, beardless boys, in 1861, who enlisted as drummer and fifer. No music was heard at this meeting but a history was discussed, and as soon as mention was made of Comrade Tilton's generous offer, Comrade Ordway promised to respond with an equal sum, and has done so.

The meeting of two comrades and the voluntary offering of Comrade Ordway, added to an equal sum cheerfully given by Comrade Tilton, settled the history question, and at a meeting of the committee, held at Laconia, January 30, 1909, the anniversary of Colonel Whipple's birth, an organization was completed, with Lieutenant Charles H. Moore chairman, George H. Tilton. treasurer and business manager, and John G. Hutchinson historian.

Comrades Moore and Bryant have each given one hundred dollars; Colonel Bell's son, of Boston, fifty dollars; a son of Sergeant E. H. Nutting twenty-five dollars, and a small sum beside has enabled the committee to prosecute this work. We are indebted to G. H. Tilton for much valuable time and expense, besides his first contribution; to Comrade Bryant for his interesting diary and assistance rendered your Historian, and to Lieutenant Richardson for his record of the regiment, with several other papers that appear in PARTS III and IV. E. J. Burnham, editor of the Manchester Union, who made the introduction to this volume, has, by advice and labor, assisted in compiling these pages.

A great deal of time and care has been given to make our roster as perfect as possible, and we are satisfied that it is more free from errors than any regimental roster yet printed. The information concerning officers and men of the regiment have been made as complete as could be expected. (Unpleasant events and

unkind references are omitted.) It is not as complete as we wish it were, nor probably free from errors, but such as it is, we give it to you.

“Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne’er was, ne’er is, nor e’er shall be.
In every work regard the writer’s end,
Since none can compass more than they intend.”

But a remnant of those who saw service with our regiment are now alive to read and enjoy the story. Many are suffering with dim sight and the feebleness of old age, but we hope that this record of what 1638 men did during four years’ service will find a welcome with our comrades, and may our sons and daughters enjoy the story long after those who had a part in that great Civil War shall have joined the battalions above.

JOHN G. HUTCHINSON.

“TAPS.”

By Rev. C. A. Cressy.

(Co. E, 4th N. H. Regt.)

The hearts that felt the patriotic thrill
When sounded forth a Nation's call to arms,
Are silent now, their lips forever still;
They hear no more the battle's stern alarms.
They rest in honored graves they nobly won;
Let "taps" be sounded now. Their work is done.

Could they but speak, recount their struggles o'er,
These pages would not then suffice to tell
The hardships, trials they so nobly bore
In battles where they fought, and, fighting fell.
They sleep as ever sleep the true and brave;
Let "taps" be sounded o'er each hero's grave.

These written pages are inscribed to those
Brave hearts and hands that answered Duty's call,—
Went forth to combat with a Nation's foes,
And dared with loyal hearts to bravely fall.
The Nation grants them now their well-earned fame,
Let "taps" be sounded for each honored name.

A GLANCE BACKWARD.

The shot fired at Concord bridge, April 19, 1775—the shot “heard round the world”—began the seven years’ war which established the independence of the United States. Twenty years of growth and peaceful development were followed by the two years’ war with England, from 1812 to 1814, after which, with the exception of occasional Indian outbreaks, our country was at peace for thirty-two years, when came the war with Mexico, from 1846 to 1848, a war which was generally looked upon with disfavor in the North, as being waged for the acquisition of Texas and the extension of slave territory. It proved, however, to be a training school for many men who were afterwards to be prominent in the greatest war of modern times.

There followed thirteen years of external peace, but of internal controversy and agitation over the question of slavery, and the election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency in November, 1860, was promptly seized upon by South Carolina as a pretext for secession, in which she was followed by other Southern States, the organization of the Confederacy, and the selection of Jefferson Davis as its President.

The inauguration of Abraham Lincoln, March 4, 1861, found the country in an unprecedented state of excitement and unrest, with every indication that war between the states was inevitable. The Confederacy had been active in preparing for the conflict, but the government at Washington had remained inactive during the entire winter. In his inaugural address, President Lincoln earnestly counseled peace, but his counsels, unhappily, were not heeded by the South.

Nearly six weeks of anxious waiting followed, and then, eighty-six years almost to a day, after the commencement of the Revo-

lutionary War, the Civil War opened, the first hostile shot being fired against Fort Sumter at 4 o'clock in the morning of April 12, 1861. The small garrison under Major Anderson surrendered, only one man being killed, and he by the bursting of a gun during the final salute to the flag before it was hauled down.

President Lincoln issued his first call for troops—75,000—on April 15, and 91,816 men responded to the call, New Hampshire furnishing a regiment. The second call was issued on May 3, for 500,000 three years' men, and under this call, without the stimulus of bounties or dread of a draft, 700,680 men enlisted. Under this call there were raised and organized in New Hampshire the Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth regiments of infantry, a battalion of cavalry, a light battery and three companies of sharpshooters. All this was done in the space of a little more than six months by a State ranking twenty-fourth in population among the thirty-four states of the entire country, New Hampshire's population by the census of 1860 being 326,073, and that of her largest city, Manchester, only 20,107. Of the total population of the state, only 494 were colored, distributed among the counties as follows: Merrimack, 122; Hillsborough, 107; Rockingham, 97; Belknap, 39; Cheshire, 35; Sullivan, 33; Strafford, 31; Grafton, 23; Coös, 7. Carroll County alone had an entire white population.

The United States, in 1861, consisted of thirty-four states, seven territories, and the District of Columbia. The total population was 27,489,561, as contrasted with the nearly ninety millions of half a century later. It was a small country, about to plunge into a gigantic war, and New Hampshire, one of the smaller of the states, was to do its full part in that war.

Although Governor Berry and his council did not definitely decide to raise a fourth regiment of infantry until their meeting on the fourteenth and fifteenth of August, 1861, it had been generally understood for some time previous that such action would be taken and recruiting had been going forward, nominally for the Third Regiment, but with a certainty that a surplus of volunteers would be carried over to the Fourth. The closing week of July witnessed great activity in Manchester and throughout

the state. The battle of Bull Run, instead of discouraging, had greatly stimulated enlistment. By the end of the month not only was the Third Regiment filling up rapidly, but a movement was under way for the formation of a light battery and a company of sharpshooters.

The Mirror, then the only daily newspaper in Manchester, contained advertisements for recruits by Captains Robert C. Dow and Michael T. Donahue, who were raising companies for the Third, and by Captain James W. Carr, who was already actively engaged in securing recruits for the Second. On July 24, another advertisement appeared, as follows:

"100 MEN WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

To form a company to be known as the Stark Guards, in Manchester. The pay and rations the same as in the United States Army, and to commence at their enlistment. Recruiting office, No. 5, Granite block (up stairs)."

This advertisement bore the names of Capt. J. R. Bagley, Lieut. W. N. Haradon and Lieut. C. W. Tilton, recruiting officers. These gentlemen had been officers of the Independent company, the Mechanics Phalanx, and *The Mirror* said of them that they had had long experience in military affairs and were very popular.

The First Regiment arrived in Concord on the fifth of August, at the expiration of its term of enlistment, and two days later, August 7, an advertisement appeared in Manchester's daily paper stating that Orderly Sergeant O'Flynn, "at the request of many soldiers with whom he has been associated the past three months," would raise a company to enlist for the war. The advertisement concluded with the statement that "he is also recommended to this course by Lieutenant-Colonel Whipple." This appears to be the first mention in print of Colonel Whipple's probable connection with the Fourth Regiment. *The Mirror* of August 14, after stating that Orderly Sergeant O'Flynn was enlisting soldiers for the Third Regiment, added: "After the Third Regiment is full, he will form a company for the Fourth Regiment." The Fourth Regiment was already looked upon as a

matter of course, and recruiting for it was going forward in many parts of the state. N. H. Brown of Derry, for example, was appointed recruiting officer for Derry, Londonderry, Hampstead, Windham, Chester and Auburn, and before the middle of August was actively engaged raising a company.

August 15, 1861, the Governor and Council decided to authorize the raising of the Fourth and Fifth Regiments, and Thomas J. Whipple was selected Colonel of the Fourth. It had been understood for some days previously—since the return of the First Regiment, in fact—that Colonel Whipple would be selected to command the new regiment.

By August 20 the Governor and Council had decided that the Fourth should go into camp at Manchester, and that the name of the encampment should be

CAMP SULLIVAN,

but the exact location had not been determined. This was left to Councilor Moody Currier, and within a few days the fair ground, at the north end of the city, had been selected. On the twentieth, also, appeared for the first time the advertisements of A. J. Edgerly and G. E. Sleeper, the former having his recruiting office in City Hall building, and the latter on the third floor of Smyth's block. Sleeper, as special inducements to volunteers, stated that "This regiment will certainly have the Enfield rifle," and "This company will be instructed in the zouave drill." At the same time Capt. T. L. Newell was enlisting a company to be called the Manchester Cadets. Lieutenant M. V. B. Richardson was also recruiting in Manchester, and on the twenty-third of the month wanted "more, but good men, to enlist." Care as to the quality of the make-up of the organizations is strikingly noticeable in all the advertisements of this period.

August 26 the Stark Guards, Captain Bagley, came down from Concord, and on the same day a contract was made with Cyrus Dunn & Co. to furnish rations, they being the lowest bidders. The bids ranged from sixteen cents to twenty cents per day per man. At Concord, for the Third Regiment, the contract price had been nineteen and one-half cents per man.

August 27, under the heading, "Fourth Regiment," *The Mirror* said: "We understand from Concord that the returns sent in show that 800 have already enlisted. We supposed that it would fill up quickly. When the First returned, we were assured by many of the soldiers that if Whipple was appointed colonel, three-quarters of that regiment would reënlist under him." The actual number of enlistments at that date was somewhat exaggerated, as may be seen by the dates of enlistment of the original men, but enlistment was going on rapidly, nevertheless.

By August 29 Camp Sullivan was getting into shape. The Stark Guards were on the grounds, and with them was the Great Falls company, with about eighty men, that, like the Guards, had come from Concord as an overflow from the Third. There were also thirty men from Londonderry, recruited by Wesley B. Knight, who had been out with the First.

A portion of the camp ground was grown with low, scrub pines, and as some of the men were engaged in cutting these, they found seven old wallets, one of which contained twenty-five dollars in good money. It was not doubted that the wallets had been left by pickpockets, who had operated at the state fair.

There was something of a mix-up in securing tents for the encampment. The original contract had been made with E. A. Straw, agent of the Amoskeag corporation, but a Portland, Me., manufacturer represented to the Governor and Council that he had an improved, patent tent, much more desirable. Agent Straw was notified not to go on with the tents, but a few days later the Portland man announced his inability to fill the order, and the contract with Agent Straw was renewed. For this reason, there was some delay in getting the camp in full working order.

Major Drew took charge of the camp on September 4, and it was visited by Governor Berry two days later. On the 6th, also, the surgeon, Dr. J. C. Eastman, came into camp. On the 10th the camp was enlivened by the arrival of two additional detachments—one from Andover, numbering about fifty men, and the other from Haverhill and vicinity with upwards of forty.

September 13 there were 380 soldiers at Camp Sullivan, and

"tents arriving daily," according to a newspaper item. After the arrival of Major Drew strict discipline was maintained, and especial attention was given to instruction in the duties of the guard. One young soldier, while on guard, was approached by an officer with, "See here, let me show you how to carry that gun." The gun was respectfully surrendered, and the youthful soldier was surprised to find himself sharply rebuked for parting with it.

Rev. Dr. Cyrus W. Wallace of Manchester conducted religious services at Camp Sullivan, Sunday afternoon, September 15, and "about 780 men" were reported to be present, "besides the Battery." On the Saturday before there had arrived from Nashua 70 men under Captain Greenleaf; 90 from Laconia, under Captain Badger; 50 from Rochester, 70 from Dover, Captain Sawyer, and 38 from Portsmouth, Lieutenant Towle.

September 16 Capt. T. L. Newell came to camp with a full company, which became Company E. Tuesday, September 17, thirty men arrived from Milford, and on the 18th the Governor and Council again visited the camp. September 18, 19, and 20 the Regiment was mustered into the U. S. service by Lieutenant Ingham, U. S. A.

September 22 was the last Sunday at Camp Sullivan. There was dress parade, Major Drew in command, at the close of which, at four in the afternoon, religious exercises were conducted by the chaplain, Rev. M. W. Willis. Governor Berry was in attendance. The chaplain distributed the "Army Hymn and Tune Book," and several ladies joined in the singing. The exercises opened with the singing of a hymn to the tune of "America." Then followed prayer and a short, patriotic address by the chaplain. The exercises closed with the singing of "Old Hundred." Afterwards, through the officers, Chaplain Willis distributed to each soldier a copy of the Testament and Psalms, as a gift of the American Bible Society.

Thursday, September 26, was a national fast, in accordance with a proclamation by President Lincoln. It was also the last day which the Fourth was to pass at Camp Sullivan. Governor Berry was at the camp attended by Councilors Currier of Man-

chester and Tenney of Pittsfield. At dress parade the Governor, in a brief address, presented the regimental colors to Colonel Whipple, who made an appropriate and eloquent response. Lieutenant Ingham, of the regular army, then escorted to Colonel Whipple, Miss Nellie Grace Willis, who was proposed for adoption as Daughter of the Regiment. The colonel inquired if the men accepted the proposal, and was answered by a ringing shout of approval by the entire regiment. Colonel Whipple then received the national colors from Miss Willis' hands. Miss Willis, fifteen years of age, was dressed to represent the colors which she presented, her costume consisting of a rich blue merino skirt, a white merino cape, trimmed with red velvet and red tassels, a superb gold-lace belt, with a field of blue bearing stars, and a military cap, entwined with a wreath.

These exercises concluded, the men of the Fourth returned to their quarters, some to rest, and more to go on with preparations for the stirring scenes of the morrow.

CAMP SULLIVAN

Headquarters of Fourth New Hampshire Regiment.

Manchester, September 21, 1861.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 1.

This Regiment is known as the FOURTH NEW HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT. The Field Officers are

| | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Colonel, | THOMAS J. WHIPPLE. |
| Lieutenant Colonel, | LOUIS BELL. |
| Major, | JEREMIAH D. DREW. |

The Commissioned and Non-Commissioned Regimental Staff are as follows:

| | |
|-------------------------|--------------------|
| Adjutant, | HENRY W. FULLER. |
| Quartermaster, | JOHN L. KELLY. |
| Surgeon, | JOSIAH C. EASTMAN. |
| Assistant Surgeon, | GEORGE P. GREELEY. |
| Commissary, | DANIEL Q. COLE. |
| Chaplain, | MARTIN W. WILLIS. |
| Sergeant-Major, | CHARLES L. BROWN. |
| Quartermaster-Sergeant, | CHARLES J. KELLY. |
| Commissary-Sergeant, | ALBERT K. TILTON. |
| Drum-Major, | HENRY J. WHITE. |
| Fife Major, | FRANCIS H. PIKE. |
| Leader of the Band, | WALTER DIGNAM. |

The Companies in said Regiment shall be lettered from letter A to K, and shall be known and designated by such letters as have been assigned them, to wit:

The Company commanded by Captain SAWYER shall be known as Co. A.
The Company commanded by Captain GREENLEAF shall be known as Co. B.
The Company commanded by Captain SLEEPER shall be known as Co. C.
The Company commanded by Captain BADGER shall be known as Co. D.
The Company commanded by Captain NEWELL shall be known as Co. E.
The Company commanded by Captain ORRIN BROWN shall be known as Co. F.
The Company commanded by Captain O'FLYNN shall be known as Co. G.
The Company commanded by Captain CLOUGH shall be known as Co. H.
The Company commanded by Captain N. H. BROWN shall be known as Co. I.
The Company commanded by Captain BAGLEY shall be known as Co. K.

The Commissioned Officers of Company A, are

| | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| Captain, | CHARLES W. SAWYER. |
| First Lieutenant, | JASPER G. WALLACE. |
| Ensign, | HENRY W. LOCKE. |

The Commissioned Officers of Company B are

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| Captain, | RICHARD O. GREENLEAF. |
| First Lieutenant, | GEORGE F. TOWLE. |
| Ensign, | CHARLES A. CARLTON. |

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The Commissioned Officers of Company C are

| | |
|-------------------|--------------------------|
| Captain, | GILMAN E. SLEEPER. |
| First Lieutenant, | MARTIN V. B. RICHARDSON. |
| Ensign, | FREDERICK A. KENDALL. |

The Commissioned Officers of Company D are

| | |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| Captain, | WILLIAM BADGER. |
| First Lieutenant, | CHARLES O. JENNISON, |
| Ensign, | DAVID O. BURLEIGH. |

The Commissioned Officers of Company E are

| | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| Captain, | THOMPSON L. NEWELL. |
| First Lieutenant, | FRANK W. PARKER. |
| Ensign, | ANDREW J. EDGERLY. |

The Commissioned Officers of Company F are

| | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| Captain, | ORRIN BROWN. |
| First Lieutenant, | ISAAC W. HOBBS. |
| Ensign, | CHARLES H. DRUMMER. |

The Commissioned Officers of Company G are

| | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| Captain, | MICHAEL O'FLYNN. |
| First Lieutenant, | CHARLES W. HURD. |
| Ensign, | WILLIAM MAYNE. |

The Commissioned Officers of Company H are

| | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| Captain, | JOSEPH M. CLOUGH. |
| First Lieutenant, | ISRAEL L. DREW. |
| Ensign, | HENRY C. TUTTLE. |

The Commissioned Officers of Company I are

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| Captain, | NATHANIEL H. BROWN. |
| First Lieutenant, | WILLIAM S. PILLSBURY. |
| Ensign, | TRUE SANBORN, JR. |

The Commissioned Officers of Company K are

| | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| Captain, | JONATHAN R. BAGLEY. |
| First Lieutenant, | EPHRIAM C. CURRIER. |
| Ensign, | CHARLES W. TILTON. |

The rank of Captains in this Regiment is as follows:

| | |
|--------------|--------------------|
| Rank No. 1, | Captain Greenleaf. |
| Rank No. 2, | " Sleeper. |
| Rank No. 3, | " Sawyer. |
| Rank No. 4, | " Clough. |
| Rank No. 5, | " Newell. |
| Rank No. 6, | " Badger. |
| Rank No. 7, | " Bagley. |
| Rank No. 8, | " O'Flynn. |
| Rank No. 9, | " O. Brown. |
| Rank No. 10, | " N. H. Brown. |

The rank of Lieutenants in this Regiment is as follows:

| | |
|--------------|------------------------|
| Rank No. 1, | Lieutenant Richardson. |
| Rank No. 2, | " Wallace. |
| Rank No. 3, | " Drew. |
| Rank No. 4, | " Jennison. |
| Rank No. 5, | " Currier. |
| Rank No. 6, | " Pillsbury. |
| Rank No. 7, | " Towle. |
| Rank No. 8, | " Hurd. |
| Rank No. 9, | " Hobbs. |
| Rank No. 10, | " Parker. |

The rank of Ensigns in this Regiment is as follows:

| | |
|--------------|-----------------|
| Rank No. 1, | Ensign Sanborn. |
| Rank No. 2, | " Drummer. |
| Rank No. 3, | " Burleigh. |
| Rank No. 4, | " Tuttle. |
| Rank No. 5, | " Mayne. |
| Rank No. 6, | " Locke. |
| Rank No. 7, | " Edgerly. |
| Rank No. 8, | " Tilton. |
| Rank No. 9, | " Carlton. |
| Rank No. 10, | " Kendall. |

The Non-Commissioned Officers in the several Companies in this Regiment are as follows:

COMPANY A.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| First Sergeant, John H. Roberts. | First Corporal, Eben H. Pierce. |
| Second Sergeant, Thomas Mack. | Second Corporal, Alvah Wentworth. |
| Third Sergeant, William W. Whitney. | Third Corporal, Martin L. Shapleigh. |
| Fourth Sergeant, Lewis McD. Hussey. | Fourth Corporal, Joseph H. Plumer. |
| Fifth Sergeant, Samuel H. Runnels. | Fifth Corporal, Stephen T. Hall. |
| | Sixth Corporal, George W. Hurd. |
| | Seventh Corporal, Edward L. Goodwin. |
| | Eighth Corporal, John Nolan. |

COMPANY B.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| First Sergeant, Adelburt White, | First Corporal, Warren Billings. |
| Second Sergeant, Warren A. Wyman. | Second Corporal, John B. Bussell. |
| Third Sergeant, Leonard A. Gay, | Third Corporal, James H. Foye. |
| Fourth Sergeant, Charles A. Harris. | Fourth Corporal, Hugh Watts. |
| Fifth Sergeant, John G. Simonds. | Fifth Corporal, George H. Emerson. |
| | Sixth Corporal, Charles H. Perkins. |
| | Seventh Corporal, John R. Kimball. |
| | Eighth Corporal, John W. Brewster. |

COMPANY C.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| First Sergeant Robert A. Seaver, | First Corporal, Charles N. Fisher. |
| Second Sergeant, Benj. R. Wheeler. | Second Corporal, Daniel W. Rollins. |
| Third Sergeant, Elezer L. Sarsons. | Third Corporal, Eben H. Nutting. |
| Fourth Sergeant, Dearborn S. Moody. | Fourth Corporal, Ervin Colburn. |
| Fifth Sergeant, Charles E. Colcord. | Fifth Corporal, Thomas L. Gilpatrick. |
| | Sixth Corporal, Charles Brown. |
| | Seventh Corporal, George W. Kidder. |
| | Eighth Corporal, Perley B. Rand. |

COMPANY D.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| First Sergeant, Timothy W. Challis. | First Corporal, Alonzo J. Sargent. |
| Second Sergeant, Adoniram J. Jones. | Second Corporal, Abner L. Knowlton. |
| Third Sergeant, Albert H. C. Jewett. | Third Corporal, Jackson H. Lawrence. |
| Fourth Sergeant, Francis H. Davis. | Fourth Corporal, Charles C. Cofran. |
| Fifth Sergeant, Darius A. Drake. | Fifth Corporal, Samuel H. Prescott. |
| | Sixth Corporal, Augustus M. Smith. |
| | Seventh Corporal, Henry H. Jackson. |
| | Eighth Corporal, Charles C. Clark. |

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COMPANY E.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| First Sergeant, Frank B. Hutchinson. | First Corporal, Charles M. Whiting. |
| Second Sergeant, Cyrus H. Hubbard. | Second Corporal, Edmund O. Hill. |
| Third Sergeant, Charles H. Reed. | Third Corporal, Henry C. Osgood. |
| Fourth Sergeant, Addison W. Tobbie. | Fourth Corporal, Edwin Whitford. |
| Fifth Sergeant, Stephen Kendrick. | Fifth Corporal, Volney Piper. |
| | Sixth Corporal, John P. Smith. |
| | Seventh Corporal, Charles H. Plumer. |
| | Eighth Corporal, Joseph C. Demerett. |

COMPANY F.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| First Sergeant, Mark H. Cowell. | First Corporal, William H. Clement. |
| Second Sergeant, Samuel L. Willey. | Second Corporal, George A. Miner. |
| Third Sergeant, James M. Goodwin. | Third Corporal, Clarence L. Chapman. |
| Fourth Sergeant, Howard F. Parsons. | Fourth Corporal, Charles P. Stevens. |
| Fifth Sergeant, George A. Drew. | Fifth Corporal, Thomas J. Burns. |
| | Sixth Corporal, Hiram Hurd. |
| | Seventh Corporal, Andrew Morrison. |
| | Eighth Corporal, Daniel Davis. |

COMPANY G.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| First Sergeant, Daniel Gile. | First Corporal, Elbridge Gerry. |
| Second Sergeant, Zebina N. Annis. | Second Corporal, Patrick Dowd. |
| Third Sergeant, John Smith. | Third Corporal, Richard Smith. |
| Fourth Sergeant, Stephen C. Chapman. | Fourth Corporal, Charles P. Gleason. |
| Fifth Sergeant, Frank Burr. | Fifth Corporal, Peter O'Brien. |
| | Sixth Corporal, Jerome Blaisdell. |
| | Seventh Corporal, Francis Cahill. |
| | Eighth Corporal, George A. Runnells. |

COMPANY H.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| First Sergeant, James F. Gilpatrick. | First Corporal, John E. Austin. |
| Second Sergeant, Matthew Adams. | Second Corporal, Nelson P. Steinhour. |
| Third Sergeant, Edmund F. McNeil. | Third Corporal, Levi W. Simonds. |
| Fourth Sergeant, Samuel B. Mason. | Fourth Corporal, John W. Witham. |
| Fifth Sergeant, Byron Noyes. | Fifth Corporal, Walter B. Rowell. |
| | Sixth Corporal, Benjamin Wheeler. |
| | Seventh Corporal, Albert A. Woodworth. |
| | Eighth Corporal, John S. C. Kelly. |

COMPANY I.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| First Sergeant, Amos L. Colburn. | First Corporal, Albert D. W. Emerson. |
| Second Sergeant, Henry M. Hicks. | Second Corporal, George W. Chase. |
| Third Sergeant, Jonathan Clark. | Third Corporal, Frank A. Buzzell. |
| Fourth Sergeant, Walter G. Brown. | Fourth Corporal, William Smith. |
| Fifth Sergeant, Daniel B. Flanders. | Fifth Corporal, Frank A. Brown. |
| | Sixth Corporal, Eben Weed. |
| | Seventh Corporal, William R. Knowlton. |
| | Eighth Corporal, David Johnson. |

COMPANY K.

| | |
|------------------------------------|---|
| First Sergeant, George W. Huckins. | First Corporal, Henry S. Woods. |
| Second Sergeant, Wesley B. Knight. | Second Corporal, George H. McConihe. |
| Third Sergeant, Job R. Giles. | Third Corporal, Freeman C. Spaulding. |
| Fourth Sergeant, Harvey M. Weed. | Fourth Corporal, Benjamin L. Hartshorn. |
| Fifth Sergeant, William S. Barker. | Fifth Corporal, Stickney S. Gale. |
| | Sixth Sergeant, John P. Hodgman. |
| | Seventh Corporal, Charles H. Morrison. |
| | Eighth Corporal, John C. Estey. |

The position of the several Companies in this Regiment in Order of Battle will be according to the rank of Captain, and is as follows:

Company B.—the First Company upon the right.

Company D.—the Second Company.

Company H.—the Third Company.

Company F.—the Fourth Company.

Company A.—the Fifth Company.

Company G.—the Sixth Company.

Company E.—the Seventh Company.

Company I.—the Eighth Company.

Company K.—the Ninth Company.

Company C.—the Tenth Company.

The several Companies posted as above will be designated from right to left in the manœuvres, as First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Companies.

All officers and non-commissioned officers in this Regiment, will be recognized, respected, and obeyed according to their respective rank and position in the command.

Officers of the day will be detailed for one day's duty only, unless by express order.

The morning reports of Companies signed by the Captains and First Sergeants will be handed to the Adjutant, before 8 o'clock in the morning.

All Roll-calls prescribed by Secs. 224, 225, and 226 of Art. 27 of the Army Regulations will be strictly observed.

The provisions of the Army Regulations of 1861 will be strictly observed as the acknowledged and standard authority from the War Department, for the government of this Regiment, except when special necessity requires their modification, which necessity will be announced in General or Special Orders.

By Command of THOMAS J. WHIPPLE, COL.

HENRY W. FULLER, ADJUTANT.

OFF TO THE FRONT.

The morning of September 27 dawned bright and fair, and the members of the Fourth were early astir, after a night of vivid anticipation. They had returned from their three days' furlough the day before and at dress parade had been notified of the departure of the regiment. At the same time the colors had been presented by Governor Berry in a brief but stirring and patriotic address. The men also received their state pay from the date of enlistment, and an especially interesting feature of the occasion had been the introduction of Miss Nellie Willis, daughter of the chaplain, as the Daughter of the Regiment. This European custom had not been generally adopted by the Northern troops, and the Fourth enjoyed a somewhat unusual distinction in this respect, Miss Willis, afterwards the wife of Dr. Henry T. Boutwell of Manchester, accompanying the command to Washington and remaining with the regiment until it was ordered into active service farther south.

As the sun rose on Camp Sullivan all was bustle and excitement as the final preparations were made for the departure of the regiment. The morning's rations were served, the more prudent of the soldier boys stowing away an extra portion in their haversacks for the possible needs of the long journey before them. At the signal, 9 A. M., tents were struck, folded in military fashion and placed on the wagons with which the regiment had been abundantly supplied by the state. There were twenty-two of these, designed for the service of the regiment at the front, but found to be impracticable and later left behind at Washington.

Then came the order for formation by companies—a slow process that morning, for there were many farewells to be said, and the regimental authorities were not disposed to hurry matters. With most of the men from other parts of the state, the leave-

takings had occurred at home, at the end of the short furlough. There were others who had scarcely known what it was to have a home—hardy, care-free young men, who were little likely to fall victims to homesickness later on. One, whose neglected boyhood had been passed in farm work here and there, was rejoicing in the possession of his first overcoat, the “spencer” of those days having hitherto supplied its place. With the state’s pay in his pocket, with a new uniform and an overcoat to boot, he was richer and happier than ever before in his life. The future was not troubling him.

Those whose goodbyes had already been said, and those who had no goodbye to say, took their places in line, but with many others the last handclasp remained to be given, the last farewell to be spoken. Four companies were composed of Manchester men, and relatives and friends had come by hundreds to witness the departure from the regiment’s first camping ground. Other hundreds of well-dressed men and women had gathered as interested spectators, and the scene was brilliant as well as sad. Flags were flying, the band was playing, ribbons fluttered in the September breeze. Near by were the white tents and bright cannon of the First Light Battery, whose members looked on with lively interest or moved about, shaking hands with friends and acquaintance in the ranks. There were smiles and pleasant jests, but there were also half-suppressed sobs and tears that could not be restrained.

Here a father held the hand of his son as he uttered a few parting words of hope and cheer. There a mother drew her boy to her breast for the last time—her boy of a few weeks before, a man now, and a soldier, who tried to conceal his emotion. Wives were clinging to husbands, sisters to brothers, sweethearts to loved ones.

But now the adjutant is riding more rapidly back and forth and calling to the captains. The last men are taking their places in the ranks. A young officer throws his arms about a woman who tries to smile through her tears. Then he turns, waves his sword, and endeavors to appear stern as he shouts again and again, “Fall in!”

The companies are formed at last; the field officers, mounted, are in their places, and the regiment is ready to move. It is a goodly regiment, as stout and brave as any that ever went to war. Before its long service is ended, it will have left its fallen heroes on many widely scattered fields. Today it numbers 1031, rank and file. The men are clothed in dark blue coats and light-blue trousers. They carry light-blue overcoats, and are supplied with uniform caps and slouch hats. The officers wear their bright, new sidearms with evident pride. Guns will be supplied the men at Washington; but the privates and non-coms are by no means wholly unarmed. It is the fashion, in these early days of the war, for friends to show their loyalty to the cause and their appreciation of the volunteers by the formal presentation of revolvers and dirk-knives, along with more useful gifts. The dirks will later be used for cutting tobacco, and the revolvers, for the most part, will be thrown away; but the Fourth has many popular men in its ranks, whose friends have seen to it that they shall go out well provided for deadly hand-to-hand encounters with the enemy. With the exception of guns, all the men are fully equipped for active service, each carrying a blanket, haversack, canteen and knapsack. The knapsacks are heavy, being closely packed with mementoes and little home comforts, for the new men have not yet learned how little will suffice a tired soldier on the march.

Now comes the final word of command, and the regiment moves through the gate of the old fair ground and out upon Elm street for its march to the railway station, the First Light Battery firing a salute, and Dignam's Cornet Band playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me." It was a noticeable procession, such as Manchester has never seen before, and, by reason of the long train of baggage wagons, is not to see again. It is headed by Dignam's Band of twenty-four pieces, with Francis H. Pike—the redoubtable "Saxie"—conspicuously in the lead. Old members of the First, now entering on their second term of service, recall that other day in the May before, when "Saxie," reënforced, it was hinted, by a draught from Colonel Tappan's canteen, led them and another band, making way with his baton

through the sullen, hostile crowd at Baltimore. Colonel Whipple, also, is in his place, and following with the swing of soldiers on the march and conscious of observation, comes company after company with full ranks, so soon to begin to be depleted, and never, notwithstanding energetic recruiting, to be completely filled again. Bringing up the rear is the long wagon train, the entire procession stretching along for many blocks. Some of the more active of the spectators keep pace with the regiment, boys marching beside their fathers in the ranks, and at least one young woman keeping step with her brother from the Fair Ground to the station.

The sidewalks are crowded on either side; flags are displayed from residences and places of business; windows are filled with eager faces; handkerchiefs are waved, and cheer follows cheer; the band plays its loudest, and the ranks of blue go marching on.

At the railroad station a long train is in readiness, passenger coaches for the men, and freight cars for the wagons and horses. There is inevitably some delay, for time is required to put the twenty-two wagons on board, and there are still many scenes of parting, but at length the last word has been said, the signal is given, and, section by section, the long train moves slowly away from the old depot, itself to become in after years only a memory. The Fourth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, is on its way to Washington.

Citizens had gathered in considerable numbers at the small stations to see us pass, and in some instances whole families had come across the fields from their homes, and were waiting, seated on the fence by the railway track, to wave their farewells and endeavor to catch a last fleeting glimpse of some relative or friend. At Nashua there was a delay in shifting to the Worcester tracks, and the time was improved by the Nashua contingent in greeting old acquaintances and saying goodbye. There was another long wait at Worcester, enlivened by the enthusiastic greetings of a large body of citizens, and after a somewhat tedious ride we passed through Norwich, and on to Allyn's Point, where we arrived about midnight. Here we went on board the steamer Connecticut and dropped down to the mouth of the Thames river,

where we dropped anchor, the water being too rough for a safe passage on the Sound. We adjusted ourselves for sleep as best we could, lying with our knapsacks for pillows, on the deck and on the cabin floors.

Saturday morning we left our anchorage about daybreak and sailed through Long Island Sound, many of our comrades taking their last view of New England as they gazed upon the stretch of low-lying shore to the northward. We passed Hell Gate without incident, sailed along East River and across the harbor, and reached Jersey City about 8 P. M. Here we again boarded cars, and passed through Newark an hour later.

Our first Sunday after leaving home was passed almost entirely on the cars. After riding all night, getting what sleep we could, we arrived at Philadelphia about 4.30 A. M., and marched to the Cooper Shop Volunteer Refreshment saloon, where we had the luxury of soap and towels and a good breakfast. The men of the Fourth, in common with so many thousands of other soldiers from the North, had good reason to remember the justly celebrated "Cooper Shop" in Philadelphia. The "History of the Thirteenth New Hampshire Volunteers" contains the following interesting and authentic account of this unique and beneficent institution:

"We arrived at 6 P. M., landing at the freight depot at the foot of Washington avenue, then moved at once to supper at the Cooper Shop Volunteer Refreshment Saloon, No. 1009 Otsego street. Of this famous saloon, Mr. Wm. R. S. Cooper of Philadelphia furnishes the writer with the following, under date of December 12, 1884. The saloon was started by his father, Mr. Wm. M. Cooper, himself and a few friends, in April, 1861. At first they paid all the expenses out of their own pockets, afterwards received contributions for the saloon from citizens of Philadelphia, but not a cent from the United States, the State or the city. They also established a hospital for sick and wounded soldiers. They could feed half a regiment at a time, and a whole regiment about every hour in the day. During the war they fed over 600,000 men, at an expense of ten to fifteen cents per meal. The affair caused the loss of all of Mr. Cooper's business, and reduced the whole family to severe straits."

Mr. Cooper had been successful in the cooperage business before the war, and when he conceived his generous and patriotic enterprise, he devoted his large cooper's shop to the purpose. If the soldiers who had enjoyed his hospitality had known of Mr. Cooper's financial situation at the close of the war, and had each contributed ten cents toward a fund for his relief, he might have passed his remaining years in comfort, if not in affluence.

It should be added that the same spirit of kindness and liberality towards the soldiers, both in going and returning, characterized the citizens of Philadelphia in general throughout the long war.

We left Philadelphia at 9 A. M., and passed through Wilmington, Del., about noon. At 2 P. M. we crossed the Susquehanna river at Havre de Grace, two trips being required by the ferry boat to transport the regiment with its twenty cars. We arrived at Baltimore at 4 P. M., and marched through the city from one railroad station to the other without interference, although there was some hissing along the route. The regiment was without guns, but many of the men at that time carried personally owned revolvers and dirk-knives, and had they been attacked, would undoubtedly have rendered as good an account of themselves as was possible under the circumstances.

One hundred and nine officers and men of the Fourth had passed through Baltimore the May preceding in the First New Hampshire, and in addition to these there were four men in our regiment who were with the Sixth Massachusetts on its stormy passage through the city on the 19th of April. These were Drum Major Henry J. White, Sergeant D. S. Moody of Company C, Sergeant George A. Drew of Company F, and Drummer Frank Kent of Company F. Lieutenant Carleton of Company B had served three months in the Twelfth New York, and two men, Sergeant Annis of Company G and Charles Brackett of Company E, in the First Maine. It was a relief to march peacefully for about two miles through Baltimore, where, five months before, the Sixth Massachusetts had been so fiercely assaulted.

We left Baltimore about 9 P. M., in freight cars, and arriving in Washington about 2 P. M., September 30, went into a building

near the depot, called Soldiers' Rest, devoted to the temporary use of incoming regiments. In the early morning we left our hardwood-floor bed with bones sore and went into a building near by called Soldiers' Retreat, where we had for breakfast boiled fat salt pork with hard tack and black coffee. At 12 M., for dinner, we had black coffee, hard tack and boiled fat salt pork.

In the afternoon we went to Camp Sherman, about a mile distant from the Capitol, pitched our tents and prepared for camp life. We were located in a nice green field near the Bladensburg road, the Third New Hampshire and Ninth Maine being near us. It was over this Bladensburg road that the British marched when they captured Washington, in 1813, and near the encampment was the famous duelling ground on which Stephen Decatur, Jonathan Cilley, and so many other men of note had lost their lives over some punctilio of mistaken honor.

Our first night at

CAMP SHERMAN, WASHINGTON,

was cold and frosty.

Wednesday we had dress parade at 5 P. M., and then marched over to the camp of the Third New Hampshire for a visit. Received our cartridge-boxes and belts. Corporal Charles H. Morrison of Company K drew the identical belt which he had worn during his service in the First Regiment, and which bore his name. After more than three years' service Corporal Morrison died a prisoner of war.

Thursday we drilled hard for six hours.

Friday, October 4—a very hot day—had a five-mile march to the arsenal, where we received the Belgium rifle. They weighed eleven pounds, and sometimes appeared to be much heavier. Dress parade and prayers at 5 P. M.

Second Sunday from home—Very hot and dry. Dress parade and religious services.

Monday drilled continuously until 5 P. M. Evidently we were getting ready for serious work ahead.

October 8—Rained last night; beautiful morning. Had first

battalion drill since leaving New Hampshire. At evening received orders to make ready to leave.

October 9—At 1 o'clock this morning the long roll was sounded. We turned out, packed our knapsacks, struck tents and got ready to move. At sunrise we marched down to the Washington depot and took baggage cars for Annapolis, Md. We did not reach there until 6 P. M. Did not go into the city, but stopped about a mile outside, where we went into a field well grown with weeds and burrs. It rained hard, our tents had not reached us, and we were fortunate in having the Sixth Connecticut tents for use our first night at

CAMP WALTON, ANNAPOLIS.

The next day we had a cold rain storm, with a scanty allowance of raw salt pork and hard-tack. Annapolis streets are narrow, crooked and dirty.

October 11—Capt. Orrin Brown of Company F reported for duty. He was sick when we left Manchester.

October 12—Our tents came and were pitched near our former camp.

General inspection Sunday.

October 16—Our first brigade review by Gen. H. G. Wright. We are brigaded with the Sixth Connecticut, Ninth Maine and Fiftieth Pennsylvania.

October 17—Rained hard last night; morning cold and cloudy. Orders read to us on dress parade that we are soon to go on an expedition.

Saturday, October 19—Cloudy, with a little rain. At 3 P. M. struck tents, and about sunset embarked on the steamer Mayflower; sailed five miles down the Chesapeake bay and went aboard the Baltic. Commenced today to lose men, which must inevitably occur during our service. Private James H. Noyes of Company B was discharged today to become hospital steward of the Sixth New Hampshire. Afterwards was surgeon of the regiment. Private Henry S. Corey of Company D was discharged—first man wounded in the regiment, his foot crushed at Washington, being run over by a heavily loaded team. The following

privates were discharged October 19 for various disabilities: Lorenzo Green and George E. Thyng of Company B, Henry H. Jackson, Winthrop H. Smith and Daniel Silver of Company D, Patrick O'Connor of Company K. We have lost eight men since leaving Manchester, and leave at Annapolis Lieutenants Drew and Pillsbury, sick. Boarded the Baltic with 1021 men.

Sunday, October 20—On board the Baltic in Chesapeake Bay. This morning Lieutenant Sanborn with a detail of men came to us from Annapolis. They were detailed to care for the regimental property. First Lieutenant William S. Pillsbury of Company I resigned today at Annapolis. This is the first vacancy among the commissioned officers. Daniel Q. Cole had been commissioned commissary on the organization of the regiment, but as the war department did not recognize this grade, he was commissioned first lieutenant of Company I, to fill the vacancy. He continued to discharge the duties of commissary, however, during his service.

October 21—Middle of the forenoon weighed anchor and sailed down the bay until 8 P. M. Then anchored for the night.

October 22—Sailed for Hampton Roads at 9 A. M. Anchored at night near the Rip Raps. Rained all day. Most of the men seasick. Weather unsettled. Salt fat pork, hard-tack and black coffee served three times a day. October 24 at anchor near Fortress Monroe. October 25 went ashore a few hours while the vessel was scrubbed. Stacked arms and looked about the island. James W. Patterson, Company B, of Nashua, died tonight, our first death.

. The next day Comrade Patterson's funeral took place with burial near Fortress Monroe. A board was placed at his grave with name, company and regiment. Several of the sick of the regiment were sent ashore to the hospital.

Sunday, October 27—Had inspection and prayer by Chaplain Willis on quarter deck. One month away from home.

ON THE BALTIC.

October 29—A beautiful morning. About 8 A. M. the great secret expedition started for somewhere to all of us unknown—

the expedition of naval vessels and transports, the greatest up to that time that had ever assembled under the American flag.

The expedition against Port Royal, commanded by Gen. T. W. Sherman, after many delays and much vexation to the commander, sailed out of Hampton Roads on the morning of October 29, 1861. The *Baltic*, which had been lying off Fortress Monroe since its arrival from Annapolis with the Fourth, weighed anchor about eight o'clock. It was a sidewheel steamer, and one of the largest of that period. It had been chartered by the United States government before the attack on Fort Sumter, and was the vessel on which Major Anderson and the garrison of that fort were transported to New York after the surrender. It was now under way, with General Wright and staff and the Fourth New Hampshire on board, for a destination which was known only to the commanding general, who, with his staff and the Third New Hampshire, were on board the sister steamship *Atlantic*.

The fleet, numbering nearly a hundred, presented a grand spectacle as it put out to sea in three columns, the smoke pouring from the smokestacks of the steamers, each of which had a transport sailing vessel in tow. The *Baltic*, under command of Captain Comstock, a veteran seaman, was at the head of the right-hand column, and had in tow the great four-master, *Ocean Express*. Hardly a man of the Fourth had ever been at sea, the trips from Allyn's Point to Jersey City, and down the Chesapeake from Annapolis to Fortress Monroe, constituting their entire experience with water transportation until now, when, about three o'clock in the afternoon, they found themselves out of sight of land for the first time. It was a novel experience with water transportation until now, when, sion. There was much seasickness, the rations were poor, and the stringy, ill-smelling condensed drinking water execrable. Long before the voyage ended, the men would gladly have gone ashore anywhere and in the face of the enemy.

At about 3 o'clock in the morning of the thirty-first, the *Baltic*, being on the inside of the course and nearer land than the ships of the other columns, ran aground upon Frying Pan

shoals, off Cape Hatteras. It was a thrilling experience, and the history of the Fourth came near ending then and there. Captain Comstock was on the bridge and had ordered the engines reversed, but nevertheless the vessel struck with such force that the men, in their bunks between decks, felt two violent shocks in quick succession. There was excitement and apprehension, but the men were kept below by the guards at the hatchways. The hawser of the Ocean Express was promptly cut, and the great ship barely passed the Baltic. A collision would have meant the destruction of both vessels and the probable loss of all on board. After a time the Baltic drew off from its perilous situation and having been found by the ship's carpenters to have sustained no serious injuries, soon picked up the Ocean Express and continued on its course.

On October 31 Corporal John S. C. Kelley from Atkinson, and a member of Company H, died and was buried at sea. A burial at sea, although common and familiar to seafaring men, is always peculiarly sad and impressive, and on this occasion was the more so by reason of being witnessed for the first time by the men of the Fourth, and following so quickly upon the great peril of the night before. The men gathered in solemn silence upon the deck, where a funeral service was held by Chaplain Willis, Dignam's band furnishing music appropriate to the occasion. Then the body, in uniform, lashed to a plank, heavily shotted and wrapped in a blanket, was consigned to its resting-place in the sea, while the Baltic kept on its course, bearing many a heavy and saddened heart. William Sherer, a Manchester man of Company K, died on November 5, and was given a burial at sea with similar solemn services.

A terrific gale was encountered on November 2, and the soldier boys had their first experience of a storm at sea. The fleet was widely scattered, and for a time it seemed as if the expedition, from which so much had been hoped at the North, must come to an inglorious end. Several ships were badly damaged, and a few put back to Fortress Monroe, but the Baltic stoutly rode out the storm, although the hawser of the Ocean Express parted, and it was sometime before that big transport ship was picked up and rejoined the fleet at Hilton Head.

The men of the Fourth received six weeks' pay on November 4, but the money was of little immediate use. Comrade Mokler recorded in his diary that he saw one man offer a dollar for a drink of water such as the officers had, but was refused. On the forenoon of that day land was in sight, and at sunset the Baltic came to anchor, none of the men yet knowing on what part of the coast they were. The fleet was collecting during the two following days, and, a reconnoissance having been made by Commodore Dupont on the sixth, all was in readiness for the bombardment on the seventh.

The points of attack were Fort Beauregard on Phillip's Island, and Fort Walker on Hilton Head Island, the two commanding the entrance to Port Royal harbor, at the mouth of Broad river. At 8 o'clock on the morning of November 7 the signal was given for the fleet of ten warships and five gunboats to begin the day's work, which was the reduction or capture of the forts. The Wabash, with Commodore Dupont, led the line of heavy warships, the gunboats, drawing less water, forming an inner line nearer the shore. The first broadsides were poured upon Fort Beauregard, which responded noisily. Then the ships, one after another, swung to the left, crossed over to near Fort Walker and delivered a broadside against that fortification. This order was maintained throughout the fight, the ships moving in a "circle formation," or, more exactly, in an ellipse, firing first upon one fort and then upon the other.

Meanwhile the men on the transports, out of range, but with the scene of the conflict in full view, climbed upon every part of the rigging and crowded and jostled on the gunwales in their eagerness to witness what was, for most of them, their first glimpse of real war. It was more than a glimpse, too, for the men of the Fourth, in common with the other troops of the expedition, were watching the progress of one of the most spectacular and effective bombardments of the entire four years of conflict. It continued without interruption for five hours. At 1.15 the Ottawa signalled that Fort Walker was abandoned, and at 2.20 Commander Rodgers hoisted the Union flag over the captured fort.

The Wabash anchored at 2.45, and the transports then came up rapidly. General Wright's brigade had landed by nightfall, the Fourth New Hampshire having the honor of being the first, or among the very first, troops to set foot on the soil of South Carolina. The Baltic, of deep draught and heavily loaded, could not come near the shore. Consequently the men of the Fourth were transferred to a smaller steamer and from this again to open boats. Even these could not touch dry land, and the regiment waded ashore, the men carrying their guns and cartridge-boxes above their heads as a precaution against wetting them. The landing was made on Port Royal Island, and the regiment, forming in line on the beach, marched to the enemy's abandoned encampment, where the men, rejoicing over the events of the day, lay down and slept.

October 29—The great naval expedition is off. After much waiting, an infinity of rumors and sundry disappointments, we are at last assured that the fleet, consisting of fifty sail, weighed anchor at daylight Tuesday, and amid favoring gales, stood southward on its momentous mission.

It is of little consequence now whether Commodore Dupont's private secretary did or did not abscond with certain papers—though we believe he did nothing of the kind.

We apprehend, however, that there was some slight hitch of a similar character; but if, as now alleged, Dupont's orders were mainly oral, and gathered in substance from a full consultation with the President and cabinet, the damage could not extend much beyond the loss of the code signals, which could be remedied in a short time. Nor, if really valuable documents have been transferred to the enemy, will he have sufficient time to act upon them. The expedition was off Tuesday morning, and not many hours can pass away before it will strike the land somewhere.

Of the forces embarked we have but little reliable information. It has been stated that General Sherman would have under him 25,000 troops, besides an auxiliary force of seamen of considerable strength. It has been said that the seamen of the whole expedition number 10,000. But perhaps we shall be nearer the

truth if we estimate General Sherman's force 25,000, inclusive of sailors who may in any way take part in the military operations. We regret to add that, with the exception of a single regiment, the troops are entirely raw. By the action of the authorities at Washington this was unavoidable, as all the best drilled and tried regiments were felt to be indispensable on the line of the Potomac. This circumstance must be taken into account in all our calculations respecting the fruits of the expedition.

Nor would we be unmindful of the other inevitable hazards attending such an enterprise—the inclement season of the year on the southern coast, the immense disadvantage with which any floating armament must contend with land fortification, the danger of meeting an enemy forearmed and forewarned, and hundreds of little mishaps which, concurring, suffice to baffle and break the best laid plans. We can only see that in Commodore Dupont and General Sherman, and able assistants, the expedition has been put into the best of hands, and it remains to trust that nothing has been left undone to merit and secure success. If the expedition does succeed, it will put another face on the doomed rebellion.

Fine weather, October 30, but strong wind off Hatteras. Last night, as the sun set in the western waters, the scene was beautiful beyond expression, and as the shades of evening came slowly over the broad ocean, the stars came forth with more than their usual New England splendor. This morning at sunrise thirty-two vessels were in sight. The Vanderbilt, with the Third New Hampshire, having in tow the Great Republic, was one-half mile to the westward; the Wabash one mile southwest.

October 31—This morning, at 2.45, the Baltic struck on Fry-ing Pan Shoals off Hatteras, then said to be 150 miles from the mainland. There were five or six shocks, two of them very heavy, but the Baltic, under the careful guidance of her skillful commander, Captain Comstock, backed off. The hawser connecting the Ocean Express was cut, and, being free, we were soon away from the dangerous sandbar. We remained in the vicinity until daylight, when we continued our voyage southward. It was fortunate for us that the wind was not high or the sea rough. We are behind the fleet today in consequence of our

delay. The weather is mild, with a gentle west wind. The nights resemble the cool, breezy month of June, and the days our New Hampshire Indian summer. Corporal John S. C. Kelley, a young boy of Company H, from Atkinson, died this evening.

The first day of November, a cloudy morning with gentle breeze; then the sun breaks forth in all its splendor, burnishing the ocean with broad silver belts. Now a gentle shower hides us from the fleet; then a beautiful rainbow spans the western sky, reminding one of the familiar rhyme,

A rainbow at night is a sailor's delight;
A rainbow in the morning, sailors take warning.

This is proved to us, for now the sea is in confusion and tumult; the ship pitches and rocks; the waves splash into the portholes, wetting the bunks of those nearest them. We are consoled by the thought that the hand that puts the waves in motion has power to lull them to repose. At 9 A. M. we witnessed a sad funeral at sea. Corporal Kelley was given a respectful burial service—a short prayer, a few words by Chaplain Willis, a solemn dirge by Dignam's band, and the plank was raised to which his body was strapped. Wrapped in his blanket, with weights attached, the blue Atlantic opened to receive and closed over all that was mortal of young Corporal Kelley, an exemplification of the tragedy of war. This day we took the Ocean Express in tow again.

November 2—Still the storm rages. Last night at sunset the ocean presented a grand but awful appearance. Sea after sea came rolling in, and our vessel rose on the crest of a wave and plunged again into the trough of a succeeding sea. During the night the wind blew a hurricane. One of the horses died and was thrown overboard to the sharks.

November 2—The hawser that connected the Baltic with the Ocean Express parted last night, and the vessel is now separated from us. An amusing incident came very near being a serious accident. William B. Reynolds of Company D was washing his clothes on the upper deck forward the wheelhouse, when a wave came, struck the wheelhouse and fell back, covering him three

feet under water and nearly carrying him away. Could see but seven of the fleet.

Sunday, November 3—Last night the storm abated, and at 10 A. M. we could see land. Had religious services on deck. In the afternoon received our first pay, from muster in to November 1. At night we were run into by a sailing vessel, but not damaged. Warm and pleasant. Fire near the cockhouse caused some uneasiness, as there was a large supply of ammunition on board.

ON BOARD STEAMER "BAL TIC," OFF

PORT ROYAL ENTRANCE, Sunday, November 3, 1861.

A week has passed since I sent my last letter and since that time we have experienced various adventures of all kinds. The next morning after I last wrote we raised anchor and dropped down the harbor some five miles and gradually the fleet assembled around us. The next morning we raised anchor again and the fleet got under way and steamed out of Hampton Roads by the lighthouse, now extinguished by the rebels and used by them as a lookout place. As we went by we could see cavalry and foot men on the shore and the lookout men signalling to Jeff Davis, I presume, that the great expedition was passing out to invade some part of their "sacred soil."

The fleet as we sailed out consisted of forty-seven sail in three lines. The flagship, "The Wabash" (forty-two-gun frigate) sailed in advance and the rest followed, each line containing a brigade. None of us knew any more about where we were going than we did when I wrote last. It was a glorious sight to see this great fleet, the largest that ever sailed, both in the tonnage of the vessel and in the number of soldiers on board, from any port in the world, not excepting the great Spanish armada.

The sea was calm, and we glided over the water as smoothly as though we were on an inland lake through all that day and the next day, and when I went to bed the next night I had no thought then that I should have other than a quiet sleep; but at three o'clock in the morning, November 1, I waked and was half dozing when, thump, thump, and at once a wild tumult arose. I jumped out of my bunk, pulled on my clothes, and rushed up on deck, all the while the thumping keeping on so violently that I could hardly keep my legs. I knew at the first thump that the ship was aground and was fearful that the men in a panic would rush on deck and prevent the men of the

ship from doing what they could, so I at once rushed around at the men and ordered everyone below, and they obeyed.

Meanwhile the engines were reversed, and as the big paddle wheels slowly revolved the thumping grew lighter and lighter; and as rocket after rocket rushed up into the air and the captain shouted out the order to load the signal guns, thumping ceased and the great ship glided off the shoals; and as the man who threw the lead shouted out, "Ten fathom," then "Eleven fathom," then "Thirteen fathom," every heart beat more freely. When the carpenters reported that the ship did not leak we were all relieved and not a soul on board failed, I believe, in heart at least, to thank God, who had saved us harmless from so great a peril.

Many of the ships in the fleet touched on the same shoals, but all, I believe, got off without wreck, though the "Illinois" lost one of her smoke pipes. After we got off the shoals we put out for the open sea. All went on well again till the next evening, when a poor fellow named Kelley, from Atkinson (a son of a lawyer at that place) died very suddenly of congestive fever, at seven o'clock. At nine the same evening all assembled on deck. The funeral services were read by the chaplain, and at the words "We commit his body to the sea," the poor fellow's body, sewed up in his blanket, with a forty-two-pound shot sewed in, was slid off the plank on which it laid into the deep, cold water, the band meanwhile playing "Pleyel's Hymn." It was a very solemn sight, and I thought how his parents and brothers and sisters were sitting around the fire at home, little thinking that the one they loved was sinking through the blue waters to the bottom of the sea, a hundred miles from land.

Our experience did not end here, for the next afternoon a wind rose and by dark was a most severe gale. We had a ship in tow and was dragging her by a four-inch rope when a great wave came and snapped the cable as if it were a piece of twine. The wind grew higher and higher, and before midnight a terrible storm was raging. The ship rocked and rolled and pitched most fearfully. It was a most glorious sight to stand on the deck and see the great waves chasing each other, the crest of each lit up with phorescence, but it was a fearful sight to see a huge wave rush down toward the ship and seem about to cover us, when at the instant it would be on us the ship would rise over it and then sink down between the waves. The wood-work inside the ship creaked and groaned and many of the men and officers thought the ship would go to pieces. Many men prayed that night, I have no doubt, who had not prayed for years.

The waves went down at last, and we thought our troubles were over, when today the ship caught on fire, but the fire was extinguished at once without causing an alarm. So we have experienced all the dangers incident to a voyage at sea.

The storm scattered the vessels of the fleet widely apart, and not a ship was in sight till tonight, when twenty had made their appearance, and we are now in quiet water waiting. Now as for our whereabouts: we are in sight of land, which we understand is an island called "Hilton's Head," which you will find on the coast of Georgia, to the north of Savannah, so the probability is that we shall make an ascent on that place, and if so we shall land, I presume, about day after tomorrow. The fleet will steam in and throw shells over the land and drive every enemy inland, when the army will land and throw up a fortification and hold the point till a larger force arrives, and then march on to Savannah. I will try and send this letter home by the "Baltic" and another one also, telling of our adventures of the landing.

LOUIS BELL.

November 4—A report that a small steamer, the Governor, was sunk in the storm last Saturday proved true. No lives lost. The steamer Union was blown ashore, and the crew and several soldiers of the Fourth—teamsters—were taken prisoners, among them Quartermaster Sergeant Kelley, brother of Quartermaster John L. Kelley. About 5 p. m. the Baltic left the fleet and sailed in search of the Ocean Express. The gunboats were firing on a battery on shore.

November 5—Sailed all last night. About 10 a. m. was boarded by the U. S. sloop of war, Dale. At 2 p. m. met the rest of the fleet. Private William Sherer of Manchester, born in Deering, and one of the oldest men in Co. K, died today and was buried quietly at sea, because of the near approach of the attack on Port Royal. He left a wife and nine children. Corporal Henry H. Jackson of Co. D died today at his home in Laconia. He had been discharged sick at Annapolis.

November 6—Arrived off Port Royal, S. C. Were at anchor all day far from shore. Fleet collecting together. Several vessels were damaged in the storm—one lost her masts. First Lieutenant Israel L. Drew of Co. H, brother of our major, who had been left behind sick at Annapolis, died there today. His

body was taken to his home in Lawrence, Mass., where he was given a military funeral and buried in Belleview cemetery.

Thursday, November 7, was a notable day in the history of the Fourth. We witnessed from the Baltic the successful bombardment of Forts Walker and Beauregard, and, at nightfall, stood on the soil of South Carolina, the first of the states to adopt an ordinance of secession, and the first in which a hostile shot was fired upon the Union flag. A New Hampshire man, John G. Foster, afterwards a major-general, was among the last to leave Fort Sumter with its little garrison the April before, and it was the fortune of the Fourth New Hampshire to be the first to land at the close of this eventful November day.

It had been the original plan to make a combined land and naval attack at Port Royal, but this was abandoned, partly on account of the storm and partly by reason of the lack of sufficient boats for the prompt landing of the troops. Port Royal harbor was defended by two forts at its entrance—Walker, on Hilton Head Island, and Beauregard, at Bay Point on Phillip's Island. Commodore Dupont, after a reconnoissance, had decided to attack the forts simultaneously, and at 8 o'clock, on the morning of November 7, the signal was given for the warships to prepare for action. The flagship Wabash led, starting at 8.10, the other warships following, one after another, in regular order.

Meanwhile there was intense excitement on board the transports, which remained out of range from the enemy's fire. Masts, yards, shrouds, gunwales, and every available point of observation swarmed with soldiers, eager to witness the sublime spectacle. Words fail to describe the scene or the emotions of the men. At 9.26 the first gun was fired from Fort Walker, and this was followed by a second from Fort Beauregard. Then the Wabash replied, then the Susquehanna, and so on. As one shot followed another, cheer after cheer went up from the soldiers on the transports. Their enthusiasm rose. They were ready for anything when their turn should come.

The fleet sailed round and round in a circle, or more exactly, an ellipse, affording the ships an opportunity to fire a broadside upon each fort in turn. The terrific combat lasted for five

hours, and the bursting of shells in mid-air, the bounding of shot on the water, and the bellowing of the distant-thunderlike cannon were sights and sounds that awakened feelings of awe in the breast of every spectator. The enemy's marksmanship was poor, however, and only twelve men were killed in the entire fleet during the action. There were thirty large cannon in Fort Walker, and the captain of the Wabash said, after the battle, that if he had had those guns he could have sunk the whole fleet.

By 3.30 the forts were found to have been abandoned. The firing from the warships ceased, and marines went ashore and ran up the stars and stripes amid the cheers of the fleet. Then came the order for the Third brigade to land, and toward evening the landing was effected. As General Wright was on the Baltic it fell to the Fourth, just about 1,000 strong, to take the lead. As the Baltic was of too deep draught for the shallow waters, the regiment was transferred to the Isaac Smith, which had taken part in the action, at the same time towing the Vandalia. It is perhaps worth noting that fourteen Smiths, members of the regiment, were thus for a short time on board a war vessel bearing the name of their numerous family. The Isaac Smith went as far inshore as was practicable, when the men were taken in surf boats, until these were aground, after which they waded ashore waist-deep in water, carrying their rifles and cartridge-boxes above their heads.

They were on land at last, scarcely knowing where they were, and not knowing at all where the enemy might be. Wet, tired, and hungry, the men of the regiment slept, or tried to sleep, on their arms. In the morning, however, there was an agreeable change. Near by were plantations of sugar cane and of sweet potatoes, and the boys of the Fourth made up for the unappetizing rations on shipboard. The sweet potatoes were roasted, and the pith of the sugar cane was chewed with relish by men who for weeks had been supplied by the government with all they wanted, and more than they wanted, of salt pork.

FORT WALKER, HILTON'S HEAD,
OFF BEAUFORT, S. C., November 7, 1861.

I am writing to you seated on a secession camp stool in Lieutenant-Colonel Bedou's camp, out of which our shells today drove him and all the rest of the rebel crew. The fleet began this morning to pitch shells into the fort and kept it up till about 5 P. M., when we landed, to find everything deserted, the officers not having time to even take their little knicknacks away. Our forces all landed; only one man killed by the enemy's fire.

LOUIS BELL.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS EXPEDITION CORPS,
PORT ROYAL, S. C., Nov. 8, 1861.

Adjutant General, United States Army, Washington, D. C.:

SIR:—I have the honor to report that the force under my command embarked at Annapolis, Maryland, on the twenty-first of October, and arrived at Hampton Roads, Virginia, on the twenty-second.

In consequence of the delay in the arrival of some of our transports, and the unfavorable state of the weather, the fleet was unable to set out for the southern coast until the 29th, when, under the convoy of a naval squadron in command of Commodore Dupont, and after the most mature consideration of the object of the expedition by that flag officer and myself, it was agreed to first reduce any works that might be found at Port Royal, South Carolina, and thus open the finest harbor on the coast that exists south of Hatteras. It was calculated to reach Port Royal in five days at most, but in consequence of adverse wind and a perilous storm on the day and night of the first of November, the fleet did not arrive at Port Royal bar until the fourth, and then but in part, for it had been almost entirely dispersed by the gale, and the vessels have been straggling in up to this date.

The transport steamers Union, Belvidere, Osceola, and Peerless have not arrived. Two of them are known to be lost, and it is probable all are.

It is gratifying, however, to say that none of the troop transports connected with the land forces were lost, though the Winfield Scott had to sacrifice her whole cargo, and the Roanoke a portion of her cargo, to save the lives of the regiments on board. The former will again be unable to put to sea. The vessels connected with the naval portion of the fleet have also suffered much, and some have been lost.

After a careful reconnoissance in Port Royal bay it was ascertained that the rebels had three earthworks of remarkable strength, strongly garrisoned, and covered by a fleet of three gunboats, under Captain Tatnall, late of the United States Navy, besides strong land forces, which the rebels were concentrating from Charleston and Savannah. The troops of the rebels were afterwards ascertained to have been commanded by General Brayton.

One of the forts, and probably the strongest, was situated on Hilton's Head, and the other two on Phillips' Island. It was deemed proper to first reduce the fort on Hilton's Head, though to do this a greater or less fire might have to be met from the batteries on Bay Point. At the same time our original plan of coöperation of the land forces in this attack had to be set aside, in consequence of the loss during the voyage of a greater portion of our means of disembarkment, together with the fact that the only point where the troops should have landed was from five to six miles (meaning around the intervening shoal) from the anchoring place of our transports, altogether too great a distance for successful debarkation, with our limited means. It was, therefore, agreed that the place should be reduced by the naval force alone. In consequence of the shattered condition of the fleet, and the delay in the arrival of vessels that were indispensable for the attack, it had to be postponed until the seventh instant.

I was a mere spectator of the combat, and it is not my province to render any report of this action. I deem it an imperative duty to say that the firing and manœuvring of our fleet against that of the rebels and their formidable batteries was a masterpiece of activity and professional skill, that must have elicited the applause of the rebels themselves as a tactical operation. I think that too much praise cannot be awarded to the science and skill exhibited by the flag officer of the naval squadron and the officers connected with his ships. I deem the performance a masterly one, and it ought to have been seen to be fully appreciated.

After the works were reduced I took possession of them with the land forces. The beautifully constructed work on Hilton's Head was severely crippled, and many of the guns dismounted. Much slaughter had evidently been made there, many bodies having been buried in the fort, and some twenty or thirty were found some half a mile distant. The island for many miles was found strewn with army accoutrements and baggage of the rebels, which they threw away in their hasty retreat. We have also come into possession of about forty pieces of ordnance, most of which is the heaviest calibre and of the most approved models, and a large quantity of ammunition and camp equipage.

It is my duty to report the valuable services of Mr. Pautelle, assistant in the coast survey, assisting with his accurate and extensive knowl-

edge of this country. His services are invaluable to the army as well as to the navy, and I earnestly recommend that important notice be taken of this very able and scientific officer by the War Department.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

T. W. SHERMAN,

Brigadier General Commanding.

THE STORM AND THE NAVAL EXPEDITION.

The violent storm of wind and rain which raged in this section of New York on Saturday and up to yesterday morning has naturally excited grave apprehensions respecting the safety of the fleet, which left Hampton Roads last Tuesday morning. By a well known meteorological law, storms as severe as that commence in the Gulf of Mexico and sweep up against a northeast wind along the whole line of our coast, often taking a week in the transit. The popular apprehension is that the storm must have encountered the fleet somewhere along the coast, and if such is the fact, the country must be prepared in a few days to hear very unwelcome news. It may be that the gale was not as severe below as we know it was above Hatteras, and in that case the damage would be but slight, but, unfortunately, the previous history of these great Atlantic storms does not warrant that supposition. A heavy blow in the latitude of New York on Saturday generally indicates a storm at Washington on Friday, one at Hatteras on Thursday, and so on down the coast, but the violence of the tempest does not usually abate as we approach its point of departure; hence the apprehensions of sea-faring men and others respecting its effect upon the naval expedition.

The facts in our possession are few, but they are fitted to excite considerable uneasiness. We know that the fleet sailed on Tuesday, that it was seen off Hatteras on Wednesday, and that it did reach Beaufort, South Carolina, if that was its destination, by Friday at furthest. We also know that the storm which raged here on Saturday prevailed at Fortress Monroe on Friday, and in all probability was in the latitude of Charleston on Wednesday night or Thursday. There is no reason to fear that any harm

occurred to the steamships, gunboats or larger transports, but there were a number of small, heavily laden vessels in the expedition that might have been injured. It is probable also that in case the storm was very severe the attack on the point intended was postponed for a time.

THE GREAT EXPEDITION.

November 7, 1861.

The twenty-ninth of October will henceforth be signalized in the history of the Union as the day on which sailed the great armada to crush out the slave-holding rebellion against the authority of the republic. Nothing in the whole course of the war has produced such a profound sensation throughout the states in rebellion as has the sailing of this expedition; nor has anything raised such high expectations of the speedy success of the federal cause. The period when an adequate force should lay hold upon the southern coast and produce a powerful diversion at the seat of the war in Virginia and in the Southwest has from the beginning been looked to as the point from which would date the wane of the rebellion and the reëstablishment of constitutional authority. That period has come.

After various delays caused by storm and otherwise the expedition sailed from Hampton Roads at the date above mentioned.

The composition of the naval force was as follows:

NAVAL FORCE.

Flag Officer in Command,

SAMUEL F. DUPOINT, of Delaware.

Flag Captain,

CHARLES H. DAVIS, of Massachusetts.

Flag Lieutenant,

SAMUEL W. PRESTON, of Illinois.

VESSELS OF WAR.

Flagship.

1. Steam Frigate Wabash..... 50 guns
2. Sloop Vandalia..... 20 guns

18 GUNBOATS.

Augusta, Curlew, Gem of the Sea, Ottawa, and Pawnee, 9 guns each.
 Alabama, 7 guns.
 Isaac W. Smith, 6 guns.
 Penguin, Pocahontas and Seminole, 5 guns each.
 Florida, Mohican and Pemlina.
 Seneca, Unadilla and Georgia, 4 guns each.
 R. B. Forbes and Shawshene, 2 guns each.

23 TRANSPORTS—STEAMERS.

Ariel, Atlantic, Baltic, Ben Deford, Cawhawba, Coatzacoalcos,
 Daniel Webster, Empire City, Ericsson, Locust Point, Marion,
 Mantanzas, Ocean Queen, Oriental, Parkersburg, Philadelphia,
 Potomac, Roanoke, Star of the South, Union, Vanderbilt,
 Winfield Scott, Illinois.

32 SAILING VESSELS.

Ships.

Great Republic, Ocean Express, Golden Eagle, Zenas Coffin.

Bark.

J. A. Bishop.

Brigs.

Belle of the Bay, Ellen P. Stewart.

Schooners.

Abbott, Allen, Aid, Vance, Clark, Underwood, English, Frambes, East,
 Western Star, Saratoga, Bright, McNeil, Faust, Miller, Chester,
 Satterthwaite, Snowflake, Molany, Aerial, Simms, Hewitt,
 Sarah, Saulsbury, Cullin.

5 STEAMBOATS.

Mayflower, Belvidere, Governor, Peerless, Osceola.

2 STEAMTUGS.

| | | Guns. |
|------------------|--------------------|-------|
| O. M. Petit..... | A. S. Gardner..... | 2 |
| Mercury | S. J. Manton..... | 2 |

2 FERRY BOATS.

.. Commodore Perry, Ethan Allen.

TOTAL NAVAL FORCE.

| | Guns. |
|-----------------------|-------|
| Naval Vessels | 20 |
| Transports | 23 |
| Sailing Vessels | 32 |
| Steamboats | 5 |
| Steamtugs | 2 |
| Ferry Boats | 2 |
| Total | 84 |

The following and probably other vessels would join the expedition on passing the points where they were stationed:

| | Guns. |
|--------------------|-------|
| Savannah | 24 |
| Sabine | 50 |
| Flag | .. |
| Dale | 16 |
| St. Lawrence | 50 |
| Susquehanna | 15 |

Thus the entire fleet comprises ninety vessels.

MARINES.

The steamer Governor took a battalion of the United States marines, under command of Major Reynolds.

MILITARY FORCE.

The military force of the expedition has been variously estimated at from fifteen to twenty-five thousand men; but it may be quite safely stated at fifteen thousand, including troops and marines. Eight regiments are from New England, consisting of hardy, well-seasoned coast men; five are from New York, two from Pennsylvania, and one from Michigan. The artillery and marine corps are a well-trained and promising lot of men, fully

equal to anything of the kind the rebels can bring against them.
The military force is organized as follows:

COMMANDING GENERAL AND STAFF,

Commander-in-Chief,

BRIG.-GEN. T. W. SHERMAN, *Acting Major-General.*

STAFF.

Asst. Adjt.-General, Capt. Louis Pelouze, 15th Infantry.

Chief Quartermaster, Capt. Rufus Saxton, Asst. Quartermaster U. S. Army.

Asst. Quartermaster, Capt. H. A. Hascall, Asst. Quartermaster U. S. Army.

Asst. Quartermaster, Capt. C. E. Fuller, Asst. Quartermaster U. S. Army.

Chief Commissary, Capt. M. R. Morgan, Asst. Com. Sub. U. S. Army.

Chief Engineer, Capt. Q. A. Gilmore, U. S. Engineers.

First Asst. Engineer, First Lieut. J. A. Tardy, Jr., U. S. Engineers.

Second Asst. Engineer, Second Lieut. P. H. O'Rourke, U. S. Engineers.

Topographical Engineer, First Lieut. J. H. Wilson, U. S. Engineers.

Chief of Ordnance, First Lieut. Horace Porter, Ordnance Dept. U. S. Army.

Assist. Chief of Ordnance, First Lieut. Horace Porter, Ordnance Dept., U. S. Army.

Medical Director, Surgeon Geo. E. Cooper, U. S. Army, Med. Dept.

Signal Officer, First Lieut. Theo. L. Dumont, U. S. Volunteers.

Aide-de-Camp, Lieut. Chas. Magner, Twentieth Mass. Volunteers.

Additional Paymaster, Major Z. K. Vaughn.

Additional Paymaster, Major J. L. Hewitt.

Division Commander, Brig.-Gen. T. W. Sherman, Acting Major-Gen.

FIRST BRIGADE.

Commanded by

BRIG.-GEN. EGBERT L. VIELE.

Composed of

| | |
|------------------------------|---------------------|
| New Hampshire Third | Col. E. W. Fellows |
| Maine Eighth | Col. Lee Strickland |
| New York Forty-Sixth | Col. Rudolph Rosa |
| New York Forty-Seventh | Col. Henry Moore |
| New York Forty-Eighth | Col. J. H. Perry |

SECOND BRIGADE.

Commanded by

BRIG.-GEN. ISAAC INGALLS STEVENS.

Composed of

| | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Pennsylvania Fiftieth | Col. B. C. Christ |
| Pennsylvania Roundhead..... | Col. David Leasure |
| Michigan Eighth | Col. Wm. M. Fenton |
| New York Seventy-Ninth | Lieut.-Col. W. H. Nobles |

THIRD BRIGADE.

Commanded by

BRIG.-GEN. HORATIO GATES WRIGHT.

Composed of

| | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| New Hampshire Fourth..... | Col. Thomas J. Whipple |
| Connecticut Sixth..... | Col. J. R. Chatfield |
| Connecticut Seventh | Col. A. A. Terry |
| Maine Ninth | Col. Richworth Rich |

NON-BRIGADED.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Third Rhode Island | Col. Brown |
| Massachusetts Twenty-First..... | Col. Morse |
| Engineer Volunteers' Battalion..... | Col. E. W. Serrill |
| Corps of Sappers and Miners. | |

SIGNAL CORPS.

Chief Officer in charge attached to General Sherman,

LIEUT. THEO. DUMONT.

Attached to Staff of Brig.-General Viele,

LIEUTS. E. J. KEENAN AND O. H. HOWARD.

Attached to Staff of Brig.-General Wright,

H. CLAY SNYDER AND F. E. TOWN.

Attached to Staff of Brig.-General Stevens,

LIEUTS. W. S. COGGSWELL AND W. L. TAFT.

ARTILLERY.

Battery of six pieces (Parrott Rifled),

CAPTAIN HAMILTON.

PORT ROYAL AND ITS VICINITY.

Port Royal is fifteen miles east from the mouth of the Savannah river, and is in all respects the most eligible point along the southern coast for effecting a hostile landing. The entrance to the harbor is one of the best below Norfolk; and the harbor itself is large enough to admit of the anchorage and movements of the whole fleet. The city of Beaufort is situated on the east side of the harbor on Port Royal Island, with a population of about one thousand. The harbor runs into and commands Beaufort county, and constitutes the southern extremity of South Carolina. The population of the district in 1850 was 38,805, of which only 6,500 were free.

The chief staples of the district are cotton, rice, Indian corn, and sweet potatoes. Beaufort is one of the most populous districts in South Carolina. The surrounding country is a level plain, but little elevated above the sea; and the soil is alluvial and sandy, well adapted, apparently, for quartering troops, and for the movements of an attacking army.

Port Royal communicates almost directly by railroad with Charleston and Savannah. A force moving up the river from Beaufort city would strike the Charleston and Savannah Railroad at a point about fifty miles from Charleston on the one hand, and fifty miles from Savannah on the other. The acquisition of that road will of course be one of the first movements of the expeditionary army, giving, as it would, the command of both cities, besides cutting off the facilities of transit and transports from the rebels.

SPECIAL DISPATCH.

FORTRESS MONROE, Tuesday, November 7th,
via Baltimore, November 8th.

There are rumors floating about here to the effect that our fleet encountered a heavy storm and that a number of vessels were wrecked.

The only reliable facts ascertained are that a flag of truce arrived here today, and that intelligence received by it is to the effect that the steamer *Union* and another vessel were wrecked, and that the enemy, in consequence of the disaster, had taken seventy-five prisoners, who are at Raleigh, N. C. The *Union* had on board horses, all of which, except fifteen, were said to be lost. The other vessel had on board ordnance stores and cartridges.

Our fleet were said to be bombarding Port Royal, which is in a critical condition, and just ready to surrender.

The rebel commander had a small steamer under his control and he threatened to use it and seize one of the small vessels of the fleet which had been driven on a lee shore, with troops on board her. On the whole, the news is not regarded as of an unfavorable character.

This intelligence comes through a source supposed to sympathize with the secessionists, and it is claimed to be derived from one of General Huger's aides.

The United States gunboat *Monticello* will leave for the blockade off Wilmington in a couple of days. General Phelps states that the rebels are bolder and more numerous than ever near Newport News.

FORTRESS MONROE, November 7.

The S. R. Spaulding left for Hatteras Inlet last evening with a cargo of commissary stores. It is more than probable that some of the troops will land in here. It is understood at Old Point that Hatteras Inlet is a place of too much importance to be abandoned. Should the Twentieth Indiana regiment return to Old Point, its place will be immediately supplied by a large force.

By a flag of truce just from Norfolk, we have news of the fleet, but provokingly meager, as the only person who came down was bound by parole to reveal no particulars.

The steamer *Union*, with a cargo of horses and stores, and another transport, whose name is not given, were lost during the gale, one at King Devil Shoal, and the other on Rogue's Beach, on the coast of North Carolina. The crews of both vessels, seventy-three in number, are now prisoners at Raleigh, N. C. It is not known whether any were lost, but fifteen horses were saved.

FORTRESS MONROE, November 7.

I learn that a vessel of the U. S. Navy, which was sent to Norfolk on Monday with a flag of truce by General Wool, on some business of his

own, was brought back this afternoon by a rebel flag of truce. He reports that telegraphic dispatches were received today at Norfolk, that our fleet was then, the 7th inst., bombarding Port Royal, S. C., and the work on both sides was very sharp and hot.

Two of the transports, one having ammunition on board, and the Union, carrying horses, went ashore during the gale. The Union was wrecked on Rogue's Beach, and out of eighty horses fifteen were saved.

I also learn that the telegraph at Norfolk is in constant operation, bringing from the scene of operation dispatches. The wildest excitement prevails among the rebels in Norfolk, also among the people at this point.

The Union was a new vessel, built in New York, and was intended for the use of the quartermaster department here, but was transferred to Captain Saxton, quartermaster to General Sherman. She was a very fast sailor, and proposed to be the return vessel to bring the news of the result.

REBEL ACCOUNTS.

FORTRESS MONROE, November 13,
via Baltimore, November 14.
November 15, 1861.

There is no news today from the great expedition, except the following from the Norfolk "Day Book" of today, received by a flag of truce:

"The French man-of-war, *Catinet*, arrived here today in search of the crew of the *Prony*, who went North yesterday."

"The naval attack on Port Royal was terrific cannonading. The batteries were abandoned. The enemy is in full possession of the harbor."

"Our Southern papers bring us accounts of the naval attack on Port Royal, and in the confusion of statements it is impossible to give a very connected or circumstantial account of the engagement."

The "Savannah Republican" furnishes the following:

"The firing between Fort Walker and the fleet commenced about nine o'clock, the fleet giving most of their attention to Fort Walker. Before ten o'clock, seven of the largest steamers of the fleet had passed the batteries, and when the *St. Mary* left, from whose passengers we obtained our account of the first part of the action, a most terrible cannonading was going on. The fight continued until the departure of the *Emma*, at twelve o'clock, and when the *Savannah* left, at two o'clock, the firing was unabated, except at the Bay Point battery, which had been silenced between eleven o'clock and twelve o'clock. At this time a tremendous cannonading was kept up by the fleet, consisting of some thirty odd steamers and gunboats, which was returned by Fort Walker and the battery of Hilton Head."

SAVANNAH, November 12.

The "Republican" of this morning is informed by a gentleman from the interior, that the bridges over Chickamange Creek were burned by discharged hands, and not by the Unionists, as stated.

The "Republican" publishes an extract of a letter from St. Simons Island, of the tenth inst., which says that one federal vessel passed that day at Prescott's, and three more on the ninth, bound south, passed Fernandina. General Lee is in Savannah. There is nothing positive concerning the federals.

COLUMBUS, KY., November 12.

The "Savannah Republican" says:

"The Fort Walker armament consisted of sixteen guns, nine of which bore upon shipping, the balance being in position on the land side. Five or six of these guns, among them the twenty-four-pound rifle cannon and one ten-inch Columbiad, were disabled during the forenoon. Thus disabled, and their ammunition exhausted, the garrison evacuated Fort Walker between three and four o'clock, retiring in the direction of Bluffton, leaving the guns in position and unspiked, having no spikes for that purpose. In the course of the morning and previous night considerable reinforcements of infantry and artillery from Georgia and South Carolina had arrived at Hilton Head, and were stationed in the vicinity of the batteries, but we are unable, at present, to ascertain the number of troops engaged in the battle. Captain Jacob Reid's Artillery Corps of the First Georgia Regiment of regulars arrived on the scene of action on Wednesday night, and yesterday bore a gallant part in the fight. Four or five of their men were killed early in the action. The corps lost two of their guns and several horses. Colonel Randolph Spaulding's Georgia Volunteer Regiment, commanded by Captain Berry, were also in the engagement.

"They were marched to the beach, and received a galling fire of round shot and shell from the fleet, which, however, they were unable to return with their muskets.

"Of the Floyd County Berry Infantry James S. Ayres and Second Surgeon W. H. Pekinson received slight wounds.

"Col. William H. Stiles' volunteer regiment of Georgia reached the scene of action at eleven o'clock, having marched from Skidaway, which is seven and a half miles distant, at the double-quick, but they were also unable to fire on the fleet, which was out of reach of their guns. The regiment had several killed and wounded from the fleet.

"Our informant states that Col. Stiles had two horses shot from under him, and in the fall of one of them, received a slight injury in the shoulder. The colonel and his regiment was at one time exposed to a terrific shelling from the fleet, and it is only surprising that more of them were not killed and wounded.

"Col. Randolph Spaulding, not being in command of his regiment, joined a corps belonging to another regiment, and engaged in the fight as far as it was possible for the infantry to participate in it, with his musket on his shoulder.

"Between eleven and twelve o'clock twelve vessels engaged the forts, five of them first-class steam frigates, and the other seven were second-class steamers, with a tug leading. The tug opened fire on our infantry stationed some distance from the beach. One of the frigates, the *Minnesota* (Wabash), at a distance of two miles, also threw shot and shell at the infantry. Our informant assures us that seven Dahlgren guns from one of the frigates fired many shots on the hospital containing our wounded, hitting the building several times, notwithstanding the yellow flag was flying. The surgeons were compelled by this barbarous act to have our wounded moved further into the interior. The *Minnesota* (Wabash) is reported to have been on fire three times from hot shot thrown from the batteries.

"Col. Spaulding's regiment lost all its baggage, blankets, etc., but saved all their arms. We understand that the loss on our side is about twelve killed and forty wounded. Among the latter is Captain J. A. Yates, of Charleston, who was seriously injured by the bursting of a shell. Dr. Buist, of Greenville, S. C., was instantly killed by a shell striking him on the head. We have no positive information from the Bay Point Battery, further than it was silenced at eleven o'clock. We hear that it suffered serious loss.

"It is reported that the garrison retired in safety to Beaufort. Of Col. DeSaussere's regiment, stationed at Fort Walker, four were killed at the batteries and twenty wounded.

"We understand that the Confederates lost no prisoners, except, perhaps one or two from Col. De Saussere's regiment. The killed were covered with blankets and left. The wounded were all placed on board of steamers and will arrive at Savannah today. The abandoned batteries were taken possession of by the enemy, and the United States flag waved over them when our troops retired."

RICHMOND, November 11.

The Charleston "Mercury" of the 10th has the following:

"The Yankee prisoners in South Carolina are all safely in jail, where they abide the issue of the trials of our brave privateersmen at the North. Should one drop of South Carolina blood be shed by the Northern courts for defending the South on the seas, it will be paid with interest at Charleston. Self-protection, and the enforcement of laws of nations and humanity alike, require in this instance full and ample retaliation. The "Mercury" says that the federals did capture a large amount of cotton in the vicinity of Port Royal.

The "Mercury" of the 9th inst. publishes a leader with the startling headlines in large capitals:

"NAVAL ATTACK ON PORT ROYAL,"

"BATTERIES ABANDONED,"

"THE ENEMY IN FULL POSSESSION."

"We are in the midst of a mass of conflicting rumors, which reached us yesterday from Port Royal. Early in the day it was generally believed that the abandonment of Fort Walker was owing to the supply of powder becoming exhausted.

"Our latest dispatches are not very different, but very mortifying. They state that the fort was gallantly held by its defenders until twenty-seven of its batteries of twenty-nine guns had either been dismounted or become useless."

The "Mercury" continues:

"There is no doubt that the fleet will succeed in the capture of an immense amount of cotton of the best quality. We understand that our forces have placed formidable obstructions below Beaufort, about four miles distant.

"General Lee is hard at work near Beaufort, and General Ripley at Boyd's Landing, for the defense of the Charleston and Tennessee Railroad."

A dispatch, dated Pocotaligo, November eighth, says:

"General Drayton retired in two steamers by Pipe's Ferry, and is now in Bluffton. The number of casualties he reports from thirty to forty.

"General Donovan retreated by way of Ladies' Island and Beaufort to Port Royal Ferry. Beaufort had not been burned as was reported. It contained an immense deal of cotton, but it was well known that Bluffton would be burned in case it was attacked. The railroad at Pocotaligo, Charleston and Savannah is in the greatest danger."

GEORGETOWN, S. C., November 10.

The wreck of the federal steamer *Osceola* has been overhauled and several barrels of potatoes and other vegetables secured.

NEWS VIA OLD POINT.

BALTIMORE, November 14.

The boat from Old Point has arrived here. The Charleston "Mercury," no date, is quoted by the Norfolk "Day Book" of yesterday as follows:

"We have not a word of authentic news from Beaufort. A report came over the wires yesterday that the place had been bombarded and burned late in the day. Late in the day, however, we heard that the town was not burned, but that it had been occupied by the enemy. We cannot vouch for either statement. The regular news dispatches from

the scene of the invasion are, we presume, suppressed by military authority. Our special correspondents have sent us no dispatches of late, so we must be content to watch and wait."

A flag of truce from Norfolk brought down some thirty passengers, all of whom said that they were leaving "Dixie" on account of the high price of living there and the unsettled state of society. All their baggage was searched. Southern papers were very scarce. Only three were on board, and from them we gather the following additional news items:

"NO QUARTER TO THE ENEMY."

"AUGUSTA, November 11.

"A report has been current here for the past day or two that black flags have been hoisted at Savannah, Charleston, and other places on the southern coast, which indicates that no quarter will be given to the invaders, and that no quarter will be asked."

The Norfolk "Day Book" has the following advertisement:

"Attention, rattlesnakes, charge with fell poison and be prepared to strike. We find many subjects in this town who must receive the force of our venom. Call early at the Hole and hear the Big Snake. Little snakes keep your eyes open and bring in the last of those unfriendly to our holy cause.

BY ORDER OF THE BIG RATTLER."

November 13, 1861.

ANOTHER DISPATCH.

FORTRESS MONROE, November 13.

via Baltimore, November 14.

By a flag of truce from Norfolk this afternoon I have been put in possession of a copy of the "Daily Express," of Petersburg, Va., of the 12th inst. From that sheet I take the following rebel account of the capture of Port Royal:

Later from Savannah.

SAVANNAH, November 8, 4 P. M.

The following particulars of the battle of Port Royal have been received here up to three o'clock P. M.:

Captain Turner of the Berry infantry, and other officers who were in the engagement, have arrived in the steamer Sampson, which brought a number of wounded into the city.

The action took place on Thursday between a portion of the enemy's fleet, consisting of fifteen vessels inside the entrance and Fort Walker, besides a large number outside the island. There were five hundred men in Fort Walker, which was the total force engaged with the enemy, there being about eighteen hundred men, all told, on the island. The Minnesota (Wabash), was the first to enter the port, which engaged

Fort Walker, discharging shot and shell from three positions, front and rear, besides discharging a terrible hail of shot and shell into the woods and thickets, as also into a cotton field outside of the fort, where our men were stationed, expecting the enemy to land from their transports. After the second round from the broadside of the fleet the principal gun on the battery was dismounted. The engagement lasted five hours, and all of our guns on Fort Walker, excepting two, being dismounted, the fort was no longer tenable.

Previous to the concentration of the fleet, however, an arrangement was made for the blowing up of a magazine, in case the enemy, on taking possession, should attempt to open it.

Our men outside of the fort were exposed to a heavy fire during the whole action, without any means of defense or protection. The whole number of killed, wounded, and missing did not exceed one hundred men.

The names of the missing and wounded, as far as we have been able to collect them, are as follows: Berry infantry, Seargeant T. Parkerson, wounded in the hand; Private Hess, wounded in the foot, slightly. Georgetown Forresters, two missing. Thomas County Volunteers, J. W. Fontaine, missing. South Carolint Volunteers, Captain Radcliffe, Company A, two missing. De Sausseur Regiment, fifteen missing from one company.

We learn, in addition, that Dr. Buist, of Charleston, was killed by the explosion of a shell, in Fort Walker, while dressing the wounds of a soldier. Lieutenant T. H. Smack, of the South Carolina Volunteers, was struck in the leg below the knee, rendering amputation necessary.

The total number of killed in the fort was about fifteen. In Captain Reid's company of regulars there were sixteen killed, wounded, and missing out of forty-eight. Private Kelley, while working one of the guns in the fort, had his head shot off.

Captain Reid's company, immediately on landing, pushed through the enemy's fire through the fort, and worked the guns of their batteries in an admirable manner for four hours, and were highly complimented by the commanding general. They drew their breast pieces on retiring twelve miles, and then abandoned them.

Captain Wagner's company of artillery was also engaged in working the batteries, and behaved with the utmost coolness and gallantry, and did effectual service. Captain Wagner was slightly wounded in the face, and the blood was trickling from the wound as he was working the battery.

One of General Drayton's aides was shot from his horse, and a piece of shell grazed the general's cheek. He received also a slight wound in the arm.

The force on the island consisted of Heyward's Nineteenth and De Sausseur's and the Fifteenth South Carolina Volunteers, Stiles'

Twenty-seventh Georgia regiment, and a company of regulars. The men were taken from the Bay Point battery to the mainland.

AUGUSTA, GA., November 12.

The Charleston "Courier" of this morning says that the rebel loss at Fort Walker is supposed to have been about one hundred in killed and wounded.

The defense of the fort was a very gallant one. The fire of the enemy was terrific. One of the largest of the federal steamers was struck twice, and so much injured that she had to be towed off. Another was fired, and, it is supposed, destroyed. Only two of our men were wounded at the Bay fort. Part of the time the enemy's shot and shell were at the rate of one hundred a minute.

General Drayton and his command retreated in two steamers, by way of Pope's Ferry, in safety, and are now at Bluffton. The last report of the casualties received here makes the number between thirty and forty. General Drummond retreated by way of Ladies' Island and Beaufort, to Port Royal Ferry. This morning Captain Hamilton took a company at Simm's Ferry, and landed with his company at Port Royal. They are now at Pocotaligo. Beaufort probably will not be burned. A great deal of cotton on the island will fall into the hands of the enemy. Bluffton will be burned if attacked. The points of danger now are the railroad at Pocotaligo, Charleston, and Savannah.

LETTER FROM AN OFFICER.

ON BOARD STEAMER STAR OF THE SOUTH,
OFF PORT ROYAL ENTRANCE, SOUTH CAROLINA,

Saturday Evening, November 9.

The mail boat has been delayed till tomorrow morning, and I can now give you a better idea of the fortification and general plan of the battle, having spent a couple of hours ashore this A. M. I have made an eye sketch of the work, which is a first-class earthwork. A great deal of time has been spent on it, and it shows first-class engineering skill. It has weak points and some errors, one of which destroyed much of its power of resistance. The guns were too close together to be well worked; they were set too high and exposed to a raking fire from one position. They never expected we could get close enough to command this position. This enfilading fire had terrific effect, and one shot dismounted two, if not three, guns, one of those loaded and just ready to fire. It must have been a two-inch shell, and I picked up a piece of it which I will send home by Captain Kearney. The shell killed a poor fellow, the side of whose face was found on the gun. It afterward struck the interior slope, tearing up the plank restment, and caving in the parapet. This shot must have had murderous effect. One serious

difficulty they must have encountered was the sand on their gun traverses, which made it almost impossible to work them, and the firing was so steady that they had not the time to clean them. If their guns had been further apart, and traverses between, it would have protected them from the enfilading fire. Most of our shots sent into the fort were ricochet, and if they had their guns lower, and had not overcharged them, they could have made their shots ricochet, and caught our ships on the water-line, and done much more damage, whereas most of their shots went over. They had no idea of our coming so close to them.

The assurances of General Drayton, who commanded the post, when he addressed his troops in the forenoon, were that ten minutes' time would serve to sink any ship we could bring in, and that victory was surely ours. Commodore Tatnall was there in the forenoon, and assured them that he would stand by them to the death, but he hauled off his boats as soon as our gunboats got in fair range. He could not do otherwise. He undoubtedly saved their retreat. Our ships, sailing in a circle, made their aim uncertain, and the difficulty in working their guns, from the sand on the cartridges, etc., was fatal. By the time they were ready to fire we were out of their range. Three circuits were made. The next time the ships were to have taken possession and anchored.

REPORT OF MAJOR REYNOLDS.

The marine battalion as it left Hampton Roads consisted of about four hundred men, under command of Major Reynolds, one of the most accomplished and thorough officers of the service. The admirable manner in which he kept his men under discipline during the long period of their peril gives ample evidence of his ability and decision in emergencies. Our correspondent also avows that great credit is due to the officers under his command and to none more than Captain Wiley. Any want of these qualities on the part of the commanding officer would necessarily have resulted in a fearless loss of life. The narrative in the report is of thrilling interest.

REPORT U. S. SHIP, SABINE, AT SEA.

November 8.

SIR:—I have the honor to report that the marine battalion under my command left Hampton Roads on the transport steamboat Governor, on the morning of Tuesday, the twenty-ninth of October, with the other vessels of the fleet, and continued with them near the Wabash, until Friday, the first of November. On Friday morning, about ten o'clock, the wind began to freshen, and by twelve o'clock it blew so violently

we were obliged to keep her head directly to the wind, and thereby leave the squadron, which apparently stood its course. Throughout the afternoon the gale continued to increase, though the Governor stood it well until about four o'clock. About this time we were struck by two or three very heavy seas, which broke the port hog-brace in two places. This was immediately followed by the breaking of the hog-brace on the starboard side. By great exertions on the part of the officers and men of the battalion these braces were so well steadied and supported that no immediate danger was apprehended from them. Up to this time the engine worked well. Soon after the brace chains which supported the smokestack departed, and it went overboard. Some three feet of it above the hurricane deck, remained, which enabled us to keep up the fires.

Soon after the loss of the smokestack the steampipe burst. After this occurrence we were unable to make more than fourteen pounds of steam, which was reduced, as soon as the engine commenced working, to from three to five pounds. The consequence was we had to stop the engine frequently in order to increase the head of steam. At this period the steamer was making water freely, but was easily kept clear by the pumps of the engine, whenever it could be worked. About five o'clock we discovered a steamer with a ship in tow, which was supposed to be the Ocean Queen. To attract attention, we sent up rockets, which signals she answered. When our rockets (six in all) were gone, we kept up a fire of musketry for a long time, but the sea running high, and the wind being violent, she could render us no assistance. She continued on her course in sight the greater part of the night. About three o'clock Saturday morning the packing around the cylinder blew out, rendering the engine perfectly useless for some time. The engine was finally put in running order, although it worked very slowly. The rudder-chain was carried away during the night. The water gained constantly on us, and the boat labored violently. At every lurch we apprehended the hog-brace would be carried away, the effect of which would have been to tear out the entire starboard side of the boat, collapse the boiler, and carry away the wheelhouse. Early in the morning the rudder-head broke, the engine was of very little use, the water still gaining on us rapidly, and we entirely at the mercy of the wind.

It was only by the untiring exertions of our men that we were kept afloat. Nearly one hundred of them were kept constantly pumping and bailing, and the rest were hauling fast the ropes which supported the hog-braces.

Toward morning the weather which, during the night had been dark and rainy, seemed to brighten and the wind to lull. At daybreak two vessels were seen on our starboard bow, one of which proved to be the United States steamer Isaac P. Smith, commanded by Lieut. W. A. Nicholson, of the navy. She described our signal of distress, which

was ensign half mast, union down, and stood for us. About ten o'clock we were hailed by the Smith and given to understand that if possible we should all be taken on board. A boat was lowered from her, and we were enabled to take a hawser. This, through the carelessness of Captain Litchfield, of the Governor, was soon cast off, or unavoidably let go. The water was still gaining on us, the engines could be worked but little, and it appeared that our only hope of safety was gone. The Smith now stood off, but soon returned, and by one o'clock we had another hawser from her and were again in tow. A sail (the propeller bark *Young Rover*), which had been discovered on the starboard bow during the morning, was soon within hailing distance. The captain proffered all the assistance he could give, though, at the time, he could do nothing owing to the severity of the weather. The hawser from the Smith again parted, and we were once more adrift. The *Young Rover* now stood for us again, and the captain said he would stand by us till the last, for which encouragement he received a heartfelt cheer from the men. He also informed us that a large frigate was ahead, standing by us. He then stood for the frigate, made signals of distress, and returned. The frigate soon came into view, and hope once more cheered the hearts of all aboard the transport.

Between two and three o'clock the U. S. frigate *Sabine* (Captain Ringgold) was within hail, and the assurance given that all hands would be taken on board. After a little delay the *Sabine* came to anchor. We followed her example, and a hawser was passed to us. It was now late in the day, and there were no signs of an abatement of the gale. It was evident that whatever was to be done for our safety must be done without delay. About eight or nine o'clock the *Sabine* had paid out enough chain to bring her stern close to our bow. Spars were rigged out over the stern of the frigate, and every arrangement made for whipping our men on board, and some thirty men were rescued by this means. Three or four hawsers and an iron steam cable were parted by the plunging of the vessels. The Governor at this time had about three feet of water, which was rapidly increasing. It was now evidently intended by the commanding officer of the *Sabine* to get the Governor alongside, and let our men jump from the boat to the frigate.

In our condition, this appeared extremely hazardous. It seemed impossible for us to strike the frigate without instantly going to pieces. We, however, were brought alongside, and some forty men succeeded in getting on board the frigate. One was crushed to death between the frigate and the steamer in attempting to gain a foothold on the frigate. The port bow of the Governor struck the starboard quarter of the frigate, and carried away about twenty feet of the hurricane deck from the stern to the wheelhouse. The sea was running so high, and, we being tossed so violently, it was deemed prudent to slack up the hawser and let the Governor follow astern of the frigate, with the faint hope of weathering the gale till morning.

All our provisions and other stores, indeed every movable article, were thrown overboard, and the watercasks started to lighten the vessel. From three-thirty until daybreak the Governor floated in comparative safety, notwithstanding the water was rapidly gaining on her. At daybreak preparations were made for sending boats to our relief, although the sea was running high, and it being exceedingly dangerous for a boat to approach the guards of the steamer. In consequence, the boats laid off and the men were obliged to jump into the sea, and then be hauled into boats. All hands were thus providentially rescued from the wreck, with the exception, I am pained to say, of one corporal and six privates, who were drowned or killed by the crush or contact of the vessels. Those drowned were lost through their disobedience of orders in leaving the ranks or abandoning their positions.

After the troops were safely reëmbarked every exertion was directed to securing the arms, accoutrements, ammunition and other property which might have been saved after lightening the wreck, and I am gratified in being able to say nearly all the arms were saved and about half the accoutrements.

The knapsacks, haversacks, and canteens were nearly all lost. About ten rounds of cartridges were fortunately saved, and 9,000 lost.

Since being on board this ship every attention has been bestowed by Captain Ringgold and his officers towards recruiting the strength of our men, and restoring them to such a condition as will enable us to take the field at the earliest possible moment.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the officers and men under my command—all did nobly. The firmness with which they performed their duty is beyond all praise. For forty-eight hours they stood at the ropes and passed water to keep the ship afloat. Refreshments in both eating and drinking were passed to them at their posts by non-commissioned officers. It is impossible for troops to have conducted themselves better under such trying circumstances.

The transport continued to float some three hours after she was abandoned, carrying with her when she sunk, I am grieved to say, company books and staff returns.

In order to complete the *personnel* of the battalion I have requested Captain Ringgold to meet a requisition for seven privates, to which he has readily assented. He considered this requisition, as I have been informed by Captain Ringgold it is his intention. All orders were given for his ship to repair to a northern port, in which event he can easily be supplied, and my command, by the accommodation, rendered complete in order to meet any demand you may make for our services. Under God we owe our preservation to Captain Ringgold and the officers of the Sabine, to whom we tender our heartfelt thanks for their untiring labors while we were in danger, and their unceasing kindness since we have been on board the frigate.

This report is respectfully submitted.

I am, Commodore, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. G. REYNOLDS,
*Commanding Battalion Marines,
Flag Officer Sam'l F. Dupont,
Commanding U. S. Naval Expedition,
Southern Coast, U. S. N., America.*

REPORT OF CAPTAIN GILMORE.

The following is Captain Gilmore's report of the first reconnoissance of Hilton Head :

OFFICIAL DOCUMENT.

First Reconnoissance of Hilton Head Island, S. C., Made on Friday, November Seventh, 1861, by Capt. Q. A. Gilmore, Chief Engineer E. C., Escorted by the Seventh Connecticut Regiment, Col. Terry.

OFFICE OF THE ENGINEER, E. C.,
HILTON HEAD, S. C., November 8.

Brig.-Gen. Wright, commanding forces on Hilton Head, S. C.:

SIR:—In obedience to your instructions of this date, to proceed on a reconnoissance of Hilton Head Island, or so much thereof as I could examine, returning to headquarters on the same day, I have to report a completion of the day's work under the escort promised to me, to wit, the Seventh Connecticut regiment, nine hundred strong, Colonel Terry commanding.

The regiment was placed at my disposal at eleven o'clock A. M., when I at once set out on the reconnoissance, the principal object of which was to proceed across the island to Seabrook on Shale Creek, a distance of six miles by the nearest practicable route, and locating suitable places for batteries, to control the inland water communications by way of Skull Creek, between Savannah and Charleston.

As no advance had been made from our position on Hilton Head since we came in possession of it yesterday evening, and as nothing certain was known of the position and movements of the enemy since he was driven from the works, I deemed it proper to exercise great caution against surprise, and accordingly requested Colonel Terry to cover the advance of the main body of escort by skirmishers. Over a very considerable portion of the route we took to Seabrook Point, the one running through the woods beyond General Drayton's plantation as distinguished from the one near the shore, skirmishers could not be deployed, as both sides of the road are lined by an impregnable jungle.

Our progress was necessarily slow. We reached Seabrook, landing about two o'clock P. M., without encountering any of the enemy or any white person whatever. From what I can gather from negroes there are no rebel troops on any of the northern portions of the island.

About three hundred of them passed over the road last night about the time we were disembarking. They were under the influence of a terrible panic—knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, cartridge-boxes, etc., were found scattered over the road and on the wharf at Seabrook, where the hasty embarkation took place. We also found at the landing a number of rifled muskets and bayonets. There is near the wharf, some in store, and some outside, a considerable quantity, say fifteen or eighteen wagon-loads of valuable commissary supplies, such as bacon, hard bread, sugar, rice, corn, vinegar, etc. We brought back two wagon-loads of these articles which Colonel Terry will account for.

Had my orders admitted of it, I would have remained at Seabrook with half the escort, until boats could have been dispatched from headquarters under convoy, to bring the commissary stores. At Seabrook, an excellent position for a battery, elevated some twelve or fifteen feet above the level of the river, to sweep and control the Skull Creek channel, has been selected. The river at that point is about a fourth of a mile in sight, and is skirted on the further side by a marsh which enlarges the distance between the firm ground on the opposite shore to half a mile, or a little more.

I caused soundings to be taken across the stream at half tide, finding two fathoms at the end of Seabrook wharf; three fathoms a short distance out; and a good five-fathom anchorage in the middle of the stream.

A battery of five or six heavy guns at Seabrook would be quite sufficient to close this inland water passage between Charleston and Savannah; but to secure it against a "coup de main" I would recommend an inclosed work of strong relief and of sufficient capacity for one thousand men, with guns on the gorge, and with suitable flanking arrangements, should be commenced immediately. It should mount fifteen guns at least, of all calibers. The route over which I passed is practicable for heavy artillery and heavy transport generally. But monitors can best be taken to Seabrook by water. The wharf there requires some repairs. On my return I increased the guard at General Drayton's plantation, at the request of the officer in charge there. I found no public property or papers at General Drayton's except two letters, already in your possession. There is no postoffice at Seabrook. I have to acknowledge the cordial and efficient coöperation of Colonel Terry in carrying out the objects of the reconnoissance.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Q. A. GILMORE.

LETTER FROM BRIGADIER GENERAL VIELE.

The following letter was received by the secretary of the Union Defense committee in this city :

BEAUFORT HARBOR, S. C., November 9.

DEAR SIR :

The first result of the expedition to the Atlantic coast is the occupation of this harbor, the capture of Forts Walker and Beauregard, the former mounting twenty-three and the latter sixteen guns, all of the heaviest caliber and most approved pattern for seacoast defense, some of them rifled, and several of English manufacture, lately imported.

The rebel forces were commanded by General Drayton and Colonels Heywood and Dunovant (the latter was killed), and consisted of the Ninth and Twelfth South Carolina regiments, composed of the "German Artillery," the "Beaufort Rangers," "Whipple Swamp Guards," "Carlton Guards," and the "Beaufort Guerillas."

After four hours' bombardment the rebels fled precipitately, leaving many of the sick and wounded, and killed, and their entire camp equipage, ammunition, provisions, and personal effects. They escaped by means of small steamers, plying in the creeks between the islands and the mainland.

The Stars and Stripes are again planted in South Carolina never to be removed.

When it is considered that the fleet was dispersed in the terrific gale of the first and second, and a number of vessels lost, their coming together and achieving the above result on the seventh is a subject of congratulation, and I hope and trust that it is an indication of the future progress of the natural arms.

Very truly yours,

EGBERT L. VIELE.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS DURING THE LATE FIGHT.

ON BOARD THE BIENVILLE, November 12.

The report which I forwarded you of the naval fleet's voyage, the action at Port Royal, the capture of Forts Walker and Beauregard, and the rebel evacuation of Beaufort, will have given you the history of our successes and triumph. There are, however, multitudes of incidents and facts, both instructive and interesting, connected with the affair, and I propose to devote to them the main part of this letter.

Who shall be the poet laureate for our navy? During that terrible engagement of four and a half hours not a seaman flinched from his duty or a gunner stepped aside from his perilous labors, when amid the

thickest of the contest and between the crossfires from both rebel forts they plied the ramrods and fired the guns with such fatal celerity and activity.

One of the powder-boys on board the *Bienville*, William Henry Steele by name, deserves special mention. He is only fourteen years old, a bright, active fellow, and performed his duties with signal bravery. It was his duty to hand cartridges to one of the gunners. While the *Bienville* was in the thickest of the engagement, the balls whistled fiercely over the deck and splashed about in the water, but he never wavered. A large rifle shot struck the water some distance from the steamer, bounded forward, and, crashing through the beam, tore through the bodies of two men standing near him at his gun, and wounded two others. He handed his cartridge to the gunner, and, stepping over the bodies, brought a fresh supply of ammunition, with which he continued his labors. After the fight Captain Steedman, in thanking his men for noble conduct, especially commended the bravery of young Steele. During a part of the time the *Bienville* was the mark for almost the entire fire of both rebel batteries, and her crew displayed the greatest heroism. The first shot fired at her struck, and was one of the most serious. Her guns were in such constant use that they became hot, and almost leaped from the deck at each discharge. It is really wonderful that her damage was so very immaterial. Beyond a hole between decks, another through the beam, just at the lower part of the gunwale, a cut shroud, and a battered stovepipe (not smokestack) she is unharmed.

The *Wabash* also came in for a large share of the fight. A cannon shot passed along her deck and struck Thomas Jackson, the coxswain. The ball nearly carried away one of his legs, leaving it so that it hung only by shreds of flesh and skin. Leaning against a gun he drew out his sheath-knife and tried to cut it off entirely. The knife was too dull, and his shipmates hastened to him and carried him below. He kept continually asking how the fight progressed, saying, "I hope we'll win; I hope we beat them." He died in two hours, his last words expressing happiness that he had done something for his country.

The effect of our fire on the forts was terribly gallant and majestic. Some shots struck the beach before the fortifications, throwing clouds of yellow sand high as a ship's mast, driving its blinding shower in the faces of the secession gunners like volleys of small shot, sometimes driving them from their guns, and sometimes forcing all to fall upon their faces. Some shots and shells literally tore everything near them in pieces, occasionally dismounting a gun, and mingling broken caissons, splinters of timber, tufts of sod, and fragments of men in horrible confusion, blackened by the hot balls, and red with human blood. Other missiles whizzed over the forts on the long plain behind, or, still further on, crashed among the woods in a continual shower, through which the

rebel reinforcements dared not venture to relieve the gunners at the batteries. At Hilton Head two red-shirted gunners labored actively at a large rifled cannon on the right of the works, loading and firing it with the greatest rapidity and daring. During a lull in the firing, while the fleet was winding the batteries to take position for another brush, the two red-shirted gunners sat on the parapet alone, all the others having retired to the interior of the works. A shell from one of the gunboats in Skull Creek struck on the parapet and bursted with a white smoke cloud in the battery. When the smoke cleared away the red-shirts were gone, doubtless killed by the ball.

The sight of a bomb fired through the air is a spectacle of impressive interest, and during the fight these deadly missiles made continual paths through the air like scores of fiery meteors crossing and re-crossing each other's orbits in all directions. Each bomb rises upward gracefully curving and descending with the same speed with which it rises, leaving a thin mark of white smoke along its path, that fades purple, and then to a pale blue that vanishes in the light air. A few burst before striking the ground and produced the beautiful and unusual spectacle of an aerial explosion, thousands of fragments scattering over the space for a musket-shot distance around.

When the Seventh Connecticut regiment and the Fourth New Hampshire landed, dead were seen on every side. One of the largest guns was dismounted, and by its side was a mingled pool of flesh and brains and blood, reddening the splintered fragments of beams and the sandy earth. It was the last of a secession gunner. Throughout all the interior of the fort the sanguinary signs, clots of hair and shattered bones testified to the efficacy of our fire. Three wounded men were found in a dying condition, having been shamefully neglected by their surgeons. One had a shattered arm, and might have been saved, but had not been attended to, and was now black with mortification.

In the evening our dead were buried in a beautiful grove of palmetto, orange, and fig trees, just a little distance outside the fort. Over each grave a guard of marines fired a farewell volley, and a neat board at the head chronicled the names of each. A mocking-bird whistled from a neighboring palmetto as the band concluded a dirge.

The contrabands were subjects of special interest. Many came into camp with a squealing pig under one arm, or a turkey or a fine ham, or a shoulder of bacon or a little bundle of clothes, or other goods tied up in handkerchiefs. One old fellow with mercantile propensities and black as Stygian darkness, except his dirty gray tufts of wool, tugged a wagon-load of knapsacks and military accoutrements into camp, having collected them on the rebel road of flight. Putting off his ragged, rimless straw hat, and bowing and scraping obsequiously, he inquired "if massa Yankees would take them things and let ole Tim stay wid dem." His wishes were accommodated, and he expressed

his satisfaction with an emphatic "Bress the Lor', massa!" Another one said, "O Lord, massa, we's so glad. We's prayed and prayed de good Lord to send yer Yankees and we knowed you'se a comin'."

"How did you know that?" asked one. "How did you get the news? You can't read the papers."

"No, massa," replied he, "we'se can't read but we'se can listen. Massa and missus uses to read sometimes loud, and then we'se uses to lis'en so," pulling his ear and bending down as if at a keyhole. "I'se lis'end and Jim, and we put de bits togedder, and we knowed youse a comin', massa, bress de Lord."

A soldier picked up a whip found on the ground, and asked a slave if he knew what it was. "Golly, massa, guess dis nigger knows what dat dere is," said he with a suspicious glance.

One of the negroes stated the number of something about which he was interrogated, and when asked how he learned to count replied, "Picking cotton, massa, we'se all got to count when we'se picks cotton."

As yet, all the contrabands that have come in are males, it being probable that the females did not dare to run the risk of being shot by their master, as those who refused to flee with them. The greenness of some of the soldiers in nautical matters was amusing, and the jokes perpetrated by the naughty Jacks at their own expense not less so. The rules prevailing on shipboard were very incomprehensible to them. For example, they were not allowed to go on the wheelhouses, a guard being stationed there to motion them away. One lank-limbed Yankee took no heed of the motions, but was ascending the ladder when the guard shouted, "Stop; you mustn't come up here."

"Hallo; why not?" says Yankee, never thinking of obeying without a good reason.

"Soldiers not allowed up there," said guard.

Yankee stood still, surveyed the landscape, gazed at the smokestacks, thinking them mortars, perhaps, and, after a general reconnoissance, replied to the guard in an injured, but half rebellious tone—turning upon his heel—"Well, I 'spose there ain't nothing to hinder a feller's goin' down cellar."

THE CHARLESTONIANS EXPECTANT.

The Charleston papers publish the following order from Brigadier-General Ripley:

Citizens residing on Sullivan's Island will hold themselves in readiness to proceed to the city on short notice. Circumstances can only determine when or at what moment it may be necessary to order a removal from the island.

That is to say that they are expecting a visit from the Federal fleet.

NEW YORK CITY—HENRY WARD BEECHER ON THE OBJECTS OF
THE WAR.

Mr. Beecher went on to disprove that this is a war for empire or power. We are maintaining our existence. If the country is cut in two it will be the same operation that Solomon advised with reference to the living child which two women claimed as their own. Lord John Russell suggests that we be cut in two, and each take half. We are contending for the legitimacy of this government because it is a government for freedom; and now that Mr. Alexander Stevens has said that this government is so hostile to slavery that if the government exists for fifty years slavery must die, we mean to defend it all the more. (Applause.) This is a conflict for the sentiment of liberty. Our prominent men are getting very badly infected with abolition notions. General Butler is in a bad way. General Cochrane has declared that this war is going to carry emancipation, and Simon Cameron stood by and said, "Amen."

The Secretary of War is not supposed to be a man so liable to be carried away by emotion. And when Simon Cameron gets John Cochrane to interpret a policy of government, and himself indorses it, I think that we may understand that the government means regulated emancipation as a military necessity. (Great applause.)

Mark how circumstances make great differences! Five months ago if that had been said it would have almost divided the North. If I had uttered it, you know what would have been the result. Now, as the government has been obliged to deal hand to hand with this pestilent heresy in the temple of liberty, it has come to this as a military necessity. As the South has put forth such astonishing energies, and the energy of the South is quite as astonishing as that of the North, and I am quite proud in the hope of a brilliant future of our southern brethren from the military resources they have shown (laughter), and the government has been obliged, for motives of policy, to take the ground that we took long ago for reasons of principle. The heart of the country has ripened to it month after month, and I hope it will continue to ripen to the full harvest.

My friends, let us have a little talk together. What nice times there must be these days down in South Carolina! (Laughter.) First, there is old Captain Dupont. (Great applause.) He has a most unmistakable way of leaving his card where he has visited. Then there is the most excellent General Sherman. (Applause.) He has not fired a gun yet, but he has published a proclamation, and if you can tell whether his last proclamation has a wad in it or a ball, you can do better than I can. It is something, or something else, and not much of anything. (Laughter.) There are in the end of it some hints that

may mean something, but they are too equivocal, and it strikes me that the proclamation must have been written some months ago. If Secretary Cameron had written it in his present mood, it would have been better. (Laughter.) But the guns of the Wabash were sufficient proclamation, and the white men have run and the black men have come. (Applause.)

Now I take it there will be no more compromises that are cushioned bombshells—if a man sits down on them he goes up. It is said that at Beaufort the negroes came down to the coast with bundles in their hands. It shows that the negroes have an inkling of what is going on, and expect emancipation. I expect General Burnside will be down there before long, and on the other quarter our armies will break through the Cumberland gap—the gap that the Almighty has split for us—and from two sides the forces will strike through that densely-populated district. In that case will not the slaves be used and armed? And when a slave has had his freedom do you suppose that man can ever be legislated back again? By certain abnormal processes you can prevent a boy from growing to be a man, but I never heard of any process by which a man could be changed into a boy. Once bring a man to the stature of manhood, and you cannot put him back again. It is not necessary to proclaim a theory of emancipation. God has a theory of his own on that subject.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

November 8—Last night we formed in line of battle. Tired, wet and hungry, we slept on our arms near the beach, and near Fort Walker, but happy to tread the earth once more. After twenty days on the Baltic, with miserable water to drink and poor food, we welcome any change. We were allowed to move about some today. The sailors killed yesterday were buried near the fort this evening.

November 9—The place selected for our camp was about a quarter of a mile from the spot where we landed, and a hard beach made an excellent drill ground. The day was passed in carrying material ashore from the vessels, the men wading waist-deep in water, in preparing the campground, digging company wells and pitching tents.

First Sunday in South Carolina, November 10—In place of the usual religious exercises the men worked hard today, arranging camp and serving on details for work and guard duty.

ON THE "BAL TIC"—BY C. A. CRESSY.

It would take an abler pen than that of him who now, after fifty years, attempts to give some description of the memorable voyage of the expedition that was to plant the American flag upon the soil of South Carolina. After days and weeks of preparation, the gathering of troops and the requisite stores at Annapolis, Md., the various regiments were embarked on the transports to which they had been assigned, and the expedition, "under sealed orders," moved out upon the placid waters of Chesapeake Bay. The day was beautiful. All hearts were beating high with patriotic pride as we saw the flags flying from every mast and heard the strains of martial music from the bands assembled upon the quarter-decks of the various vessels.

It was the evening of October 19, 1861, when we left Annapolis. Many were the speculations as to our destination, but no hint could be gained in answer to our inquiries. The immense preparations that had been made, the vast stores of ammunition, the various arms of the different organizations that accompanied us, the field batteries, and the big guns, and the ample commissary stores all indicated that we were launched upon no ordinary enterprise, but, rather, upon one that was to mark decided efforts somewhere to extend the fields of operation to the armies of the United States.

The war vessels, the transports, the store-ships, the colliers, vessels loaded with horses, and others with sieging utensils, numbering in all at least seventy-eight, most of them under steam or sail, while others were in tow, presented a magnificent spectacle to the thousands assembled upon the wharfs to wave us a patriotic "God speed" to our destination.

The vessels composing the expedition had started from Annapolis in three columns, and orders had been given to keep this formation. The frigate "Wabash" was in the lead, while the other war vessels, including gunboats, were disposed along the flanks of the columns of vessels, and the scene of the vessels with their white sails, the United States flags flying from every mast, presented a beautiful sight, never to be forgotten.

We had hardly left the bay and assumed our formation upon the open water when the wind, which had been fair, freshened to a stiff breeze, and many of the sailing vessels had to reef sails. The waves were running high, and there were indications of a storm. The wind continued to freshen, until it had assumed the proportions of a gale, and by night the waves of the ocean were white-capped in every direction. Some of the vessels, loaded as they were to their utmost capacity, labored heavily.

We were approaching that rendezvous of storms, Cape Hatteras, where there is always rough water, and it was soon apparent that we were in for a storm of no ordinary proportions. Hatches were battened, and sails were reefed, and all preparations which the ablest seamanship could devise were made to weather the storm. It became almost impossible for anyone but a sailor—used to storms—to make his way along the spray-washed decks without holding on to something. Everything about the decks, both upper and lower, had to be lashed in place. Now and then a cask, breaking its lashings, would be hurled from one end of the deck to the other, and woe be to him who was unfortunate enough not to get out of its way. On the smaller craft of the fleet the decks were washed by the waves, and men had to be lashed to the wheel to prevent their being washed into the sea. All attempts to keep our sailing formation were useless. Each vessel had to take care of itself, with the result that the fleet became badly scattered. We had started from Annapolis on the 19th of October, 1861. We were buffeted by the storms that beset us until after the 31st, twelve days of the roughest weather at sea that any of us had ever experienced.

Such a tumultuous heaving of the ocean waves all about us could not fail to produce its effect upon the volunteer. It made *him* "heave." Day after day as the ship rolled her way along amid those tossing billows it was a common sight to see three or four hundred men at the rail "paying a tribute to old Father Neptune" pretty much all the time. Every extraordinary wave but accelerated the haste in which the volunteer contributed his

"mite." He had made so many contributions already that any "surplus" that he might be supposed to have "on deposit" seemed to be about exhausted. He had "overdrawn his account."

I saw a soldier at the rail, with trembling limbs, and face so pale. It was no problem what might ail that seasick volunteer. An old sailor came along, and with a twinkle in his "weather eye" said to the heaving soldier: "Say, let me tell you something that will help you in this heavin' business: you just take this piece of pork and swallow it [the sailor had tied it to a piece of string] and then pull it up again, and keep on swallerin' it an' pullin' it up, an' it'll help things to go more easily." The effect on the soldier is more easily imagined than described.

The ships rolled on in that heaving tide,
And the soldiers, one and all,
Lined up on deck at the vessel's side,
Were obeying Neptune's call.
They leaned out over the vessel's side,
And heaved and heaved in the rolling tide,
So awful sick that some fairly cried,
Till it seemed there was nothing left inside
The seasick volunteer.

The chaplain quoted a soothing text
To a soldier in his pain.
It made him heave, and the soldier said,
"Now don't do that again!"
Religion to him was no pretext
When he thought his boot-heels would come up next,
So it left the chaplain quite perplexed
What to do for the volunteer.

It would take an inspired pen to describe the awful storm through which the vessels labored off Hatteras. Old sailors said they had never experienced anything worse. It was estimated that we had about seventeen hundred souls on board the "Baltic." The whole of the Fourth Regiment, a large de-

tachment of engineers, Brigadier-General Wright and his staff, and quite a number of passengers, in addition to the large crew, make it probable that fully the number estimated were crowding the vessel.

Our quarters were, of course, below, wherever we could be stowed. The bunks on the various decks were three tiers in height, and were as thickly arranged as possible, leaving but narrow spaces between them, and it was a difficult task for one soldier to pass another in the narrow spaces. We had to take all our equipments into the bunks with us, and this left us but little room for our personal comfort. Yet there was a general disposition to make the best of it, and, save from the chronic grumbler, little complaint was made.

My bunk happened to be a lower one, and above it were two others. About midnight on the night of October 31, the "Baltic," when the storm seemed to be at its very worst, struck bottom on Frying-Pan Shoals. I can never forget (while I cannot describe) the scene that followed. Nearly all the men occupying the top bunks were thrown headlong to the floor. Guns, knapsacks, canteens, equipments, and men were pitched out in an inextricable jumble. Men were swearing, crying, screaming, and praying all about me. Immediately a rush was made for the gangway stairs. The wildest confusion prevailed. It seemed that pandemonium had broken loose. Men were in danger of being trampled to death in the awful rush that was made for the stairs, and this would have been the case in a moment had we not heard the clear voice of our colonel, Thomas J. Whipple, shouting down the wind-sail, "*Don't a man leave your berth! It is all right!*" I had started with the rush, but when I heard the clear voice of the colonel there was something inspiring about it, and I crawled back into my bunk with this feeling of assurance: "If Tom Whipple says 'everything is all right,' it is all right," and I felt no more anxiety about the situation. Everybody felt the assurance that rang in that fearless voice. Though the vessel rolled fearfully in that awful sea, yet comparative order was soon restored, and I never slept more sweetly than I did the remainder of that night.

The "Baltic" was towing the "Ocean Express," a large ship, heavily loaded, a strong cable connecting the two vessels. I was told that by the utmost vigilance on the part of "the watch" on each vessel, when the "Baltic" struck the shoals, that hawser was instantly cut with axes at both ends, and fell into the water, and by a most fortunate turn of the wheel on the "Ocean Express," that vessel shot by us so near that one might easily have tossed a biscuit to her decks, while her yards clashed with our own. Had it not been for that quick turn of the helm, the vessels would have crashed into each other, and not a soul on either vessel could have been rescued from that awful sea. The Providence that was guiding the Union armies in those days was not unmindful of us in our peril that night on the storm-tossed waves of the ocean.

During the passage we lost two men by death. They were buried at sea. One was William Sherrer of Company K, and the other was John S. C. Kelly of Company H. They were buried with such military honors as are always accorded to soldiers dying at sea. Chaplain Willis officiated, and Dignam's band rendered fitting music in the solemn services.

During the days of the prevalence of the storms that buffeted us it was practically impossible to pay much attention to good order and military discipline. There was little disposition on the part of anyone, however, to be disobedient to the orders that from time to time were issued relative to our comfort and sanitary conditions. The decks below and above had to be kept as clean as circumstances would permit. Men were detailed to perform these necessary duties, and one can believe that, under Tom Whipple's watchful eye, everything was done for our comfort that could be done.

The hospital department of the ship was crowded with sick men, and no one was more attentive to the wants and comforts of the soldier than our beloved colonel. His cheerful face and his kind words to the suffering boys were constant factors in the experiences of those long, weary days on the rolling deep.

Chaplain Willis was attentive to the men in the hospital, and his kind words of cheer and comfort will be remembered

by the surviving ones who remember the peculiar experiences of those days.

The storm had so scattered the fleet that several days were spent in the reformation of it. Rockets were sent up from the decks of the "Wabash" every night, and gradually, one by one, the scattered vessels were reassembled. Some of the vessels had been badly damaged by the violence of the storm, and in some cases horses and other portions of deckloads had to be consigned to the waves to save the ship and the lives of men on board.

The "Governor," one of the smaller vessels, was sunk, with a valuable cargo, but no lives were lost, one of the other vessels coming to her rescue.

The "Union" was blown ashore on the coast of North Carolina, and several teamsters were made prisoners, among them Harvey E. Buxton of Company E and Qr.-Sergt. Charles J. Kelly of the Fourth, and eight or ten others.

We reached the offing of Port Royal, S. C., November 4, that is, such vessels of the expedition as had been able to rejoin the fleet after the terrible buffetings of the storm.

The "Baltic" was sent out to sea to look for the "Ocean Express," collision with which we had so narrowly escaped. We spent an entire day in the fruitless search, and then returned to our anchorage. She appeared, however, later and appeared to be none the worse by reason of the ordeal through which she had passed. The war vessels, though badly scattered by the furious gales, had all assembled, and it was soon apparent that we had at last reached Port Royal, S. C., the objective point of our long and weary cruise.

The war vessels of the fleet consisted of the frigate "Wabash," the flagship, under command of Admiral Dupont; she carried fifty-three guns; the "Curlew," nine guns; the "Pocahontas," the "Alabama," the "Isaac Smith," the "Mohican," seven guns; the "Pawnee," nine guns; the "Ottawa," three guns; the "Seminole," seven guns; the "Unadilla," three guns; the "Seneca," three guns; the "Pembena," three guns; the "R. B. Forbes," one gun; the "Penguin," five guns; the "Mercury,"

the "Star of the South," the gunboat "Vandalia," and the "Vixen"—eighteen vessels in all.

About eight o'clock on the morning of November 7 we heard the shrill call to arms on the various vessels—lying so near us that we could distinctly hear the commands of their officers—and the vessels, the "Wabash" in the lead, steamed into position in the open water between the forts on either side of the wide entrance to Port Royal Harbor. It was an inspiring scene: the vessels in their most complete fighting trim, the flags flying from every mast, the patriotic strains of martial music from numerous regimental bands assembled upon the quarter-decks of the various transports, and the graceful appearance of the vessels as they steamed slowly to position—all presented an inspiring scene to the thousands of soldiers who were to witness their first sight of a naval engagement.

We lay so near to the scene of action that we could distinctly discern the activities about Fort Walker in anticipation of the conflict that was to engage their attention. We could hear the sailors call the soundings, and the commands of the officers were borne to our ears upon the still air. Enthusiasm was at white heat in the hearts of all who were privileged to witness the stately vessels as they took their positions.

The fire soon opened with a terrific broadside from the frigate "Wabash." We could plainly see the sand fly in and about Fort Walker. She continued her progress in the circle, and swept around to Fort Beauregard at the other side of the wide harbor, and paid her compliments with equal effect to that earthwork. Vessel after vessel, as it came into position, delivered its shots with a precision that presaged destruction to everything within range of the terrible fire. The forts responded, and we saw shells and solid shot explode or fall into the water about the vessels. Sometimes the smoke of the guns about the warships was so dense that they were invisible, and then a puff of wind would lift the smoke and we could see the "jackies" as they worked the guns with the precision of clockwork. One by one the guns on Fort Walker were dismounted or rendered useless by the terrible effect of the guns of the fleet.

I saw two men working the last gun in Fort Walker. I could plainly see them as they loaded the gun and aimed it at the vessel within its range, an eloquent but hopeless response to the terrific broadsides that had brought death and destruction to their comrades. These two men continued to work that one gun until it, too, was destroyed, and I saw the blood and brains of these men spattered upon the wreck of the gun-carriage after we arrived in the fort.

The battle lasted about four hours, and when the rebel flag went down, and Old Glory went up in its place, there was a cheer from the thousands who had been witnesses to the conflict that it seems to me was "heard round the world."

It was a persistent fight to the end, and to the rebel forces in command a most disastrous one. There was not a gun left in the fort that could be put to any use after that awful rain of shot and shell from the guns of the fleet. The sight in the fort was something that cannot be forgotten. Gun-carriages were smashed into kindling wood. The guns were lying about in places to which they had been hurled by the explosion of the big shells that had struck them. Blood was everywhere. I saw a sword in its scabbard bent nearly double. A piece of shell had struck it and killed the officer who wore it. The whole interior of the fort was a picture of what Sherman said about war: "War is hell!"

The Fourth Regiment and the Sixth Connecticut were ordered to land. A small vessel took us as near the shore as she could get, and then the surf-boats took us to within a few rods of the shelving beach, and we waded ashore and immediately formed a battle line, while skirmishers were sent out to locate the enemy, if such there were, left upon the island. But the enemy had flown, and they did not care to resume hostilities.

Details of pickets were made, and the troops in line were permitted to lie down in place, and, wet as we were (no fires being allowed by which we might dry our wet clothes), we slept as well as we could under the circumstances.

We had gained a great victory. We had inflicted much worse

punishment upon the enemy than had been inflicted upon the brave defenders of Fort Sumter. Our colors waved over the enemy's works. We had invaded the sacred soil of South Carolina and were the first American troops to set foot upon her bloodstained shores.

U. S. FRIGATE WABASH.

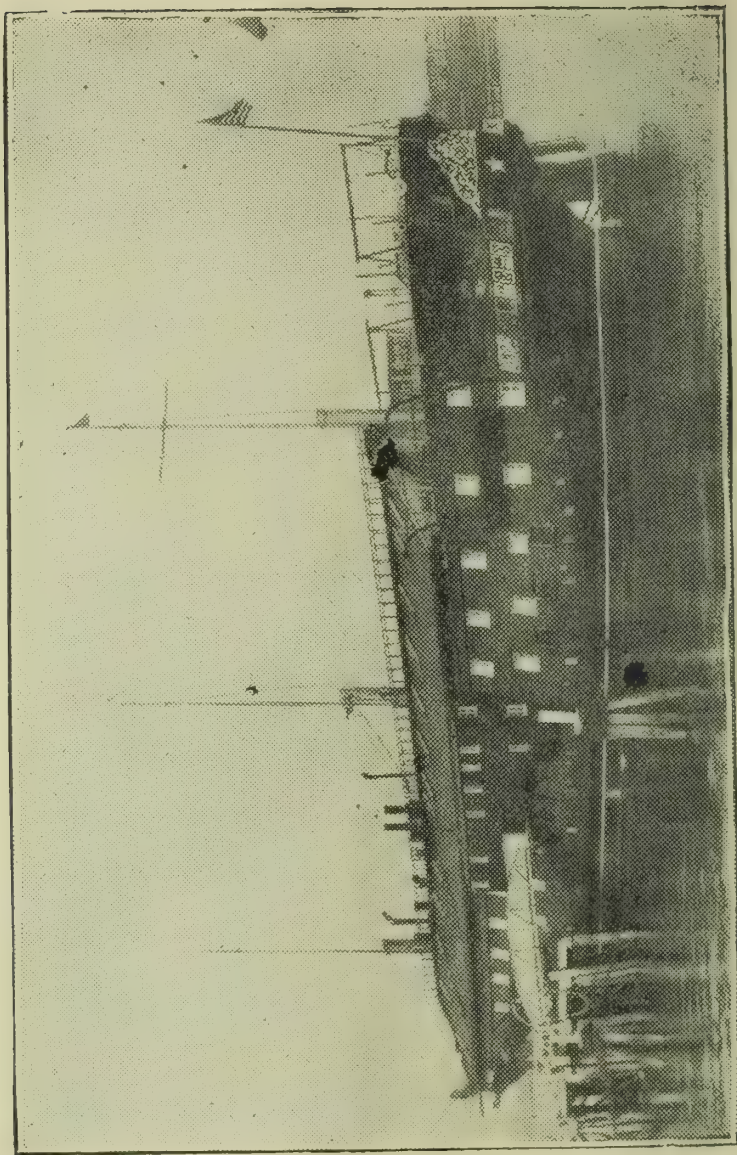
Once the pride and ideal of the American navy, the receiving ship "Wabash," stationed at the Charlestown navy yard for thirty-seven years, is to go to the scrap heap. Information which sealed the doom of the proud old hulk came from Washington to the Charlestown navy yard, and the scout cruiser "Salem," a more modern fighting craft, is named to replace the "Wabash" after the spring target practice has been finished.

Since the sides of the "Wabash" have buffeted the sea at Charlestown navy yard it has undergone changes, many changes, from the stripping of its spars and yard arms, later its three enormous masts, until today three small flag-poles stand as petite monuments to its once gallant masts and rigging. Every outward sign of her former majesty and stateliness, as one of the most powerful full-rigged frigates that ever sailed the seas, has been removed.

During its long existence the "Wabash" has been more fortunate than any of the other of her famous sister ships, the historic "Merrimac," "Minnesota," "Colorado," and "Roanoke," that marked the advent of steam assistance for propulsion in warships. She is now the sole survivor of that glorious quintet.

For several years the winter gales have caused the naval officers some concern about the "Old Homestead," as the "Wabash" is affectionately called in the navy. The heavier breezes have caused her to strain and creak, and discordant notes, sounds that indicated weakness and rottenness in her life-giving parts, has caused more speedy action on the part of the Washington authorities.

On October 28, 1875, when the "Wabash" succeeded the famous old "Ohio" as the receiving ship and guard at this yard,



U. S. FRIGATE " WABASH. "

she had just returned from Europe, where she had held the lofty position as flagship of Rear Admiral Alden, and was fully equipped and resplendent. She then had her full battery of fifty-four guns protruding their shining noses through her stalwart sides.

She was first commissioned in 1856 at Philadelphia, where she was built. Like her sister ships, of which the "Merrimac" was one, she was designed to combine auxiliary steam power with a heavy sail plan, the first practical introduction of steam propulsion in naval vessels of fighting size. She was first the flagship of Flag Officer Hiram Paulding, at one time Boston's port captain. She made a show at her home ports and later, like her sister vessels, went abroad and received the plaudits and admiration due her, and was most highly complimented by the extensive copies made of her throughout the entire naval world.

Her construction was an epoch in naval architecture, being a full-rigged ship of six hundred and fifty tons displacement, with lines of such strength and beauty, and sail plan, that she could outsail and weathergauge any warship afloat. In addition, she had a big single screw that could drive ahead at a speed of four or five knots an hour, and her batteries were the heaviest and most up-to-date, having two ten-inches, twenty-eight nine-inches, fourteen seven-inches Dahlgren smoothbores, fifty-four guns mounted in broadside, supplemented by two twelve-pounders.

To effectively man her thirty-seven officers and six hundred and fifteen men were required, yet so ample were her facilities that this body of men had sufficient room and no complaint of cramped quarters was heard in those days.

"Old Homestead's" real history was, of course, made in the War of the Rebellion. She was fitted out at the Charlestown navy yard and was in the exciting capture of Forts Walker and Beauregard, November 7, 1861, at Port Royal, both assaults on Fort Fisher, and numerous other minor engagements. At her masthead flew during the war the flag of the commanding officer, Admiral Dupont.

Sunday, November 17—Had parade and religious services at 8 A. M. Then followed the regular weekly company inspection, after which the men had the day to themselves and improved it in gathering leaves for bedding and in general making things comfortable. A mail arrived from the North the day before, and there was much writing of letters to friends at home. Foraging began early, and the men helped themselves to poultry and neat cattle from the neighboring plantations until stopped by strict orders from the commanding general.

PORT ROYAL HARBOR, S. C., November 17.

After a bombardment, as well as after a storm, comes a calm. Things military and naval in this latitude are now excessively becalmed. We have rumors of what is to be and what has been done elsewhere in this vicinity, but I regard them in all respects as either too idle to demand attention, or, referring to future movements, unadvisable for publication.

There are evidences enough to warrant the belief that the Palmetto state has been badly scared, and, indeed, more frightened than hurt; but it is quite probable that a strong attempt will be made to oust the invading army before it shall find time to reconstruct the Hilton Head earthworks, and become accustomed to its new quarters. I fear there is too much truth in the observation which greeted the publication at Beaufort of General Sherman's late proclamation to the *loyal* citizens of South Carolina: "You had best carry your proclamation back to General Sherman, sir," said a member of the Rhett family to the officer who undertook to deliver it, "and tell him that South Carolina has no loyal citizens."

If she has, as matters now stand, they stand no chance at all of avowing their allegiance to the national flag, or communicating with those who have so lately unfurled it on her treacherous soil. We have yet to span the gulf that separates us from the just men of the confederacy. The enemy's pickets are close upon ours, and intercourse is impossible. No cotton has been allowed to find its way to the coast, and it is the opinion of intelligent men that if the North wants the article it must be seized, gathered, and shipped, without going through the formality of saying to the planters, "by your leave."

There is a good deal of just complaint at the laxity of discipline among the troops, as well as at the inefficient manner in which the stores, guns, and ammunition have been put ashore from the transports. Every vessel might have been discharged within a week after the attack if a proper system had been followed. As the ships are chartered by the day, all needless delays are a source of loss to the government.

The question too is very signally asked: Why did not our gunboats proceed up Skull Creek and cut off the enemy's retreat and capture Commodore Tatnall's light-draught flotilla? Fortune has fired our arms wonderfully, but it is far from clear to many that we could not have followed up our first success with advantage, or that greater energy could not have been displayed in establishing things at the Hilton Head stronghold.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Specimens of letters found at Port Royal—Reflex of secession society—Glimpses of the chivalry at home and in camp.

A gentleman, lately returned from Port Royal by the Atlantic, has favored us with an armful of correspondence, found at Hilton Head after the late battle. It consists, mainly, of letters from relatives in the interior of South Carolina to the secession volunteers, and exhibits the most curious and novel specimens of punctuation and spelling. In the whole collection there are only two or three epistles in which the orthography is anything like correct, and which is not one continuous sentence from beginning to end. Although the personal allusions in the letters are extremely spicy, we have no desire to do anything so vandalic as to expose family or private affairs, and make only such extracts, "verbatim et literatim" as illustrate the general condition and state of society and business in the heart of the secession.

The first extract which we present gives a good idea of the home-lodgings of the volunteers and the way furloughs were distributed.

HILTON HEAD, FT. WALKER.

October Deare uncle I received Your Letter, and was glad to hirr frome youe hoping these few lines may reach youe in good health as the leave mey Ime not as well satisfied as I was wene I first got yeare I want to get home and see youe awl the was so meny wanted to get a furlow till the had most a fus they Botherd the capten sow a bout goine home awl wanted furlowe firs the capten maid us awl draw what haint Bene home the was 48 wat had to draw the started from one and went up to 48 he put all the numbers in a hat thene wey drawed I got 29 Grady Bryant 30 Bill Waters 3 wene 28 goises thene it will Bee my time Wey got our money the paid us \$30 a piece and awl that Did not get Blanketes got \$33 I think wey are Doing as well as some is doing at home the Jus paid us one monts wages and our clothing

94 *Fourth Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers.*

money I want to see home very much the was 2 more companey come
yeare Last week the Jermane artillery I have nothing worth Ritin at
pres ant I Remains youre Nephew till Death C. D. Reeve

Rite as soone as youe get this.

The following is dated Camp Camel, Hilton Head, Ft. Walker,
October 1861. The "2 Infinger wot stold" it seems were sub-
jected to severe discipline, considering that they only followed
the example of their leader Floyd :

I have nothing worth Ritin at presant the was 2 companey landed
frome Charles to the Jermon Artillery the fort is ner finished the was 2
companey Landed yeare yeastur Day evening the come frome York
District Donevan Regment the are a part of 3 regments on this Island
Youre wanted to now wat The Done with the 2 Infinger wot stold The
was Drumed out of the companey I got \$30 paid to mey since I Bene
year wey got one monts wayges and \$21 fore clothing the say they is
got to give us \$4 more for our six monts clothing confederate Sol-
diers gets \$50 a yeare fore clothing.

Another letter from the father at Reeseville, October 18, says :

All of the men over 45 and 16 has to muster once every two weeks and
all between 16 and 45 has to muster every week the old men is com-
manded by Robert May they are going to elect officers.

A letter of the same date, no place named, says :

i hope if you should be attaced by the enemies that you will come
out as concorers (conquerors) but if you get killed i hope that you
will die the death of a soldier.

This extract from an undated letter is of interest, showing
Beauregard's plan to burn Washington and narrating an acci-
dent at Richmond :

I hear that General Beauregard said that if he could Gain Arlington
high that he Would Burn up Washington and We heard that he had
Gained it And that the was a fightin lik All fury But i have not recover-
ed new yet A Bout it There was a Sad Accident occurred near
Richmond virginia cars Broke don with soldiers killed and cripled A
grate Many pore creaturs they come to An untimely end the rodd
Was Washed under and when the car com up it Gave Way Being
Heavy loaded It Was A AWful for them could not get out shut up
in the care.

The following is a very interesting letter, dated "Camp Barton,
August 10, 1861," from a soldier in the Third Arkansas Regi-

ment. Being dated shortly after the Bull Run battle it is full of chivalric swagger:

Charles we left Lynchburg about the 12 of July & we have been advancing on the enemy ever sence we left the railroad at Staunton we are on green Brier river about 8 miles from the enemy we was not in the battle at manases Gap we was at Mc dottle We cod hear the guns plain but We xpkt to be in one sone Col rust tuck about three thousan men yestaday and to giave the yankes around on Cheat mountain I am listen for to hear the guns every minute We have them compleatly surrounded Old Governor Wise is on one side of them and we ar on the uther side And Col rust is going up to Charg Baynets we will scatter them like sheep for the caunt stand to charg baynets the can stand off be hind a tree or be hind a log and shute with Thire Sharps rifel we sent out scouts the uther weake tha hid be hind the bushes and when 9 yankes com riding Down to a House to Steal a hog there our scouts faned into them the way seven hats pick up tha was seven of them fell on tha horses neck tha run off the was sen about two mils From that place the was not but seven of them sen it was supposed that tha was byckel in thire horses we think that we will kil three of them I heard that Guvner Wise had a little fight at Canoy Valley, not far frome this plase he kil 100 and wounded 60 & taken seven Prisoners our Syperior officers ses That we will be on the Ohio river befor too weeks it is about 100 miles from this plase tha is grate many yankes Betweene hear and Ohio river But when w eget them started it ant no truble for them to retreat O! I must tell you a little Jock (Joke) probably you have heard it at the Battle of manasses We captured a very Noted gun and when tha was takn Her down the streets in richmon A prisner leapt out of the window and said I will be damed ef tha hant Got old betsy to Charles ef I sould happin to fall in the battle field I want to be bearred in the clothes that fel in So I ma rise in the day of Judgment in my Bloody Clothes face my maker I dont think that I could die in a better cause than in the defence of my country Charles I beleave I could whip as meny Yankes as can get around me bot i would fetch my gun to charg Baynets i would beleave that tha would fant for tha caunt stand the site of a baynet.

I will bet that tha will get sick of the rebels befor it is don with.

Charles I must fetch my leter to a clothes it is getting Lat and I must go about super I must tell you sumthin About what I have to eat We have bacon Flour Sugar Rise Coffe Charles Dyrec your letters to Monterey 3 redgment Ark Compny K.

M reeves in cear of Caaptin Wilkens.

Here are extracts from one dated "Coleton Destrict," which, in one sentence, comprising two foolscap pages, treats on a great number of subjects:

Coleton Destrict September 29, 1861.

When you write agin sign your name fule and proper and do write plain whenever you write And the girls all send you howdy and all seames as dead hearted as they can be and I see no pleasure nor fun no more and I think that religion is finned dead for we have no preaching to go to any more and we have had a great storm Friday last and if the wind blow on Hilton Head like hit did here I think that you are all in the bottom of the sea or some other seaport or another thay isin much sickness in the neighborhood now. &c.

The following extract from one signed by a meandering auto-graph terminating in the surname of Judy, and addressed to a volunteer at Ft. Walker, gives among other things a very disparaging idea of the company of chivalry, located at Cattle Creek, and of the frequency of the muster of the inhabitants:

October the 4th 1861.

The company out to Cattle Creak is nothing But littel Boys and old gray-headed meen the girls is all well and looks vary sassy hit maks my eyes run water to look at them and the Girls seas that they wants to sea you and some of the rest our our boys the told me what i is sonyt to tell you that the want to sea you vary bad and i to to to old them that you told me to tell them Howdy for you and it seam to pleas them vary much this day i was out to muster and sow, youre pay (pa) and he was well and sed that all was well.

This addressed to a volunteer gives additional testimony as to mustering:

September the 1 1861 Reeves vill P. O. S. C.

Dir nephew I am not Glad that sickness remains in your camps as your mil may stope soon I write to you soon I received your letter this morning starling' got to muster Every saturday and all Rest of us we have quite small boys at this time grate confusion about the war her the yankes has tuck a fort or two in noth Carlina we understand.

The next dated "Otober" 14, from F. W. Pulaski, of Reevesville, gives some highly definite news about the progress of the war, and also about the prosperity of Reevesville and vicinity, and the alarming scarcity of whiskey. The story of pecuniary resources is touching:

You want to hear from the war I understand the Yankees they had a battle in the mesure it lasted 59 hours 2 weekes a go loss unknown the south whipped them in kantucky whipped the Yankes one weeke a go loss not knownt.

The important news at home the Eighteenth regiment has got to go to the War and three Cornl malherds regiment, the Cattle Creek compeny is in it if true or not I can not say I do not like that news M Magor Grant told that himself to us I understand that the officers has got to be examoned the next muster day to see if thay Do to war or not. Crops here I have got corn a plenty I think cotton Can not be sold at all timber is not worth one dollar a raft you can judge how money is here. We have got 5ct bills on the Banks here and git one in small payments in 3 monthes you can juge the money at this time Bacon 28 to 30 cts per lbs Coffee 45 sugar 20 cts per lbs.

If you git enough to eate and git you Pay you are doing well I think L. F. Grissette he complains of hard times you can see the price of bacon he has got three hogs for bacon he has not any money at all 15cts Bank Bills one in two monthes will not buy whiskey for him the price is 1.25 cts per gallon by the barrel.

This dated September 14th :

L. F. Grissette T. Grissette they are the same as when you was here Thay can Drinck whiskey yet.

If thay do have that man shot for sleeping on post let we know at once must be hard thire for so Maney Capt. Beating men run away and he broat back put on trial for the marshel law is very hard some-times for a man on guard duty sleeping on post at often times death by the law.

Times is quite hard here I am informed sum of my neighbors got no meet to eat at this time and I am not much better off myself bacon is 25cts per pound.

We understand the war is commensed in virginia and in the city of Washegton I understand that there will be a hard battle next Sunday. I understand that sum of the troope is got to go to hilton head if true or not I can not say if thay come you "Put them 200 Racoons to feed your Yankee prisners on when you take them and not give the Yankes youre Bacon to eate."

This dated August 20th from Reevesville, S. C., gives additional information about the Cattle Creek company, and tells a true story about a social South Carolina gathering :

I will say to you that all the men in the Cattle Creek company from the ages of 16 to 60 years old has got to muster know at home every Saturday. I have got to muster So you can judge for the rest the Lawyers and Docters all muster at this time the Govner of the State wants 3000 men to go to virginia so Report says youre mule is doing well at this time youre dogs is doing well all so.

I will tell you a true story tuck place at morgain Dewet last saturday night the 2 Grissettes L. Grimes G. Reeves and outhers Drunken frolick

all fallen in a pile nobody got hurt I was one I snppose you can guge (judge) all the Rest it is too good to keep you must know it.

The next letter from which we extract is a lady's hand, and is dated from no place and not signed by any name, but has an equivalent on one corner of the top—a representation of a flag carefully but crookedly drawn in red ink. The emblems on this banner are quite plain but extremely indefinite, and may be taken for frightened butterflies, peripatetic turtles, a flower garden, a small storm, or anything in general, of a mixed and incomprehensible character. The writer says:

i have joined A Society At Branchville the ladies going to see fore the soldiers And the Gentlemen joined And throwd in Money to By the clouths With And We makes them and Wen we get them done carry them to the presAdent of the Society and this is Mr. cameron and the vice presAdent is Mrs. Hoitt i can tell you We are in a close place thare is 42 Members All to gether deer cousin I Went to camp Meeting and was good But there was not many men there i can tell you there was eny quantiny of Girls And they seemed to be enjoying them seves very Well As if thare Bues Ware not gone to Ware But oh i missed mine All though i had as many Bues as i wanted i bet you cant guess how many i caught eight i did not go A sengal time Across the camp Ground by My Self How good you ought to be wen everybody speaks well of you And you have another negro sence you left home i went to see it Kate has a fine son i Wanted her to give it to me but she would not do it oh how i missed you Wen the negroes Brought youre mule out to water seamed to me that you must be dead.

Another letter from a mother says:

I have made you a pair of pants of off the negroe clothe for woolen clothe is so high that I can not get it.

Another to a volunteer at Hilton Head says:

I am afraid if the Yankees come there we will never see you anymore.

A letter from a young lady says:

Dear cousin When you come home don't fail to stop at Charleston And have your likeness taken for me if you please it Want take but 25cts, i will have mine taken for you that Will be better than A lock of hare, but i send you the hare you must Weare it one your arm for a Bracelet.

A Mr. Griffith writes:

I hear that some of your company says that they cannot stay on the Island for there is no whiskey on it, tell them to drink sweetened water.

He adds an admonition that if society of the gentle sex is not to be had they must learn to do without it. What a fall was there for chivalry!

One dated October 12th says:

I heard that you was to be married shortly if you hadent to went off make haste and kill all the Yankeys and come back and give us a wedding and let us all to be together once more.

With these extracts we close the page of chivalric. We have extenuated nothing and set down nothing in malice, but have reproduced the strict orthography of the text. So far as it is an exponent of the condition and circumstances of the enemy, either in a social, military or educational view, so far it is of interest to the public. We hope that it is not an average specimen of the intelligence of South Carolina.

On November 21, Stephen E. Danforth of Co. B died in the hospital at Fortress Monroe, where he had been left when we sailed from Hampton Roads.

Sunday, November 24—Parade, religious services and the usual inspection. There was much complaint. The men had been kept so busy that there was no time for cleaning up, and the guns were dirty. One man, on being reproached by the colonel, admitted that his gun was dirty, but added that he had the brightest shovel the colonel ever saw. The week had been passed in transporting provisions and war material from the vessels, in building a wharf, and in digging upon a line of fortifications, which the engineers had already marked out.

HILTON HEAD ISLAND, PORT ROYAL INLET,
SOUTH CAROLINA, November 24.

After a lengthy delay in consequence of not being able to discharge her heavy cargo until today, the Illinois is under orders to leave tomorrow. The Ericsson left us for the North this afternoon, but, not being a steamer of much speed, the mails were kept back for the former vessel. Mr. Sears, the postmaster of our expedition, has some 12,000 letters awaiting dispatch; newspapers do not as yet form an item, but there is no knowing what a little time will bring forth.

The English frigate, *Immortalite*, of fifty guns, Captain Hawkins commander, sailed into our harbor last Wednesday, and is now securely lying at anchor a few cables' length from the *Wabash*. Her salute of twenty-one guns was returned both by the flagship and from Fort Walker, the name of which, by the by, ought to be changed, since loyal men will have some difficulty in deciding whether it is named after the "gray-eyed man of destiny," the Walker of Nicargua memory, Robert J. Walker, the senator, or that mythological yclept, Hookey Walker. "Fort Dupoint" would be appropriate, while Fort Beauregard, at Bay Point, might be called Sherman, out of compliment to the landing forces of the expedition.

Captain Hawkins immediately went on board the *Wabash*, and frankly stated the object of his visit to be to look after English interests in this vicinity and to remove English subjects from ports which are hereafter to be bombarded. The principal officers of our fleet were much pleased with the captain's manner during his lengthy visit to the flagship, and believe his presence here will be conducive to more free relations between the two countries. He will, at all events, be able to inform his government of the importance of our victory in these waters; of the thorough demoralization of the enemy; and the stampede of the slaves; and this information will come better from him than from anyone else or any other source, and go far to neutralize the reports of foreign consuls in southern ports. Within twenty-four hours of his arrival gunboats brought in a schooner as a prize, laden with arms, ammunition, and uniforms. The vessel hailed from Nassau (New Providence), and is one of four known to have left that port with similar cargoes, intended for the confederates. Two of these schooners have been captured, and the commodore feels confident he will succeed in laying hold of the others. The one above referred to carried, professedly, barrels of potatoes, consigned to Philadelphia, but when off the Savannah river, she ran in, and soon found out her mistake. The English captain, on being made acquainted with the capture, replied: "Served her right for carrying such a cargo under the British flag."

Our life here has already become rather matter-of-fact; not exactly monotonous, for there is too much to do, but scarcely so exciting as you might suppose. The weather has turned very cold, particularly at night, and sore throats, coughs, and chills are prevailing among officers and the troops. Are we not to have any stoves? Blankets, too, are desirable, and lucifer matches should not be forgotten. I mention the latter, believing that not a "locofoco" exists in the whole of this expedition, our division sutler (the only one here) having forgotten such stores as would be in demand among campaigners.

The fleet lies quietly at anchor half a mile from the shore of Hilton Head Island, and no doubt the uninitiated suppose it is idle. Noth-

ing of the sort, however, the vessels of light drift are constantly running up the various rivers and streams and empty themselves into this inlet, while the Flag, Mohican, Seminole and others cruise about the coast towards Charleston and Savannah. These reconnoissances have established the fact that the enemy have given up the idea of defending their littoral, for their guns have been removed inland, and nothing but their earthworks remain. I learn from unquestionable authority that a panic has reigned in Savannah ever since our victory. The women and children have left the city and fled into the interior of the fort, and so great was the influxion of strangers into Augusta that the mayor has issued a proclamation against further immigration, and hundreds of families are now camping around that city. There is a rumor that Tybee Island, at the entrance of the Savannah river, is today in our possession. This island is closed up to Cockspur, on which rests Fort Pulaski, one of the United States casemated works; but Tybee in our possession effectually closes the river, giving us at the same time a good base of operations from which to bombard the fort.

Never was a point of attack better selected than at present. We seem to have fallen upon the richest spot on this southern coast. At Beaufort we captured the complete lighting apparatus belonging to the lighthouse on Hunting Island, and that marking the shoal named Martin's Industry, and this is followed by the recovery of the revolving machinery, lens, burners, lanterns, oil cans, etc., which formerly marked St. Helina Island. The visit of our quartermaster, Captain Saxton, to Beaufort last Friday gave us the possession of 100,000 feet of prime lumber, and fifteen wagon-loads of Indian corn have come in today, with many more to follow. The negroes too are coming in not singly but in families, and they tell us that there are hundreds more watching their opportunity to run off. Strange indeed is the confidence they evince in the "Yankees," as they call us, and droll the stories they tell of the conduct of the whites during our bombardment. Men running in Bluffton bootless, shirtless, and some without pantaloons; running for dear life, footsore, bleeding, and out of breath, "while," said one intelligent young darkey, to me, "the guns went piff, piff, piff, and those damed things busted."

Our works are proceeding here with great rapidity, but I must necessarily be silent as to their extent, the number of guns they will mount, and the men required to man them. Suffice it to say, the generals in command consider they will be able to hold this island against 50,000 men—an army which the South will find a difficulty in detailing from Hilton Head, as it will shortly be hit in a number of different places, simultaneously. If General Drayton or Major Lee could look at this island for a moment, they would not know it again. We have run up an enormous range of commissary buildings, large enough to contain provisions for 10,000 men during three months, besides suites of officers'

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apartments. We are also raising stables for 1,000 horses, with storage for forage overhead, and everything presages we are to make a lengthy if not permanent occupation.

FROM PORT ROYAL.

Arrival of the Baltic and Curlew.

The British Frigate enters Port Royal.

The U. S. steam transport, *Baltic*, Commander Comstock, arrived at this port yesterday afternoon from Hilton Head, which place she left at six o'clock on Monday morning, the eighteenth inst.

She brings no news of interest except what has been already published, brought by the *Atlantic* and *Rhode Island*. She has fifteen passengers, principally from the army. She brings a secession soldier, named James Darrah, of the Ninth regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, who was one of the first prisoners taken at Fort Walker, and has since taken the oath of allegiance. Everything remains quiet on the island.

November 25th.

Yesterday our troops took possession of Tybee Island, at the mouth of the Savannah river, and shall continue to hold the position, as it effectually cuts off that city from the outer world. I am informed there is good anchorage inside the bar, and that ships of war will be kept constantly there.

Another branch of the expedition went to St. Helena Island, and, without striking a blow, took the enemy's batteries. The guns had been carried inland. I learn from authoritative sources that we shall continue to hold this inlet also. A third expedition to the interior is also at work, but its action not being *fait accompli*, I keep silence upon it.

Corporal Charles P. Stevens of Co. F, Private Charles H. Seavey of Co. C, and James M. Allen of Co. G died November 25.

Heavy firing in the direction of Beaufort, and all sorts of rumors in camp.

Thursday, November 28—Thanksgiving Day in New Hampshire, and the regiment was excused from all drill. There were

games in the morning, and at dinner soup was served with the hard-tack and coffee. In the afternoon the regiment paid a visit to the Third New Hampshire in its camp.

November 29—A detail of 300 men, made up of volunteers from each of the companies and commanded by Major Drew, went aboard the steamer Ben De Ford and was taken down the coast to Tybee Island, at the mouth of the Savannah river, as a guard to a body of engineers who made a study of the island with reference to a proposed attack upon Fort Pulaski. The detail returned to the camp at Hilton Head on December 1, the chief incident of the excursion being the boarding of a blockade-running schooner which had been run ashore after being chased by Federal gunboats. The captain, mate, and cook were captured, but the crew had made their escape. The schooner was loaded with oranges, cigars, whiskey, and other commodities. Some of the men took away as many of the oranges and cigars as they could carry, and afterwards sold them in camp at a good price.

Sergeant Abner L. Knowlton of Co. D, who accompanied the expedition, wrote in his diary the following description of Tybee Island, and its surroundings: "From the summit of the light-house we had a splendid view of the island. As we stood facing the fort (Fort Pulaski), which was in full view, with its brick-colored walls and dark-mouthed portholes, we could plainly see the rebel gunboats opposite the fort, while a little farther down the channel lay two old hulls, which it is reported are to be sunk in case of an attack. Now turn a little to the right, and we have a splendid view of the silvery, threadlike Savannah, as it winds its way through the evergreen country of the 'land of cotton.' Now make a right or right-about-face, and either will bring you in full view of the boundless ocean, while by facing to the left we have a splendid view of the island and the country beyond the narrow creek which separates it from the mainland. We went out and were put on picket guard. The country is a level plain, surrounded by mounds of drifting sand, with now and then a low, marshy creek. The forests are red cedar, live-oak,

and cypress. The oaks are covered with a sort of long, trailing moss, and the underwood is very thick, making it impossible for a man to get along, or, as Buswell of Co. D said, "The devil could not find a man if he should hide, unless he was watching him when he hid."

December 1, 1861.

. . . In the second story were assembled some sixty negroes, male and female; and when I arrived a remarkable looking, white-headed old negro was "deaconing" off sentences, and the entire congregation, with shut eyes and swaying to and fro, were singing them. The leader, for instance, said, "Christ is full of mercy; He will forgive us, hell-deserving sinners," and then they sang it. After they had finished this, they having meanwhile brought me a chair and seated me in the middle of the room, one they call "Prince" made a prayer. To be sure, every ten words he repeated "This glorious evening," "merciful Jesus," "tender Saviour," but on the whole the prayer was really very impressive and evidently sincere and from his heart. The soldiers stood around with as much decorum as they would have shown in their church at home; and when the prayer went on, "We pray Thee, merciful Jesus, tender Saviour, to bless the soldiers who have come over difficult waters to this island to fight. Oh, tender Saviour, preserve their lives, and make them victorious, merciful Jesus, over the enemy," and then went on to speak of those in bonds; the men grew more sober, and I could see the eyes of more than one of the strong men around me glisten.

When the prayer was done the old negro said, "Will some of you *gemplemen* please to read we poor ignorant creatures a chapter in the Bible," and as I saw the officers hesitated, as though they did not know whether it would agree with their dignity to take part in a negro meeting, I said I would, and one of the officers giving me a Testament, I read the "Parable of the Sowers." After I had done they prayed again, sung a hymn in which we all joined, and then chanted a benediction, and then, rising, sang "Glory Hallelujah," which ended the services. Take it all together, I have many a time attended church in our own New Hampshire where the services were far less impressive, solemn, and sincere.

Mounting our horses again, after looking at some funny little negro babies, crowing and jumping about in their mothers' arms, we went on to the pickets on the water's edge, from which we could see the main land and the enemies' pickets

in full sight. I had my field glass and could see them with great distinctness. After staying here a little while we turned about and rode to a Mr. Pope's plantation.

LOUIS BELL.

Sunday, December 1—The detachment returned to Hilton Head from Tybee Island, the regiment was again united, and the day was spent in cleaning camp.

The expedition to Tybee Island was simply for the purpose of enabling the Chief Engineer, Captain (afterwards General) Q. A. Gilmore, to make an examination as to the practicability of later reducing Fort Pulaski, at the mouth of the Savannah river, but it made a great stir among the enemy, as is shown by the report of Gen. Robert E. Lee, then in command at Savannah, to Judah P. Benjamin, Confederate Secretary of War, of which the following is an extract:

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE ON THE TYBEE INCIDENT.

SIR:—On Sunday last, 24th inst., the enemy crossed Savannah Bar with five of his vessels, and made a lodgement on Tybee Island. Subsequently three other vessels joined them, and the force on Tybee Island was reënforced. Five vessels, one of them a frigate, said to be the Sabine, now lay inside of the bar north of Tybee Island. They are three or four miles from Fort Pulaski, within range of whose guns they have not yet approached. The force on Tybee Island is reported to be large, but I am unable to state it. No demonstration of their purpose has yet been made, further than the occupation of the island.

December 3—About 2 A. M. the long roll sounded and we were all turned out in battle line, where we were detained an hour. It was either a false alarm or a trial to see which regiment responded first.

Edward Dalton of Co. K and also Andrew J. Johnson of Co. H died December 4.

December 6—The Second Brigade went to Beaufort, S. C. Josiah S. Place of Co. D, a Gilmanton boy, died today. Men are working on the fortifications.

December 7—Company E boys presented Second Lieutenant Edgerly with a watch. Henry S. Ober of Co. C died suddenly.

Sunday had general inspection, lasting two hours.

Corporal Charles M. Fisher of Co. C, who had been discharged, died December 10, near New York city, on his way home. The Seventh-ninth Pennsylvania landed today. The English frigate *Immortalite* left Port Royal.

At midnight, Monday, a strong gale nearly put our camp out of commission. Cold. George E. Schelling of Co. B died December 12.

Thomas J. Brown of Co. A died December 13.

December 14—The steamship *Ericsson* arrived December 14, having on board the *Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania*.

Sunday was warmer. Regimental inspection. The Ninth Maine and Sixth Connecticut moved camp over to the entrenchments. December 16 the United States frigate *Sabine* came in and anchored.

Of the Fourth Regiment, 700 men are at work on the fortifications. There are 15,000 men on Hilton Head Island. Eclipse of the moon, December 17, next day.

The Seventh Connecticut left for Tybee Island. Plenty of shoveling.

Usual Sunday inspection, consuming nearly all the forenoon.

December 23—Very heavy rain last night. Battalion drill at 11 A. M. Captain Newell of Co. E, who had resigned, and several discharged men left for home. December 24 was the coldest night we have experienced. December 25—First Christmas in the war. A very nice, pleasant day. Neither Santa Claus nor the Jonnies were in sight.

Sunday—Hard, long inspection of everything we had. Since being in South Carolina we have had but little evidence of Sunday observance. The absence of a chaplain is the cause of this neglect.

December 30—After one week's illness Corporal John P. Smith, Co. E, died—the first death in Co. E. When the news of his death reached Manchester, his fiancée, a Miss Watson,

committed suicide in the canal, near Granite street. She worked on the Manchester corporation and boarded there. Both were buried later side by side in Valley cemetery, near the monument of the late Governor Moody Currier.

December 31—The regiment was mustered for pay. Corporal Smith's funeral today. The body was later sent home to Manchester. It is said that about 200 men have died here since November 7, when we landed. Since leaving home, September 27, the Fourth New Hampshire has lost by death seventeen. Of the seventeen who died, Co. I did not lose any. Each of the other nine companies are represented in the death record.

Wednesday, January 1, 1862—The new year had a sad beginning. About 3.30 p. m., John H. Whitehouse of Co. F was accidentally killed by George M. Marshall of Co. D. Both were on guard. Whitehouse was sitting near the guard tent, while Marshall was trying to clean a loaded gun, which was discharged, the ball striking Whitehouse in the side and passing through his body. His comrades immediately raised enough money to send his body home, where it was buried in the family lot at Somersworth. Today two New York regiments went to Beaufort, S. C., where trouble was expected.

George F. Gage of Co. A died January 2, the next day.

The steamer Vanderbilt sailed for New York, having on board the body of John H. Whitehouse, who was killed January 1. Received regular army caps and pants. A ration of whiskey was issued.

Rained all day Sunday. First full stormy day since we landed. Resting in our quarters.

Capt. Orrin Brown of Co. F is being court-martialed for some irregularity of the pay-roll. Sunday, January 12, general inspection. There was a balloon ascension from Hilton Head for observation.

Two battalion drills both January 13 and 14.

It is reported that we are to move away.

January 15—Robert L. Holbrook of Co. A died the 15th inst.

Sunday general inspection by General Sherman. January 20

orders were, ready to embark at a moment's notice. Sergeant H. M. Weed of Co. K, who had been discharged in December, reached Manchester and died. Colonel Whipple's forty-sixth birthday. January 21—About 11 A. M. struck tents; went to the wharf and boarded the steamer Delaware. Fair in the morning; rained in the afternoon. January 22—At anchor in Port Royal harbor. Daniel F. Sanborn of Co. H died on the steamer Atlantic, en route home.

At anchor three days. David S. Bean of Co. A died at Hilton Head hospital January 23.

At about 9 A. M., January 26, the fleet started, and at 3 P. M. anchored at the entrance to Warsaw Sound.

The next day gunboats went up into an inlet and commenced firing. James Brown of Co. A died at Hilton Head hospital, January 27.

All quiet the rest of the month. Still at anchor. Our cooks were sent ashore to cook rations very much needed.

February 1—The new month opened favorably for hungry soldiers. The cooks came aboard with a barrel of baked beans, and in the afternoon we received a ration of whiskey. Went to bed neither dry nor hungry. Sunday received a mail. Steamer Star of the South, came with the Ninth Maine regiment. Cooks served us with soup. February 3 changed steamers, leaving the Delaware with the Empire City. More room.

WARSAW ISLAND.

All who wished were allowed to go ashore on Warsaw Island.

Inspection by General Wright. Sunday, February 9, went ashore on Warsaw Island and pitched our tents. A dreary, desolate place, but better than on boats.

February 10—Rained all night. The Ninth Maine, Sixth Connecticut, Ninty-Seventh Pennsylvania and Fourth New Hampshire are on Great Warsaw Island. We are camped in a cedar and oak grove near the shore, surrounded nearly by water, and in the highest place not over four feet above high tides. Dress parade on beach at 5 P. M. Prescott, Co. D, shot alligator

seven feet long. February 12—President Lincoln's fifty-third birthday. Steamer Marion, from Hilton Head, with sick ones who had been left behind. February 13—First Lieutenant F. W. Parker of Co. E was promoted captain of his company; Second Lieutenant Edgerly to first lieutenant, and Private Harvey F. Wiggin of Co. A was made second lieutenant; also First Lieutenant G. F. Towle of Co. B was made captain of Co. F.

Benjamin Fairfield, Co. D, died February 14 at Fort Mouroe, Va. February 20, at daybreak, we struck tents and went aboard the Empire City in small boats.

February 21—At anchor, Warsaw Sound, Georgia. President Lincoln's young son died last night.

February 22—Still at anchor. Washington's birthday. Flags flying at masthead of all the fleet. A beautiful day—clear and warm.

Sunday, February 23—Inspection. Expecting to sail. General inspection February 24.

Last night a schooner broke loose and ran into our steamer.

February 26—Inspection of arms. Heavy shower. February 27—Steamer McClellan, from Hilton Head, with General Sherman. February 28—Weighed anchor at 5 p. m., and sailed all night. At 8 a. m., March 1, anchored in St. Andrew's sound. Large fleet of transports and naval vessels anchored near us. Sunday, March 2—George Evans of Co. K died during the night and was buried at sea this morning. This is the third death and burial at sea since we left Hampton Roads. Are still on the Empire City. About noon we anchored near the north end of Cumberland Island, Ga.

Next day at 9 a. m. weighed anchor and sailed in a southerly direction. Middle of the forenoon anchored in sight of land. Rough and windy. Edwin M. George, who was discharged in January, died today at his home in Bennington, N. H., March 3.

Wind blew hard all night. About 10.30 a. m., March 4, our vessel, the Empire City, got aground near the north end of Amelia Island. At 8 p. m. the steamer Belvidere took us aboard—all but Co. C—but soon we were aground again.

FERNANDINA, FLORIDA.

March 5—On board the Belvidere, aground in Cumberland Bay. In the afternoon the steamer Boston took us off. About 9 P. M. landed at Fernandina, Fla. Most of the regiment spent the night in a large storehouse; some were quartered in what was the Whitefield House.

March 6—Companies E and F were detailed on provost guard, Captain George F. Towle, provost marshal, with headquarters the Whitefield House. The regiment went into camp outside the city. We found this small city a pleasant place, but nearly deserted. But very few whites. Everything is lovely here—trees are budding, birds singing, and flowers are blooming. March 7—Fair and cold. General Wright, from Brigade headquarters, issued the following order to Colonel Whipple:

After having embarked the eight companies of your regiment on board the steamer Boston, in pursuance of the verbal instructions given you this evening, you will proceed with the gunboat expedition to the Saint John's river, under the command of Commander J. R. Goldsborough, and coöperate with that officer in the objects of the expedition.

It is understood between the flag officer commanding the naval forces and myself that neither Jacksonville nor any point upon the river below is to be permanently occupied by our forces; but it may be desirable to land at one or more of these points, for the purpose of reconnoissance or other desirable services, and occupy them for a few hours only, returning, of course, with the gunboats to this place when this shall have been accomplished.

You will place yourself in official relation with Captain Goldsborough, commanding the naval force, who is now off the Saint John's entrance, on your arrival there, and arrange with him in regard to the operations in which the services of your command may be required.

Companies A, B, C, D, G, H, I, and K of the regiment left on the steamer Boston for Jacksonville, Fla., with six gunboats. We crossed the bar and headed for St. John's river. Sunday, March 9—Reached the mouth of St. John's river this morning. Six companies went aboard the gunboats to act as sharpshooters. The gunboats were the Ottawa, Pembina, Seneca, Isaac Smith.

Colonel Whipple received the following order from General Wright:

Flag Officer DuPont proceeds today to the Saint John's river, and after the contemplated operations in that vicinity shall have been finished, will probably continue down the coast to Saint Augustine, in which case you will still remain with the navy and coöperate with it.

Should Saint Augustine be taken possession of, and it should be considered important by the flag officer to occupy it, you are authorized to leave, say, two companies in Fort Marion as a garrison, with at least ten days' provisions, a trusty captain being placed in command. The remainder of your force will then return to its place on the Boston.

Still outside the bar. March 11 crossed the bar, and came to anchor opposite Mayport Mills. Passed two lighthouses today and two batteries, mounting four guns, but saw no inhabitants. The shore is sandy and low, and presents a gloomy aspect, especially when the wind blows. Then the sand drifts like a New Hampshire snowstorm. Company I was on a gunboat which was sent to St. Augustine.

Corporal A. L. Knowlton of Co. D records in his diary, under date of March 12: Co. C landed at Mayport Mills. The fleet, with Cos. A, B, D, G, H, and K, started at 7 A. M. for Jacksonville. After going a mile, "All hands to your quarters!" cried the boatswain's mate. "Man the guns for action!" and every sailor flew to his post, and all the soldiers were formed in line and put under waiting orders. From two deserters taken the night before it had been learned that we were to be attacked by a battery ashore. We were not molested, however, and passed the batteries in safety. The place is called St. John's Bluff, and is a very important point on the river, being a high elevation on a sharp bend, and commanding the channel for a long distance. If the enemy had fortified this bluff, they would have made dreadful work if any boats had tried to go up the river. We now passed on through a variety of scenery. Here, on the right, a wide swamp; to the left, spreads a fine plantation, with its green rows of corn, which reach from the river's bank to the shaded mansion in the distance. We see another splendid house,

half hidden in the never-failing shrubbery, while in its rear stretches a beautiful grove of fine oak trees, and on the opposite shore is a hovel, the habitation of the poor whites. At nearly all the places we pass the white flag is raised. At one place a small boat landed and was received by a few men, while the ladies stood on the bank and appeared as though they did not know whether we were friends or foes. We passed on and came to the smouldering remains of a burning building—a steam sawmill. We had seen the red glare of fire all the previous night, and we realized that before leaving the place the enemy intended to burn all, rather than leave it for us. We reached Jacksonville at noon, and a flag of truce went to the wharf to reply to one raised by the citizens. We landed and formed in line on Bay street, when Colonel Whipple gave orders that no soldier enter any house without orders, that no property of any kind be taken, and that every man was expected to bear himself in a gentlemanly manner. We found nine sawmills, one iron foundry, one store, several dwellings, and the largest hotel all in ashes, and a Confederate gunboat, which was in process of building at this place, was also burned.

Phineas J. Perrin of Co. B, discharged in February, died at Nashua, N. H., March 14.

Our picket guard was called in nearer the main force. Last night was one of anxiety, for we expected to be attacked, a large force having been reported five miles outside. Rude breastworks were thrown up, and batteries planted at important points, while every soldier slept with his gun by his side. But there was no alarm. Heavy rain tonight. March 15, 1862, General Wright reported from Fernandina: "I have the honor to report that I have just learned from my aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Hubbell, who accompanied the expedition to the St. John's river, that the batteries at the mouth of the river and at St. John's Bluff were abandoned on the approach of the gunboats, and that Jacksonville was evacuated by the rebels before our forces reached the town. Jacksonville was occupied by six companies of the Fourth New Hampshire on the 12th instant. Seven sawmills,

4,000,000 feet of lumber, a large hotel, four or five private dwellings, the railroad depot, and the gunboat in process of construction and nearly ready for launching were burned by the rebels on their evacuation of the place.

A portion of the gunboats, having with them one company of the Fourth New Hampshire Regiment, went to St. Augustine, which the rebel forces had deserted on the first appearance of the expedition on the Florida coast. The inhabitants of the town are represented to have hailed with joy the arrival of our forces and their relief from the oppressive rule of the rebel authorities. At Jacksonville many of the inhabitants are still remaining, though considerable numbers had gone when our troops landed.

Sunday, March 16, at Jacksonville, Fla., some of the men of Co. G, by reason of too close contact with Florida whiskey, started a row and were fired on by the guard, one man being killed, Martin J. Stanton, a Manchester boy. The same day Co. I, Captain N. H. Brown, landed at St. Augustine, came on U. S. gunboat Isaac Smith, and took possession of the city without opposition.

JACKSONVILLE, March 18—Colonel Whipple resigned today. He was beloved by the entire regiment, who regretted that he was no longer to lead us. He was always interested in the welfare of his men, strict in discipline, but considerate and reasonable. Strong men shed tears as he bade the men good-by and shook the hand of each. The next day, March 19, Cos. E and F, which had been at Fernandina since March 5, were relieved by the Ninth Maine, and went aboard the steamer Belvidere about 3 P. M. Colonel Whipple came aboard, made a speech, and shook each man by the hand. It was an affectionate, tearful farewell. Remained at anchor all night. March 20, about 6 A. M., the Belvidere, with Cos. E and F aboard, commanded by Captain Towle, left Fernandina for St. Augustine. Arrived off the city at 1 P. M., but the water was so rough that we could not enter the harbor. Cloudy, very windy, part of the day rainy. Cos. E and F had been on guard duty at Fernandina since March 5. Very little of interest took place.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

March 21—About 10 A. M. entered the harbor, but were not able to reach the wharf to land until about 4 P. M., when we were received by Co. I, which had been at St. Augustine about a week, and whose members furnished a collation to their comrades. We then took quarters at Fort Marion, an old Spanish fortress. Co. C is now at Mayport Mills; the other six companies at Jacksonville. It is hoped the report that we are soon to be reunited will be realized.

OUR ENTRANCE INTO ST. AUGUSTINE BY CAPT. GEO. F. TOWLE,
Co. F.

March 19, 1862, went aboard *Belvidere*, at Fernandina. Laid at dock until morning, then sailed for St. Augustine, Colonel Bell on board. Arrived off bar 1 P. M. Slight squall on way. Old "Johnny Cups," a Union pilot, came off to take us in our old friend, the *Isaac Smith*. The boat that landed us at Hilton Head, with a new battery to replace that lost in the gale, lay inside. It was noon, the 21st, before the tide allowed us to enter the harbor. A single, long jetty projected from the town into the harbor. A strong breeze blowing from the shore kept us broadside on backing and running ahead in vain efforts to reach the wharf. Finally an old seaman from the *Isaac Smith* came aboard to assist. At his suggestion the boat was stopped abreast the dock, an anchor dropped, and as she swung head to wind, the anchor was raised, steam put on, and we speedily ranged alongside the jetty. The town extending along the seawall on the bay presented a most attractive appearance. The tropical vegetation was in luxuriant profusion. Near the harbor entrance, to the right as we entered, stood the old Spanish San Marcos, now Fort Marion; at the southern extremity, the old Spanish convent, now called St. Francis Barracks. A few handkerchiefs were waived to us as we landed at 4 P. M., and marched down to occupy the old fort. Its drawbridge and portcullis, the watch towers at true angles, all brought back those ancient days when exposed against the Spanish flag along the coast.

March 22 we found the marines from the fleet already in possession, Captain Brown of Co. I the first to land, having been appointed provost marshal. The inhabitants had shared the apprehensions prevailing everywhere on the coming of the northern invaders. Two companies called the St. Augustine Blues and the Beauregards had been organized here from the able-bodied men, but as the Union forces went in at the seaside these troops evacuated the town on the land side.

At the close of the war these two companies in Hardees Corps were paroled in North Carolina by Major Towle. But few of the original members had escaped the perils of war—death, captivity, and disease. The flagpole on the plaza had been cut down, said to have been done by women. Some of the chips were saved as souvenirs.

The women, having no means of escape, had made a virtue of necessity and remained to meet the "Yankees." All the houses, mostly low and one story, were provided with close shutters. The first day, as we promenaded the town, these shutters were closed tight. The second day an opening of an inch or two, through which could be caught the gleam of a bright eye, bore evidence as to the curiosity of these self-made prisoners. On the third day, thrown wide open, the inmates contemplated as we passed, with glances of startled interest, and finally on the fourth day, reassured and with confidence in our pacific intentions, they came out to their usual evening promenade along the seawall. This wall extended the whole length of the town. From the fort to near the barracks was just the width for two to walk, arm in arm, and was really a most delightful place to walk in the cool of the evening.

Drilling was resumed as soon as the troops were settled on shore, and daily we went through the skirmish drill to the delight of the Augustine gamins.

On the 26th Cos. E and F were ordered from the fort to the barracks at the south end of the town. At 3 P. M. Captain Towle received orders to arrest Col. Samuel Buffington, the proprietor of the Magnolia House, and Mr. Solana, who had

been a member of the Florida secession convention. Both of these gentlemen were found in their respective residences. They were assigned a good room in the barracks. Furniture and food were sent them by their families, and with the exception of being deprived of their liberty they were in every way comfortable. Colonel Buffington had two charming daughters and so had Mr. Solana, both celebrated for their personal beauty.

Sunday, March 23—Yesterday was cool and very windy. Today we have had general inspection. Received four months' pay the 24th.

March 25—At Jacksonville a stirring incident occurred during the night—the first experience by any of the Fourth in actual contact with the enemy. A picket guard was placed at some distance out from Jacksonville, and made its headquarters in an old abandoned chapel. A sentinel having been stationed at what was considered a suitable point, the other members of the guard appear to have settled down to rest in fancied security. Sometime in the night they were attacked by a body of the enemy, and seemingly taken by surprise, George W. A. Goldsmith of Co. H was killed. Richard E. Davis, Co. H, was very seriously wounded, and Wallace E. Woodworth and Solomon C. Bumford, and John E. Hugtin of the same company were taken prisoners. The case of Davis proved to be a remarkable one in the surgical annals of the war. He was shot through the abdomen, and, as some intestine must have been cut by the bullet, his wound was supposed to be inevitably mortal. Under the care of Surgeons Eastman and Greeley, however, the wound healed and Davis fully recovered, living for many years after the war.

March 26—After two days of pleasant weather, left Fort Marion and took up quarters in United States barracks in the southern part of the city. These barracks, which had been used by troops during the Indian war in Florida, were old and in extremely bad condition. Much hard work and considerable time were required to clean them up and make them suitable and convenient for our use.

Fort Marion is of peculiar interest as being of an ancient type

of fortification, and the only one of its kind in the United States. It was built by the Spaniards to take the place of the wooden fort built by Menendez, who founded St. Augustine, and gave the place its name. It was constructed of stone, faced on the outside with coquina, a sort of shell rock, which is spongy rather than brittle, and which the cannon balls of the time when the fort was built would sink into without shattering it. While the fortress was still uncompleted, Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia, is said to have bombarded it for forty days without effect. It was long in building, and was not completed until 1756. When Florida passed from Spanish control, the United States government gave the fortress at St. Augustine the name of Fort Marion in honor of the celebrated patriot of Revolutionary fame.

The fort has an open inner court surrounded by mess rooms, barracks, and store rooms. Horrible tales of Spanish cruelty are told of one room, known as the dungeon, connected with the court by a narrow passage through five feet of wall. In the northwest bastion is "Coacoochee's cell," occupied in the Seminole war by the chief of that name. Later, Osceola, more distinguished, was confined in the same room as a prisoner of war. Charles T. Batchelder of Co. E, discharged at Hilton Head, died at the home of his uncle in Pittsfield, N. H., March 27, just six months since the regiment left Manchester.

FORT MARION, ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., March 29, 1862.

Lieutenant Commanding Nicholson, U. S. N.:

SIR:—I am very sorry to complain of the officers under your command, but the circumstances hereinafter mentioned compel me to do so.

Military expediency rendered it necessary that I should place one Samuel Buffington under arrest. I am held responsible to my superior officers and military law if I have exceeded my authority or violated any instruction in so doing. Yesterday (28th March) your officers held a meeting, or accidentally met together, and unanimously came to the conclusion that I had committed a great injustice in causing a loyal citizen to be arrested. One of your officers, Mr. Gale, informed me of the

above proceeding in the hearing of several persons not connected with the navy or army, at the same time intimating that the matter would be made public in the Northern press. If the naval and military forces are to work at cross purposes in this way the efficiency of both is ended. If the disloyal part of the inhabitants of St. Augustine, the chief of whom is Mr. Buffington, is to be encouraged by men in the service of the United States, I shall be compelled, much against the best interests of the government and my own inclination, to place St. Augustine under martial law, as by my orders I have power to do so.

The proceeding of your officers is so extraordinary, and so utterly at variance with the uniform courtesy of officers of the navy, that I am at a loss to explain it.

LOUIS BELL,

Lieutenant Colonel Commanding.

Fort Marion and St. Augustine Barracks.

March 30—Following two days of pleasant weather, without especial incident, came the usual Sunday morning inspection, after which the men were given permission to attend church service. There were several churches in St. Augustine, and the men of the regiment were given permission to attend service on Sunday according to their choice, as we had no chaplain.

The last day of March was fair and very warm. A report that armed men were secreted in a house caused a false alarm and a search without results.

FORT MARION, April 2, 1862.

SIR:—I am well informed as to your threats against the government, both at the time of the naval force being in sight, when you attempted to raise a company to resist the United States forces, and your threats since.

As long as you do not attempt to leave the city, and do not abuse your position, you can remain with perfect security in the exercise of your usual business.

Should any overt act of treason be shown by you, I shall inflict the punishment of *treason* with as little hesitation as I did the punishment for *attempted* treason.

LOUIS BELL,

Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding U. S. Forces.

St. Augustine, Fla.

April 2—Still very warm. The three companies at St. Augustine still separated from the regiment. Usual drills and dress parade on the plaza, which had long been the market-place and common meeting-ground of the citizens of St. Augustine. Co. E went out scouting at 9 P. M., and remained out until early morning.

April 3—Following is an account by Captain Towle of the capture of a blockade runner:

"Colonel Bell sent for me to say that news had been received of a blockade runner having come in across the bar at Matanzas Inlet, some twenty miles down the Sound, and he wished me to attempt her capture. I picked twenty men from my company, F. The gunboat Isaac Smith furnished three boats manned by sailors, and taking old 'Johnny Cups' as pilot, we pulled down the Sound, starting about 4 P. M. The night was very dark, and as we rowed softly along, keeping a sharp lookout, we began to fear the vessel might have escaped to sea. But suddenly, at 7.45 P. M., she loomed up in the darkness, stern on, the tide still running in. The light of her cabin lamp, not seen until we were close upon her, gave her a ghostly and weird appearance. I cautioned the men not to fire until the word was given, and we pulled for her sides with cheers and yells. As my boat struck her, I jumped for the bulwarks, but my fingers slipped, and, the boat running down with the tide, I was near dropping overboard, when one of the men seized me by the legs, and with a sudden push, and jumping at the same time, I went in over the rail head foremost. The crew made no resistance, nor could they have done so with any chance of success.

"The prize proved to be the British Empire, 95 tons burden, with an assorted cargo from Nassau. Her cargo was invoiced at \$3200, but was really valued at \$12,000. Her clearance papers were for St. John, N. B., and her master claimed that the British flag which he was flying should protect his vessel, as he had only put in here on account of her leaking badly. But the facts were he had run the blockade out of Jacksonville not long before with naval stores, the vessel being still sticky with them. Not

knowing of the occupation of St. Augustine, he had come in to Matanzas with the design of coming up the inside passage to St. Augustine, where he would land his stores, rather than risk the blockading fleet off the mouth of the St. John's. Learning, when too late, that St. Augustine was taken, he was waiting for the tide to run out to sea when we put in an appearance. Their boat, with some of the crew, was absent, which they explained to be for the purpose of sounding the bar, but we afterwards ascertained that they had conveyed ashore a large quantity of percussion caps, to be buried in the sand. The next day, April 4, the blockade runner was brought up to St. Augustine, where it arrived about 6 p. m., and anchored off the city."

Under the heading, "Capture of a Rebel Schooner," the St. Augustine *Examiner*, published by the Fourth New Hampshire during its stay in that city, gave the following account of the affair:

"Lieutenant-Colonel Louis Bell, commander of this post, having information from reliable sources that a schooner was laying at anchor off Fisherman's Camp in Matanzas Inlet, her capture was determined upon. The information was transmitted to Captain Nicholson of the Isaac Smith, and late on Thursday afternoon, April 3, the three cutters of the Isaac Smith, under charge of Acting Master Gregory, accompanied by a detachment from Co. F, Fourth New Hampshire Regiment, under charge of Captain Towle, started, and by eight o'clock p. m. gained sight of her. Our men were on her decks before her crew knew what was up. She proved to be the schooner British Empire, formerly the Rebecca, and owned by Captain Willy of Jacksonville, but at the present date hailing ostensibly from Nassau. She was loaded with a cargo of assorted goods, and had a crew of six men. She was got under weigh by daylight of Friday, and by evening was safely anchored off St. Augustine. A part of her cargo, such as pork, beef, salt, flour, etc., was sold at auction on Monday, and brought good prices."

April 7—The cargo of the blockade runner, British Empire, was sold today at auction. A detail was engaged in mounting

extra guns on the fort. At night the companies at the barracks were ordered to the fort, as a false alarm had caused apprehension of an attack. April 9 was the first all-day rain since arrival at St. Augustine. The companies returned to the barracks in the early morning, and were ordered back to the fort at 8 P. M.

Today appeared the first issue of the St. Augustine *Examiner* under its new management. The last previous issue was on March 8, 1862, after which the editor, publisher, and proprietor had taken to his heels on the arrival of the gunboat Isaac Smith, and the landing of Co. I, in command of Captain Brown. There were practical printers in the Fourth, and men amply able to fill the vacant editorial chair. They found a printing outfit ready to their hands, and promptly improved their opportunity. The general appearance of the *Examiner* was preserved in so far as circumstances would permit, but its tone was radically changed. From an ardent supporter of the cause of secession it became a staunch supporter of the Union, and so remained during the stay of the Fourth at St. Augustine. It was made up as a four-page newspaper, three columns to a page, the page being eight and a half by twelve inches. In its announcement of advertising rates there was a remarkable anticipation of the practical results of the primary election laws which were to come into vogue fifty years later, for it was humorously announced that "Five dollars will be charged for all announcements of Candidates for Office, in advance."

The first Union issue of the *Examiner* contained General Sherman's proclamation to the people of East Florida, in which he promised protection to loyal citizens and urged an immediate return to allegiance to the United States government, and in which occurred the following notable summary of the history of Florida under the domination of Spain and the horrors of the Seminole war: "There is great satisfaction in the fact, now become patent to all, that a large portion of you still cling, in your hearts, to that Mother who first liberated you from the thralldom of a despotic government, who next rescued you from the deathly grasp of the wily savage, at a frightful cost of life and treasure;

and who afterwards elevated you from the condition of territorial dependence to that of a proud and independent State."

A bright editorial explained the change in management and political sentiment. There was a stirring poem, "The Flag of Our Union," in the meter of "The Star Spangled Banner," and bearing the marks of originality or of clever adaptation; accounts of the victory at Fort Donelson and of Burnside's successes in North Carolina; confidence in Kit Carson's efforts in Texas; reference to "the iron-plated gunboats that have lately been constructed for the government; report of a Union meeting held by the citizens of Jacksonville, with the resolutions adopted; a conundrum: "What is the difference between Fort Marion and Fort Donelson? One is a shell fort, and the other a fort shelled;" and at the foot of the last column, the old-time printer's reliance, evidently inserted as a jest: "This line is put in to fill out the column." The *Examiner* appeared regularly, price per copy five cents, while the Fourth remained at St. Augustine. About 2 A. M., April 10, the garrison at the fort was alarmed by the firing of the pickets. The men were stationed on the parapets of the fort in readiness for defense, but the alarm proved to be unnecessary, as the picket, in the darkness, had shot a cow. April 11—Cos. A, C, D, and G came today on the steamer Belvidere. Also a schooner arrived with four heavy guns for the fort. April 12—The four companies that came yesterday are quartered at the fort, the other three companies returning to the barracks. April 14—Rained hard all the forenoon. John B. Hutchins of Co. D died here yesterday. Owing to arrests of citizens whose loyalty was suspected there was apprehension for the personal safety of the colonel, and a large guard was placed about his headquarters. A negro spy was arrested, and extra guards were placed about the city.

April 19—Four heavy guns were unloaded from the schooner that came from Jacksonville. Sunday, the usual duties, and a large detail at the wharf unloading commissary supplies. April 22—The fifty-first birthday of our popular surgeon, Dr. Eastman. The 24th, Steamer Cosmopolitan arrived with

General Benham. The next day the general reviewed and inspected the regiment. All the companies, with the exception of Co. E, are ordered into the fort. Day passed with inspection and church service. April 30—Mustered for pay. Long roll sounded last night either for false alarm or practice.

May day we had a heavy thunder storm, driving to quarters every one not on guard. Loren H. Dorr, Co. F, of Farmington, died at 7.30 P. M., and was buried with military honors the next day. Steamer Honduras arrived with the mail. The negro spy, confined in the fort, escaped. The pickets fired on him, but without effect. May 6 received new dark blue coats.

The next afternoon pitched tents in the rear of the fort, the first time we had used tents since coming to Florida. Sunday, May 11.—Steamer Honduras came in with the mail, provisions, and the paymaster. Lieutenant Mayne, who had been in New Hampshire on recruiting service, returned with nineteen recruits. May 12, after signing the pay-roll, received two months' pay. The weather resembles that of New Hampshire, and even when it is warm there is a refreshing breeze from the sea.

Steamer Honduras came in again from Hilton Head. Its regular trips supply us with provisions and frequent mails.

May 19—The steamer Honduras sailed today, having on board two men of Co. G, who, after conviction by court-martial of disorderly conduct in the unfortunate affair at Jacksonville, were taken under guard to Hilton Head to undergo their sentence of six months' confinement and dishonorable discharge.

During the past week we have had two battalion drills in addition to the usual company drills in the afternoon.

Sunday, May 25—General inspection of arms and quarters by Colonel Bell.

May 29—We had a battalion drill at 5 o'clock A. M., which lasted an hour and a half. These drills, through the consideration of the colonel, were always held at an early hour to escape the heat later in the day. Sergeant Knowlton of Co. D, in his diary, states that on the coast of Florida the average number of

fair days in the year is 250, while in the northern states the average is about 125.

Sunday, June 1—A schooner arrived with a mail. This morning Cos. C and E were sent ten miles into the country on a scouting expedition. June 4—Battalion drill in the evening. A heavy shower in the night, the wind blowing down some of the tents.

Frank A. Garland of Co. K died today at Fernandina. Cos. B, H, and K have been stationed at Fernandina since leaving Jacksonville. The other seven companies are still doing garrison duty at St. Augustine.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., June 6, 1862.

A terrific tornado has been raging today and has driven a little schooner into this harbor, and by her I can send you a few more lines. I am seated in a little house I have had built on top of the fort in the bastion of St. Peter. It is covered first with a canvas roof, and then with a great square canvas over it; that makes an awning under which I sit during the heat of the day. My house has a window that looks out over the ocean, and I can see from this window the sea for miles up and down, and in front the surf breaks in one continuous roar.

I have not deserted my city residence, but I sleep at the fort, and as a curious example of habit the cannon that is fired each morning at sunrise within twenty feet of my head never wakes me, though the challenge by the sentinel in front of my door always does.

A part of the regiment is made into cavalry, and whenever I want to go beyond the pickets I am escorted by my company of cavalry with sabres and revolvers, who would effectively drive off any Secesh who are in the neighborhood.

I have two great troubles here. The first is the bands of guerrillas who infest the country. These wretches have taken and hung a man who lives three or four miles away merely because he had taken the oath of allegiance. I have promised to shoot the first one I catch in exchange for him. The persecutions that the Union people here have to undergo are heart-rending. I have been forced to the conclusion that I could not protect them if they lived beyond the range of my Columbiads. I have asked for arms and ammunition with which to supply the Seminoles, Creeks, and other Indian tribes still living in

the southern part of the state, and then to turn them loose on the wretches. It would not be surprising if before this letter reaches you I should have held a pow wow with the chieftains and set them loose.

My second great trouble is the negroes. They seem to understand that our being here makes them free, and put on all sorts of airs. Now the slaves here are nearly all more or less white (I have seen girls here, and men as well, that I should have pronounced white who are or were slaves), so they consider themselves free. I am called upon almost always to decide on the question. It is sometimes very hard. The slaves here have one revenge: you know that negroes are not allowed in the street after eight o'clock without a pass from the master. I allow no white person in the street after nine without a pass, so the darkies say to the master, "You nigger now, you have to go to Massa Bell for a pass, yah! yah!"

LOUIS BELL.

Sunday, June 8—Our usual Sunday morning inspection was held at 6 p. m. James F. Tilton, a private of Co. I, was married to a young lady of St. Augustine, named Walton. The ceremony was performed by Alvah Buzzell of Co. F, who, before enlistment, had been a local preacher. The father of the young lady was strongly opposed to the marriage, and on his complaint to the colonel, the bridegroom and the officiating minister were arrested and confined in fort. June 11—Moved our tents back of the drill ground.

June 13—A sad drowning accident occurred today, which made a profound impression on Co. D, and indeed upon the entire regiment, and sent heavy and lasting grief to three New Hampshire homes. The following account, from the diary of Sergeant Abner L. Knowlton, written at the time, is of peculiar interest:

This morning nine men beside Sergeant Knowlton himself belonging to our company, Sergt. A. H. C. Jewett, Sergt. Adoniram J. Jones, Corp. Charles C. Cofran, Solomon N. Leavitt, John H. Jackson, John Lamay, Luther L. Libby, Philip Olwell, and William B. Reynolds, took a sailboat and went down the harbor on a pleasure excursion. We landed at the lighthouse, and, after partaking of refreshments, we visited the sandbar and enjoyed a sea bath. At 1 p. m. we started on our return trip. There was a light

and fair wind on our return, and all went well with us until we were within half a mile of the fort, when Libby, who was sitting in the bow of the boat, suddenly jumped up to come aft, and, springing upon the gunwale of the boat and grasping the mast to steady him, the boat suddenly upset, and in a moment we were all in the water and the boat bottom up. The tide was running out at the rate of six miles per hour. We were about fifteen rods from the sand-bar, which at low water was above the surface. As soon as I came up I grasped the boat, but was immediately pulled under water by Lamay and Cofran, and it was only by superhuman exertions that I cleared myself from their death grip and rose to the surface after being pulled down three times without once coming to the surface to breathe. Upon coming up, I again swam for the boat, on which were clinging Jewett, Jones, Leavitt, Olwell, and Jackson, and seized it. We soon found that the boat would not support us, and, all encumbered as we were with clothing, we struck out for the shore, which we gained in an exhausted condition. Olwell, Jones, and Jewett would have sunk and been lost had it not been for Leavitt and Jackson, who on landing, divested themselves of their clothing and went in to their rescue. Libby, Cofran, and Lamay went down, the two latter clasped together, before we reached the shore. It was impossible to render them any assistance, as they had so nearly drowned me, by clinging to anyone who came within their reach. Thus perished three estimable young men, universally beloved and respected by their companions in arms, and who all leave mothers and others to mourn their untimely end. They died in the days of their youth, and were summoned suddenly into the presence of their God. May their souls rest in peace, and may they find in that untried world to which they have been so suddenly summoned that peace and joy which passeth all understanding. May God grant that their parents may meekly submit to this sudden dispensation, and give them grace and strength to bear up under this affliction. Cofran belonged to Northfield, N. H., and was twenty-one years of age. He leaves father, mother, brothers, and sisters. Lamay was about eighteen years of age and has parents, who reside at North Groton, N. H. Libby was twenty-two, and also leaves parents, who reside in Gilmanton, N. H.

June 16—After all means to recover the bodies of the three young men drowned on the thirteenth had failed, that of Luther L. Libby rose to the surface, and was found by a local fisherman. It was brought ashore, and the funeral occurred at 11 A. M., the

Episcopal service being read by Captain Sawyer of Co. A. It so happened that during our service, until he received his death wound, the terms of the three successive chaplains, all being very brief, Captain, later Major, Sawyer officiated as chaplain at most of the funerals of the regiment. The schooner *Reindeer* arrived with mail and supplies.

June 18—At dress parade the order was read informing us of the promotion of Lieutenant-Colonel Bell to be colonel, his commission to date from May 16; also of the promotion of Captain Sleeper of Co. C to be lieutenant-colonel. A severe thunder shower the 19th.

Sunday, June 22—Co. F, Captain Towle, took up their quarters at the courthouse as provost guard, relieving Co. I, Captain Brown.

Harland S. Streeter, Co. K, died June 24, at Beaufort, S. C.

June 25—A number of undesirable persons, both whites and blacks, who had caused considerable trouble, were sent beyond the picket lines, with orders not to return.

June 26—There was some lack of a sense of responsibility, owing to the light nature of the duties to be performed and the absence of an enemy, and two men were arrested today for sleeping on their posts. A friendly shower gave the seven companies a rest from battalion drill, and the usual Sunday inspection was postponed on account of a rainy day.

Lieutenant Isaac W. Hobbs of Co. F, afterwards captain, quietly observed his twenty-fifth birthday. During our stay in St. Augustine this studious officer has acquired the Spanish language.

June 30—General inspection and muster for pay at 5.30 A. M.

July 1—Thermometer 110 in the shade, and no extra duty required. At 9 P. M. the garrison was alarmed by the firing of pickets on the Jacksonville road. We were marched to the fort. but, the alarm proving to be false, returned to our quarters at 11 P. M.

July 4—Celebrated Independence Day for the first time since leaving home. At sunrise a national salute of thirty-four

guns was fired from Fort Marion, a burlesque parade was formed on the drill ground and marched down St. George street and through other streets to the common, where Private John L. Brown of Co. A delivered an historical address. On this occasion the officers served in the ranks, the management of the whole affair being in the hands of the enlisted men. The presentation of a wooden watch to one of the leaders was a feature of the day. Later the men amused themselves with competition in catching a greased pig, climbing a greased pole and taking part in a wheelbarrow, potato, and pig race. In the afternoon Co. G had a dinner at the Florida House. That afternoon Co. F, on duty as provost guard, voluntarily marched to the fort and relieved the men of the other companies for enjoyment of the remainder of the day about town—a kindly act of true comradeship. Rain in the evening, and the fireworks was a failure. Four men of the Fourth Regiment were born on the fourth of July: Edward L. Goodwin of Co. A, who was discharged January 31, Wm. H. Nichols of Co. B, S. G. Atwood of Co. D, and John Fullerton of Co. K. John W. Quimby of Co. A, in patriotic haste, was born July 3, while Francis R. Merrill of Co. F, more slow, was born July 5, and your historian, slower yet, was born July 7.

Sunday, July 6—A clergyman of the Episcopal church, presumably with strong Southern sympathies, was conducted beyond pickets, with orders not to return.

July 6—Extreme hot weather continues, and the mosquitoes have become so troublesome that mosquito nets have been issued, which afford some relief to the men. The steam propeller, General Burnside, came in today with the mail, the paymaster, and Adjutant Fuller and Doctor Greeley, who have returned from a furlough home.

July 9—Received two months' pay. Five men of the regiment, who had been discharged, left for home today on the schooner, Amy Chase, among them Orderly Sergeant Mark H. Cowell of Co. F, who had contracted a serious lung trouble. His company generously presented him with a purse of \$100. July

PART II.

COMPLETE ROSTER OF THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE FOURTH REGIMENT NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

WITH STATISTICS OF CASUALTIES AND FULL LIST OF THE
DEAD AND SURVIVORS.

THE GRANITE STATE.

By Rev. J. B. Lemon.

Hurrah for all that life holds dear,
For bracing ozone-atmosphere,
For splendid water, cool and clear,
For viands rich through all the year!
I'm glad to say that I am here
In old New Hampshire!

If you are truly friend of mine,
And not exactly feeling fine,
Just hie yourself across the line
Into New England's Palestine;
And rest and health and joy are thine
In old New Hampshire!

The land of Stark and Webster, too,
Where fleecy clouds in skies of blue
Reflect a myriad colored hue
O'er all that nature's best could do
In foliage, fields, and lakes for you,
In old New Hampshire!

Some talk of mountains, high and low,
Of summer streams from melting snow,
Of breezes fresh that always blow,
And people whom we ought to know.
You'll find them all where tourists go,
In old New Hampshire!

COMPLETE ROSTER

OF THE

FOURTH REGIMENT NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

(FOUR YEARS)

CORRECTED AND REVISED 1911 BY JOHN G. HUTCHINSON, HISTORIAN OF
THE REGIMENT.

* Original men mustered in September 18, 1861.

** Reënlisted men mustered in February 28, 1864.

All men not * were recruits.

Mustered into the service of the United States September 18 to 20, 1861, at Manchester, by George T. Ingham, First Lieutenant 11th Infantry, U. S. A. Organization completed September 20, 1861. The Band was mustered out September 16, 1862, at Hilton Head, S. C. The original members who had not reënlisted were mustered out September 27, 1864, at Concord, by William M. Graham, Captain First Artillery, U. S. A. The reënlisted men and recruits were mustered out August 23, 1865, at Raleigh, N. C., by Benjamin Seaward, Brevet Captain U. S. Vols. Each man was a volunteer appointed or enlisted for three years unless otherwise stated.

Abbott, Horace F. Co. K; born New Hampshire; age 27; residence and credited to Derry; mustered in Dec. 24, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65; served in Co. B, 3 N. H. V. Died Sept. 16, '97, Salem.

Abbott, Jairus C.* Co. F; born North Berwick, Me.; age 24; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 6, '61. Died Dec. 5, '63, Morris Isl., S. C.

Abbott, Joseph C.* Co. K; born and resident Londonderry; age "19"; enlisted Aug. 12, '61. Died June 11, '63, Folly Isl., S. C.; served in Co. C, 1 N. H.

Adams, Joseph E. Co. F; substitute; born Massachusetts; age 29; credited Gilmanton; mustered in Sept. 29, '63. Died Aug. 8, '65, Raleigh, N. C.

4 *Fourth Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers.*

- Adams, Matthew.**** Co. H; born Newbury; age 19; resident New London; enlisted Aug. 20, '61, as Sergt; 2 Lt. Sept. 24, '63; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Virginia; Capt. Co. A, Nov. 21, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Sept. 26, '04, Denver, Col.
- Adams, William.*** Co. F; born Maine; age 44; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 5, '61; discharged Oct. 5, '62, Beaufort, S. C. Died Apr. 16, '87, Clinton, Me.
- Ahern, James.** Co. I; substitute; born Ireland; age 30; credited Washington; mustered in Dec. 29, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Allen, Benjamin F.** Co. E; born Lowell, Mass.; age 18; credited Kingston; mustered in Dec. 23, '63; wounded May 22, '64, near Bermuda Hundred, Va.; wounded and taken prisoner Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va. Died Nov. 21, '64, Salisbury, N. C.
- Allen, Charles H.*** Co. E; born Dedham, Mass.; age 19; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 19, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64; served in Co. C, 1 N. H. Died June 8, '99, Billerica, Mass.
- Allen, David G.** Co. D; born Gilmanston; age 32; resident Gilmanston, credited Farmington; mustered in Dec. 18, '63; wounded May 22, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va., and Jan. 15, '65, Ft. Fisher, N. C.; discharged July 8, '65, Concord. Died Jan. 2, '88, Gilmanston.
- Allen, Francis A.**** Co. E; born Peterborough; age 26; residence Manchester; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; reënlisted Feb. 15, '64; wounded May 22, '64, near Bermuda Hundred, Va.; discharged Oct. 24, '64, Philadelphia, Pa. Died Aug. 19, '89, Portsmouth.
- Allen, James M.*** Co. G; born Amesbury, Mass.; age 23; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 6, '61. Died Nov. 25, '61, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Ambrister, Jacob.*** Co. B; age 37; resident Portsmouth; enlisted Aug. 1, '61. Did not go to war with 4 Regt. Died June 1, '62, Portsmouth.
- Ammond, Lapoet.** Co. H; substitute; born France; age 23; credited New Ipswich; mustered in Oct. 14, '63; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; deserted May 25, '64.
- Anderson, James.** Co. B; substitute; born Ireland; age 23; credited Manchester; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; to U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; discharged Oct. 3, '64.
- Anderson, Joseph.** Co. K; born Manchester, Eng.; age 29; credited Derry; mustered in Dec. 26, '63; deserted May 6, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.
- Anderson, Peter.** Co. K; substitute; born Sweden; age 23; credited Milan; mustered in Apr. 6, '65; deserted June 10, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.
- Andrews, John.** Co. B; substitute; born Nova Scotia; age 21; credited Haverhill; mustered in Oct. 21, '63; to U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; discharged Aug. 26, '64.
- Annis, Charles S.** Co. I; born Benton; age 25; residence and credited to Woodstock; drafted and mustered in May 18, '64. Died June 7, '65, Alexandria, Va.

- Annis, Zebina N.**** Co. G; born Littleton; age 23; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 2, '61, as Sergt.; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; wounded June 4, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. 1 Maine Vols., 3 months. Resides in Tilton.
- Appleyard, Joseph.*** Co. D; born Elland, York County, Eng.; age 25; resident Holderness; enlisted Aug. 12, '61; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.; killed Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va. Awarded "Gilmore Medal" by Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, for gallant and meritorious conduct during operations before Charleston, S. C.
- Armstrong, James.** Co. E; substitute; mustered in Jan. 7, '65; deserted Mar. 18, '65, Wilmington, N. C. No good.
- Ash, Moses.**** Co. D; born Hill; age 29; resident New Hampton; enlisted Aug. 14, '61; reenlisted Feb. 14, '64; credited Bristol. Died, wounds, Nov. 14, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va.
- Aspinwall, Jacob E. W.**** Co. A; born Somersworth; age 19; resident Somersworth; enlisted Sept. 12, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; credited Dover; appointed Prin. Musc. Nov. 20, '64; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Died Feb. 5, '09, Townsend, Mass.
- Atkinson, Thomas.** Co. C; substitute; born Scotland; age 19; credited Sanbornton; mustered in Dec. 20, '64; deserted Apr. 26, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.
- Atwaters, Elias.** Co. F; substitute; credited Campton; mustered in Dec. 24, '64; deserted June 4, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.
- Atwood, Albert.**** Co. K; born New Hampshire; age 35; resident Londonderry; enlisted Aug. 23, '61; reenlisted Feb. 26, '64; killed June 30, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Atwood, Sylvester G.*** Co. D; born Sanbornton; age 18; resident New Hampton; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; to Co. B, 1 Art., U. S. A., Nov. 2, '62; reenlisted Feb. 1, '64; discharged Feb. 1, '67, Ft. Wadsworth, N. Y. Resides in Sanbornton.
- Austin, John E.**** Co. H; born Salem; age 28; resident Atkinson; enlisted Sept. 12, '61, as Corp.; appointed Sergt; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; wounded May 15, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. 1 N. H. V. Died Sept. 19, '94, Haverhill, Mass.
- Austin, William H. H.*** Co. E; born Exeter, Me.; age 19; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 21, '61; wounded Oct. 22, '62, Pocomtigo, S. C.; discharged Apr. 15, '63, Beaufort, S. C. V. R. C. Died May 10, '87, Suncook.
- Avery, Louis C.** Co. I; substitute; born Alton; age 18; credited Concord; mustered in May 18, '64; discharged Aug. 9, '65, Washington, D. C. Resides Bartlett, Neb.
- Ayer, Charles W.*** Co. F; born Gilmanton; age 21; resident Somersworth; enlisted Sept. 8, '61; discharged Sept. 21, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va. Died Oct. 2, '05, Concord.
- Ayers, Thomas.** Co. B; substitute; credited Canaan; mustered in Oct. 21, '63; to U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; deserted July 6, '64.

6 *Fourth Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers.*

- Babb, Stephen E.**** Co. A; born Sebago, Me.; age 29; resident Rochester; enlisted Sept. 10, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; credited Dover; wounded June 7, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; transferred to Co. D, 16 V. R. C., Jan. 24, '65; discharged Sept. 9, '65, Pittsburg, Pa. Died Sept. 14, '71, Natick, Mass.
- Bachelder, Jenvin T.*** Co. H; born and resident Allenstown; age 21; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; to Co. B, 1 Art., U. S. A., Jan. 21, '63; discharged Sept. 15, '64, Pt. of Rocks, Md. Died Oct. 9, '89, Haverhill, Mass.
- Badger, William.*** Co. D; born Gilmanton; age 35; resident Sanbornton; appointed Capt. Sept. 20, '61; discharged June 4, 1864. Capt. Regular Army after war. Died May 12, '97, Boston, Mass.
- Bagley, Jonathan J.*** Co. K; born Haverhill; age 23; resident Salisbury; enlisted July 27, '61; killed July 5, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Bagley, Jonathan R.*** Co. K; born Sanbornton; age 41; resident Manchester; appointed Capt. Sept. 20, '61; resigned Jan. 13, '62. Died July 17, '00, Derry.
- Bailey, George.** Co. D; born Greenville; age 24; credited Wilton; enlisted Aug. 12, '62; mustered in Aug. 21, '62. Died Sept. 8, '63, Morris Isl., S. C.
- Bailey, Joseph W.*** Co. K; born Canada; age 42; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 15, '61. Died Aug. 4, '62, Beaufort, S. C.
- Bailey, Rufus.*** Co. E; born Salem; age 41; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; appointed Corp. Sept. 30, '62; discharged Sept. 27, '64. Died Jan. 10, '66, Sutton.
- Baker, John H.** Co. E; born Cambridge, Mass.; age 20; credited Manchester; drafted and mustered in Oct. 6, '63; appointed Sergt.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Jan. 1, '99, Chicago, Ill.
- Baker, Robert B.*** Co. E; born Merrimack; age 25; resident Allentown; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; discharged June 1, '64, Beaufort, S. C. Resides Pepperell, Mass.
- Baker, William.** Co. H; substitute; born Monroe County, N. Y.; age 21; resident New York City, credited Gilford; mustered in Sept. 9, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Aug. 7, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Baker, William D.*** Co. C; born Lisbon; age 22; resident Hooksett; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; discharged July 20, '63, Beaufort, S. C. Died Mar. 23, '88, Lynn, Mass.
- Balch, John, Jr.**** Co. C; born Johnson, Vt.; age 24; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; wounded June 7, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Died Mar. 28, '69, Nashua.
- Ball, Michael.**** Co. F; born Ireland; age 21; resident Somersworth; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; deserted June 12, '64, Concord. Died Aug. 11, 1889, Somersworth.
- Ballou, Wayland.**** Co. H; born Bristol; age 18; resident Hill; enlisted Sept. 12, '61; reenlisted Feb. 18, '64; wounded July 13, '64; appointed Sergt.; discharged Feb. 28, '65, to accept promotion. U. S. C. T. Died July 4, '83, Bristol.

- Ballou, Weston.*** Co. H; born Bristol; age 18; resident Hill; enlisted Sept. 10, '61; wounded July 13, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Resides Danville, Ill.
- Bantist, John.** Co. I; substitute; mustered in Dec. 27, '64; deserted Apr. 4, '65, Burgaw, N. C. No good.
- Barker, John W.*** Co. K; born and resident Londonderry; age 39; enlisted Aug. 23, '61; killed July 28, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Barker, William S.**** Co. K; born Andover, Mass.; age 31; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 12, '61, as Sergt.; 1 Sergt. May 1, '62; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; credited Londonderry; appointed 1 Lt. Nov. 9, '64; Capt. Co. E, Feb. 17, '65; discharged May 30, '65. Died Feb. 8, '08, Londonderry.
- Barney, Alanson W.**** Co. C; born Grafton; age 27; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 12, '61, as Musc.; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; credited Thornton; killed May 15, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
- Barney, Samuel.** Co. G; substitute; born Canada; age 20; credited Milan; mustered in Mar. 29, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Bartlett, Charles H.*** Co. H; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 18, '61. Died Oct. 5, '62, Beaufort, S. C.
- Bartlett, John.**** Co. K; born and resident Goffstown; age 28; enlisted Sept. 12, '61; appointed Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; appointed Sergt.; wounded Jan. 15, '65, Ft. Fisher, N. C.; discharged June 12, '65, Manchester. Resides in Manchester.
- Barton, Charles W.** Co. D; substitute; born New York; age 24; credited Bethlehem; mustered in Oct. 20, '63; reported Aug. 23, '65, as absent on detachment service from June 27, '64.
- Baslow, Simon.** Co. B; born Canada; age 22; resident Lebanon; enlisted Feb. 13, '62; mustered in Feb. 20, '62. Died Feb. 17, '64, Morris Isl., S. C.
- Bassett, Jay P.** Co. H; born and resident Pittsfield, credited New Castle; age 18; mustered in Dec. 24, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died March 6, 1904, Haverhill, Mass.
- Batchelder, Charles L.*** Co. K; born Concord; age 28; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 12, '61; 7 N. H. V. Did not go to war with 4 N. H. Died Mar. 24, '66, Manchester.
- Batchelder, Charles T.*** Co. E; born Deerfield; age 18; resident Pittsfield; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; discharged Dec. 5, '61, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Mar. 27, '62, Pittsfield.
- Bateman, Richard W.**** Co. G; born and resident Dover; age 18; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; reenlisted Feb. 19, '64; credited Dover; wounded May 20, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died, wounds, June 26, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va.
- Batho, George.** Co. B; substitute; born Sussex, Eng.; age 24; resident Montreal, Can., credited Campton; mustered in Oct. 15, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Mar. 28, '93, Hampton, Va.
- Bauer, Henry C.** Co. F; substitute; born Germany; age 29; resident New York City, credited Weare; mustered in Sept. 2, '63; reported Aug. 23, '65, as absent on detached service since Sept. 20, '64.

8 *Fourth Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers.*

- Beamis, John W.**** Co. I; born and resident Haverhill; age 18; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; appointed Corp.; 1 Sergt.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died March 26, '98, Haverhill.
- Bean, David S.*** Co. A; born Newport, Me.; age 21; resident Rochester; enlisted Sept. 6, '61. Died Jan. 23, '62, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Bean, George W.** Co. E; substitute; born Glover, Vt.; age 22; resident Charleston, Vt., credited Hanover; mustered in Oct. 19, '63; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged May 16, '65, Manchester. Resides Wheelock, Vt.
- Bean, Henry F.*** Co. A; born Old Town, Me.; age 27; resident Rochester; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Sept. 4, '06, Corinna, Me.
- Bean, Levi.**** Co. A; born Dover; age 18; resident Dover; enlisted Sept. 13, '61; wounded Oct. 22, '62, Pocotaligo, S. C.; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; appointed Corp.; wounded Jan. 15, '65, Ft. Fisher, N. C.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Beard, George F.** Co. F; born Hillsborough; age 20; credited Goffstown; mustered in Mar. 16, '65 for 1 year; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Beckley, Charles C.** Born Weathersfield, Vt.; age 34; resident and credited Plainfield; appointed 1 Asst. Surg. Oct. 1, '63; mustered in Dec. 11, '63; resigned Mar. 26, '64. Died Feb. 18, '86, Plainfield.
- Beede, Charles.** Co. G; born Barre, Vt.; age 18; mustered in July 14, '63. Died Mar. 14, '65, Wilmington, N. C.
- Beede, David.*** Co. G; born Corinth, Vt.; age 43; resident Candia; enlisted Aug. 30, '61; discharged Feb. 27, '63, Beaufort, S. C. Died Apr. 5, '81, Togus, Me.
- Beede, William.**** Co. G; born Vermont; age 18; resident Candia; enlisted Aug. 30, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; credited Manchester; appointed Corp.; wounded June 30, '64, near Petersburg, Va. Died Jan. 30, '65, Salisbury, N. C.
- Behm, George.** Co. E; substitute; born Germany; age 31; credited Merrimack; mustered in Oct. 14, '63; missing May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; returned; discharged Aug. 13, '65. Died Aug. 19, '03, Winchester, Ky.
- Belfeur, Joseph.** Co. D; substitute; born Canada; age 31; credited Woodstock; mustered in Jan. 7, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Bell, Louis.**** Born Chester; age 24; resident Farmington; appointed Lt.-Col. Sept. 3, '61; appointed Col. May 16, '62; wounded Oct. 22, '62, Pocotaligo, S. C.; wounded mortally Jan. 15, '65, and died Jan. 16, '65, Ft. Fisher, N. C. Capt. Co. A, 1 N. H.
- Bell, William B.** Co. H; born and resident New Castle; age 19; credited Gosport; mustered in Dec. 24, '63; to U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; discharged July 15, '65. Resides Haverhill, Mass.
- Beman, Alfred H.*** Co. B; born Malone, N. Y.; age 27; resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 20, '61; discharged disabled Aug. 5, '62, Beaufort, S. C. V. R. C. Died June 24, '81, Nashua.

- Benar, Alexander.** Co. I; substitute; born Quebec, Can.; age 21; credited Gilford; mustered in Sept. 9, '63; wounded May 20, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Bennett, John F.** Co. K; born New York; age 19; resident Middletown, N. Y., credited Hampstead; mustered in Dec. 26, '63; reported as "absent, sick, at Middletown, N. Y., since March, '65."
- Bennett, Thomas D.*** Co. C; born Brookline; age 30; resident Brookline; enlisted Aug. 24, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Resides Townsend, Mass.
- Bentley, Francis B., alias** Charles Stevens. Co. F; substitute; born England; age 32; credited Northfield; mustered in Aug. 20, '63; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Died Dec. 14, '94, St. Charles, Mich.
- Berg, John A.** Co. K; substitute; born Stockholm, Sweden; age 20; credited Campton; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Milwaukee, Wis.
- Berry, Albert C.**** Co. B; born Greenland; age 21; resident Portsmouth; enlisted Aug. 8, '61; appointed Sergt.; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; captured May 20, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; paroled Nov. 24, '64; appointed 1 Sergt. Mar. 1, '65; discharged July 28, '65, Raleigh, N. C. Died July 14, '73, Bridgeport, Conn. Burned to death.
- Bickford, George E.** Co. B; born Dover; age 15; resident Somersworth; enlisted Feb. 7, '62; mustered in Feb. 28, '62, as Musc.; discharged Oct. 18, '62, Beaufort, S. C. V. R. C. Died Oct. 26, '10, Hanson, Mass.
- Bickford, Horatio N.**** Co. E; born Littleton; age 43; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; captured Apr. 9, '65, Washington Station, N. C.; released Apr. 29, '65; discharged June 5, '65, Concord. Died June 14, '05, Manchester.
- Bidwell, Henry E.** Co. K; substitute; born Hartford, Conn.; age 23; credited New Ipswich; mustered in Oct. 14, '63; captured Apr. 9, '65, Washington Station, N. C.; released Apr. 30, '65; discharged June 5, '65.
- Billings, Liberty.** Born Saco, Me.; age 39; resident Concord; mustered in July 29, '62, as Chaplain; discharged Nov. 4, '62, to accept promotion. Died Oct. 12, '77, Fernandina, Fla.
- Billings, Walter R.**** Co. D; born New Hampshire; age 19; resident Wilton; enlisted Aug. 6, '61; reenlisted Feb. 17, '64; appointed Corp. July 15, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Killed by a bear Nov. 8, '95, Lowell, Mass.
- Billings, Warren.*** Co. B; born Canton, Mass.; age 34; resident Somersworth; enlisted Sept. 6, '61, as Corp.; appointed Sergt.; discharged July 5, '63, Concord. 2 N. H. V. and V. R. C. Died March 7, '87, Dover.
- Bishop, Martin.** Co. B; substitute; born Ireland; age 32; credited Campton; mustered in Oct. 21, '63; to U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; discharged Oct. 15, '64.
- Bixby, George S.**** Co. H; born Manchester; age 20; resident Epsom; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; appointed Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; captured Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; released Feb. 28, '65; appointed Sergt. Mar. 1, '65; discharged July 11, '65. Resides Epsom.

10 *Fourth Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers.*

- Black, Louis.** Co. D; substitute; born Belgium; age 32; credited Colebrook; mustered in Jan. 5, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Blackey, Elisha G.*** Co. D; born Tamworth; age 27; resident Centre Harbor; enlisted Aug. 6, '61; discharged Jan. 29, '63, Beaufort, S. C. Died Dec. 9, '63, Moultonborough.
- Blackman, Joel.** Co. K; born Gilmanton; age 52; resident and credited Grafton; enlisted Sept. 15, '62; mustered in Sept. 16, '62; discharged Oct. 26, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. Died June 22, '61, Swanzy.
- Blair, John.** Co. G; born Ireland; age 33; credited Lebanon; mustered in Nov. 21, '63; to U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; last appears on said ship's roll June 30, '64, with remark, "Never returned from picket duty."
- Blaisdell, Jerome.*** Co. G; born Swanton, Vt.; age 21; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 22, '61, as Corp.; discharged Aug. 8, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. 1 N. H. V. Died Aug. 16, '64.
- Blake, Rufus.*** Co. K; born Alexandria; age 36; resident Franklin; enlisted Aug. 6, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died May 28, '84, Holderness.
- Bodwell, Christopher A.**** Co. H; born Lawrence, Mass.; age 25; resident Salem; enlisted Aug. 19, '61; appointed Corp.; reënlisted Jan. 1, '64; killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. 1 N. H. V.
- Bodwell, William J.**** Co. H; born Lawrence, Mass.; age 25; resident Salem; enlisted Aug. 30, '61; reënlisted Feb. 26, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Hallowell, Me.
- Boely, Eben S.** Co. B; born Stratham; age 30; credited Farmington; mustered in Dec. 23, '63; captured Apr. 9, '65, Washington Station, N. C.; released Apr. 29, '65; discharged May 31, '65. Died Feb. 10, '85, N. H.
- Bohanon, Moses.** Co. I; born Danbury; age 44; credited Cornish; enlisted Aug. 23, '64; mustered in Aug. 23, '64; discharged June 22, '65. Died Nov. 7, '84, Pepperell, Mass.
- Bolo, Andrew J.*** Co. A; born Dover; age 18; resident Dover; enlisted Sept. 14, '61; wounded May 15, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; June 7, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died July 24, '66, Haverhill, Mass.
- Bonner, William.*** Co. F; born Philadelphia, Pa.; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 29, '61; discharged Jan. 19, '62. Co. H. 2 N. H. V. Dead.
- Borman, Charles M.** Co. D; born Winchendon, Mass.; age 42; credited Wilton; enlisted Aug. 14, '62; mustered in Aug. 22, '62; discharged Sept. 25, '65, Concord.
- Bowers, August.** Co. H; substitute; born Saxony, Ger.; age 30; resident Troy, N. Y., credited Gilmanton; mustered in Sept. 9, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Dec. 1, '64, Petersburg, Va.
- Boyce, Jonathan.**** Co. G; born Londonderry; age 37; resident Goffstown; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; reënlisted Feb. 15, '64; killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.

- Boyden, George W.*** Co. H; born Grafton, Mass.; age 20; resident Hillsborough; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; 69 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Dec. 10, '63; discharged Sept. 20, '64, Washington, D. C. Resides Hillsborough.
- Boyle, Cornelius.*** Co. I; born Ireland; age 38; resident Plymouth; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; discharged Apr. 24, '63, Beaufort, S. C. Died Feb. 28, '91, Campton.
- Boyle, James L.**** Co. A; born Rochester; age 19; resident Rochester; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; wounded Oct. 22, '62, Pocotaligo, S. C.; reënlisted Feb. 15, '64; credited Dover; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides No. Berwick, Me.
- Boynton, George F.*** Co. D; born Gilford; age 36; resident Centre Harbor; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; captured Nov. 3, '61; paroled June 2, '62; discharged Dec. 7, '62, Washington, D. C.
- Brackett, Charles J.**** Co. F; born Maine; age 23; resident Turner, Me.; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; reënlisted Feb. 28, '64; credited Manchester; wounded Jan. 15, '65 Ft. Fisher, N. C.; captured Apr. 9, '65, Washington Station, N. C.; released Apr. 29, '65; discharged June 5, '65, Concord. Died Dec. 18, '95, So. Boston, Mass. Correct name George W. Fargo.
- Brckett, Charles R.**** Co. B; born and resident Somersworth; age 18; enlisted Sept. 3, '61, as Musc.; reënlisted Feb. 16, '64; credited Nashua; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Rochester.
- Bradley, John.** Co. I; substitute; born England; age 22; credited Orford; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Brannon, William.*** Co. H; born Ireland; age 40; resident Boscawen (Fisherville, now Penacook); enlisted Aug. 28, '61; reënlisted Feb. 16, '64; wounded July 22, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Oct. 19, '73, Orange, Mass.
- Brenan, John.** Co. D; substitute; born Ireland; age 22; credited Franklin; mustered in Jan. 4, '65; discharged Aug. 23, '65.
- Breniken, William.** Co. D; substitute; born Germany; age 27; credited Enfield; mustered in October 20, '63; deserted June 3, '64, White House, Va.
- Brennan, Peter.** Co. C; substitute; born Nova Scotia; age 23; credited Keene; mustered in Dec. 10, '64; discharged Aug. 23, '65.
- Bresnahan, John.**** Co. H; born Ireland; age 18; resident Concord; enlisted Aug. 29, '61; reënlisted Feb. 20, '64; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.; appointed Sergt. Mar. 1, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Sept. 4, '96.
- Bresnahan, Michael.**** Co. G; born Derry, Ire.; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 16, '61; to I. C., July 1, '63; reënlisted Apr. 14, '64; appointed Corp. Sept. 18, '64; discharged Feb. 25, '65. Died Sept. 5, '84, Manchester.
- Brewster, John W.*** Co. B; born and resident Portsmouth; age 39; enlisted Sept. 13, '61, as Corp.; appointed Sergt.; wounded October 22, '62, Pocotaligo, S. C.; appointed 2 Lt. Dec. 1, '62; wounded May 20, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged Sept. 14, '64. Died Sept. 27, '72, Portsmouth.
- Brewster, Marquis J.*** Co. I; born Unity; age 31; resident Hampstead; enlisted Aug. 12, '61; deserted July 12, '62, St. Augustine, Fla.

12 *Fourth Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers.*

- Briar, Louis.** Co. A; substitute; age 21; resident Island Pond, Vt.; credited Haverhill; mustered in October 23, '63; wounded and captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died June 7, '64, in Libby prison, Richmond, Va.
- Brierly, Daniel.** Co. D; substitute; born England; age 32; credited Danbury; mustered in Oct. 20, '63; discharged Nov. 25, '65.
- Brigham, Charles P.*** Co. H; born Charlestown, Mass.; age 29; resident Sandwich; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died May 26, '96, McCool Junction, Neb.
- Brigham, Ephraim T.** Co. I; born Exeter; age 23; credited Manchester; mustered in Feb. 14, '63; deserted Apr. 12, '64, Concord. Died Feb. 16, '94, Key West, Fla.
- Brigham, Frank.**** Co. H; born Derby, Vt.; age 18; resident Goffstown; enlisted Aug. 22, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; wounded June 30, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; appointed Sergt.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Exeter.
- Broderick, Michael.*** Co. G; born Ireland; age 28; mustered in Sept. 18, '61. Did not go to war with 4 N. H.
- Broderick, Patrick.**** Co. G; born Ireland; age 19; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 12, '61; reenlisted Feb. 17, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died July 21, '87, Augusta, Me.
- Bronson, Louis.** Co. D; born Canada; age 21; credited Concord; mustered in Aug. 5, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Brooks, George.** Co. F; substitute; born Massachusetts; age 27; credited Hanover; mustered in Oct. 17, '63; to U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; deserted June 30, '65.
- Brooks, William H.**** Co. G; born Kilkenny, Ire.; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 29, '61; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; wounded July 25, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; captured Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va. Died Nov. 14, '64, Salisbury, N. C.
- Broomhead, Erastus, alias George Green.** Co. C; age 21; credited Farmington; mustered in Dec. 23, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; paroled Apr. 28, '65, Jacksonville, Fla.
- Brown, Alexander.*** Co. E; born Ireland; age 25; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 23, '61; sentenced Sept. 15, '63, by general court martial to be confined at hard labor, and to forfeit \$10 per month of monthly pay for balance of term of service, for disobedience of orders and conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline. Died March 26, '98, Pawtucket, R. I.
- Brown, Amos W.**** Co. G; born and resident Auburn; age 22; enlisted Sept. 16, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; credited Manchester; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Jan. 26, '79, Chester. 1 N. H. V.
- Brown, Charles.*** Co. C; born Halifax, N. S.; age 23; enlisted Aug. 28, '61, as Corp. Died Sept. 25, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. 1 N. H. V.
- Brown, Charles A.**** Co. F; born Berwick, Me.; age 19; resident Somersworth; enlisted July 25, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; captured Apr. 9, '65, Washington Station, N. C.; released Apr. 29, '65; discharged June 14, '65, Concord. Died Apr. 16, '05, Berwick, Me.

- Brown, Charles L.*** Born Chester; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 9, '61, as Sergt.-Maj.; appointed 2 Lt. Co. I, Mar. 22, '62. Died June 3, '63, Folly Isl., S. C. 1 N. H. V.
- Brown, Edwin S.**** Co. H; born Deerfield; age 30; resident Kingston; reënlisted; captured Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va. Died Feb 19, '65, Salisbury, N. C.
- Brown, Franklin A.*** Co. I; born Lowell, Mass.; age 20; resident Chester; enlisted Aug. 15, '61, as Corp.; discharged July 6, '62, St. Augustine, Fla. Resides Raymond.
- Brown, George.** Co. I; born New York; age 20; credited Farmington; mustered in Dec. 22, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Brown, George B.*** Co. F; born Wells, Me.; age 41; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 12, '61. Did not go to war with 4 N. H.
- Brown, George F.**** Co. D; born Moultonborough; age 17; resident Laconia; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; reënlisted Feb. 17, '64; killed Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.
- Brown, George P.**** Co. C; born Temple; age 22; credited Brookline; enlisted Aug. 29, '61; reënlisted; appointed Wagoner; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Feb. 7, '96, Townsend, Mass.
- Brown, James.*** Co. A; born Barrington; age 23; resident Barrington; enlisted Sept. 7, '61. Died Jan. 27, '62, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Brown, James.** Co. B; substitute; born Canada; age 28; credited Manchester; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; deserted June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.
- Brown, Jeremiah, Jr.*** Co. B; born North Hampton; age 44; resident North Hampton; enlisted Aug. 29, '61; discharged Feb. 11, '62, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Brown, John.** Co. D; substitute; age 25; credited Henniker; mustered in Jan. 4, '65; deserted June 12, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.
- Brown, John.** Co. K; substitute; age 28; credited Marlow; mustered in Jan. 14, '65; deserted Apr. 16, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.
- Brown, John L.*** Co. A; born Wilmot; age 30; resident Farmington; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Aug. 31, '08, Farmington.
- Brown, John W.** Co. I; substitute; age 22; credited Portsmouth; mustered in Dec. 29, '64; deserted Apr. 4, '65, Burgaw, N. C. No good.
- Brown, Joseph.** Co. K; substitute; age 22; credited Milan; mustered in Apr. 1, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Brown, Joseph F.*** Co. A; born Acton, Me.; age 18; resident Rochester; enlisted Sept. 11, '61; discharged Jan. 9, '62; Hilton Head, S. C. Died April 8, '82.
- Brown, Nathaniel H.*** Co. I; born Derry; age 27; resident Derry; appointed Capt. Sept. 20, '61; resigned Oct. 6, '62. 1 N. H. Cav. Died May 11, '09, Derry.

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- Brown, Noah S.**** Co. F; born Somersworth; age 18; resident Somersworth; enlisted Sept. 6, '61; reenlisted Feb. 18, '64; captured Apr. 9, '65, Washington Station, N. C.; released Apr. 29, '65; discharged June 12, '65, Concord. Died Nov. 20, '94, Somersworth.
- Brown, Orrin.*** Co. F; born Atkinson, Me.; age 28; resident Somersworth; appointed Capt. Sept. 20, '61; cashiered Jan. 24, '62. Died Apr. 7, '10, East Corinth, Me.
- Brown, Thomas J.*** Co. A; born Wilmot; age 35; resident Farmington; enlisted Aug. 31, '61. Died Dec. 13, '61, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Brown, Walter G.*** Co. I; born Lowell, Mass.; age 24; resident Hampstead; enlisted Aug. 17, '61, as Sergt.; appointed 1 Sergt. Died Sept. 16, '63, Morris Isl., S. C.
- Brown, William.** Co. I; substitute; born England; age 27; credited Washington; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Bryant, Elias A.*** Co. C; born Washington; age 21; resident Frankestown; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; appointed Prin. Musc. Nov. 1, '63; wounded severely July 30, '64, mine explosion, Virginia; discharged Oct. 10, '64. Resides Loon Island, Lake Winnepesaukee, summers; Daytona, Fla., winters. Wounded, lost leg July 30, '64.
- Bryer, Clarence L.**** Co. I; born Groton; age 18; resident Groton; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; appointed Corp.; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Resides Newark, Vt.
- Bryer, John A.** Co. I; born Lake Village; age 18; credited Groton; mustered in Mar. 30, '64; appointed Corp.; discharged July 1, '65, David's Isl., N. Y. H. Resides Antrim.
- Buckham, John D.*** Co. K; born Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Eng.; age 40; resident Litchfield; enlisted Aug. 8, '61; appointed Corp. Jan. 3, '62; Sergt. Feb. 1, '62; wounded June 10, '62, James Isl., S. C.; discharged Oct. 15, '62, Beaufort, S. C. Died Apr. 22, '96, Hudson.
- Buckley, Henry.** Co. B; born Canada; age 21; credited Alstead; mustered in Dec. 3, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; released Feb. 26, '65; appointed Corp. Mar. 1, '65; discharged July 28, '65, Raleigh, N. C.
- Buckman, Augustus H., alias James H. Ham.** Co. A; born Salem, Mass.; age 23; residence Dover; enlisted Jan. 5, '62; mustered in Feb. 28, '62; reenlisted and mustered in Feb. 16, '64; deserted Oct. 12, '64. Died May 29, '95, Dover; suicide.
- Bumford, Solomon C.**** Co. H; born Alexandria; age 36; resident Hillsborough; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; captured Mar. 24, '62, Jacksonville, Fla.; paroled Oct. 19, '62; exchanged; reenlisted Jan. 1, '64; appointed Corp. Mar. 1, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died June 26, '71, Bradford.
- Bunten, Alonzo.*** Band; born Dunbarton; age 22; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 3, '61, as 2 Class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Died April 5, '93, Chelsea, Mass.

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- Burdick, Norman.*** Co. C, born Middletown, Vt.; age 26; resident Milford; enlisted Aug. 19, '61; appointed 2 Lt. Co. H, Jan. 17, '62; discharged Nov. 12, '62. Died May 14, '68, Albany, N. Y.
- Burge, David H.**** Co. C; born Brookline; age 21; credited Brookline; enlisted Aug. 24, '61; reenlisted Feb. 24, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Vineland, N. J.
- Burke, Thomas.** Co. C; substitute; born Ireland; age 24; credited Hampton Falls; mustered in Dec. 20, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Burke, William G.**** Co. C; born Charleston, S. C.; age 36; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; reenlisted Feb. 18, '64; credited Alton; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Died Aug. 28, '96, Alton.
- Burleigh, David O.*** Co. D; born Sandwich; age "43"; resident Laconia; appointed 2 Lt. Sept. 20, '61; appointed 1 Lt. May 1, '62; Capt. Co. I, Oct. 7, '62; discharged June 4, '64. Died Aug. 28, '05, Laconia.
- Burnham, Robert T.** Co. A; born New Durham; age 27; credited Farmington; mustered in Dec. 18, '63; captured Apr. 9, '65, Washington, N. C.; released Apr. 29, '65; discharged June 2, '65, Concord. Resides Farmington.
- Burns, James.** Co. A; substitute; age 28; credited Manchester; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; to U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; deserted Mar. 17, '65.
- Burns, John.** Co. D; substitute; born Milford, Del.; age 28; credited Laconia; mustered in Jan. 7, '65; captured and released Apr. 13, '65; discharged June 26, '65, Concord.
- Burns, John.** Co. I; substitute; born Ireland; age 25; resident Portland, Me., credited Pelham; mustered in Sept. 2, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; released Mar. 11, '65; discharged July 13, '65, Concord.
- Burns, Michael.** Co. B; born Ireland; age 30; resident New York City, credited Stoddard; mustered in Dec. 24, '63; to U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; discharged May 16, '66.
- Burns, Richard.** Co. C; substitute; age 23; credited Pelham; mustered in Dec. 21, '64; appointed Corp.; deserted July 18, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.
- Burns, Thomas J.*** Co. F; born Sherbrooke, Can.; age 31; resident Somersworth; enlisted July 27, '61, as Corp.; appointed Sergt.; wounded July 19, '64, Petersburg, Va.; discharged Sept. 27, '64. Resides Denver, Col.
- Burns, Thomas S.**** Co. E; age 20; born and resident Bedford; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; reenlisted Feb. 19, '64; credited Manchester; appointed Sergt.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Bedford.
- Burr, Frank.*** Co. G; born Burlington, Vt.; age 22; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 2, '61, as Sergt.; discharged Sept. 18, '64. 1 N. H. V. Correct name Frank Logan.
- Burrell, Robert.** Co. E; substitute; born Newport, R. I.; age 22; resident Newport, R. I., credited Lebanon; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; to U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; discharged July 4, '65.

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- Bush, Orin.** Co. H; born New Durham; age 23; credited Manchester; mustered in Nov. 27, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died July 16, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Bussell, John B.*** Co. B; born Holliston, Mass.; age 21; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 14, '61, as Corp.; appointed Sergt. May 8, '63; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Aug. 28, '66, Weirs.
- Bussius, William.** Co. H; substitute; born Germany; age 32; resident New York City, credited Gilford; mustered in Sept. 9, '63; killed Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.
- Buswell, Charles K.*** Co. D; born Sanbornton; age 27; resident Sanbornton; enlisted Sept. 14, '61; discharged Jan. 31, '62. Died Apr. 7, '02, Manchester.
- Butler, Augustus.*** Co. B; born Canada; age 25; resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; discharged Sept. 27, '64. Died Oct. 22, '71, Nashua.
- Butler, James.** Co. I; substitute; age 25; credited Portsmouth; mustered in Dec. 29, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Butler, Leonard.*** Co. B; born Burlington, Vt.; age 20; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Resides Merrimack.
- Butler, Mitchell M.*** Co. B; born Canada; age 36; resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; discharged Mar. 11, '63, Beaufort, S. C. Died Aug. 2, '96, Salem, Mass.
- Buxton, Harvey E.*** Co. E; born and resident Francestown; age 22; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; prisoner Nov. 3, '61; wounded July 19, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; discharged Sept. 27, '64. Died Mar. 21, '91, Lowell, Mass.
- Buzzell, Alvah.*** Co. F; born Parsonsfield, Me.; age 50; enlisted Aug. 24, '61, at Concord; discharged Nov. 8, '62. Died Apr. 2, '88, Southbridge, Mass.
- Buzzell, Frank A.**** Co. I; born Parsonsfield, Me.; age 24; resident Andover; enlisted Aug. 24, '61, as Corp.; appointed Sergt.; reenlisted Feb. 9, '64; wounded July 19, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; appointed 1 Sergt.; discharged Feb. 18, '65. Resides Togus, Me.
- Buzzell, John T.**** Co. E; born Allentown; age 22; resident Epsom; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; reenlisted Dec. 25, '63; discharged Aug. 13, '65, Raleigh, N. C. Died Nov. 9, '89, Epsom.
- Cahill, Francis.*** Co. G; born Weare; age 24; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 27, '61, as Corp.; discharged Mar. 11, '63. 1 N. H. V., Co. C. Died January, '00.
- Calahan, Robert.** Co. D; substitute; born Ireland; age 23; credited Colebrook; mustered in Jan. 5, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Callagan, Patrick.** Co. B; born Ireland; age 35; credited Portsmouth; mustered in Dec. 24, '63; deserted July 15, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Campbell, Robert.** Co. C; substitute; born Montreal, Can.; age 30; credited Dover; mustered in Nov. 1, '64; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.

- Cane, Michael.** Co. C; substitute; age 21; credited Cornish; mustered in Dec. 21, '64; deserted Mar. 7, '65, Wilmington, N. C. No good.
- Card, Nathaniel W.** Co. B; born Eliot, Me.; age 30; resident Dover; enlisted Jan. 13, '62; mustered in Feb. 28, '62; discharged Oct. 15, '62, Beaufort, S. C.
- Carleton, Charles A.*** Co. B; born Brooklyn, N. Y.; age 25; resident Concord; appointed 2 Lt. Sept. 20, '61; appointed 1 Lt. Jan. 17, '62; Capt. Oct. 3, '62; declined appointment as Capt.; appointed Adj. Nov. 2, '62; discharged July 18, '64, to accept promotion. 12 N. Y., 3 months, from April 19, '61. Died Apr. 1, '97, New York City.
- Carr, Alexander.*** Co. D; born Meredith; age 19; resident Laconia; enlisted Aug. 29, '61. Died July 3, '63, Folly Isl., S. C.
- Carr, Brackett L.*** Co. D; born and resident Meredith; age 26; enlisted Aug. 14, '61; discharged Dec. 5, '61, Hilton Head, S. C. Co. F, 2 N. H. V. Died of wounds July 28, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.
- Carr, George W.*** Co. I; born Windham; age 19; resident Derry; enlisted Aug. 5, '61; discharged Dec. 27, '61, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Aug. 6, '66, Manchester.
- Carr, Hamilton.** Co. C; substitute; born England; age 26; credited Salisbury; mustered in Nov. 28, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Carroll, John.** Co. I; substitute; born Ireland; age 21; credited Sanbornton; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; deserted June 10, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.
- Carter, Charles A.*** Co. A; born and resident Dover; age 18; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; to Battery B. 1 Art., U. S. A., Jan. 21, '63; reenlisted Mar. 31, '64; appointed Corp. May 1, '64; captured June 29, '64, Ream's Station, Va. Died Nov. 29, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Carter, Charles T.** Co. G; born Lowell, Mass.; age 19; credited Wilton; enlisted Aug. 9, '62; mustered in Aug. 21, '62; appointed Sergt.; discharged June 15, '65, Raleigh, N. C. Died Nov. 18, '01, Lyndeborough.
- Cash, William.** Co. E; born England; age 19; credited Raymond; mustered in Dec. 28, '63; killed Feb. 11, '64, Morris Isl., S. C.
- Cass, Albert.*** Co. K; born Allenstown; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Oct. 10, '93, Sag Harbor, N. Y.
- Cassidy, Patrick.** Co. C; substitute; mustered in Dec. 19, '64; deserted Mar. 12, '65, Wilmington, N. C. No good.
- Castles, Patrick.*** Co. E; born Ireland; age 22; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 24, '61; discharged Feb. 7, '63, Beaufort, S. C. Died Apr. 4, '00, Pembroke (Suncook).
- Chadwick, Jonathan.*** Co. A; born Berwick, Me.; age 29; resident Farmington; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; discharged Mar. 4, '63, Beaufort, S. C. Died Feb. 6, '83, Farmington.

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- Challis, Timothy W.**** Co. D; born Corinth, Vt.; age 34; resident Laconia; enlisted July 25, '61, as 1 Sergt.; appointed 2 Lt. Oct. 7, '62; 1 Lt. Co. A, July 27, '64; Adj. Nov. 9, '64; captured Apr. 8, '65, between Wilmington and Magnolia, N. C.; confined about 3 weeks; released; mustered out Aug. 23, '65; Bvt. Capt. U. S. V., to date Mar. 13, '65, for gallant and meritorious services in the capture of Ft. Harrison, Va.; Bvt. Maj. U. S. V., to date Mar. 13, '65, for gallant and meritorious services in the capture of Ft. Fisher, N. C. Died Feb. 1, '90, Manchester.
- Champagne, Joseph.** Co. C; substitute; born Canada; age 22; resident Canada, credited Haverhill; mustered in Oct. 20, '63; killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
- Chaney, Lewis.** Co. K; substitute; born Baltimore, Md.; age 27; credited Portsmouth; mustered in Jan. 7, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Chapman, Clarence L.**** Co. F; born Springvale, Me.; age 18; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 12, '61, as Corp.; appointed Sergt.; mustered in Feb. 28, '64; wounded July 19, '64, Petersburg, Va.; appointed 1 Lt. Nov. 9, '64; Capt. Feb. 17, '65; discharged May 17, '65. Resides Somersworth. 1 N. H. V.
- Chapman, Samuel.** Co. F; substitute; born England; age 22; resident Canada, credited Hanover; mustered in Oct. 19, '63. Died May 24, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.
- Chapman, Stephen C.*** Co. G; born Piermont; age 24; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 23, '61, as Sergt.; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died July 5, '98, Johnson City, Kan. 1 N. H. V.
- Chase, Alonzo.**** Co. I; born Andover; age 22; resident Andover; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; appointed Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 14, '64; wounded severely July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va. Died, wounds, Aug. 24, '64.
- Chase, George W.*** Co. I; born New London; age 30; resident Andover; enlisted Aug. 22, '61, as Corp.; discharged disabled Jan. 13, '62. Resides River Sioux, Iowa. Capt. 10 N. H.
- Cheney, Lewis H.**** Co. D; born Groton; age 18; resident Canterbury; enlisted Aug. 12, '61; appointed Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; wounded Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; appointed Sergt.; Com. Sergt. July 18, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Monte Vista, Col., March 17, '11.
- Chester, William.** Co. K; substitute; born Canada; age 20; credited Stewartstown; mustered in Jan. 21, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Chew, Charles K.*** Co. I; born Hampstead; age 25; resident Plaistow; enlisted Aug. 19, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Nov. 9, '67, Plaistow.
- Christy, John.*** Co. I; born Canada; age 27; resident Derry; enlisted Aug. 7, '61; discharged July 6, '62, St. Augustine, Fla.
- Clark, Asa.*** Co. H; born Concord; age 21; resident Concord; enlisted Aug. 22, '61; to 86 Co., 2 Batt'l. I. C., Dec. 10, '63; discharged Sept. 19, '64, Washington, D. C. Died Feb. 27, '97, Warner.
- Clark, Charles C.*** Co. D; born and resident Sanbornton; age 35; enlisted Sept. 12, '61, as Corp.; discharged Dec. 5, '61, Hilton Head, S. C. 15 N. H. V. Died Feb. 13, '97, Belmont.

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- Clark, Dennis.** Co. E; substitute; born Canada; age 20; credited Winchester; mustered in Jan. 5, '65; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Resides Ellenburg, N. Y.
- Clark, George W.**** Co. H; born Canada; age 20; resident Northfield; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; credited Canterbury; mustered in Feb. 28, '64; discharged May 11, '65, Concord. Resides Derry.
- Clark, James.** Co. K; born Compton, Can.; age 29; credited Holderness; mustered in Jan. 26, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Clark, James, 1st.** Co. I; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; deserted Apr. 13, '65. No good.
- Clark, James, 2d.** Co. I; substitute; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; deserted Mar. 17, '65, Wilmington, N. C. No good.
- Clark, Jonathan.*** Co. I; born and resident Haverhill; age 23; enlisted Sept. 3, '61, as Sergt.; discharged Jan. 29, '63, Concord. Died Oct. 29, '76, Burlington, Kan.
- Clark, Samuel.**** Co. K; born and resident Londonderry; age 25; enlisted Aug. 20, '61; reenlisted Feb. 24, '64; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; exchanged May 4, '65; discharged June 28, '65, Concord. Resides Georgetown, Mass.
- Clark, Theodore.**** Co. J; born Derry; age 17; resident Windham; enlisted Aug. 17, '61; reenlisted Jan. 1, '64; credited Salem; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Nashua.
- Clark, Walter.*** Co. E; born Scotland; age 31; resident Merrimack; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; appointed Corp. Apr. 29, '62; Sergt. Sept. 30, '62; wounded Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; discharged Sept. 27, '64. Died May 19, '74, New York City.
- Clarke, John H.*** Co. C; born and resident Milford; age 19; enlisted Aug. 24, '61; discharged Sept. 28, '62, Beaufort, S. C. Resides Roxbury, Mass.
- Clay, Charles H.**** Co. A; born Dover; age 25; resident Rochester; enlisted Sept. 10, '61; reenlisted Feb. 18, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Mar. 26, '76, Strafford.
- Clayton, George.*** Co. I; born Topsham, Vt.; age 34; resident Hampstead; enlisted Sept. 13, '61; wounded severely May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged Sept. 27, '64. Dead.
- Clayton, Robert.**** Co. K; born Manchester, Eng.; age 28; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 9, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; captured July 30, '64, mine explosion, Virginia. Died Feb. 5, '65, Danville, Va.
- Clement, William H.**** Co. F; born Rollinsford; age 33; resident Somersworth; enlisted July 27, '61, as Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged June 28, '65. Resides Rollinsford.
- Clifford, Charles.** Co. I; substitute; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; deserted June 1, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.
- Clifford, Frederick G.*** Co. B; born Lowell, Mass.; age 18; resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; wounded June 24, '64, near Petersburg, Va. Discharged Sept. 27, '64. Died Mar. 1, '91, Ethel, La.

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- Cliggott, James H.** Co. I; substitute; born Cork, Ire.; age 38; resident Philadelphia, Pa.; credited Gilmanton; mustered in September 29, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; released May 20, '65; discharged July 17, '65, Raleigh, N. C.
- Clough, Albert.** Co. D; born Vermont; age 41; resident Lewis, N. Y., credited Grafton; mustered in Dec. 26, '63; furloughed June 21, '64, from hospital, David's Isl., N. Y. H.
- Clough, Joseph M.*** Co. H; born Sunapee; age 33; resident New London; appointed Capt. Sept. 20, '61; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.; discharged Sept. 17, '64. 1 Lt. 1 N. H.; Lt.-Col. 18 N. H. Resides New London.
- Cloutman, Horatio G.**** Co. A; born New Durham; age 27; resident Farmington; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; reenlisted Feb. 24, '64; deserted Apr. 7, '64, Concord. Died July 1, '88, Farmington.
- Cobb, Willard K.**** Co. E; born and resident Pittsfield; age 18; enlisted Aug. 23, '61; appointed Corp. Sergt. Nov. 1, '63; reenlisted Jan. 30, '64; credited Manchester; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; killed Sept. 29, '64, New Market Heights, Va.
- Cochran, Albert A.*** Co. C; born New Boston; age 20; resident Milford; enlisted Aug. 19, '61; discharged Feb. 12, '63, Beaufort, S. C. Resides Alabama.
- Cochran, David H.** Co. C; born and credited Brookline; age 32; mustered in Nov. 25, '63, as Musc.; discharged Aug. 23, '65, Raleigh, N. C. Died Mar. 15, '00, Hyde Park, Mass.
- Cochran, Jeremiah.*** Co. B; age 37; enlisted Sept. 14, '61, at Manchester; discharged Apr. 22, '63, Beaufort, S. C., by reason of having lost left arm by accidental discharge of musket. Dead, date unknown.
- Coffin, Samuel F.*** Co. K; born Gilead, Me.; age 40; resident Hudson; enlisted Sept. 2, '61, as Musc.; discharged Feb. 17, '63, Beaufort, S. C. Died Turner, Me.
- Coffin, William H.** Co. F; born Maine; age 25; resident Freeport, Me., credited Wentworth; mustered in Dec. 26, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Jan. 31, '07, Freeport, Me.
- Cofran, Charles C.*** Co. D; born and resident Northfield; age 20; enlisted Aug. 14, '61, as Corp.; drowned St. Augustine, Fla., June 13, '62.
- Colbath, Jeremiah H.**** Co. A; born New Durham; age 18; resident Alton; enlisted Sept. 14, '61; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; credited Dover; wounded May 15, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Died Nov. 24, '95, Farmington.
- Colbath, Lafayette.*** Co. A; born Middleton; age 32; resident Milton; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died April 5, '95, Dover.
- Colbath, Lionel B.*** Co. A; born and resident Farmington; age 30; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; deserted June 10, '62, Annapolis, Md. 10 N. H. V. Died June 24, '09, Laconia.
- Colbert, Patrick.** Co. K; born Ireland; age 18; resident Boston, Mass., credited Derry; mustered in Dec. 26, '63; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.

- Colburn, Amos L.**** Co. I; born Dracut, Mass.; age 29; resident Concord; enlisted Aug. 20, '61, as 1 Sergt.; appointed 2 Lt. Co. F, May 17, '62; 1 Lt. Dec. 1, '63; wounded Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; appointed Capt. Nov. 9, '64; declined; discharged Nov. 1, '64, as 1 Lt. 1 N. H. V. Resides Concord.
- Colburn, Irvin.*** Co. C; born and resident Brookline; age 37; enlisted Aug. 24, '61, as Corp.; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Feb. 7, '65, Florence, S. C.
- Colby, Charles G.**** Co. K; born and resident Franklin; age 19; enlisted July 31, '61, as Musc.; reënlisted Feb. 16, '64; deserted on furlough Nov. 18, '64. Died Aug. 30, '61, Franklin.
- Colby, Isaac K.**** Co. E; born Londonderry; age 23; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; reënlisted Feb. 17, '64; credited Londonderry; killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
- Colby, Sylvanus.** Co. I; substitute; born and resident Woodstock, Vt.; age 22; credited Barnstead; mustered in Sept. 29, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Colcord, Charles E.**** Co. C; born Epping; age 23; resident South Hampton; enlisted Sept. 4, '61, as Sergt.; reënlisted Feb. 17, '64; credited Rollinsford; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died, wounds, June 26, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md. Color bearer when mortally wounded.
- Cole, Charles A.** Co. E; born Canada; age 22; credited Windham; mustered in Dec. 28, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Appleton, Wis. Correct name Charles Gosha.
- Cole, Daniel Q.*** Born Rumney; age 45; resident Concord; appointed Commissary Aug. 20, '61; to Co. I, as 1 Lt. Oct. 20, '61; resigned Oct. 24, '62. Died Apr. 2, '85, Concord.
- Cole, Jeremiah.** Co. B; born Madbury; age 42; resident Dover; enlisted Jan. 14, '62; mustered in Feb. 28, '62; discharged May 8, '63, Hilton Head, S. C. 10 N. H. V. Died July 18, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va.
- Cole, Levi W.** Co. H; born and resident New Castle; age 21; credited Gosport; mustered in Dec. 24, '63; to U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; discharged Nov. 17, '65; drowned Mar. 7, '69, George's Banks.
- Colenson, Marks.** Co. I; substitute; born Poland; age 22; credited Greenland; mustered in Jan. 2, '65; deserted Aug. 17, '65.
- Colfoss, John H.*** Co. D; born Dorchester, Mass.; age 23; resident New Hampton; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; to Battery M, 1 Art., U. S. A., Nov. 4, '62; discharged Aug. 26, '64. Died Mar. 7, '86, Sanbornton.
- Collin, James.** Co. I; substitute; mustered in Dec. 27, '64; deserted Apr. 6, '65, Magnolia, N. C. No good.
- Collins, Andrew J.*** Co. H; born and resident Kingston; age 26; enlisted Aug. 20, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Apr. 28, '65, South Kingston.
- Collins, George W.**** Co. H; born and resident Kingston; age 31; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; appointed Corp.; reënlisted Feb. 25, '64; captured Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va. Died Dec. 24, '64, Salisbury, N. C.

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- Collins, Horatio J.*** Co. E; born Deering; age 24; resident Weare; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; to Co. B, 1st Art., U. S. A., Nov. 4, '62; discharged Sept. 9, '64, Pt. of Rocks, Md. Died Aug. 21, '09, Weare.
- Collins, James.*** Co. A; born Ireland; age 37; resident Rochester; enlisted July 30, '61; discharged Feb. 17, '63, Beaufort, S. C. Died Nov. 6, '95, Rochester.
- Collins, John.** Co. E; born and resident Northfield; age 34; credited Franklin; mustered in July 26, '64; wounded Jan. 16, '65, by explosion of magazine, Ft. Fisher, N. C.; discharged June 29, '65, Smithville, N. C. Died Jan. 3, '03, Northfield.
- Collins, Thomas.** Co. I; substitute; mustered in Dec. 29, '64; deserted June 9, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.
- Colomy, James R.*** Co. H; born and resident Farmington; age 19; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; discharged Apr. 6, '64, Beaufort, S. C. Awarded "Gilmore Medal" by Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, for gallant and meritorious conduct during operations before Charleston, S. C. Died Rochester.
- Colomy, William H.**** Co. F; born Middleton; age 18; resident Farmington; enlisted Sept. 25, '61; reenlisted Feb. 25, '64; appointed Corp. Dec. 1, '64; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Resides Farmington. Brother of James R.
- Colston, Henry N.** Co. F; born Windsor, Vt.; age 38; resident Lebanon; mustered in Mar. 29, '62; discharged May 8, '63, Hilton Head, S. C. Died July 16, '79, Amherst, accidentally killed.
- Comings, David L. M.** Born Cornish; age 37; resident and credited Swanzey; appointed 2 Asst. Surg. Aug. 13, '62; mustered in Aug. 21, '62; appointed Asst. Surg. Oct. 8, '62. Died Aug. 1, '63, Swanzey.
- Comore, Andrew.**** Co. A; born St. Philip, Can.; age 25; resident Farmington; enlisted Sept. 13, '61; reenlisted Feb. 24, '64; deserted Apr. 7, '64, Concord.
- Conlon, Patrick.**** Co. H; born Ardee, Ir.; age 22; resident Salem; enlisted Aug. 19, '61; appointed Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; discharged Nov. 23, '64. 1 N. H. V.
- Conner, Martin.** Co. I; substitute; mustered in Dec. 27, '64; deserted May 3, '65. No good.
- Conner, Stephen.*** Co. B; born Hart's Location; age 18; resident Somersworth; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; discharged Sept. 27, '64. Resides Wentworth. U. S. Marine Corps.
- Connolly, Michael.**** Co. C; born Longford, Ir.; age 21; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; credited Nashua; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Sept. 12, '64, Andersonville, Ga. Awarded "Gilmore Medal" by Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, for gallant and meritorious conduct during operations before Charleston, S. C.
- Conway, Patrick.**** Co. G; born Ireland; age 19; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 19, '61; appointed Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.; discharged Aug. 23, '65, Concord. Resides West Concord.

- Cook, Charles E.**** Co. C; born New Hampshire; age 18; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; reenlisted Feb. 18, '64; appointed Corp.; captured May 20, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; paroled Dec., '64; appointed Sergt. Mar. 1, '65; Com. Sergt. June 18, '65; discharged July 17, '65, Raleigh, N. C. Resides Quincy, Ill.
- Cook, George W.** Co. C; born Tamworth; age 23; resident and credited Nashua; mustered in Aug. 14, '62; wounded Oct. 22, '62, Pocotaligo, S. C.; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died June 7, '64, Richmond, Va.
- Cook, Lewis.** Co. I; substitute; credited Barnstead; mustered in Sept. 29, '63; deserted June 1, '64, White House, Va.
- Cook, William H.** Co. C; born Madison; age 21; resident and credited Nashua; enlisted Aug. 7, '62; mustered in Aug. 14, '62; appointed Corp.; captured May 20, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; released Dec. 11, '64; appointed 2 Lt. Mar. 1, '65; not mustered; discharged June 12, '65, as Corp. Resides Pomona, Fla.
- Corey, Henry S.*** Co. D; born Landaff; age 21; resident Andover; enlisted Aug. 21, '61; discharged Oct. 19, '61, Annapolis, Md., severely injured Washington, D. C., Oct., '61. Resides Lisbon.
- Corliss, Alvin R.**** Co. I; born Salisbury; age 23; resident Boston, Mass.; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; credited Franklin; wounded June 27, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; discharged Aug. 23, '65, Concord. Died Dec. 26, '96, Dayton, Ohio, Soldiers' Home.
- Cornell, James.** Co. C; mustered in Nov. 14, '63; deserted June 3, '64, White House, Va.; apprehended; dishonorably discharged Dec. 15, '65, New York City.
- Corrigan, Owen.**** Co. E; born Ireland; age 25; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; reenlisted Feb. 21, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died May 7, '84, Lowell, Mass.
- Corson, John R.*** Co. A; born and resident Lebanon, Me.; age 20; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; appointed Corp; discharged Sept. 27, '64. Died Oct. 13, '72.
- Corson, Martin.*** Co. A; born Epping; age 28; resident Dover; enlisted Sept. 12, '61; discharged May 9, '63, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Nov. 26, '84, Milton. 1 Inf. and 1 Art., N. H. V.
- Cotton, George E.*** Co. D; born Gilford; age 21; resident Upper Gilmanton; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; captured Apr. 6, '62, near Jacksonville, Fla.; paroled Oct. 19, '62; discharged Dec. 29, '62, Washington, D. C. Died Feb. 23, '94, Laconia. 2 Co., N. H. H. Art.
- Cowan, Charles.** Co. B; born Ireland; age 24; resident Baltimore, Md., credited Portsmouth; mustered in Dec. 24, '63; appointed Sergt.; 1 Sergt. Aug. 15, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Cowell, Mark H.*** Co. F; born and resident Somersworth; age 28; enlisted Aug. 19, '61, as 1 Sergt.; discharged July 8, '62, St. Augustine, Fla. Died Sept. 17, '62, Somersworth.
- Cowen, Joseph.** Co. I; substitute; born Cleveland, Ohio; age 23; resident Troy, N. Y., credited Gilmanton; mustered in Sept. 29, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died in hands of enemy Sept. 17, '64.

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- Coyle, Patrick.** Co. I; substitute; born Ireland; age 23; credited Upper Gilmanton; mustered in Dec. 27, '64; reported on m. o. roll as absent, sick, at Ft. Monroe, Va., since May 11, '65.
- Coyne, James.** Co. I; substitute; born Ireland; age 22; credited Pelham; mustered in Dec. 29, '64; captured Apr. 1, '65, Magnolia, N. C.; released Apr. 29, '65; discharged June 2, '65, Concord.
- Cram, Henry B.*** Co. B; born Ossipee; age 20; resident Somersworth; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; appointed Corp. Apr. 17, '64; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died July 25, '74, Great Falls.
- Crandall, Ephraim.*** Co. C; born Danielsonville, Conn.; age 25; resident Mason; enlisted Aug. 31, '61. Died June 23, '63, Folly Isl., S. C.
- Craver, John.** Co. K; substitute; mustered in Apr. 8, '65; deserted June 10, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.
- Crawford, Franklin.** Co. D; born Bridgewater; age 24; credited Clarksville; drafted; mustered in Sept. 16, '63; discharged July 18, '65, Ft. Schuyler, N. Y. H. Resides Pittsburg.
- Cressy, Amos.*** Co. E; born Newbury; age 38; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; captured, wounded, May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died of wounds, June 6, '64, Richmond, Va.
- Cressy, Charles A.*** Co. E; born Newbury; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; wounded May 15, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged, wounds, Oct. 5, '64, Philadelphia, Pa. Resides Newport, Minn. Co. C, 1 N. H.
- Crooker, Charles T.*** Co. C; born Bow; age 18; resident Amherst; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; discharged Sept. 28, '62, Beaufort, S. C. Resides Nashua. Blind. 10 N. H. V.
- Crooks, Alexander.** Co. F; substitute; born Scotland; age 24; credited Hooksett; mustered in Aug. 19, '63; to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64; deserted July 22, '65.
- Crosby, Luther G.*** Co. C; born Milford; age 19; resident Peterborough; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; Battery M, 1 Art., U. S. A., Feb. 24, '63. Died Aug. 26, '63, Beaufort, S. C.
- Crosby, Thomas W.** Co. C; born Wilton; age 38; resident and credited Nashua; enlisted Aug. 13, '62; mustered in Aug. 14, '62; discharged Oct. 5, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. Died Feb. 19, '75, Nashua.
- Cross, David.*** Co. I; born Newbury; age 42; resident Andover; enlisted Aug. 22, '61; reënlisted Feb. 15, '64; credited Concord; mustered in Feb. 29, '64; killed July 6, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Crowell, Jesse C.*** Co. K; born and resident Windham; age 18; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; discharged Nov. 17, '63, Beaufort, S. C. Died April 6, '81, Derry. 1 N. H. H. Art.
- Crowley, John.** Co. C; substitute; born Ireland; age 21; credited Danbury; mustered in Oct. 20, '63; to U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; deserted Sept. 4, '64.
- Cuddy, Michael.**** Co. E; born Ireland; age 37; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; reënlisted Feb. 26, '64; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; escaped May 4, '65; discharged June 14, '65, Concord. Died Mar. 28, '98, Togus, Me., Soldiers' Home.

- Cummings, James M.*** Co. E; born Thetford, Vt.; age 21; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 21, '61; discharged Aug. 27, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. Died Apr. 26, '81, Lancaster. V. R. C.
- Currier, Albert H.** Co. C; substitute; born Massachusetts; age 20; resident Boston, Mass.; credited Canaan; mustered in Oct. 20, '63; missing Aug. 14, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; returned; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Currier, Charles M.*** Born Methuen, Mass.; age 28; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 18, '61, as Prin. Musc.; appointed 1 Lt. Co. K, Jan. 17, '62; resigned June 11, '62. Died July 4, '98. Chicago, Ill.
- Currier, Ephraim C.*** Co. K; born and resident Danville; age 27; appointed 1 Lt. Sept. 20, '61; appointed Capt. Jan. 17, '62. Died Aug. 12, '62, Beaufort, S. C.
- Curtis, Rufus.**** Co. A; born New Castle; age 33; resident Farmington; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; reenlisted Feb. 25, '64; appointed Corp. Nov. 20, '64; discharged Aug. 11, '65, New York City. Died Feb. 5, '03, Milton.
- Cushing, Almus.*** Co. G; born Goffstown; age 22; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 23, '61; discharged Jan. 12, '62. Resides Nashua.
- Cutler, Andrew B.**** Co. D; born Nashua; age 23; resident Sanbornton; enlisted July 31, '61; reenlisted Jan. 1, '64; captured Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va. Died of wounds Dec. 22, '64, Salisbury, N. C.
- Cutter, John.** Co. I; substitute; born England; age 26; credited Chesterfield; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; captured Apr. 9, '65, Burgaw Station, N. C.; released Apr. 29, '65; discharged June 5, '65, Concord.
- Dalton, Edward.*** Co. K; born Manchester, Eng.; age 30; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 2, '61. Died Dec. 4, '61, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Dame, James.*** Co. A; born and resident Rochester; age 44; enlisted Sept. 9, '61. Did not go to war with 4 N. H. Died Nov., '75, Rochester.
- Dame, John L.*** Co. E; born and resident Farmington; age 27; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; discharged Dec. 24, '61, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Feb. 13, '65. 10 N. H. V.
- Danforth, James M.** Co. I; born and credited Northfield; age 39; enlisted Aug. 27, '62; mustered in Aug. 30, '62; killed Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.
- Danforth, Stephen E.*** Co. B; born Amherst; age 19; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 5, '61. Died Nov. 21, '61, Ft. Monroe, Va.
- Darling, Granville D.*** Co. B; born Lowell, Mass.; age 22; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 8, '61; wounded June 28, '64, Petersburg, Va.; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died May 6, '02, Lowell, Mass.
- Darrell, William.** Co. K; substitute; credited Orford; mustered in Oct. 16, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; deserted May 15, '64.
- Dascomb, Charles B.** Co. D; born and credited Wilton; age 19; enlisted Aug. 12, '62; mustered in Aug. 21, '62; discharged Aug. 24, '65, Concord. Died May 19, '74, Wilton.

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- Davis, Charles F.*** Co. K; born and resident Manchester, age 23; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Dead, date unknown.
- Davis, Daniel.*** Co. F; born Newfield, Me.; age 45; resident Somersworth; enlisted Sept. 8, '61, as Corp.; appointed Sergt. Apr. 11, '62; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged Sept. 27, '64. Died Oct. 26, '93, Somersworth.
- Davis, Daniel, Jr.**** Co. H; born Sutton; age 32; resident Concord; enlisted Aug. 20, '61; reënlisted and mustered in Feb. 28, '64; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Nov. 20, '85, Concord.
- Davis, Darius O.** Co. D; born Hartford, Me.; age 30; resident Somersworth; mustered in Mar. 27, '62; discharged Apr. 16, '65. Resides Osakis, Minn.
- Davis, Francis H.*** Co. D; born Meredith; age 21; resident Laconia; enlisted July 25, '61, as Sergt.; appointed 1 Sergt.; 2 Lt. Co. I, June 4, '63; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; promoted 1 Lt. Nov. 9, '64; not mustered in; discharged Nov. 12, '64, as 2 Lt. Died May 12, '95, Laconia.
- Davis, George F.**** Co. E; born Barnstead; age 23; resident Pittsfield; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; reënlisted Feb. 20, '64; credited Manchester; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; paroled Dec. 14, '64. Died Dec. 30, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Davis, George W.*** Co. H; born and resident Hill; age 23; enlisted Aug. 31, '61. Died Dec. 13, '63, Morris Isl., S. C.
- Davis, James.** Co. C; substitute; born Portsmouth; age 34; resident Ellsworth, Me., credited Lisbon; mustered in Oct. 20, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; discharged Oct. 15, '64.
- Davis, John F.**** Co. K; born Lowell, Mass.; age 23; resident Londonderry; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; reënlisted Feb. 28, '64; credited Manchester; deserted Apr. 12, '64, Concord.
- Davis, Richard E.*** Co. H; born July 10, '38, and resident Hill; age 22; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; wounded Mar. 25, '62; discharged Oct. 18, '63. Died Dec. 6, '08, Manchester. See V. R. C.
- Davis, Richard O.** Co. F; born England; age 26; credited Lempster; mustered in Dec. 26, '63; killed June 26, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Davis, William H.*** Co. H; born Barnstead; age 21; resident Pittsfield; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; Co. D, 1 Art., U. S. A., Nov. 3, '62; discharged Sept. 8, '64, Camp Woodruff, Va. Dead.
- Day, Daniel, Jr.** Co. F; born Parsonsfield, Me.; age 44; credited Pittsburg; drafted and mustered in May 18, '64; discharged June 15, '65, Raleigh, N. C. Died '02, West Stewartstown.
- Dearborn, Abram.*** Co. B; born Northfield; age 24; resident Exeter; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; discharged Sept. 15, '62, Beaufort, S. C.
- Dearborn, Charles H.*** Co. D; born and resident Sanbornton; age 20; enlisted Sept. 14, '61. Died July 20, '63, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Dearborn, David P.**** Co. F; born Sanbornton; age 25; resident Weare; enlisted Sept. 18, '61; appointed 2 Lt. Co. G, Mar. 22, '62; appointed 2 Asst. Surg. Dec. 16, '62; Asst. Surg. May 2, '64; Surg. Nov. 9, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Apr. 2, '88, Brattleboro, Vt.

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- Dearborn, George W.*** Co. I; born Boston, Mass.; age 18; resident Haverhill, Mass.; enlisted Aug. 16, '61; Co. B, 1 Art., U. S. A., Nov. 3, '62; discharged Aug. 16, '64, near Petersburg, Va. Died Nov. 13, '99, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Dearborn, Richard.** Co. D; born, resident and credited Northfield; age 34; enlisted Aug. 21, '62; mustered in Aug. 30, '62; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged June 26, '65. Died July 16, '01, Northfield.
- Decoene, Francis.** Co. K; substitute; born Canada; age 37; credited Gorham; mustered in Mar. 31, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died July 10, '00, Washington, D. C.
- Dempsey, James.** Co. D; substitute; born Cork, Ir.; age 28; credited Wolfeborough; mustered in Jan. 7, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Lewiston, Me.
- Dennett, Joseph C.*** Co. E; born Gilmanton; age 32; residence Pittsfield; enlisted Aug. 24, '61, as Corp.; wounded Oct. 22, '62, Pocotaligo, S. C. Died Jan. 16, '64, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Dennison, John.** Co. C; substitute; born Ireland; age 30; credited Acworth; mustered in Dec. 20, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Dentney, William.** Co. C; substitute; born Ireland; age 24; credited Swanzy; mustered in Dec. 19, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Devine, James.** Co. C; substitute; born Ireland; age 21; credited Alstead; mustered in Dec. 19, '64. Died May 10, '65, Raleigh, N. C.
- Dickerman, John C.*** Co. I; born Loudon; age 18; resident Concord; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; appointed Com. Sergt. June 13, '63. Died Aug. 1, '63, Folly Isl., S. C.
- Dickett, Joseph.** Co. K; substitute; age 23; credited Marlow; mustered in Dec. 20, '64; reached 4 N. H. V. and joined Co. K, May 6, '65; deserted July 21, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.
- Dickey, James M., Jr.**** Co. E; born and resident Manchester; age 16; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; reenlisted and mustered in Feb. 28, '64; wounded Jan. 15, '65, Ft. Fisher, N. C.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Wounded three times. Resides Corinth, Miss.
- Dickey, Matthew.*** Co. K; born Chester; age 33; resident Merrimack; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Apr. 1, '76, Manchester.
- Dignam, Walter.*** Band; born England; age 34; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 3, '61, as Band Leader; mustered out Sept. 16, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Apr. 22, '91, Manchester.
- Dignam, William.*** Band; born England; age 22; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 4, '61, as 1 Class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, '62, Hilton Head, S. C.; reenlisted Mar. 28, '63; credited Ossipee; mustered in Mar. 30, '63; assigned to Co. G; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Died June 15, '95, Hampton, Va., Soldiers' Home.
- Dillon, Edward J.*** Co. G; born Roxbury, Mass.; age 23; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 18, '61; discharged Jan. 26, '63, New York City. Resides Marlborough, Mass. Now blind.
- Dillon, John.** Co. D; substitute; born Ireland; age 36; credited Goffstown; mustered in Jan. 5, '65; deserted Apr. 9, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.

- Dillon, John.** Co. K; substitute; born London, Eng.; age 21; credited Alexandria; mustered in Oct. 16, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; released May 2, '65; appointed Corp. July 1, '65; discharged Aug. 3, '65, Concord. Died Apr. 29, '99, Manchester. Correct name John J. Dillon.
- Dimick, George W.*** Co. C; born Hartford, Vt.; age 24; resident Milford; enlisted Aug. 19, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64.
- Dissmore, Thomas.*** Co. K; born and resident Londonderry; age 28; enlisted Aug. 7, '61. Died Aug. 11, '63, Morris Isl., S. C.
- Doak, John G.*** Co. B; born and resident Lynn, Mass; age 40; enlisted Aug. 7, '61; discharged Feb. 11, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Apr. 23, '92, Lynn, Mass.
- Dodge, Addison S.*** Co. C; born Wenham, Mass.; age 24; resident Francestown; enlisted Sept. 2, '61. Died Oct. 1, '63, Morris Isl., S. C.
- Dodge, Orin T.**** Co. C; born and resident Raymond; age 23; enlisted Sept. 20, '61; reënlisted Feb. 18, '64; mustered in Feb. 28, '64; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Resides Haverhill, Mass.
- Dolley, DeWitt D.**** Co. D; born Gray, Me.; age 21; resident Laconia; enlisted Aug. 5, '61; reënlisted Feb. 20, '64; credited Gilmanton; captured Apr. 9, '65, South Washington, N. C.; discharged July 21, '65, Raleigh, N. C. Died Apr. 5, '71, Laconia.
- Donnoly, Patrick.*** Co. G; born Ireland; age 28; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 29, '61; deserted May 28, '63, David's Isl., N. Y. H. Dead, date unknown.
- Donohue, Thomas.*** Co. B; born Ireland; age 37; resident Litchfield; enlisted Aug. 23, '61; discharged Feb. 11, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Jan. 12, '80, Wilton.
- Donovan, James.*** Co. G; born Ireland; age 39; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; discharged Jan. 12, '62. Dead.
- Dooley, James.*** Co. K; born Ireland; age 30; resident Londonderry; enlisted Aug. 9, '61; discharged Mar. 12, '63, Beaufort, S. C.. Died July 13, '95, Londonderry. 18 N. H. V.
- Dorr, Orrin Q.*** Co. F; born Berwick, Me.; age 20; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 1, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Feb. 5, '75, Cambridge, Mass.
- Dorr, Lorren H.*** Co. F; born Alton; age 18; resident Farmington; enlisted Aug. 15, '61. Died May 1, '62, St. Augustine, Fla.
- Douglass, Joseph.*** Co. E; born Scotland; age 39; resident Bangor, Me.; enlisted Aug. 24, '61; discharged July 6, '62, St. Augustine, Fla. Died Dec. 12, '84, National Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me.
- Dow, Gilbert F.**** Co. H; born and resident Canterbury; age 20; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; reënlisted Feb. 18, '64; captured Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va. Died Dec. 20, '64, Annapolis, Md.
- Dow, Hezekiah.*** Co. F; born and resident Atkinson; age 23; enlisted Sept. 26, '61; discharged July 8, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Resides Oakland, Cal.
- Dow, Jacob H.*** Co. H; born Claremont; age 41; resident Bristol; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; discharged Oct. 31, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. Died Apr. 20, '84, Hill.

- Dowd, Patrick.**** Co. G.; born Killarney, Ir.; age 20; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 24, '61, as Corp.; appointed Sergt.; reënlisted Feb. 16, '64; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.; appointed 2 Lt. Co. C, Mar. 1, '65; 1 Lt. June 2, '65; not mustered in; mustered out Aug. 23, '65, as 2 Lt. Resides Manchester.
- Downey, Thomas.** Co. C; substitute; born Ireland; age 23; resident Nashua, credited Hill; mustered in Oct. 20, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Apr. 26, '07, Togus, Me., Soldiers' Home. Served Co. D, 16 Mass.
- Downing, Henry J.*** Co. H; born Boston, Mass.; age 18; resident Hillsborough; enlisted Sept. 12, '61; Co. B, 1 Art., U. S. A., Nov. 1, '62; discharged Sept. 5, '64, Pt. of Rocks, Md. Resides Nichols, Iowa.
- Doyle, Patrick.**** Co. B; born Kerry, Ireland; age 18, resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; reënlisted Feb. 20, '64; wounded June 7, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Oct. 14, '85, Chelsea, Me.
- Drake, Darius A.*** Co. D; born New Hampton; age 21; resident Laconia; enlisted July 25, '61, as Sergt. Died, wounds, Aug. 22, '63, Morris Isl., S. C.
- Drew, Edgar H.*** Co. H; born Lowell, Mass.; age 14; resident Salem; enlisted Aug. 30, '61, as Musc.; discharged May 3, '62, Jacksonville, Fla. Son of Col. J. D. Drew. Died Dec. 25, '93, Danvers, Mass.
- Drew, George A.*** Co. F; born Newmarket; age 19; resident Lawrence, Mass.; enlisted Sept. 16, '61, as Sergt.; wounded Oct. 22, '62, Pocotaligo, S. C.; discharged Apr. 7, '63, to accept promotion. Resides New York City. U. S. C. T.
- Drew, Israel L.*** Co. H; born Brookfield; age 36; resident Lawrence, Mass.; appointed 1 Lt., Sept. 20, '61. Died Nov. 6, '61, Annapolis, Md. 1 N. H. V. Brother Col. J. D. Drew.
- Drew, Jeremiah D.*** Born Brookfield; age 39; resident Salem; appointed Maj. Sept. 3, '61; appointed Lt. Col. Dec. 1, '63; discharged Sept. 17, '64. 1 N. H. V. Died May 2, 1905, Lawrence, Mass.
- Dreyfuss, Samuel.*** Co. F; born Speyer, Ger.; age 26; resident Somersworth; enlisted July 26, '61; discharged Jan. 7, '63, Beaufort, S. C.
- Drummer, Charles H.*** Co. F; born Keene; age 23; resident Keene; appointed 2 Lt. Sept. 20, '61; resigned Mar. 21, '62. 1 N. H. V. and U. S. Navy. Died June 15, 1884, Keene, N. H.
- Dubiton, Louis.** Co. H; substitute; born Toulon, France; age 29; credited Gilford; mustered in Sept. 9, '63; deserted May 1, '64, Gloucester Point, Va.
- Dubois, Henry.** Co. K; substitute; credited Milan; mustered in Apr. 6, '65; deserted May 9, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.
- Duchanen, Edward.** Co. I; substitute; credited Holderness; mustered in Dec. 29, '64; deserted Apr. 4, '65, Burgaw, N. C. No good.
- Ducy, John.** Co. G; age 18; born and resident Concord; enlisted Sept. 28, '61; mustered in Oct. 31, '61; discharged Nov. 9, '62.

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- Due, Franklin.*** Co. C; born and resident Hancock; age 22; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Resides Leominster, Mass.
- Due, Sylvester.*** Co. C; born Hancock; age 28; resident Peterborough; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; discharged Feb. 14, '64, Morris Isl., S. C. Brother of Franklin Due. Accidentally killed Oct. 15, '92, Port Huron, Mich.
- Duffy, Michael.** Co. C; substitute; born Ireland; age 29; credited Grafton; mustered in Nov. 1, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Dumore, George.** Co. G; substitute; born Stanstead, Can.; age 21; resident Canada, credited Pelham; mustered in Sept. 2, '63; wounded June 5, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; discharged June 25, '64.
- Duncan, James.** Co. C; substitute; born Canada; age 19; resident Grafton; mustered in Nov. 11, '64; reported as absent on detached service, Goldsborough, N. C.
- Duncklee, Lorenzo P.*** Co. C; born Milford, Mar. 29, '39; age 22; resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Now blind and lost arm. Resides Nashua.
- Dunham, Timothy A.**** Co. I; born Boscawen; age 25; resident Hill; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; appointed Wagoner; reënlisted Feb. 18, '64; credited Canaan; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Sept. 14, '80, Newport.
- Dunn, John.** Co. I; substitute; born Ireland; age 25; credited Laconia; mustered in Dec. 27, '64; deserted July 31, '65. No good.
- Dunn, Matthew.** Co. C; substitute; born Ireland; age 22; credited Hinsdale; mustered in Dec. 19, '64; deserted July 18, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.
- Dupont, Paul.** Co. H; substitute; born Bordeaux, France; age 25; resident Montreal, Can., credited Gilford; mustered in Sept. 9, '63; deserted May 1, '64, Gloucester Point, Va. Bounty jumper.
- Duquette, Francis.** Co. H; substitute; born Montreal, Can.; age 38; credited Berlin; mustered in Mar. 10, '65; deserted July 14, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.
- Durgin, George W.*** Co. A; born and resident Dover; age 26; enlisted Aug. 29, '61, as Musc.; wounded Oct. 22, '62, Pocotaligo, S. C.; discharged Feb. 17, '63, Beaufort, S. C. Died Feb. 19, '07, Roxbury, Mass.
- Durgin, Jacob R.*** Co. H; born Poland, Me.; age 25; resident Lawrence, Mass.; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; discharged Mar. 9, '63, Beaufort, S. C.
- Dustin, Eliphalet.*** Band; born Francetown; age 36; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 7, '61, as 3 Class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Dec. 19, '86, Manchester.
- Duston, Jackson.**** Co. C; born Salem; age 25; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 19, '61; reënlisted Feb. 18, '64; discharged Aug. 23, '65, Concord. Died Jan. 25, '98, Concord. 1 N. H. V.
- Eady, Samuel.** Co. C; substitute; born Ireland; age 23; resident Waterbury, Vt., credited Enfield; mustered in Oct. 20, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Dec. 14, '64, Summerville, S. C.

- Eastman, James.** Co. G; substitute; credited Nashua; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; deserted Apr. 21, '64, Gloucester Point, Va. Bounty jumper.
- Eastman, Josiah C.*** Born Loudon; age 50; resident Hampstead; appointed Surg. Aug. 20, '61; resigned Oct. 7, '62. Died Nov. 27, '97, Hampstead.
- Eaton, John, Jr.** Co. H; born Corinna, Me.; age 23; resident Pittsfield, credited New Castle; mustered in Dec. 24, '63; appointed Corp.; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.; discharged July 20, '65, Manchester. Died Mar. 22, '97, Manchester. 2 N. H. V.
- Eddy, John D.*** Band; born Northborough, Mass.; age 38; resident New Ipswich; enlisted Sept. 24, '61, as 3 Class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Aug. 11, '66, New Ipswich.
- Edgerly, Andrew J.*** Co. E; born Oct. 8, '28, Barnstead; age 32; resident Manchester; appointed 2 Lt. Sept. 20, '61; appointed 1 Lt. Jan. 17, '62; discharged Mar. 10, '63. Died Feb. 26, '90, Medford, Mass.
- Edgerly, Henry F.** Co. H; born Cambridge, Vt.; age 22; resident and credited New Castle; mustered in Dec. 24, '63; wounded July 24, '64, near Petersburg, Va. Died, wounds, Aug. 2, '64.
- Edmunds, William M.**** Co. H; born and resident Pembroke; age 20; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; reenlisted Jan. 1, '64; wounded July 5, '64, and died of wounds July 6, '64, Petersburg, Va. Served in 1 N. H. as Moses W. Edmunds.
- Elkins, Alonzo S.** Co. F; born Vershire, Vt.; age 26; resident Lebanon; mustered in Apr. 7, '62. Died July 6, '63, Folly Isl., S. C.
- Ellis, James.**** Co. D; born Haverhill, Mass.; age 19; resident New London; enlisted Sept. 14, '61; wounded Sept., '63, Morris Isl., S. C.; reenlisted Feb. 17, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Togus, Me., Soldiers' Home.
- Ellis, William H.** Co. D; substitute; born England; age 21; credited Warner; mustered in Jan. 4, '65; wounded Mar. 30, '65; entered Foster Gen. Hosp., New Berne, N. C.; transferred to New York Apr. 18, '65.
- Elmer, Joseph M.** Co. D; substitute; born Ireland; age 23; credited Warner; mustered in Dec. 29, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Emerson, Albert D. W.**** Co. I; born Haverhill, Mass.; age 20; resident Derry; enlisted Sept. 7, '61, as Corp.; reenlisted Jan. 1, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. 1 N. H. V. Died May 5, '97, Derry.
- Emerson, Daniel W.*** Co. H; born Methuen, Mass.; age 37; resident Salem; enlisted Sept. 13, '61; discharged July 12, '63, Folly Isl., S. C. Died Dec. 21, '91, Concord. Veteran Reserve Corps.
- Emerson, George H.*** Co. B; born Burlington, Vt.; age 22; resident Claremont; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; mustered in Sept. 18, '61, as Corp.; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Mar. 18, '85, Cohoes, N. Y.

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- Emerson, George H.**** Co. H; born Wilmot; age 18; resident Danbury; enlisted Sept. 10, '61; reënlisted Feb. 18, '64; credited Andover; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Died Jan. 24, '72.
- Emerson, James.** Co. E; substitute; credited Lebanon; mustered in Oct. 19, '63; deserted June 1, '64, White House, Va. Bounty jumper.
- Emerson, Marcus M.**** Co. I; born July 10, '43, and resident Rumney; age 18; enlisted Sept. 14, '61; reënlisted Feb. 15, '64; appointed Corp. Oct. 20, '64; discharged June 22, '65, Concord. Resides Rumney.
- Emery, Daniel.*** Co. E; born Bartlett, Mar. 20, '31; age 29; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; discharged Mar. 2, '63, Beaufort, S. C. V. R. C. Died Aug. 31, '95, Manchester.
- Emery, Daniel C.*** Co. A; born Milton; age 36; resident Middleton; enlisted Sept. 12, '61; discharged Oct. 2, '62, Beaufort, S. C. V. R. C. Died Feb. 4, '98, Milton.
- Emery, Ebenezer S.*** Co. E; born Sheldon, Vt.; age 41; resident Auburn; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; discharged Oct. 5, '62, Beaufort, S. C. Served in Veteran Reserve Corps. Died Dec. 8, '76, Auburn.
- Engel, Louis P.** Co. F; substitute; born Prussia; age 26; resident New York City, credited New Boston; mustered in Sept. 2, '63; wounded May 15, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; deserted June 1, '64, City Point, Va.
- Estey, Charles E.**** Co. K; born and resident of Londonderry; age 18; enlisted Aug. 12, '61; reënlisted Feb. 16, '64; wounded and captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Aug. 10, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Estey, Horace P.**** Co. K; born Salem; age 22, resident Londonderry; enlisted Aug. 15, '61; reënlisted Feb. 24, '64. Died Jan. 24, '65, Pt. of Rocks, Va.
- Estey, John C.**** Co. K; born Feb. 23, '42, and resident of Londonderry; age 19; enlisted Aug. 9, '61, as Corp.; reënlisted Feb. 15, '64; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; appointed Sergt. July 4, '65; 1 Sergt. Aug. 8, '65; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Awarded "Gilmore Medal" by Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, for gallant and meritorious conduct during operations before Charleston, S. C. Resides Oakland, Cal.
Chas. E., Horace P., and John C. Estey were brothers.
- Evans, George.*** Co. K; born and resident of Moultonborough; age 18; enlisted Aug. 28, '61. Died Mar. 2, '62, on board steamer "Empire City." Buried at sea.
- Evans, John.** Co. H.; substitute; born Dover; age 32; resident Boston, Mass., credited Lebanon; mustered in Oct. 17, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Everett, Joseph R.**** Co. K; born Norway, Me.; age 44; resident Windham; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; reënlisted Feb. 15, '64; wounded July 27, '64, near Petersburg, Va. Died, wounds, July 30, '64.
- Fader, George.** Co. I; substitute; born Liverpool, Eng.; age 21; credited Milton; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.

- Fagen, James.** Co. G; substitute; born Ireland; age 24; credited Hanover; mustered in Oct. 17, '63; deserted Apr. 21, '64, Gloucester Point, Va. A genuine bounty jumper.
- Fahey, Edward.** Co. A; substitute; born Lancaster, N. Y.; age 18; credited Nashua; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Fairfield, Benjamin.*** Co. D; born New Hampton; age 29; resident Meredith; enlisted Aug. 8, '61. Died Feb. 14, '62, Ft. Monroe, Va.
- Fall, John J.*** Co. A; born Lebanon, Me.; age 23; resident Dover; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; appointed Corp. Sept. 17, '63; mustered out Sept. 27, '64.
- Fallon, John.**** Co. E; born Enniskillen, Ireland; age 36; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; reenlisted Feb. 21, '64; wounded Jan. 16, '65, explosion of magazine, Ft. Fisher, N. C.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died June 12, '97, Togus, Me.
- Farley, Clinton.**** Co. K; born Londonderry; age 22; resident Bedford; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; reenlisted Feb. 28, '64; credited Manchester; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Oct. 6, '88, Nashua.
- Farnham, James A.*** Band; born Sanbornton; age 14; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 16, '61, as 3 Class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Resides North Bend, Neb.
- Farnum, Ebenezer.*** Co. D; born Salisbury; age 38; resident Andover; enlisted Sept. 1, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died May 21, '97, Andover.
- Farnum, George W.*** Co. I; born Plymouth; age 22; resident Campton; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; discharged May 13, '63. Died Apr. 17, '66, Groton.
- Feally, Patrick H.*** Co. E; born Ireland; age 20; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 16, '61; discharged Oct. 27, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. Died Sept. 17, '07, Howard, R. I., State Hospital.
- Fern, James.*** Co. K; born Lynn, Mass.; age 45; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 6, '61; discharged Mar. 12, '63, Beaufort, S. C. Dead.
- Fernald, John F.*** Co. B; born Lebanon, Me.; age 21; resident Exeter; enlisted Sept. 13, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Dec. 12, '05, So. Berwick, Me.
- Fernander, Jeff.** Co. A; substitute; age 22; credited Plymouth, mustered in Oct. 24, '63; deserted Apr. 1, '64, Gloucester Point, Va. One of many bounty jumpers.
- Ferry, James.*** Co. G; born Ireland; age 28; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Dec. 25, '78, National Home, Togus, Me.
- Fessenden, Edwin A.** Co. D; born Townsend, Mass.; age 35; credited Wilton; enlisted Aug. 5, '62; mustered in Aug. 21, '62; wounded Oct. 22, '62, Pocotaligo, S. C.; to 173 Co., 2 Batt'l, Veteran Reserve Corps, Sept. 28, '64; discharged July 7, '65, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Oct. 7, '04, Milford.

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- Field, Edward.**** Co. G; born Cork, Ireland; age 36; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 19, '61; appointed Corp. Mar. 10, '62; reenlisted Feb. 18, '64; appointed Sergt. Aug. 1, '64; wounded Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; discharged Nov. 19, '64, to accept promotion. U. S. C. T. Color bearer. Killed Feb. 11, '65, Sugar Loaf Battery, N. C.
- Fifield, Dana.*** Co. I; born Chelsea, Vt.; age 25; resident Haverhill; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; appointed Corp.; discharged June 12, '63. Resides Laconia.
- Fisher, Albert O.**** Co. C; born and resident of Nashua; age 17; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; reenlisted Feb. 18, '64; appointed Corp.; captured May 20, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Sept. 17, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Fisher, Charles.** Co. C; substitute; born England; age 26; resident Clinton, N. J.; credited Danbury; mustered in Oct. 20, '63; wounded Jan. 16, '65, explosion of magazine, Ft. Fisher, N. C.; discharged June 9, '65, New Berne, N. C.
- Fisher, Charles M.*** Co. C; born Woodstock, Vt.; age 23; resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 26, '61, as Corp. Died Dec. 10, '61, New York City.
- Fisher, George L.** Co. D; substitute; born Dedham, Mass.; age 30; resident Boston, Mass.; credited Milford; mustered in Sept. 2, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64, on U. S. S. "Commodore Jones" until May 6, '64, when that vessel was destroyed in the James river, Va.
- Fisher, Henry.** Co. D; substitute; credited Goffstown; mustered in Jan. 7, '65; deserted June 19, '65, Portsmouth Grove, R. I. No good.
- Fisher, Warren T.*** Co. E; born Lowell, Mass.; age 18; resident Francestown; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; Battery B, 1 Art., U. S. A., Nov. 4, '62; discharged Sept. 2, '64, Pt. of Rocks, Va. Resides Ridley Park, Pa.
- Fisk, Orange.** Co. H; substitute; age 18; born and resident of Northumberland; credited Lancaster; mustered in Oct. 17, '63; killed June 30, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Fitch, George E.**** Co. G, born Worcester, Mass.; age 19; resident Derry; enlisted Aug. 3, '61; reenlisted Feb. 28, '64; credited Manchester; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; released Oct. 9, '64; discharged July 17, '65, Raleigh, N. C. Resides Kents Hill, Me.
- Fitzgerald, Albert L.*** Co. D; born Littleton; age 27; resident Sanbornton; enlisted Sept. 14, '61; appointed Corp.; discharged Oct. 26, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. Died Feb. 7, '64, Sanbornton.
- Fitzgerald, Edward.** Co. C; substitute; born Canada; age 22; credited Orford; mustered in Dec. 15, '64; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Yountville, Cal.
- Fitz Simmons, James.** Co. K; born Ireland; age 31; resident Philadelphia, Pa., credited Bath; mustered in Dec. 1, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65; killed Aug. 25, '65, on railroad, Petersburg, Va. Last man killed.
- Flagg, Alpheus D.*** Co. E; born Vershire, Vt.; age 26; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Sept. 20, '97, Boston, Mass.

- Flanagan, William.** Co. I; age 22; credited Raymond; mustered in Dec. 23, '63; deserted July 5, '64, Petersburg, Va.
- Flanders, Alonzo M.*** Co. I; born Warner; age 20; resident Sutton; enlisted Aug. 24, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Co. B, Vet. Batt'l, 8 N. H. V.
- Flanders, Daniel B.*** Co. I; born Gilmanton; age 18; resident Andover; enlisted Aug. 22, '61, as Sergt.; Co. M, 1 Art., U. S. A., Feb. 21, '63, as Priv.; discharged Sept. 19, '64, Petersburg, Va. Died Feb. 8, '94, Rockford, Ill.
- Flanders, Jacob M.*** Co. I; born Warner; age 18; resident Sutton; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; deserted July 12, '62, St. Augustine, Fla.
- Flanders, William.*** Co. K; born Derry; age 29; resident Londonderry; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; discharged July 14, '63, Folly Isl., S. C. See V. R. C. Died July 12, '87, Litchfield.
- Flanders, William C.*** Co. E; born Boston, Mass.; age 18; resident Dunbarton; enlisted Aug. 21, '61; discharged disabled Jan. 3, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Co. E, 9 N. H. Died May 2, '80, Goffstown.
- Flemming, Thomas J.** Co. G; born Ireland; age 22; credited Salisbury; mustered in Dec. 15, '62; captured Aug. 15, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; escaped Apr. 15, '65; discharged June 5, '65, Concord. Died Apr. 10, '67, Fall River, Mass.
- Fletcher, Albert.*** Co. C; born Amherst; age 21; resident Milford; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; discharged Jan. 12, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Co. E, 15 N. H. V. Died Bennington, Vt., Soldiers' Home, May 10, '95.
- Fletcher, James F.*** Co. H; born Dickinson, N. Y.; age 27; resident Salem; enlisted Sept. 16, '61; appointed Corp.; 26 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Sept. 1, '65; discharged Sept. 19, '64, Brattleboro, Vt. Resides Salem Depot.
- Flinn, Albert N.*** Co. B; born Biddeford, Me.; age 18; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; appointed Corp. Mar. 1, '63; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Resides Nashua.
- Flinn, James E.*** Co. B; born Dover; age 29; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; discharged Feb. 11, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Died '66, Savannah, Ga.
- Flint, Albert S.** Co. D; born Syracuse, N. Y.; age 21; credited Wilton; enlisted Aug. 6, '62; mustered in Aug. 21, '62. Died Aug. 8, '63, Beaufort, S. C.
- Flood, Francis.** Co. D; substitute; credited Hillsborough; mustered in Jan. 6, '65; deserted Feb. 15, '65, Wilmington, N. C.; apprehended; deserted Apr. 18, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.
- Flood, John.** Co. A; substitute; credited Antrim; mustered in Sept. 1, '63; deserted June 5, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; apprehended; deserted Nov. 30, '64, Philadelphia, Pa. A sample Bounty jumper.
- Flood, Thomas.** Co. I; substitute; born Belfast, Ireland; age 21; resident Morristown, N. Y.; credited Gilmanton; mustered in Sept. 29, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died between Sept. 16, '64, and Nov. 25, '64, Millen, Ga.
- Flynn, Patrick.** Co. I; substitute; born Ireland; age 25; credited New Boston; mustered in Jan. 3, '65; reported as absent, sick, since May 15, '65, Concord.

- Flynn, Thomas.** Co. I; substitute; born Limerick, Ireland; age 19; credited Alton; mustered in Dec. 29, '64; discharged June 13, '65, Smithville, N. C.
- Flynn, Thomas.** Co. K; substitute; born Ireland; age 35; credited Gorham; mustered in Mar. 31, '65, for 1 yr.; appointed Corp. July 21, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Dec. 2, '82, Gorham.
- Fogg, Benjamin F.**** Co. G; born Canaan; age 24; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 6, '61; appointed Sergt. Apr., '63; Com-Sergt. Dec. 5, '63; reenlisted Feb. 18, '64; appointed 2 Lt. Co. F Mar. 1, '65; 1 Lt. June 2, '65; not mustered; mustered out Aug. 23, '65, as 2 Lt.; bvt. Capt. U. S. V., to date Mar. 13, '65, for gallant and meritorious services in the capture of Ft. Fisher, N. C. Died Sept. 1, '91, Manchester.
- Fogg, James M.**** Co. G; born Canaan; age 26; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; captured Apr. 9, '65, South Washington, N. C.; released June 20, '65; discharged July 17, '65, Raleigh, N. C. Died Nov. 16, '87, Manchester.
- Foley, Maurice.**** Co. G; born Cork, Ireland; age 40; resident Manchester; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; wounded Jan. 16, '65, explosion of magazine, Ft. Fisher, N. C.; discharged July 1, '65, Ft. Schuyler, N. Y. Died Nov. 30, '93, Manchester.
- Foley, Michael.** Co. F; born New York; age 21; resident Troy, N. Y., credited Plymouth; mustered in Dec. 26, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Now Nathan D. Bracken. Resides Springfield, Mass.
- Follansbee, Joshua A.** Co. I; substitute; age 28; credited Laconia; mustered in Dec. 29, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Follen, Thomas.*** Co. G; born Ireland; age 35; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; captured Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; exchanged Feb. 22, '65; discharged Apr. 4, '65, Concord. Died Nov. 22, '97, Togus, Me.
- Forbes, William.** Co. C; substitute; credited Warner; mustered in Dec. 21, '64; deserted Apr. 26, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.
- Forsyth, Horace.**** Co. C; age 18; born and resident Deering; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; reenlisted Jan. 1, '64; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; released Nov. 25, '64; appointed Corp. Mar. 1, '65; discharged July 28, '65, Raleigh, N. C. Resides Everett, Mass.
- Foss, Eugene K.*** Band; born New Boston; age 25; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; mustered in Sept. 18, '61, as 1 Class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Oct. 5, 1862, Manchester.
- Foster, Alonzo.** Co. C; credited Hebron; mustered in Dec. 26, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; deserted June 30, '65.
- Foster, Charles.** Co. G; substitute; born England; age 23; credited Enfield; mustered in Dec. 5, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Foster, Charles C.**** Co. H; age 22; born and resident Salem; enlisted Aug. 30, '61; reenlisted Feb. 21, '64; missing Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; returned; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Salem. Born Dec. 27, '38, twin of Hiram B.

- Foster, Hiram B.**** Co. H; age 22; born and resident Salem; enlisted Sept. 16, '61; reenlisted Feb. 21, '64; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Born Dec. 27, '38, twin of Chas. C. Died June 25, '10, Lynn, Mass.
- Fowler, James.** Co. H; substitute; born Ireland; age 36; credited Bedford; mustered in Sept. 1, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; deserted Sept. 30, '65.
- Fox, Israel S.** Co. C; born Westfield, Mass.; age 24; credited Raymond; mustered in Dec. 23, '63; discharged Mar. 1, '65, Alexandria, Va.
- Fox, Thomas.** Co. G; substitute; credited Hanover; mustered in Oct. 17, '63; deserted Apr. 21, '64, Gloucester Point, Va.
- Foye, James H.*** Co. B; born Berwick, Me.; age 23; resident Somersworth; enlisted Sept. 6, '61; Corp.; discharged Sept. 27, '64. 2 N. H. V. Died Aug. 10, '96, Kingston.
- Francis, George A.*** Co. H; born Boston, Mass.; age 21; resident Sutton; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Resides Utah.
- Francis, William.** Co. F; age 23; drafted at Portsmouth; mustered in Dec. 11, '64; deserted June 2, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.
- Frank, Charles.** Co. D; substitute; born Germany; age 30; credited Warner; mustered in Jan. 7, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Frawley, Terrence.**** Co. G; born Limerick, Ireland; age 35; resident Goffstown; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; reenlisted Feb. 19, '64; credited Manchester; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Feb. 2, '70, National Home, Togus, Me.
- Frazer, Charles.** Co. D; substitute; age 32; credited Hillsborough; mustered in Jan. 6, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Freed, Abram.** Co. F; born Ohio; age 28; credited Lempster; mustered in Dec. 26, '63; Battery A, 1 U. S. V., July 19, '64; deserted Oct. 29, '64, Ft. Ridgley, Minn.
- French, Albert M.*** Co. C; born Dunstable, Mass.; age 27; resident Brookline; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; discharged Sept. 26, '64. Died Sept. 22, '00, Ashby, Mass.
- French, James L.*** Co. F; born Dresden, Me.; age 25; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 2, '61; discharged Jan. 19, '62. 2 N. H. V.
- French, Jeremiah E.** Co. A; age 17; born and credited Farmington; mustered in Dec. 18, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died June 1, '06, Farmington.
- French, Jonas C.**** Co. C; born Dunstable, Mass.; age 19; credited Brookline; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; appointed Sergt.; reenlisted Feb. 17, '64; captured Aug. 22, '64. Died Dec. 5, '64, Salisbury, N. C.
- Friel, John.** Co. C; substitute; born Ireland; age 25; credited Chichester; mustered in Dec. 21, '64; discharged May 29, '65, Beaufort, S. C.
- Frost, Charles R.*** Co. K; born Windham; age 34; resident Londonderry; enlisted Aug. 5, '61; discharged Oct. 26, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. 1 N. H. H. Art. Resides Londonderry.

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- Frost, David.*** Co. A; born Durham; age 18; resident Dover; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Feb. 13, '11, Washington, D. C.
- Frost, Hiram B.*** Co. G; born Middleton; age 41; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 13, '61; 105 Co., 2 Batt'l. V. R. C., Apr. 21, '64; discharged Sept. 19, '64, Philadelphia, Pa. 7 N. H. V. Died Feb. 1, '92, Middleton.
- Fuller, Charles H.** Co. G; substitute; age 21; credited Deering; mustered in Sept. 1, '63; wounded June 30, '64, Petersburg, Va.
- Fuller, Charles L.**** Co. A; born Woodstock; age 24; resident Dover; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; reënlisted Feb. 20, '64; captured Apr. 9, '65, Washington, N. C.; released Apr. 29, '65; discharged June 2, '65, Concord. Resides Manchester.
- Fuller, Henry W.*** Born Hooksett; age 22; resident Concord; appointed Adj. Sept. 20, '61; resigned Oct. 29, '62. 1 and 16 N. H. V. and U. S. C. T. Died Apr. 7, '85, Roxbury, Mass.
- Fullerton, Charles H.**** Co. E; born Newmarket; age 25; resident Pittsfield; enlisted Aug. 29, '61; appointed Corp.; reënlisted Jan. 1, '64; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Died Nov. 26, '71, Deerfield.
- Fullerton, John.**** Co. K; born Inverness, Can.; age 19; resident Bedford; enlisted Aug. 22, '61; appointed Corp. Oct., '63; reënlisted Feb. 15, '64; appointed 1 Sergt.; 2 Lt. Co. E, May 18, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Apr. 18, '09, Manchester.
- Fulton, Samuel J.** Co. H; substitute; age 18; born and resident Bridgewater, Me.; credited Warner; mustered in Aug. 20, '63. Died Oct. 1, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va.
- Gage, George F.*** Co. A; age 18; born and resident Dover; enlisted Sept. 11, '61. Died Jan. 2, '62, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Gale, Israel N.**** Co. K; born Newton; age 40; resident Pelham; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; reënlisted Feb. 20, '64; credited Manchester; discharged June 15, '65, Baltimore, Md.
- Gale, Stickney S.**** Co. K; born Sanford, Me.; age 37; resident Chester; enlisted Aug. 12, '61, as Corp.; reënlisted Feb. 16, '64; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; paroled Nov. 19, '64; discharged Sept. 2, '65, Concord. In Mexican War. Died July 16, '95, Newbury, Mass.
- Gallagher, Patrick.** Co. C; substitute; born Ireland; age 19; credited Grafton; mustered in Oct. 27, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Galvin, Thomas J.**** Co. G; born Lowell, Mass.; age 16; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 5, '61, as Musc.; reënlisted Feb. 18, '64; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Died Feb. 23, '04, Manchester.
- Gardner, Alvin.*** Co. C; born Franconia; age 22; resident Rindge; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; captured May 20, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Sept. 24, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Gardner, John.**** Co. G; born "Fort Covington, N. Y."; age 25; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 21, '61; reënlisted Feb. 16, '64; wounded June 30, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; killed Jan. 16, '65, explosion of magazine, Ft. Fisher, N. C. Awarded "Gillmore Medal" by Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, for gallant and meritorious conduct during operations before Charleston, S. C. 1 N. H. V.

- Garland, Frank A.*** Co. K; born Meredith; age 23; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 2, '61. Died June 4, '62, Fernandina, Fla.
- Garvis, Edward L.** Co. D; born Germany; age 29; credited Bristol; mustered in Dec. 23, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. In U. S. Army. Resides Stockton, Cal.
- Gay, Alonzo.**** Co. B; born Groton, Mass.; age 20; resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 24, '61; appointed Wagoner; reenlisted Feb. 24, '64; discharged Mar. 27, '65, Concord. 1 N. H. V. Resides Nashua.
- Gay, Leonard A.**** Co. B; born Groton, Mass.; age 25; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 4, '61, as Sergt.; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.; appointed 1 Lt. Nov. 9, '64; Capt. Aug. 23, '65; not mustered; mustered out Aug. 23, '65, as 1 Lt. 1 N. H. V. Resides Hudson.
- Geissler, Conrad.** Co. A; substitute; age 21; resident New York City; credited Lisbon; mustered in Oct. 23, '63; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Gemmell, William.*** Co. E; born Glasgow, Scot.; age 25; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; wounded May 15, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged Sept. 27, '64. Died Mar. 17, '76, Manchester.
- George, Daniel J.*** Co. C; age 18; born and resident Hooksett; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; transferred to I. C. Sept. 12, '63; assigned to Co. C, 6 Regt., I. C., Apr. 26, '64; discharged Oct. 5, '64, Johnson's Isl., Ohio. Died Aug. 31, '78, Hooksett.
- George, Edwin M.*** Co. C; born Hillsborough; age 20; resident Bennington; enlisted Sept. 18, '61; discharged Jan. 12, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Mar. 3, '62, Bennington.
- George, Samuel.*** Co. B; age 44; born and resident of Seabrook; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; I. C. July 27, '63; reenlisted in Co. D, 10 V. R. C., Apr. 14, '64; discharged Sept. 6, '65. In Mexican War. Died Dec. 28, '75, Tilton Soldiers' Home.
- Gerald, Orin.*** Co. F; born Canaan, Me.; age 21; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 15, '61; Battery B, 1 Art., U. S. A., Jan. 21, '63; discharged Feb. 17, '65, Annapolis, Md. Resides Stacyville, Me.
- German, James H.** Co. F; substitute; born Roxbury, N. Y.; age 20; resident Prattsville, N. Y.; credited Manchester; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died June 1, '64, Petersburg, Va.
- Gern, William.** Co. B; substitute; born Bavaria; age 30; credited Conway; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Gero, Michael.** Co. D; substitute; born Canada; age 29; credited Lancaster; mustered in Jan. 6, '65; discharged June 10, '65, New Berne, N. C.
- Gerrey, George.** Co. E; substitute; born Troy, N. Y.; age 21; resident Canada; credited Manchester; mustered in Sept. 2, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides White River Junct., Vt.

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- Gerry, Elbridge.*** Co. G; age 21; born and resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 20, '61, as Corp.; discharged Dec. 25, '61, Hilton Head, S. C. Co. C, 1 N. H. H. Art. Died Dec. 15, '84.
- Gerry, John E.**** Co. G; born New Hampshire; age 26; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 23, '61; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; appointed Corp.; killed Jan. 16, '65, explosion of magazine, Ft. Fisher, N. C.
- Gile, Daniel.**** Co. G; age 22; born and resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 28, '61, as 1 Sergt.; appointed 1 Lt. Oct. 4, '62; captured Aug. 18, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; paroled; discharged May 15, '65. Died Aug. 30, '86, Manchester. 1 N. H. V.
- Giles, Job R.*** Co. K; born Lee; age 33; resident Manchester; enlisted July 30, '61, as Sergt.; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Feb. 14, '99, Haverhill, Mass.
- Giline, Joseph.**** Co. C; born Canada; age 22; resident Milford; enlisted Aug. 30, '61; reenlisted Feb. 24, '64; deserted Apr. 7, '64, Concord.
- Gillis, Louis J.*** Co. G; born Bedford; age 25; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; discharged July 14, '63, Folly Isl., S. C. V. R. C. Died Apr. 3, '90, Goffstown.
- Gilpatrick, James F.**** Co. H; born Bucksport, Me.; age 28; resident Milford; enlisted Aug. 19, '61, as 1 Sergt.; appointed 2 Lt. Co. G, Nov. 5, '62; 1 Lt. Sept. 12, '64; not mustered; mustered out Aug. 23, '65, as 2 Lt. Died Oct. 25, '89, Lawrence, Mass. 1 N. H. V.
- Gillpatrick, Thomas L.*** Co. C; born Dover; age 20; resident Amherst; enlisted Aug. 28, '61, as Corp.; wounded Aug. 18, '63, Ft. Wagner, S. C. Died, wounds, Aug. 27, '63, Morris Isl., S. C.
- Gleason, Charles P.**** Co. G; born Lowell, Mass.; age 22; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 12, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; credited Dover; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Savannah, Ga.
- Gleason, Daniel.** Co. B; substitute; born Ireland; age 32; credited Enfield; mustered in Oct. 21, '63. Died Feb. 17, '65, Manchester.
- Glidden, Phineas.*** Co. D; born Canada East; age 19; resident Centre Harbor; enlisted Sept. 9, '61. 12 N. H. V. Did not go to war with 4 N. H.
- Goble, Peter.** Co. G; born Warwick, N. Y.; age 18; resident Washingtonville, N. Y.; credited Hampton; mustered in Dec. 26, '63; appointed Corp. July 11, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Salt Lake City.
- Goddard, Antonio.*** Co. C; born Canada; age 30; resident Greenfield; enlisted Sept. 17, '61; discharged Jan. 25, '63, Beaufort, S. C. Co. G, 13 N. H. V. Died Feb. 23, '65, Hampton, Va.
- Goggin, John.*** Band; born Ireland; age 21; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 7, '61, as 3 Class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Resides Manchester.
- Goldsmith, George W. A.*** Co. H; born Richmond, Me.; age 24; resident Loudon; enlisted Aug. 22, '61; killed on picket Mar. 25, '62, Jacksonville, Fla.

- Goodhue, John H.**** Co. H; age 21; born and resident Epsom; enlisted Aug. 30, '61; appointed Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; killed Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.
- Goodrew, Joseph.*** Co. B; born Canada; age 22; resident Raymond; enlisted Sept. 9, '61. Did not go to war 4 N. H.
- Goodwin, Albion K.**** Co. I; born Shapleigh, Me.; age 31; resident Derry; enlisted Aug. 3, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; credited Windham; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged Sept. 29, '64. Resides Springvale, Me.
- Goodwin, Daniel.**** Co. K; age 29; born and resident Londonderry; enlisted Aug. 24, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; appointed Corp.; killed June 25, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Goodwin, Edward L.*** Co. A; age 22; born and resident Milton; enlisted Sept. 4, '61, as Corp.; discharged Jan. 31, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Resides Boston, Mass.
- Goodwin, George F.**** Co. A; born Cape Ann, Mass.; age 18; resident Rollinsford; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; credited Dover; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; paroled Nov., '64; appointed Corp.; discharged Mar. 1, '65. Died Nov. 30, '00, Boston, Mass.
- Goodwin, James M.**** Co. F; born Paris, Me.; age 26; resident Somersworth; enlisted July 25, '61, as Sergt.; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; wounded July 19, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; appointed 1 Sergt.; killed July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.
- Goodwin, Orlando Buft.*** Co. K; born Windham; age 19; resident Londonderry; enlisted Sept. 10, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Aug., '84, Lowell, Mass.
- Goodwin, Wentworth.*** Co. B; born Lebanon, Me.; age 23; resident Somersworth; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; appointed Corp. Mar. 27, '62; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Dec. 25, '00, Somersworth.
- Gordon, David W.*** Co. C; born Bridgewater; age 27; resident Milford; enlisted Sept. 12, '61. Died Sept. 24, '63, Morris Isl, S. C.
- Gordon, Ezra B.**** Co. F; age 23; born and resident Somersworth; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; reenlisted Feb. 24, '64; discharged June 24, '65, Ft. Monroe, Va. Died Nov. 26, '00, Berwick, Me.
- Gorman, James.*** Co. G; born Ireland; age 40; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; discharged Dec. 25, '62. Died Mar. 8, '97, Soldiers' Home, Togus, Maine.
- Gorman, John.** Co. K; substitute; born Canada; age 22; credited Lyme; mustered in Oct. 15, '63; deserted Oct. 28, '64, Chaffin's Farm, Va.
- Gould, Henry L.*** Co. I; born Bolton, Mass.; age 34; resident Peterborough; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; discharged Jan. 13, '62. 8 N. H. V. Died Apr. 27, '96, Haverhill, Mass.
- Gould, Stephen O.*** Co. H; born Goffstown; age 42; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 29, '61; discharged July 14, '63, Folly Isl., S. C. V. R. C. Died Mar. 18, '71, Boscawen.
- Grady, John.** Co. I; substitute; born Ireland; age 22; credited Epping; mustered in Dec. 27, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.

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- Grant, Adolphus.** Co. I; substitute; born Breslau, Prussia; age 20; credited Freedom; mustered in Dec. 29, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Grant, Daniel, 3d.*** Co. A; age 18; born and resident Rochester; enlisted Aug. 29, '61; discharged Oct. 2, '62, Beaufort, S. C. Resides Lebanon, Me.; blind.
- Grapo, Louis.** Co. G; substitute; born Canada; age 20; credited Milan; mustered in Mar. 25, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Gray, Charles A.*** Co. B; born Shrewsbury, Mass.; age 41; resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 21, '61; appointed Corp. Jan. 24, '62; Sergt. May 4, '63; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Apr. 4, '65.
- Gray, Henry.** Co. E; substitute; born Ohio; age 21; resident Canada; credited Lebanon; mustered in Oct. 19, '63; wounded and captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Aug. 22, '64, Andersonville, Ga. Correct name Harry Sells.
- Gray, Jerry L.*** Co. A; born Strafford; age 22; resident Rochester; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Resides Rochester.
- Gray, John.**** Co. B; born Tyrone, Ireland; age 20; resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 30, '61; reënlisted Feb. 24, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. 1 N. H. V. Died July 3, '96, Marquette, Mich.
- Greager, Herman.**** Co. E; born Langenbielau, Prussia; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; reënlisted Feb. 18, '64; discharged Aug. 23, '65, Concord. Resides Manchester. 1 N. H. V.
- Greeley, George P.**** Age 28; born and resident of Nashua; appointed Asst. Surg. Aug. 20, '61; appointed Surg. Oct. 8, '62; discharged Oct. 23, '64. Died Dec. 27, '92, St. Augustine, Fla. U. S. Vet. Corps.
- Green, Joseph.** Co. K; substitute; born New York; age 22; credited Charlestown; mustered in Jan. 26, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Green, Lorenzo.*** Co. B; age 35; born and resident Brookline; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; discharged Oct. 19, '61, Annapolis, Md. Died Apr. 5, '78.
- Green, Peter.** Co. C; substitute; born Canada; age 21; credited Haverhill; mustered in Oct. 20, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; released Feb. 25, '65; discharged July 28, '65, Raleigh, N. C.
- Greene, William.** Co. I; substitute; born Nova Scotia; age 23; credited Milton; mustered in Dec. 30, '64; discharged July 19, '65, Ft. Schuyler, N. Y. H. Resides Haydenville, Mass.
- Greenleaf, Calvin T.** Co. C; born Templeton, Mass.; age 30; resident and credited to Swanzey; mustered in Aug. 28, '62; discharged June 17, '63, Beaufort, S. C. Died Sept. 27, '64, Montreal, Canada.
- Greenleaf, George W.** Co. I; born Hanover; age 21; credited Gifford; mustered in Dec. 23, '63; killed May 24, '64, near Bermuda Hundred, Va.

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- Greenleaf, Richard O.*** Co. B; born South Berwick, Me.; age 35; resident Nashua; appointed Capt. Sept. 20, '61; appointed Maj. Aug. 24, '64; declined appointment; discharged Sept. 26, '64, as Capt., Concord. Capt. 1 N. H. V. Died Aug. 9, '01, Nashua.
- Greenough, George S.*** Co. I; born Malone, N. Y.; age 24; resident Derry; enlisted Aug. 12, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died March 12, '98, St. Augustine, Fla.
- Greer, Henry.** Co. C; substitute; age 21; credited New Boston; mustered in Dec. 20, '64; reported as absent, sick, since Apr. 12, '65, Wilmington, N. C.
- Greiser, Matthias.** Co. I; substitute; born Bavaria; age 31; credited Gilmanton; mustered in Sept. 29, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Griffin, Henry C.**** Co. C; born Methuen, Mass.; age 22; resident Auburn; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; appointed Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 18, '64; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Sept. 10, '64, Richmond, Va.
- Griffin, James F.*** Co. E; born Hooksett; age 19; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 10, '61; discharged Jan. 3, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Resides Haverhill, Mass.
- Griffin, Josiah C.*** Co. F; born Northwood; age 39; resident Rollinsford; enlisted Aug. 19, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Dead, date and place unknown.
- Grimes, Thomas.** Co. G; born Ireland; age 33; credited Derry; mustered in Dec. 26, '63; deserted June 29, '64, Beaufort, S. C.
- Griswold, Horace.*** Co. H; born Lebanon; age 19; resident Lebanon; enlisted Sept. 16, '61; appointed Corp.; discharged July 14, '63, Folly Isl., S. C. Died Aug. 16, '03, Providence, R. I.
- Guenther, Frederick W.** Co. K; substitute; born Hamburg, Ger.; age 19; credited Alexandria; mustered in Oct. 16, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; discharged Sept. 3, '65.
- Gunhue, Joseph.** Co. B; substitute; born Ireland; age 28; credited Nashua; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; deserted Mar. 17, '65.
- Gunston, William.**** Co. G; born Waterford, Ireland; age 34; resident Auburn; enlisted Aug. 22, '61; reenlisted Feb. 19, '64; credited Manchester; killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
- Gutterson, Abel F.**** Co. C; age 20; born and resident Milford; enlisted Sept. 10, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; appointed Sergt.; 1 Sergt. July 15, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Vine-land, N. J.
- Hackett, Aaron Y.**** Co. E; born Sunapee; age 24; resident Weare; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; reenlisted Jan. 1, '64; credited Sunapee; discharged Aug. 23, '65, Concord. Died Jan. 29, '93, Weare.
- Hackett, Charles A.*** Co. K; born Boston; age 22; resident Manchester; enlisted July 30, '61; discharged May 9, '63, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Dec. 1, '09, Everett, Mass.

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- Hackett, George W.**** Co. K; born Boston, Mass.; age 25; resident Manchester; enlisted July 22, '61; appointed Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; released Feb. 28, '65; discharged June 26, '65, Concord. Died Sept. 21, '87, Charlestown, Mass.
- Hackett, John.*** Co. E; born Ireland; age 24; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged Sept. 27, '64. Died, date unknown.
- Hale, Martin.*** Co. C; born Nashua; age 20; resident Wilton; enlisted Aug. 19, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. 1 N. H. V. Resides Lawrence, Mass.
- Hale, Thomas.*** Co. D; born Newbury, Mass.; age 54; resident Laconia; enlisted July 25, '61, as Musc.; discharged Jan. 12, '62. Died Dec. 6, '80, Laconia.
- Hall, Anson E.**** Co. F; born Raymond; age 18; resident Fremont; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; credited Manchester; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Danville.
- Hall, Charles.** Co. K; born New York; age 22; resident New York; credited Bath; mustered in Dec. 1, '63; deserted Aug. 18, '64, Petersburg, Va.
- Hall, Charles D.**** Co. I; born Rumney; age 17; resident Rumney; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; killed July 2, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Hall, Edgar A.*** Co. C; born Salem; age 21; resident Weare; enlisted Aug. 19, '61, as Musc.; Battery M, 1 Art., U. S. A., Oct. 8, '62; discharged Sept. 19, '64, Petersburg, Va. 1 N. H. V. Resides Medford, Mass.
- Hall, Edward P.**** Co. I; age 19; born and resident Groton; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; appointed Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; appointed Sergt.; Q. M. Sergt. Mar. 13, '65; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Resides Des Moines, Iowa.
- Hall, Israel C.**** Co. D; age 18; born and resident Northfield; enlisted Aug. 14, '61; reenlisted Feb. 17, '64; captured Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; gained from capture; wounded Jan. 15, '65, Ft. Fisher, N. C.; discharged June 12, '65, Beaufort, N. C. Resides San Francisco, Cal.
- Hall, James T.*** Co. C; born Salem; age 30; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 23, '61; discharged Jan. 12, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Sept. 26, '99, Haverhill, Mass.
- Hall, Stephen T.**** Co. A; born Strafford; age 19; resident Dover; enlisted Sept. 9, '61, as Corp; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; appointed Sergt.; 1 Sergt.; 2 Lt. May 18, '65; 1 Lt. Aug. 23, '65; not mustered; discharged Aug. 23, '65, as 1 Sergt. 1 N. H. V. Died Sept. 20, '06, Dover.
- Ham, Ezra.**** Co. D; age 22; born and resident Gilmanton; enlisted Sept. 16, '61; reenlisted Feb. 18, '64; wounded May 20, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died of wounds Aug. 10, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.
- Ham, Joseph E.*** Co. D; born and resident Epsom; enlisted Aug. 22, '61, to Co. B, 1 Art., U. S. A., Nov. 3, '62; discharged Aug. 7, '64, Ft. Independence, B. H., Mass., term expired. 1 N. H. L. Battery.

- Hamilton, Dennis.** Co. I; substitute; age 21; resident Boston, Mass.; credited Hanover; mustered in Oct. 17, '63; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Hamlett, Warren W.** Co. F; age 25; born and credited to Canaan; enlisted Mar. 15, '62; mustered in Nov. 3, '62; wounded Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; discharged Mar. 23, '65, Cox Ridge, N. C. Died May 17, '09, Canaan.
- Hamlett, Henry S.** Co. D; age 30; born and resident of Canaan; enlisted Mar. 1, '62; mustered in Mar. 18, '62, as Musc.; appointed Corp.; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Nov. 12, '64, Millen, Ga.
- Hanaford, Benjamin F.**** Co. D; born Northfield; age 27; resident Sanbornton; enlisted Aug. 12, '61; reenlisted Dec. 25, '63; credited Northfield. Died Mar. 18, '64, Beaufort, S. C.
- Hannigan, John P., alias James Duffy.** Co. I; substitute; credited Litchfield; mustered in Jan. 2, '65; deserted Mar. 17, '65, Wilmington, N. C. No good.
- Hanscom, James E.** Co. K; born Centre Harbor; age 43; credited Ossipee; drafted for 1 yr.; mustered in Mar. 18, '65. Died July 27, '65, Raleigh, N. C.
- Hanscom, Nathaniel.*** Co. F; born Maine; age 32; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 20, '61; appointed Corp.; deserted Oct. 25, '63, New York City.
- Hanson, Charles B.**** Co. A; age 23; born and resident Rochester; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Jan. 30, '99, Farmington.
- Hanson, Franklin.*** Co. F; born Springvale, Me.; age 28; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 1, '61; Battery M, 1 Art., U. S. A., Jan. 14, '63; discharged Sept. 1, '64, near Richmond, Va.
- Hanson, John.**** Co. F; age 19; born and resident Somersworth; enlisted July 27, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; appointed Corp. July 19, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Albany, N. Y.
- Harcourt, Thomas.** Co. A; substitute; age 23; credited Haverhill; mustered in Oct. 23, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; deserted Apr. 4, '65.
- Hardy, Alfred T.**** Co. I; born Piermont; age 20; resident Plymouth; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; reenlisted Dec. 25, '63; credited Haverhill; discharged Mar. 30, '65. Died, Haverhill.
- Hardy, Orra H.** Co. F; born Springfield; age 22; resident Canaan; mustered in Mar. 26, '62. Died Nov. 20, '63, Beaufort, S. C.
- Harmon, Luther.*** Co. B; age 18; born and resident Portsmouth; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; appointed Corp. Died Dec. 23, '63, Morris Isl., S. C.
- Harmon, William F.** Co. D; born Scarborough, Me.; age 17; resident Somersworth; enlisted Feb. 18, '62; mustered in Feb. 28, '62, as Musc.; reenlisted and mustered in Feb. 28, '64; credited Effingham; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Feb. 4, '99, Somersworth.
- Harper, George H.** Co. D; substitute; born New Hampton; age 18; credited Ossipee; mustered in Dec. 30, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Nov. 13, '92, Meredith.

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- Harriman, William.** Co. K; age 29; born and credited to Albany; drafted and mustered in Mar. 24, '65, for 1 yr.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Harrington, George L.** Co. K; substitute; born Ireland; age 28; credited Lancaster; mustered in Jan. 5, '65; appointed Corp.; Sergt. Aug. 8, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Harrington, John.*** Band; born Ireland; age 21; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 3, '61, as 3 Class Musc; mustered out Sept. 16, '62, Hilton Head, S. C.; reenlisted Mar. 28, '63; credited Ossipee; mustered in Mar. 31, '63; assigned to Co. A; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Died Aug. 6, '72, Manchester.
- Harrington, John.**** Co. B; born Cork, Ireland; age 22; resident Lowell, Mass.; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; reenlisted Feb. 21, '64; credited Nashua; deserted Apr. 8, '64, Nashua.
- Harrington, Thomas.** Co. E; substitute; credited Weare; mustered in Dec. 21, '64; deserted Mar. 7, '65, Wilmington, N. C. No good.
- Harris, Charles A.*** Co. B; born Leominster, Mass.; age 25; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 9, '61, as Sergt.; appointed Corp. July 12, '64; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. 1 N. H. V. Died Mar. 13, '65, Lunenburg, Mass.
- Harris, George H.*** Co. E; born Franklin; age 20; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 19, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Apr. 23, '85, Nashua.
- Harris, Leander.**** Co. I; born Fairlee, Vt.; age 28; resident Hampstead; enlisted Sept. 1, '61; reenlisted Feb. 11, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Hampton.
- Harris, William R.*** Co. B; born Woodstock; age 19; resident Nashua; enlisted July 29, '61; discharged Oct. 26, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. Died Jan. 5, '64.
- Harrison, William.** Co. K; substitute; born Dublin, Ireland; age 23; credited New Castle; mustered in Mar. 1, '65; discharged Aug. 23, '65.
- Hart, William B.*** Co. E; born Goffstown; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 16, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Mar. 9, '66, Goffstown.
- Hartford, George E.*** Co. A; born Conway; age 23; resident Rochester; enlisted Aug. 26, '61. Died Feb. 2, '62, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Hartford, Harrison.*** Co. A; age 25; born and resident Rollinsford; enlisted Sept. 10, '61; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Sept. 5, '64, Andersonville, Ga. 1 N. H. V.
- Hartley, Curtis R.*** Co. H; born Troy, N. Y.; age 20; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 17, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Aug. 2, '78, Manchester.
- Hartman, Joseph.** Co. I; substitute; credited Warren; mustered in Dec. 30, '64; deserted May 31, '65, en route to regiment; returned June 30, '65; deserted July 22, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.
- Hartshorn, Benjamin L.*** Co. K; born Merrimack; age 22; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 13, '61; mustered in Sept. 18, '61, as Corp.; appointed Sergt. Jan. 1, '62; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Apr. 2, '92, Manchester.

- Harvey, Daniel.** Co. I; substitute; credited Hampton Falls; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; deserted Mar. 17, '65, Wilmington, N. C. No good.
- Harvey, George W.**** Co. I; born New Hampshire; age 18; resident Danbury; enlisted Aug. 30, '61; reënlisted Jan. 1, '64. Died May 27, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.
- Harvey, John F.*** Co. C; born Sutton; age 22; resident Grafton; enlisted Sept. 6, '61; Co. M, 1 Art., U. S. A., Nov. 4, '62; discharged Sept. 6, '64, Richmond, Va. 1 N. H. V. Died Dec. 13, '92, Georgetown, Mass.
- Harvey, John L.**** Co. I; born Hudson, N. Y.; age 19; resident Sutton; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; reënlisted Dec. 25, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Little Valley, Iowa.
- Haskell, Henry A.**** Co. C; born Charlestown, Mass.; age 23; resident Mont Vernon; enlisted Sept. 16, '61; reënlisted Feb. 24, '64; credited Milford; killed Sept. 29, '64, New Market Heights, Va.
- Haskell, William.** Co. F; substitute; born Cape Ann, Mass.; age 36; credited Manchester; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Dead.
- Haskell, William F.*** Co. C; born Boston, Mass.; age 27; resident Hooksett; enlisted Sept. 16, '61; discharged May 3, '62, St. Augustine, Fla. Died Sept. 25, '02, Stoddard.
- Haskins, John A.** Co. G; substitute; age 34; credited Bath; mustered in Oct. 17, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; discharged May 16, '66.
- Havermass, Martin.** Co. D; substitute; born Eisenach, Ger.; age 34; credited Conway; mustered in Jan. 3, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Hawkins, William W.**** Co. B; born Roxbury, Mass.; age 18; resident Stratham; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; reënlisted Feb. 16, '64; credited Portsmouth; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Dead, date unknown.
- Hayes, Alphonzo E.** Co. A; age 18; born and credited New Durham; mustered in Mar. 29, '64; wounded May 20, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged Aug. 23, '65.
- Hayes, David C.*** Co. A; born Ossipee; age 33; resident Dover; enlisted Aug. 23, '61; appointed Sergt.; wounded severely Oct. 22, '62, Pocotaligo, S. C. Died, wounds, Nov. 12, '62, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Hayes, Franklin.**** Co. A; age 18; born and resident Rochester; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; reënlisted Jan. 1, '64; appointed Sergt.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Nov. 5, '82, Farmington. Awarded "Gilmore Medal" by Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, for gallant and meritorious conduct during operations before Charleston, S. C. Died Nov. 5, '82.
- Haynes, James E.*** Co. I; born Wentworth; age 21; resident Haverhill; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died July 25, '06, Kennebunkport, Me.
- Hayward, William H.** Co. A; born Quebec, Can.; age 26; enlisted Jan. 26, '63, at Concord; mustered in Mar. 31, '63; discharged Aug. 23, '65. In Crimean War. Died Oct. 23, '00, Gardner, Mass.

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- Hazard, George.** Co. E; substitute; born England; age 26; credited Merrimack; mustered in Dec. 21, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Heath, Benjamin F.*** Co. I; age 20; born and resident Salisbury; enlisted Sept. 10, '61; Co. B, 1 Art., U. S. A., Nov. 4, '62; discharged Feb. 27, '64, Boston, Mass. Resides Salisbury.
- Heath, George W.**** Co. E; born Fredericton, N. B.; age 25; resident Atkinson; enlisted Aug. 21, '61; reenlisted Feb. 25, '64; wounded and captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; exchanged Aug. '64; discharged Jan. 27, '65, Annapolis, Md. Resides Plaistow.
- Heath, Horace G.**** Co. E; born Gilford; age 31; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 22, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; discharged Aug. 23, '65, Concord. Died Dec. 21, '77, Tilton.
- Heffaran, Edward.** Co. I; substitute; born Tipperary, Ireland; age 23; credited Upper Gilmanton; mustered in Sept. 29, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; discharged May 9, '66.
- Hellman, John.** Co. B; substitute; born Germany; age 22; credited Haverhill; mustered in Oct. 21, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 27, '64; discharged Feb. 6, '65.
- Henderson, John.*** Co. B; born Portland, Me.; age 44; resident Portsmouth; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Dead.
- Henderson, Samuel.** Co. G; born England; age 19; credited Bath; mustered in Dec. 3, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; deserted June 20, '65.
- Henessey, Simon.** Co. B; substitute; born Ireland; age 24; resident New York; credited Weare; mustered in Sept. 2, '63; deserted June 17, '64.
- Hern, Lawrence.**** Co. G; born Kilkenny, Ireland; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; reenlisted Feb. 24, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Apr. 7, '92, West Concord.
- Herrick, Paul.** Co. D; age 20; born and credited to Wilton; enlisted Aug. 6, '62; mustered in Aug. 21, '62. Died June 13, '63, Folly Island, S. C.
- Heselton, Samuel.*** Co. K; born Province Quebec; age 35; resident Windham; enlisted Sept. 11, '61; discharged Sept. 26, '64, Concord. Died Aug. 27, '84, Almond, N. Y.
- Hester, Patrick.** Co. B; born Ireland; age 27; credited Portsmouth; mustered in Dec. 21, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; released Apr. 28, '65; discharged July 6, '65, Concord.
- Hibbert, Joseph.*** Co. H; born England; age 21; resident Salem; enlisted Aug. 20, '61; appointed Corp.; killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
- Hichborn, Henry G., alias Hugh Higgins.** Co. E; substitute; born England; age 21; credited Newport; enlisted Dec. 20, '64; mustered in Dec. 20, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Revere, Mass.
- Hichborn, Philip.*** Band; born Provincetown, Mass.; age 42; resident Concord; enlisted Sept. 3, '61, as 3 Class Musc.; discharged Dec. 26, '61, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Dec. 11, '87, Boston, Mass.

- Hicks, Henry M.*** Co. I; born Lyndon, Vt.; age 24; resident Haverhill; enlisted Sept. 19, '61, as Sergt.; appointed 2 Lt. Co. H, Oct. 25, '62; 1 Lt. Feb. 8, '63; discharged Sept. 14, '64. Died Alma, Neb., Feb. 22, '83.
- Hill, Charles.** Co. C; born St. John, N. B.; age 21; credited Lebanon; mustered in Nov. 14, '63. Died Aug. 16, '64, Pt. of Rocks, Va.
- Hill, Edward O.**** Co. E; born Pembroke; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 19, '61, as Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 28, '64; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; paroled Feb. 26, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Ansonia, Conn.
- Hill, Edwin.** Co. B; substitute; age 21; credited Nashua; mustered in Oct. 6, '65; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; deserted May 12, '65.
- Hilliard, Samuel.**** Co. F; born Berwick, Me.; age 19; resident Somersworth; enlisted July 25, '61; reenlisted Jan. 1, '64; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Mar. 19, '00, Dover.
- Hilton, John.** Co. I; born England; age 38; resident Wiscasset, Me.; credited Portsmouth; mustered in Dec. 21, '63; killed July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.
- Hindle, James.** Co. D; substitute; born England; age 22; credited Orford; mustered in Jan. 7, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Utica, N. Y.
- Hinds, David B.*** Co. H; born Sandwich; age 45; resident Hampstead; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; discharged Jan. 12, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Dead.
- Hobbs, Charles P.**** Co. D; born Wentworth; age 19; resident Gilford; enlisted Aug. 24, '61; reenlisted Feb. 14, '64; wounded severely June 30, '64, near Petersburg, Va. Died, wounds, Oct. 19, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va.
- Hobbs, Isaac W.*** Co. F; born Effingham; age 24; resident Somersworth; appointed 1 Lt. Sept. 20, '61; appointed Capt. Co. A, Dec. 1, '63; wounded July 18, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; discharged Nov. 7, '64. Resides Pembroke. Capt. Hancock Veteran Corps.
- Hobbs, John D.*** Co. B; age 22; born and resident North Hampton; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; July 26, '64, Petersburg, Va.; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Resides Haverhill, Mass.
- Hodges, Augustus E.**** Co. F; born Hallowell, Me.; age 24; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 12, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; wounded Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Oct. 7, '03, Somersworth.
- Hodgman, John P.**** Co. K; age 20; born and resident Bedford; enlisted Aug. 17, '61, as Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; wounded Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; appointed Sergt.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Feb. 24, '05, Concord.
- Hoffman, Beletscn.** Co. K; substitute; age 21; credited Canaan; mustered in Oct. 16, '62; wounded June 4, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Died Aug. 7, '64, Pt. of Rocks, Va.

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- Holbrook, Robert L.*** Co. A; born Portsmouth; age 19; resident Rollinsford; enlisted Sept. 10, '61. Died Jan. 15, '62, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Holle, Thomas.** Co. C; substitute; age 21; credited Danbury; mustered in Oct. 20, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; deserted Dec. 19, '64.
- Horan, Francis.** Co. C; born England; age 26; credited Enfield; mustered in Nov. 14, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; released Apr. 18, '65; discharged June 26, '65, Concord.
- Horen, John.** Co. K; substitute; age 20; credited Hebron; mustered in Jan. 6, '65; deserted June 3, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.
- Horn, Benager.*** Co. F; born Lebanon, Me.; age 23; resident Somersworth; enlisted July 25, '61; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Dec., '64, in rebel prison.
- Horne, George W.*** Co. A; born Wheelock, Vt.; age 29; resident Middleton; enlisted Sept. 12, '61; wounded June, '64; discharged Sept. 27, '64. Died Feb. 4, '98, Exeter, Me.
- Horne, Ira B.** Co. A; born Somersworth; age 18; credited New Durham; enlisted Oct. 8, '62; mustered in Oct. 22, '62. Died Nov. 11, '63, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Horne, Joseph S.*** Co. A; age 22; born and resident Somersworth; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; discharged Feb. 17, '63, Beaufort, S. C. Died Aug. 18, '66, Somersworth.
- Horton, Edwin.** Co. H; born Providence, R. I.; age 33; credited Portsmouth; mustered in Dec. 26, '63; discharged Aug. 23, '65, Concord. Died Oct. 2, '03, Greene, N. Y.
- Howard, Byron.*** Co. H; born Grafton, Vt.; age 20; resident Salem; enlisted Sept. 12, '61; killed July 25, '63, Morris Isl., S. C.
- Howard, John.*** Co. G; age 61, oldest man at enlistment; born and resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 10, '61; discharged Jan. 13, '62. Oldest man in 4 N. H. Died Apr. 9, '96, Soldiers' Home, Tilton.
- Howe, Asa E.** Co. D; born Albany, Vt.; age 27; resident Acworth; credited Gilsum; enlisted Aug. 18, '62; mustered in Aug. 20, '62; killed Sept. 29, '64, New Market Heights, Va.
- Howe, Asbrah P.** Co. D; born Berlin, Vt.; age 31; resident and credited to Acworth; enlisted Aug. 12, '62; mustered in Aug. 20, '62; discharged July 8, '65, Philadelphia, Pa. Died Jan. 22, '97, Bradford.
- Howe, John.** Co. I; substitute; born Scotland; age 29; credited Orford; mustered in Dec. 30, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Howe, Sylvester D.*** Co. F; born Bristol; age 33; resident Holderness; enlisted Aug. 21, '61; mustered in Sept. 27, '61; discharged Jan. 19, '62. 1 and 12 N. H. V. Died June 1, '96, Ashland.
- Howell, William.** Co. H; born Buffalo, N. Y.; age 18; credited Portsmouth; mustered in Dec. 26, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.

- Hoyt, George H.**** Co. H; born Northwood; age 18; resident Epsom; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; reënlisted Feb. 20, '64; credited Concord; wounded and captured Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va. Died Jan. 9, '65, Salisbury, N. C.
- Hubbard, Cyrus H.*** Co. E; born Deering; age 28; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 21, '61, Sergt. Died July 16, '62, St. Augustine, Fla.
- Hubbard, George W.*** Co. A; born Wakefield; age 30; resident Farmington; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; discharged Feb. 17, '63, Beaufort, S. C. Died May 20, '84, Farmington.
- Hubbard, Silas P.*** Co. C; born New Boston; age 31; resident Merrimack; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; discharged Apr. 22, '63, to accept promotion. U. S. C. T. Died Oct. 25, '01, Nashua.
- Huckins, George W.*** Co. K; born Strafford; age 23; resident Haverhill, Mass.; enlisted Aug. 14, '61, as 1 Sergt.; appointed 2 Lt. Jan. 17, '62; 1 Lt. Oct. 25, '62; Capt. Nov. 9, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Jan. 3, '11, Appleton, Wis.
- Hudson, John W.** Co. I; substitute; age 27; credited Campton; mustered in Oct. 16, '63; discharged May 23, '65, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Hughes, John.** Co. E; substitute; born Ireland; age 22; credited Winchester; mustered in Dec. 14, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Hull, Albert R.** Co. D; born Lempster; age 25; credited Wilton; enlisted Aug. 6, '62; mustered in Aug. 21, '62, appointed Corp.; wounded Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va. Died, wounds, Mar. 17, '65, Ft. Monroe, Va.
- Hume, Robert.**** Co. E; born Glasgow, Scot.; age 30; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 19, '61; appointed Sergt. Oct. 23, '63; reënlisted Feb. 28, '64; captured June 15, '64, near Bermuda Hundred, Va.; exchanged; appointed 2 Lt. June 2, '65; not mustered; mustered out Aug. 23, '65, as Sergt. Died May 4, '84, Clinton, Mass.
- Hunt, Israel T.*** Non-Com. Staff; age 19; born and resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 9, '61, as Hosp. Steward; discharged July 12, '62, St. Augustine, Fla. 2 N. H. V. Died Feb. 16, '65, Charlestown, Mass.
- Hunt, Lyford.**** Co. G; born New Hampton; age 26; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 24, '61; appointed Sergt.; reënlisted Feb. 16, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Co. C, 1 N. H. V. Died June 4, '09, Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me.
- Hunter, Charles.** Co. K; substitute; born Nova Scotia; age 25; credited Alexandria; mustered in Oct. 16, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Aug. 19, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Huntress, Lorenzo D.**** Co. F; born Parsonsfield, Me.; age 18; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 1, '61; reënlisted Feb. 17, '64; credited Effingham; appointed 1 Sergt.; 1 Lt. Co. I, Mar. 1, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Awarded "Gilmore Medal" by Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, for gallant and meritorious conduct during operations before Charleston, S. C. See sketch 3 Regt., page 100. Resides Woodford, Me.
- Huntress, Seth W.*** Co. B; age 35; born and resident Portsmouth; enlisted Sept. 14, '61; discharged Sept. 27, '64. Died Feb. 5, '74, Portsmouth.

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- Hurd, Bradford A.*** Co. B; born Sanford, Me.; age 25; resident Somersworth; enlisted Sept. 2, '61. Died, wounds, June 21, '63, Folly Isl., S. C.
- Hurd, Charles.**** Co. A; age 27; born and resident Rochester; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; appointed Wagoner; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Dec. 7, '07, Worcester, Mass.
- Hurd, Charles E.**** Co. D; age 22; born and resident Gilmanton; enlisted Sept. 14, '61; appointed Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 17, '64; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Died Jan. 26, '11, Windsor, Vt.
- Hurd, Charles W.*** Co. G; born Durham; age 26; resident Manchester; appointed 1 Lt. Sept. 20, '61; resigned Mar. 21, '62. 1 N. H. V. and U. S. Navy. Died May 11, '99, Manchester.
- Hurd, George W.**** Co. A; age 30; born and resident Rochester; enlisted Aug. 26, '61, as Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 24, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Rochester.
- Hurd, Hiram.**** Co. F; born North Berwick, Me.; age 19; resident Somersworth; enlisted July 25, '61, as Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 17, '64; appointed 1 Sergt. May 11, '65; 2 Lt. May 18, '65; not mustered; discharged Aug. 23, '65, as 1 Sergt. Resides Berwick, Me.
- Hussy, Louis McD.**** Co. A; age 23; born and resident Rochester; enlisted Aug. 26, '61, as Sergt.; reenlisted Jan. 1, '64; appointed 1 Lt. Nov. 9, '64; Capt. Co. C, Feb. 17, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. 1 N. H. V. Died May 19, '10, Rochester.
- Hutchins, John B.*** Co. D; born Moultonborough; age 22; resident Centre Harbor; enlisted Aug. 13, '61. Died Apr. 13, '62, St. Augustine, Fla.
- Hutchins, Marshall.*** Co. H; born Littleton; age 24; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 20, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. 1 and 10 N. H. V. Died Nov. 17, '09, Soldiers' Home, Chelsea, Mass.
- Hutchins, Melvin F.*** Co. H; born Littleton; age 28; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 23, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died July 30, '09, Lowell, Mass.
- Hutchinson, Frank B.*** Co. E; born Alexandria; age 23; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 26, '61, as 1 Sergt.; appointed 2 Lt. Oct. 26, '62; killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
- Hutchinson, John G.**** Co. E; age 18; born and resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 29, '61, as Musc.; appointed Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; wounded May 15, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; appointed 1 Sergt.; 2 Lt. June, '65; 1 Lt. Aug. 23, '65; not mustered; mustered out Aug. 23, '65, as 1 Sergt. Resides Manchester.
- Hynes, Dennis.**** Co. G; born Galway, Ir.; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 22, '61; appointed Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged June 16, '65, Philadelphia, Pa. 1 N. H. V.
- Ingelson, Sheldon.*** Co. C; age 23; born and resident Poultney, Vt.; enlisted Aug. 20, '61; discharged Jan. 12, '62, Hilton Head, S. C.

- Isaacson, Albert.** Co. I; substitute; born Austria; age 24; credited North Hampton; enlisted Dec. 27, '64; mustered in Dec. 27, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Jackman, John H.*** Co. B; age 29; born and resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Feb. 13, '80, Nashua.
- Jackson, Alfred.*** Co. D; born England; age 20; resident West Chelmsford, Mass.; enlisted Sept. 6, '61; killed Sept. 4, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Jackson, Dennis.** Co. E; substitute; age 21; credited Alstead; mustered in Dec. 19, '64; deserted July, '65, from DeCamp Gen. Hosp., David's Isl., N. Y. H.
- Jackson, Henry H.*** Co. D; born Gilford; age 25; resident Laconia; enlisted Aug. 13, '61, as Corp.; discharged Oct. 19, '61, Annapolis, Md. Died Nov. 5, '61, Laconia.
- Jackson, John H.**** Co. A; born Dover; age 24; resident Rochester; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; appointed Corp.; reënlisted Feb. 15, '64; captured Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va. Died Nov. 20, '64, Libby prison, Richmond, Va.
- Jackson, John H.**** Co. D; born Meredith; age 21; resident Laconia; enlisted Aug. 14, '61; reënlisted Feb. 17, '64; captured Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va. Died of wounds Nov. 12, '64, Salisbury, N. C.
- James, Joseph.*** Co. H; age 43; born and resident Tamworth; enlisted Aug. 23, '61; discharged Jan. 12, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Died May 5, '93, Gorham, Me.
- James, Lemuel H.*** Band; born Tamworth; age 32; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 3, '61, as 2 Class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Aug. 19, '02, Augusta, Ga.
- Jenison, Charles O.*** Co. D; born Templeton, Mass.; age 22; resident Manchester; appointed 1 Lt. Sept. 20, '61; resigned Apr. 30, '62. Lt. 1 N. H. V. Resides Greenville, Mich.
- Jenness, John M.**** Co. E; age 21; born and resident Strafford; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; reënlisted Feb. 28, '64; captured Apr. 9, '65, South Washington, N. C.; released Apr. 29, '65; discharged June 5, '65, Concord. Died Sept. 12, '68, Strafford.
- Jennings, Newcomb J.*** Co. F; born Wayne, Me.; age 27; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 21, '61; appointed Corp. June 26, '62; killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
- Jewell, Thomas.** Co. K; substitute; age 21; credited Bridgewater; mustered in Oct. 15, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64, on U. S. S. "Commodore Jones," "Mackinaw," and "Tioga"; deserted Aug. 28, '65.
- Jewett, Albert H. C.*** Co. D; born Meredith; age 20; resident Gilford; enlisted Aug. 12, '61, as Sergt; appointed 2 Lt. Co. A, Nov. 5, '62; 1 Lt. Co. E, Mar. 14, '63; discharged Sept. 26, '64. Died Dec. 14, '98, Washington, D. C.
- Jewett, Perley I.*** Co. B; age 26; born and resident Hollis; enlisted Aug. 26, '61. Died Dec. 3, '63, Morris Isl., S. C.

- Johnson, Alonzo C.**** Co. F; born Parsonsfield, Me.; age 28; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 19, '61; appointed Wagoner; reenlisted Feb. 18, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65; killed May 25, '72, on railroad. Resides Rochester.
- Johnson, Andrew J.*** Co. H; age 20; born and resident Kingston; enlisted Sept. 4, '61. Died Dec. 4, '61, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Johnson, David.*** Co. I; born Grafton; age 42; resident Danbury; enlisted Sept. 5, '61, as Corp.; discharged Sept. 26, '64, Concord. Died June 26, '01, Salisbury.
- Johnson, George B.*** Co. K; born Haverhill, Mass.; age 27; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; discharged Nov. 11, '62, Beaufort, S. C. Died Jan. 23, '85, Urbana, Ill.
- Johnson, James.** Co. K; substitute; born New Brunswick; age 24; credited Hinsdale; mustered in Dec. 29, '64; discharged May 24, '65, New Berne, N. C.
- Johnson, John G.**** Co. K; age 25; born and resident Windham; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; reenlisted Feb. 8, '64; captured Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va. Died Nov. 24, '64, Florence, S. C.
- Johnson, John T., alias** Joseph Welch. Co. K; substitute; born Ireland; age 20; credited Charlestown; mustered in Jan. 7, '65; discharged Aug. 23, '65.
- Johnson, Joseph.**** Co. I; born Drumholme, Ir.; age 27; resident Derry; enlisted Aug. 3, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; wounded June 15, '64, near Bermuda Hundred, Va.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Dec. 26, '95, Tilton.
- Johnson, Samuel F.**** Co. A; born Sanford, Me.; age 26; resident Dover; enlisted Aug. 24, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; appointed Sergt.; discharged Apr. 20, '65, Concord. 1 N. H. V. Died Dec. 20, '10, Dover.
- Johnson, Walter S.*** Co. I; age 25; born and resident Campton; enlisted Sept. 3, '61. Died Sept. 26, '63, Morris Isl., S. C.
- Johnson, William.** Co. C; substitute; born England; age 23; credited Danbury; mustered in Oct. 20, '63; wounded May 22, '64, near Bermuda Hundred, Va.; discharged June 28, '65, Ft. Monroe, Va.
- Johnson, William.** Co. D; born England; age 32; credited Enfield; mustered in Nov. 14, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, on U. S. S. "Shokokon"; deserted July 23, '65.
- Johnson, William.** Co. E; substitute; born Ireland; age 29; credited Newmarket; mustered in Dec. 20, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Johnson, William.** Co. K; substitute; born Montreal, Can.; age 22; credited Plainfield; mustered in Oct. 16, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; deserted July 16, '64.
- Johnston, Jesse E.** Co. D; born Waterbury, Conn.; age 34; credited Farmington; mustered in Dec. 23, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Jones, Adoniram J.*** Co. D; born Turner, Me.; age 22; resident Gilford; enlisted Aug. 12, '61, as Sergt.; appointed 1 Sergt. Died Sept. 16, '63, Morris Isl., S. C.

- Jones, Archible R.*** Co. B; born Jefferson, Me.; age 43; resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 30, '61; discharged Feb. 11, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. 9 N. H. V. Died Sept. 2, '90, Nashua.
- Jones, Charles.** Co. C; born England; age 22; credited Enfield; mustered in Nov. 14, '63; missing May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
- Jones, Frank.** Co. F; born Sutton; age 25; resident and credited Sanbornton; drafted and mustered in Aug. 29, '63; attached to Co. E. 3 Art., U. S. A., June 14, '65; returned to Co. F, 4 N. H. V., Aug. 21, '65; discharged Aug. 23, '65.
- Jones, Frank.** Co. F; substitute; born England; age 22; credited Litchfield; mustered in Dec. 31, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Jones, Frank.** Co. K; age 25; drafted and mustered in Jan. 8, '65, at Concord; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Jones, George D.**** Co. B; born Milford; age 18; resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 29, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; appointed Sergt. May, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. 1 N. H. V. Resides Soldiers' Home, Cal.
- Jones, George W.*** Co. A; born Alton; age 25; resident Farmington; enlisted Sept. 4, '61. Died Apr. 1, '64, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Jones, Henry.** Co. F; substitute; age 19; credited Wolfeborough; mustered in Dec. 29, '64; deserted Mar. 23, '65, Wilmington, N. C. No good.
- Jones, James A.*** Co. D; born Byron, Me.; age 18; resident Gilford; enlisted Aug. 5, '61. Died Feb. 1, '62, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Jones, John.** Co. G; substitute; born Italy; age 22; credited Bath; mustered in Oct. 17, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 1, '64, on U. S. S. "Minnesota"; discharged June 8, '65, from receiving ship, Portsmouth.
- Jones, Samuel F.**** Co. F; born Albany, Vt.; age 29; resident Milford; enlisted July 13, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
- Josephi, Charles.** Co. F; substitute; born Germany; age 34; credited Stratham; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Joslyn, Charles.**** Co. C; born New Ipswich; age 22; resident Deering; enlisted Aug. 29, '61; reenlisted Feb. 18, '64; discharged Aug. 23, '65, Concord. Resides Meredith.
- Kan, Ham Tean.** Co. K; substitute; born France; age 22; credited Unity; mustered in Apr. 6, '65. Died Aug. 7, '65, Raleigh, N. C.
- Kane, Franklin.*** Co. B; age 19; born and resident Fall River, Mass.; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; wounded Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Awarded "Gilmore Medal" by Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, for gallant and meritorious conduct during operations before Charleston, S. C. Dead.
- Karnoff, Herman.** Co. H; substitute; born Prussia; age 36; credited Hanover; mustered in Oct. 17, '63; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; July 30, '64, mine explosion, Va. Died Sept. 4, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va.

56 *Fourth Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers.*

- Keefe, Dennis.*** Co. G; born Ireland; age 35; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 22, '61; discharged Mar. 28, '64, Beaufort, S. C. Dead.
- Keene, Edward J.,** *alias* George Kenney. Co. D; substitute; born New Brunswick; age 25; credited Chesterfield; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; discharged June 28, '65, Ft. Schuyler, N. Y. H. Died Apr. 6, '91, Pittsburg, Pa.
- Kehoe, John.** Co. F; substitute; born Canada; age 24; credited Warren; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; deserted June 14, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.
- Keller, Emile.** Co. B; substitute; born Prussia; age 28; credited Manchester; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; deserted Dec. 3, '64, New York City.
- Kelley, Charles J.*** Co. C; born Durham; age 27; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 14, '61; appointed Q. M. Sergt. Sept. 18, '61; captured Nov., '61; released; discharged Dec. 1, '62, Washington, D. C. Brother John L.
- Kelley, James.** Co. E; substitute; born Canada; age 26; credited Deerfield; mustered in Dec. 20, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Kelley, James.** Co. K; born Clare, Ir.; age 21; credited Dorchester; mustered in Mar. 4, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Kelley, John S. C.*** Co. H; born Derry; age 23; resident Atkinson; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; appointed Corp. Died Oct. 31, '61, on board steamer "Baltic," during passage from Ft. Monroe, Va., to Port Royal, S. C. Buried at sea.
- Kelley, Peter.** Co. I; substitute; born Montreal, Can.; age 24; credited Sanbornton; mustered in Sept. 29, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; released Feb. 24, '65; discharged Aug. 4, '65, Concord.
- Kelley, John L.*** Born Madbury; age 49; resident Manchester; appointed Q. M. Aug. 20, '61; discharged July 30, '63, to accept promotion. 1 N. H. V. Died May 1, '87, Manchester.
- Kelliher, Jeremiah.**** Co. G; born Cork, Ir.; age 29; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; reenlisted Feb. 19, '64; captured Aug. 15, '64, Deep Bottom, Va. Died after Oct. 9, '64, Salisbury, N. C.
- Kemp, Willis D.*** Co. I; born Pomfret, Vt.; age 34; resident Danbury; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; discharged Sept. 27, '64.
- Kendall, Frederic A.**** Co. C; age 23; born and resident Concord; appointed 2 Lt. Sept. 20, '61; appointed 1 Lt. Co. B, Aug. 15, '62; Capt. Sept. 12, '64; discharged Aug. 17, '65, to accept appointment in U. S. C. T. Resides Cleveland, Ohio.
- Kendall, William P.*** Co. B; age 21; born and resident Milford; enlisted Sept. 7, '61. Died Oct. 19, '62, Beaufort, S. C.
- Kennedy, Cornelius.*** Co. G; born Ireland; age 35; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; discharged Dec. 25, '61, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Kenny, George N.** Co. C; born Milford; age 19; resident and credited Nashua; mustered in Aug. 28, '62; discharged May 25, '65, Nashua. Died Feb. 11, '66, Nashua.

- Kenrick, Stephen.*** Co. E; born Haverhill, Mass.; age 21; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 21, '61, as Sergt.; transferred to U. S. Signal Corps; discharged Sept. 19, '64, Hilton Head, S. C. 1 N. H. V. Died Jan. 10, '99, Jamaica Plains, Mass.
- Kent, Albert F.**** Co. F; born Lowell, Mass.; age 22; resident Lawrence, Mass.; enlisted Sept. 15, '61, as Musc.; reenlisted Feb. 18, '64; credited Concord; appointed Prin. Musc. May 1, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. 6 Mass. Inf. Died Nov. 14, '10, Lawrence, Mass.
- Kerr, Thomas.** Co. A; substitute; born New York City; age 24; credited Haverhill; mustered in Oct. 23, '63; wounded Jan. 15, '65, Ft. Fisher, N. C.; captured Apr. 9, '65, Washington, N. C.; released Apr. 29, '65; discharged June 2, '65, Concord.
- Kidder, Alexander W.*** Co. B; born Dresden, Me.; age 21; resident Somersworth; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; mustered in Sept. 18, '61; wounded July 19, '64, Petersburg, Va.; discharged Sept. 27, '64. Died Aug. 12, '99, Soldiers' Home, Tilton.
- Kidder, George M.**** Co. C; age 21; born and resident Worcester; Mass.; enlisted Sept. 6, '61, Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 24, '64; credited Manchester; captured Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; released Mar. 9, '65. Died Mar. 31, '65, Worcester, Mass.
- Kidder, James M.** Co. K; born Bristol; age 43; resident and credited Stewartstown; drafted and mustered in Mar. 22, '65, for 1 yr.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Apr. 4, '06, Stewartstown.
- Kidder, Lanson F.*** Co. I; age 18; born and resident Groton; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; discharged Mar. 10, '62. Died Mar. 27, 1900, Dover.
- Kimball, John.*** Co. H; born Lancaster, Ohio; age 18; resident Methuen, Mass.; enlisted Aug. 19, '61; transferred to Co. B, 1 Art., U. S. A., Jan. 21, '63. Died Sept. 8, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. 1 N. H. V.
- Kimball, John R.*** Co. B; age 18; born and resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 30, '61, as Corp.; appointed Sergt., '62; wounded severely Oct. 22, '62, Pocotaligo, S. C.; captured May 20, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; paroled Nov., '64; discharged Jan. 3, '65, Concord. Resides Brooklyn, N. Y. 1 N. H. V.
- Kimball, Joseph H.*** Co. C; born Newport; age 18; resident Milford; enlisted Sept. 19, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64.
- King, Asa J.*** Co. C; born Chelmsford, Mass.; age 43; resident Brookline; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; discharged Jan. 12, '62, Hilton Head, S. C.
- King, John.** Co. G; born Canada; age 37; credited Hampstead; mustered in Dec. 26, '63; wounded severely June 27, '64, near Bermuda Hundred, Va. Died, wounds, July 24, '64.
- Kingsley, Hale L.*** Co. H; born Swansea, Mass.; age 32; enlisted Aug. 22, '61. Did not go to war. Died July 8, '10, Rehoboth, Mass.
- Kinsella, Daniel.** Co. D; substitute; born Ireland; age 40; credited Weare; mustered in Sept. 2, '63; deserted May 7, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; returned Dec. 29, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.

- Kinze, Henry.** Co. B; substitute; born England; age 25; credited Bethlehem; mustered in Oct. 20, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64, on U. S. S. "Florida" and "Quaker City"; discharged May 2, '65.
- Kline, John.** Co. H; substitute; born Hesse-Darmstadt, Ger.; age 26; credited Gilford; mustered in Sept. 9, '63; deserted May 1, '64, Gloucester Point, Va.
- Klines, Charles.** Co. H; substitute; born Baden, Ger.; age 25; credited Gilford; mustered in Sept. 9, '63; missing May 7, '64; returned Mar. 13, '65; discharged June 20, '65, Annapolis, Md.
- Knapp, Rufus.** Co. H; born Canada; age 18; credited Lebanon; mustered in Nov. 23, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; exchanged Aug., '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Knight, Wesley B.**** Co. K; born Haverhill, Mass.; age 26; resident Londonderry; enlisted Sept. 18, '61, as Sergt.; reënlisted Feb. 16, '64; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Oct. 20, '64, Florence, S. C. 1 N. H. V.
- Knowles, Joseph H.*** Co. A; age 19; born and resident Milton; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; discharged Jan. 9, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. V. R. C. Died March 2, '02, Middleton.
- Knowlton, Abner L.**** Co. D; born Windsor; age 28; resident Sanbornton; enlisted Aug. 7, '61, as Corp.; appointed Sergt.; reënlisted Jan. 1, '64; appointed 1 Sergt.; 1 Lt. Co. H, Nov. 9, '64; Capt. Feb. 17, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Feb. 11, '99, Miami, Fla.
- Knowlton, Joseph H.*** Co. K; born Deerfield; age 39; resident Manchester; mustered in Oct. 7, '61; discharged Sept. 18, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Feb. 3, '80, Manchester.
- Knowlton, William R.*** Co. I; born Westborough, Mass.; age 38; resident New Ipswich; enlisted Aug. 27, '61, as Corp.; discharged July 6, '62, St. Augustine, Fla. V. R. C. Died Nov. 11, '95, New Ipswich.
- Knox, Alonzo.**** Co. F; born Freedom; age 24; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 12, '61; reënlisted Feb. 17, '64; credited Milton; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Manchester.
- Knox, Daniel W.**** Co. C; born Quincy, Mass.; age 21; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 17, '61; appointed Corp.; reënlisted Feb. 28, '64; credited Pembroke; killed Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.
- Knox, James F.*** Co. H; born Biddeford, Me.; age 32; resident Lawrence, Mass.; enlisted Aug. 23, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died June 6, '01, Saco, Me.
- Knox, Samuel.**** Co. B; born Berwick, Me.; age 23; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 29, '61; reënlisted Feb. 20, '64; wounded Oct. 1, '64, Chaffin's Farm, Va. Died, wounds, Oct. 5, '64.
- Koch, William.** Co. F; substitute; born Bavaria, Ger.; age 22; credited Freedom; mustered in Dec. 29, '64; discharged July 12, '65, Portsmouth Grove, R. I.
- Lackett, John.** Co. A; substitute; age 23; credited Lisbon; mustered in Oct. 23, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64, on U. S. S. "Minnesota"; deserted Dec. 19, '64.

- Lacroix, Eugene.** Co. K; substitute; born Canada; age 19; credited Stewartstown; mustered in Feb. 9, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Ladd, George W.*** Co. D; born New Hampton; age 28; resident Gilford; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64.
- Laine, John.** Co. A; substitute; age 32; credited Antrim; mustered in Sept. 1, '63; deserted Aug. 10, '64.
- Lamar, Gabriel.** Co. D; substitute; born Canada; age 25; credited Lyme; mustered in Jan. 5, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Lamay, John.*** Co. D; born Billerica, Mass.; age 18; resident Groton; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; drowned June 13, '62, St. Augustine, Fla.
- Lamereen, William.**** Co. B; born Canada; age 21; resident Raymond; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; reenlisted Feb. 24, '64; credited Portsmouth; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.; deserted Feb. 1, '65, David's Isl., N. Y. H.
- Lamontine, John.** Co. C; substitute; born Canada; age 38; credited Canaan; mustered in Oct. 20, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Lancey, George F.*** Co. C; born Brookline; age 19; resident Greenfield; enlisted Sept. 3, '61. Died Sept. 24, '63, Morris Isl., S. C.
- Lane, Joseph.**** Co. A; born Ireland; age 34; resident Dover; enlisted Sept. 13, '61; reenlisted Feb. 28, '64; deserted Mar. 27, '64, Dover; reported May 10, '65, under President's Proclamation; discharged May 11, '65, Concord. Died Jan. 2, '72, Dover. 1 N. H. V.
- Lane, Lorenzo D.*** Co. A; age 23; born and resident Wakefield; enlisted Sept. 9, '61. Died Sept. 11, '63, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Lang, Charles.** Co. B; substitute; born Germany; age 33; credited Orford; mustered in Oct. 20, '63; appointed Sergt. Aug. 15, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Lang, Gilman L.** Co. K; born Lee; age 36; credited Grafton; enlisted Sept. 1, '62; mustered in Sept. 16, '62; discharged June 15, '65, Raleigh, N. C. Died Feb. 13, '03, Lenox, Iowa.
- Larkin, James.*** Co. G; born Ireland; age 20; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 22, '61; appointed Corp. Dec., '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Dec. 13, '93, Manchester.
- Larough, Joseph.** Co. B; substitute; born Canada; age 21; credited Lyme; mustered in Oct. 20, '63; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.; discharged July 20, '65.
- Lary, Hosea B.**** Co. B; born Eaton; age 25; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; appointed Corp.; wounded Jan. 16, '65, explosion of magazine, Ft. Fisher, N. C.; appointed Sergt.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Law, Thomas.*** Co. E; born Leeds, Eng.; age 37; resident Merrimack; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; appointed Corp. Apr. 29, '62; wounded Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; discharged Sept. 27, '64. Died June 21, '05, Bridgeport, Conn.
- Lawrence, Edward E.*** Co. D; age 24; born and resident Meredith; enlisted Aug. 5, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Jan. 18, '07, Soldiers' Home, Tilton.

- Lawrence, Jackson H.**** Co. D; born Townsend, Mass.; age 33; resident Gilford; enlisted Sept. 13, '61, as Corp.; wounded Oct. 22, '62, Pocotaligo, S. C.; reenlisted Jan. 1, '64; wounded June 15, '64, near Bermuda Hundred, Va.; July 26, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; appointed Sergt.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Aug. 3, '10, Laconia.
- Lawson, George.*** Co. K; born Nottingham, Eng.; age 26; resident Londonderry; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; discharged Aug. 25, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. Died Dec. 20, '67, Londonderry.
- Lawson, William.**** Co. K; born Nottingham, Eng.; age 21; resident Londonderry; enlisted Aug. 12, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; wounded Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Nov. 11, '75, Londonderry.
- Leavey, Denis.*** Band; born Waterford, Ir.; age 21; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 23, '61, as 2 Class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Nov. 15, '97, Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.
- Leavitt, Lucius.*** Co. E; born Canada; age 19; resident Andover; enlisted Aug. 20, '61; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Va. Died, wounds, Aug. 2, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Leavitt, Solomon N.**** Co. D; age 22; born and resident Meredith; enlisted Aug. 12, '61; reenlisted Feb. 18, '64; credited Gilman-ton; captured; released; wounded Sept. 29, '64, New Market Heights, Va.; discharged Aug. 23, '65.
- Lee, Charles H.*** Co. E; born Norfolk, Va.; age 28; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 19, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. 18 N. H. V. Died Sept. 19, '07, Soldiers' Home, Tilton.
- Legg, Lucian B., Jr.**** Co. G; age 24; born and resident Dover; enlisted Aug. 23, '61; reenlisted Feb. 24, '64; wounded Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died June 23, '84, Dover. 1 N. H. V.
- Leighton, Edwin G.*** Co. A; born Effingham; age 19; resident Rochester; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; discharged Oct. 26, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. Dead.
- Leonard, William A.** Co. K; substitute; born Ireland; age 21; credited Alton; mustered in Sept. 29, '63; deserted Apr. 24, '64, Gloucester Point, Va.
- Leplant, Charles.** Co. C; substitute; born Canada; age 17; credited Bath; mustered in Oct. 20, '63; discharged Apr. 4, '65. Resides Stanstead Plain, P. Q.
- Leroy, Daniel, alias Daniel Thompson.** Co. A; substitute; born New York City; age 27; credited Nashua; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; wounded June, '64; reported on mustered-out roll dated Aug. 23, '65, as absent, sick, since June 6, '64, Portsmouth Grove, R. I. Resides Lewis Run, Pa.
- Levi, William A.** Co. C; born New York City; age 18; resident Somersworth; enlisted Feb. 18, '62; mustered in Feb. 28, '62, as Musc.; reenlisted Feb. 25, '64; mustered in Feb. 28, '64; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Resides Dover.
- Lewis, Henry.*** Band; born Walpole, Mass.; age 29; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 12, '61, as 3 Class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Resides Manchester.

- Libbey, Charles F.** Co. H; age 21; born, resident, and credited Concord; mustered in July 28, '62; discharged June 15, '65, Raleigh, N. C.
- Libbey, Nathaniel B.*** Co. F; born Lebanon, Me.; age 40; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 5, '61; discharged Jan. 29, '63; Beaufort, S. C. Dead.
- Libby, Abraham.*** Co. H; age 19; born and resident Northfield; enlisted Aug. 24, '61; transferred to Co. B, 1 Art., U. S. A., Nov. 3, '62; reenlisted Feb. 2, '64; discharged Nov. 12, '64, Concord. 1 N. H. V.
- Libbey, Andrew G.** Co. H; age 18, born, resident, and credited to Concord; mustered in July 29, '62; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Sept. 6, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Libby, Horace W.*** Co. C; born Goshen; age 21; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 12, '61; discharged Sept. 19, '64, New York City. Dead.
- Libby, Luther L.*** Co. D; born Plymouth; age 20; resident Gilmanton; enlisted Aug. 12, '61; drowned June 13, '62, St. Augustine, Fla.
- Lillis, David G.*** Co. E; age 19; born and resident Hooksett; enlisted Aug. 27, '61. Died Dec. 4, '62, Beaufort, S. C.
- Linnean, Daniel.*** Co. A; born Ireland; age 30; resident Farmington; enlisted Sept. 3, '61. Died Oct. 3, '62, Beaufort, S. C.
- Little, Lucius.** Co. K; substitute; born Lenoxville, Can.; age 20; credited Cornish; mustered in Jan. 17, '65; mustered out Aug. '23, '65. Resides Burtrum, Minn.
- Littlefield, Robert.** Co. G; substitute; born Maine; age 24; resident Wells, Me., credited Enfield; mustered in Oct. 15, '63; U S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; discharged Aug. 7, '65.
- Livingston, Charles C.*** Co. E; born Greensborough, Vt.; age 22; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died, '66, Iowa; accidentally killed.
- Locke, Henry W.*** Co. A; born Barrington; age 34; resident Rochester; appointed 2 Lt. Sept. 20, '61; mustered in; appointed 1 Lt. May 17, '62; discharged June 25, '64, to accept promotion. Died March 19, '95, Barrington.
- Lompries, Charles.** Co. H; substitute; born Nort, France; age 33; credited Gilford; mustered in Sept. 9, '63; deserted May 1, '64, Gloucester Point, Va.
- Londeau, Louis.*** Co. I; born Canada; age 19; resident Derry; enlisted Aug. 16, '61; discharged Dec. 27, '61, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Lord, George J.**** Co. F; age 21; born and resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 6, '61; appointed Musc.; reenlisted Feb. 18, '64; discharged Aug. 23, '65.
- Lord, John A.*** Co. A; born Lebanon, Me.; age 25; resident Dover; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; wounded severely Oct. 22, '62, Pocotaligo, S. C.; discharged Mar. 4, '63, Beaufort, S. C. Died Apr. 22, '81, Dover.

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- Louden, Samuel.** Co. B; substitute; born New York; age 21; credited Campton; mustered in Oct. 21, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; exchanged Oct., '64; discharged Apr. 24, '65, David's Isl., N. Y. H. Died Nov. 21, '92, Washington, D. C.
- Lougee, Frederick W.*** Co. K; born Canada; age 33; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 14, '61; discharged Sept. 27, '64. Died Feb. 4, '72, Waltham, Mass.
- Lovejoy, John G.**** Co. D; age 17; born and resident Amherst; enlisted July 30, '61; reenlisted Feb. 17, '64; credited Canterbury; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Manchester.
- Lovejoy, Lewis.**** Co. F; born Tamworth; age 18; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 1, '61; reenlisted Jan. 1, '64; captured Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va. Died Nov. 24, '64, Salisbury, N. C.
- Loverin, John S.**** Co. I; born Springfield; age 23; resident Andover; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; reenlisted Feb. 11, '64; credited Derry; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; discharged Sept. 1, '65, Concord. Resides Salisbury.
- Lovely, Edward.** Co. B; substitute; born Canada; age 22; credited Holderness; mustered in Oct. 21, '63; wounded May 21, '64, near Bermuda Hundred, Va.; discharged Aug. 15, '65, Raleigh, N. C.
- Lovett, John.*** Co. C; born Scotland; age 42; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 23, '61; Battery D, 1 Art., U. S. A., Jan. 9, '63; discharged Aug. 23, '64. Died June 9, '78, National Military Home, Ohio.
- Lovett, John.** Co. E; substitute; born Nova Scotia; age 24; credited Lebanon; mustered in Oct. 19, '63; wounded Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.
- Lowell, Robert E.*** Co. H; age 30; born and resident Salem; enlisted Sept. 11, '61; deserted July 30, '63, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Hampstead.
- Lund, Edwin F.**** Co. C; born Boston, Mass.; age 18; resident Milford; enlisted Aug. 24, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Va. Died, wounds, Aug. 23, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Lund, Henry C.**** Co. B; age 19; born and resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; appointed Corp.; killed Sept. 3, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Lund, John H.*** Co. D; born Merrimack; age 43; resident Milford; enlisted July 24, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Apr. 4, '75, Hampton, Va.
- Lyman, George H.**** Co. I; born Canaan; age 21; resident Sutton; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; reenlisted Dec. 25, '63. Died Apr. 17, '65, City Point, Va.
- Lynch, Alfred F.**** Co. C; born Providence, R. I.; age 19; resident Milford; enlisted Aug. 23, '61; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
- Lynch, John.**** Co. E; born England; age 30; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; reenlisted Feb. 28, '64; wounded Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; appointed Corp. July 1, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Aug. 25, '86, Fall River, Mass.

- Lynch, Michael.** Co. A; substitute; born Canada; age 21; credited Littleton; mustered in Oct. 23, '63; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; appointed Sergt.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Lyons, Daniel.** Co. I; born Ireland; age 39; credited Dover; mustered in Sept. 19, '64; discharged Aug. 2, '65, Ft. Schuyler, N. Y. H. Died July 29, '89, Dover.
- Lyons, Newman.*** Co. B; born Litchfield; age 22; resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Resides Nashua.
- Mace, George W.*** Co. K; born Amherst; age 18; resident Bedford; enlisted Aug. 12, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Resides Arlington, N. J.
- Mace, Samuel B.**** Co. K; born Amherst; age 22; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 7, '61; reënlisted Feb. 24, '64; discharged Aug. 23, '65, Concord. Died June 28, '03, Manchester.
- Mack, John L.**** Co. E; age 21; born and resident Deerfield; enlisted Aug. 29, '61; reënlisted Feb. 28, '64; credited Manchester; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; Co. D, 11 V. R. C., Apr. 11, '65; discharged Sept. 18, '65, Boston, Mass. Died Feb. 5, '97, Deerfield.
- Mack, Thomas.*** Co. A; born Boston, Mass.; age 20; resident Rochester; enlisted Aug. 26, '61, as Sergt.; killed Sept. 16, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. 1 N. H. V.
- Madden, Ambrose.**** Co. F; born Lebanon, Me.; age 21; resident Somersworth; enlisted July 27, '61; reënlisted Jan. 1, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Madden, Michael.*** Co. G; born Galway, Ir.; age 23; resident Concord; enlisted Aug. 20, '61; reënlisted Feb. 16, '64; credited Manchester; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; July 30, '64, mine explosion, Va.; discharged Sept. 3, '65, Manchester. Died Apr. 24, '74.
- Mahoney, Dennis.** Co. G; born Boston, Mass.; age 18; credited Hooksett; enlisted Oct. 23, '62; mustered in Nov. 4, '62; wounded July 25, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; appointed Corp. July 11, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Jan. 5, '79, Manchester.
- Mahoney, John D.**** Co. A; born Kilkenny, Ir.; age 21; resident South Berwick, Me.; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; reënlisted Feb. 20, '64; credited Rollinsford; missing May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; returned; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Feb. 23, '84, Lynn, Mass.
- Mallard, George H.**** Co. C; age 19; born and resident Hooksett; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; reënlisted Feb. 18, '64; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; released Nov. 24, '64; appointed Corp. Mar. 1, '65; Sergt. June 19, '65; discharged July 28, '65, Raleigh, N. C. Resides Waltham, Mass.
- Malone, John.**** Co. E; born Roscommon, Ir.; age 28; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 6, '61; reënlisted Feb. 28, '64; wounded and captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died, wounds, May 18, '64, Richmond, Va.

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- Maloney, Bartholomew.** Co. H; substitute; born Ireland; age 27; credited Manchester; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; discharged May 12, '66.
- Manlove, James S.** Co. K; substitute; born Maryland; age 34; resident Philadelphia, Pa.; credited Mason; mustered in Oct. 14, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died June 20, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Mann, Henry A.**** Co. I; born Pembroke; age 31; resident Concord; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; appointed Sergt.; reënlisted Feb. 15, '64; credited Pembroke; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; appointed 2 Lt. Co. D; Mar. 1, '65; 1 Lt. Co. A, June 2, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Mar. 21, '98, Concord.
- Mann, Joseph.** Co. I; born Germany; age 25; resident New York City, credited Portsmouth; mustered in Dec. 21, '63; discharged June 10, '65, Raleigh, N. C.
- Manning, Henry H.*** Co. K; age 21; born and resident Amherst; enlisted July 22, '61; discharged Sept. 12, '62, Beaufort, S. C. Died June 3, '03, Milford.
- Mansfield, William.*** Co. B; born Ireland; age 26; resident Hollis; enlisted Aug. 20, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died July 17, '66, Hollis.
- Marckres, Samuel D.**** Co. H; born Nashua; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; reënlisted Feb. 28, '64; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. 1 N. H. V. Killed on railroad Aug. 6, '02.
- Marden, Charles T.**** Co. G; born Claremont; age 19; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; appointed Corp.; reënlisted Feb. 16, '64; appointed 1 Sergt.; wounded Jan. 15, '65, Ft. Fisher, N. C.; appointed 2 Lt. June 2, '65; not mustered; discharged Aug. 23, '65, as 1 Sergt. Resides Worcester, Mass.
- Marden, George A.**** Co. B; born Deering; age 18; resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 20, '61; reënlisted Feb. 15, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. 1 N. H. V. Died Aug. 10, '88, Westerley, R. I.
- Marden, Lemuel.*** Co. K; age 18; born and resident Windham; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Resides Fitchburg, Mass.
- Marland, Alfred.** Co. K; substitute; born Liverpool, Eng.; age 33; resident Havre de Grace, Md.; credited Canaan; mustered in Oct. 15, '63; appointed 1 Lt. Co. H, Feb. 17, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Apr. 13, '78, Darlington, Md. Correct name John M. Cooley.
- Marsh, Charles C.**** Co. G; born Henniker; age 20; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 23, '61; reënlisted Feb. 16, '64; appointed Wagoner; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Jan. 26, '90, Manchester.
- Marsh, Edward K.*** Co. D; born Calais, Vt.; age 18; resident Lyndeborough; enlisted Aug. 14, '61; discharged Jan. 31, '62. 9 N. H. V. Dead.
- Marshall, Caleb.*** Co. B; age 20; born and resident Hudson; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; discharged Mar. 11, '63, Beaufort, S. C. V. R. C. Died June 1, '83, Saco, Me.

- Marshall, George M.*** Co. D; born Greensborough, Vt.; age 18; resident Rumney; enlisted Sept. 18, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Dead.
- Martin, Charles.** Co. D; born Canada; age 25; credited Plainfield; mustered in Nov. 14, '63; deserted May 5, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; gained from desertion; ordered Sept. 20, '64, to Headquarters Dept. Virginia and North Carolina, to accept promotion in 36 U. S. C. T.; no record of mustered in; cashiered Dec. 29, '64, to date Oct. 24, '64.
- Martin, Frederick.*** Co. E; age 33; born and resident Hooksett; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died May 21, '99, Goffstown.
- Martin, Isaac W.**** Co. K; born Bow; age 23; resident Goffstown; enlisted Sept. 18, '61; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; killed Sept. 4, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Martin, John.**** Co. C; born Canada; age 18; resident Milford; enlisted Aug. 18, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; deserted Apr. 7, '64, Concord.
- Martin, John W.*** Co. F; born New Castle; age 35; resident Farmington; enlisted Aug. 21, '61; mustered in Sept. 27, '61; discharged Apr. 26, '63, Beaufort, S. C. Dead.
- Martin, Levi.*** Co. H; age 20; born and resident Kingston; enlisted Sept. 4, '61. Died Nov. 21, '62, Portsmouth Grove, R. I.
- Martin, Thomas.** Co. F; substitute; born Spain; age 23; credited Concord; mustered in Dec. 31, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Martin, William H.**** Co. C; born Vermont; age 36; resident Derry; enlisted Aug. 24, '61; reenlisted Feb. 18, '64; credited Londonderry; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. 1 N. H. V. Died Sept. 24, '03, Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me.
- Maskousky, Jacob.** Co. A; substitute; born Poland; age 26; credited Conway; mustered in Jan. 2, '65; deserted Aug. 19, '65, Raleigh, N. C.
- Mason, John A.*** Co. G; born Ryegate, Vt.; age 34; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 21, '61; discharged Jan. 12, '62. Co. C, 2, and Co. D, 10 N. H. V. Dead.
- Mason, Nathaniel, Jr.** Co. K; age 20; born and credited Albany; drafted and mustered in Mar. 24, '65, for 1 yr. Died May 7, '65, Goldsborough, N. C.
- Mason, Samuel B.*** Co. H; born Haverhill, Mass.; age 29; resident Atkinson; enlisted Aug. 29, '61, as Sergt.; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. 1 N. H. V. Resides Atkinson.
- Matha, Joe.** Co. C; substitute; born Canada; age 22; credited Haverhill; mustered in Oct. 20, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Sept. 6, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Matthews, Frank.**** Co. E; born New Ipswich; age 21; resident Peterborough; enlisted Aug. 30, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; credited Manchester; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Andover Centre.
- Maude, Charles A.** Co. E; substitute; born England; age 22; credited Henniker; mustered in Dec. 12, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.

- May, Daniel W.** Co. G; born Petersburg, Va.; age 34; credited Manchester; drafted for 1 yr.; mustered in Sept. 19, '64; discharged June 15, '65, Raleigh, N. C. Died Aug. 14, '01, Pittsfield.
- Mayne, William W.*** Co. G; born Whitehall, N. Y.; age 22; resident Manchester; appointed 2 Lt. Sept. 20, '61; appointed 1 Lt. Mar. 22, '62; Capt. Oct. 3, '62; wounded severely Oct. 22, '62, Pocotaligo, S. C.; wounded June 29, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; discharged Sept. 14, '64. 1 N. H. V. Resides Claremore, Okla.
- Mayo, Richard.** Co. E; substitute; born Liverpool, Eng.; age 26; credited Milton; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; discharged July 26, '65, Ft. Schuyler, N. Y. H. No good.
- Mayo, Thomas.** Co. I; born Andover, Mass.; age 44; credited Stewartstown; drafted for 1 yr.; mustered in Mar. 22, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Aug. 29, '07, Newport, Vt.
- McAboy, Martin J.** Co. C; substitute; born Canada; age 30; credited Lebanon; mustered in Oct. 19, '63; discharged Feb. 20, '64, Beaufort, S. C.
- McAllister, Joshua H.*** Co. H; age 41; born and resident Hillsborough; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; discharged Mar. 12, '63, Beaufort, S. C. 1 N. H. Cav. Died Oct. 18, '74, Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me.
- McCarthy, John.** Co. G; substitute; born East Greenwich, R. I.; age 22; resident Portland, Me.; credited Claremont; mustered in Oct. 8, '63; appointed Corp.; discharged June 5, '65, New Berne, N. C.
- McCarty, John.** Co. G; substitute; born Ireland; age 21; credited Pelham; mustered in Dec. 28, '64, appointed Corp.; wounded Jan. 15, '65, Ft. Fisher, N. C.
- McCarty, Michael.** Co. A; substitute; born Ireland; age 21; resident Boston, Mass.; credited Amherst; mustered in Sept. 1, '63; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; captured July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.; paroled June 3, '65; discharged Aug. 23, '65.
- McCarty, Michael.*** Co. C; born Ireland; age 23; resident Lawrence, Mass.; enlisted Aug. 22, '61. Did not go to war with 4 N. H.
- McCarty, William.** Co. E; substitute; born Kingstown, Ir.; age 20; resident Boston, Mass.; credited Weare; mustered in Sept. 2, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; deserted Feb. 9, '65.
- McCarty, William.** Co. F; substitute; born Cork, Ir.; age 20; credited Freedom; mustered in Jan. 2, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- McCauly, John.** Co. H; born New York City; age 25; credited Portsmouth; mustered in Dec. 30, '63; wounded Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; discharged June 5, '65, David's Isl., N. Y. H.
- McCluskey, William.** Co. D; substitute; born Scotland; age 24; credited Sutton; mustered in Jan. 7, '65; deserted Apr. 9, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.
- McConihe, George H.*** Co. K; age 18; born and resident Merri-mack; enlisted July 29, '61, as Corp. Died Feb. 7, '62, Hilton Head, S. C.

- McConihe, James M.**** Co. K; age 18; born and resident Bedford; enlisted Aug. 3, '61; reenlisted Feb. 24, '64; credited Merrimack; appointed Sergt.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides DeKalb, Ill.
- McConnell, John D.**** Co. I; born Newbury, Vt.; age 25; resident Haverhill; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; killed July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.
- McDaid, Joseph.**** Co. G; born Ireland; age 18; resident Dover; enlisted Sept. 11, '61; reenlisted Feb. 19, '64; wounded July 25, '64, near Petersburg, Va. Died, wounds, July 26, '64.
- McDermott, James.**** Co. H; born Dumfries, Scot.; age 23; resident Salem; enlisted Aug. 19, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Oct. 22, '89, Haverhill, Mass. 1 N. H. V.
- McDermott, Michael.** Co. A; born Ireland; age 39; resident Concord; credited Dover; mustered in Dec. 8, '63. Died May 8, '64, Beaufort, S. C.
- McDole, Samuel.**** Co. K; age 24; born and resident Bedford; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; credited Manchester; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Manchester.
- McDonald, Charles.** Co. B; born New York City; age 40; credited Exeter; mustered in Dec. 8, '63; deserted Nov. 12, '64, New York City.
- McDonald, John.** Co. F; substitute; born Ireland; age 25; credited Sanbornton; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; shot by Provost Guard Mar. 14, '65, Wilmington, N. C.
- McDonald, Philip.** Co. F; substitute; born Ireland; age 23; credited Gilford; mustered in Dec. 29, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- McDonald, William.** Co. F; substitute; born Halifax, N. S.; age 28; credited Rye; mustered in Oct. 6, '64; discharged June 28, '65, Wilmington, N. C.
- McDonnell, William.** Co. H; substitute; born Nova Scotia; age 29; credited Hanover; mustered in Oct. 17, '63; reported on mustered-out roll dated Aug. 23, '65, as absent, sick, since Dec. 16, '63.
- McDonough, James.** Co. F; substitute; born St. John, N. B.; age 43; credited Goffstown; mustered in Sept. 1, '63; missing July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.; gained from missing. Died Apr. 9, '65, Manchester.
- McDonough, Patrick.*** Co. G; born Ireland; age 22; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 24, '61; discharged Sept. 27, '64. Died Feb. 7, '73, Manchester.
- McEwen, William.** Co. D; substitute; born New Brunswick; age 20; credited Concord; mustered in Jan 5, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- McGee, Cecil.** Co. K; born Montreal, Can.; age 35; credited Orange; mustered in Jan. 25, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- McGloughlin, Thomas.** Co. E; substitute; born Ireland; age 28; credited Hopkinton; mustered in Dec. 21, '64. Died May 2, '65, David's Isl., N. Y. H.

- McGough, Michael.*** Co. G; born Ireland; age 18; resident Dover; enlisted Sept. 11, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Dec. 6, '03, Lynn, Mass.
- McGregor, Amos H.*** Co. I; born Derry; age 32; resident Londonderry; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; discharged Dec. 4, '62, Beaufort, S. C.; reënlisted and mustered in Dec. 22, '63; assigned to Co. G; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; Co. E, 21 V. R. C.; discharged July 24, '65, Newark, N. J. Died Nov. 16, '81, Fort Worth, Texas.
- McGuinness, John.*** Co. G; age 19; born and resident Dover; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; discharged Sept. 1, '63.
- McGuire, Michael.** Co. F; substitute; born Ireland; age 25; credited Hampton Falls; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- McHugh, Michael.*** Co. A; born Ireland; age 37; resident Rochester; enlisted Aug. 23, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Dead.
- McHugh, Michael.**** Co. G; born Glasgow, Scot.; age 22; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 30, '61; reënlisted Feb. 24, '64; deserted Apr. 13, '64, Concord. Resides Denver, Col.
- McIntire, James.** Co. G; born Armagh, Ir.; age 28; credited Portsmouth; drafted and mustered in Aug. 10, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- McIntire, Patrick, *alias* Patrick Lee.** Co. F; substitute; born Ireland; age 21; credited Hillsborough; mustered in Jan. 2, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Mar. 7, '67, North Bridgewater, Mass.
- McKean, George H.*** Co. B; born Hollis; age 18; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; discharged Feb. 11, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. 2 Co., N. H. H. Art. Died May 7, '69, Nashua.
- McKissock, Robert.**** Co. D; born Glasgow, Scot.; age 19; resident Wilton; enlisted Aug. 5, '61; reënlisted Feb. 17, '64; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va. Died, wounds, Oct. 14, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va.
- McLee, Patrick.** Co. A; substitute; born Ireland; age 21; resident Bridgewater; credited Manchester; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; captured; exchanged June 3, '65; discharged Aug. 23, '65.
- McMann, Philip.** Co. A; substitute; born Canada; age 21; resident Canada; credited Hanover; mustered in Oct. 23, '63; deserted June 1, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.
- McNab, John.** Co. K; substitute; born Prince Edward's Island; age 23; resident Hartford, Conn.; credited Keene; mustered in Oct. 16, '63; wounded June 4, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; deserted June 6, '64, White House, Va.
- McNeil, Edmund F.**** Co. H; born Amesbury, Mass.; age 26; resident Atkinson; enlisted Aug. 19, '61, as Sergt; reënlisted Jan. 1, '64; promoted 1 Sergt.; killed Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va. 1 N. H. V.
- McPherson, Frederick O.** Co. E; born Manchester; age 18; credited Candia; mustered in Dec. 23, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Manchester.

- McQuesten, Charles A.*** Co. H; born Washington; age 23; resident Hillsborough; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; Co. H 24 I. C., Dec. 10, '63; reënlisted; discharged Jan. 19, '66, Washington, D. C. Died Aug. 19, '92.
- Meador, Jesse M.*** Co. A; age 20; born and resident Farmington; enlisted Sept. 14, '61; Co. B, 1 Art., U. S. A., Jan. 21, '63. (The Dover (N. H.) *Enquirer* of June 23, '64, states that Meador's body was found and buried June, '64, near Allen's Mills, by a Captain Poughkeepsie.)
- Meador, Stephen H.**** Co. B; age 31; born and resident South Berwick, Me.; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; appointed Corp.; reënlisted Feb. 25, '64; credited Portsmouth; appointed 1 Sergt.; wounded Jan. 15, '65, Ft. Fisher, N. C. Died Apr. 16, '65, David's Isl., N. Y. H.
- Mehan, James.** Co. E; substitute; born St. John, N. B.; age 21; credited Nashua; mustered in Dec. 20, '64; deserted Aug. 15, '65, Raleigh, N. C.
- Mellen, Eustis.**** Co. F; born Lebanon, Me.; age 18; resident Somersworth; enlisted July 27, '61; reënlisted Feb. 20, '64; appointed Sergt.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Aug. 26, '08, Lawrence, Mass.
- Merrill, Calvin.*** Co. K; born Dunbarton; age 26; resident Goffstown; enlisted Aug. 6, '61; discharged Nov. 25, '63, Ft. Schuyler, N. Y. Lost leg Morris Island. Resides Concord.
- Merrill, Francis R.*** Co. F; born Lovell, Me.; age 18; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 12, '61; Battery B. 1 Art., U. S. A., Jan. 21, '63; reënlisted Feb. 2, '64. Resides Haverhill, Mass.
- Merrill, Lewis S.*** Co. E; born Dunbarton; age 21; resident Goffstown; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; July 9, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; discharged Sept. 27, '64. Dead.
- Merron, James.**** Co. G; born Malone, N. Y.; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; reënlisted Feb. 20, '64; captured Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; exchanged Apr. 15, '65; discharged June 12, '65, Concord. Dead.
- Merwin, Barney S.** Co. F; substitute; age 26; born and resident Roxbury, N. Y.; credited Nashua; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; captured Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va. Died Oct. 29, '64, Salisbury, N. C.
- Meserve, George H.**** Co. A; age 19; born and resident Rochester; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; reënlisted Feb. 15, '64; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; paroled Nov., '64; appointed Sergt.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. 1 N. H. V. Resides Soldiers' Home, Tilton.
- Meserve, Jacob C.*** Co. A; age 18; born and resident Rochester; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Resides Chambers, Ky. 1 N. H. V.
- Messer, Ward.**** Co. C; born Lunenburg, Mass.; age 30; resident Brookline; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; appointed Corp.; reënlisted Feb. 28, '64; wounded May 20, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged May 29, '65, Manchester. Died July 24, '85, Bow.

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- Messenger, John.** Co. H; substitute; born Bavaria, Ger.; age 28; credited Gilford; mustered in Sept. 9, '63; deserted Apr. 8, '64, Concord.
- Miles, Dudley W.*** Co. B; born Newmarket; age 42; resident Epping; enlisted Aug. 3, '61; discharged Feb. 11, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Co. H, 5 N. H. V. Dead.
- Miller, Augustus.**** Co. D; age 22; born and resident Rollinsford; enlisted Sept. 12, '61; reenlisted Feb. 17, '64; credited Dover; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Dover.
- Miller, Charles E.**** Co. F; born Acton, Me.; age 19; resident Somersworth; enlisted July 31, '61; appointed Corp. Oct. 1, '63; Sergt. Jan. 27, '64; reenlisted Feb. 17, '64; credited Effingham; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged Feb. 28, '65, Montpelier, Vt. Resides Boston, Mass.
- Miller, Francis.** Co. H; substitute; born Bavaria, Ger.; age 24; credited Gilford; mustered in Sept. 9, '63; wounded July 1 and 14, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Miller, James.**** Co. D; age 22; born and resident Rollinsford; enlisted Sept. 12, '61; appointed Musc.; reenlisted Feb. 17, '64; credited Dover; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Feb. 5, '90, Wells, Me.
- Miller, James.** Co. K; substitute; born Ireland; age 21; resident Canada; credited Plainfield; mustered in Oct. 15, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; deserted Mar. 17, '65.
- Miller, Joseph H.** Co. H; born Montreal, Can.; age 19; resident North Granby, Mass.; credited Hampstead; mustered in Dec. 26, '63; 168 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C., Apr. 17, '65; discharged June 7, '65, Concord. Resides Avon, Conn.
- Miller, Joseph L. C.**** Co. C; born Three Rivers, Can.; age 18, resident Hooksett; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; credited Manchester; captured Apr. 9, '65, Washington Station, N. C.; released Apr. 29, '65; discharged June 2, '65, Concord. Died June 18, '08, South Park, Wash.
- Miller, William.** Co. F; substitute; born Germany; age 24; credited Westmoreland; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Millet, Daniel S.**** Co. D; born Andover, Mass.; age 26; resident Wilton; enlisted July 24, '61; appointed Sergt.; reenlisted Feb. 21, '64; appointed 1 Sergt.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Apr. 25, '83, Washington.
- Miner, George A.**** Co. F; born Lyndon, Vt.; age 39; resident Somersworth; enlisted July 25, '61, as Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 14, '64; wounded July 4, '64, near Petersburg, Va. Died May 10, '65, Wilmington, N. C.
- Mitchell, Albert B.*** Co. C; age 19; born and resident Deering; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; discharged Sept. 18, '64, Manchester.
- Mitchell, Henry.** Co. F; substitute; born Ireland; age 21; credited Orford; mustered in Dec. 31, '64; deserted Mar. 8, '65, Wilmington, N. C. No good.

- Mitchell, Michael.**** Co. H; born Cork, Ir.; age 20; resident Dracut, Mass.; enlisted Aug. 20, '61; reënlisted Feb. 20, '64; wounded July 12, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; discharged May '31, '65, Concord. Died Apr. 23, '03, St. Cloud, Minn.
- Mokler, James.*** Co. E; born Boston, Mass.; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; wounded May 15, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Awarded "Gilmore Medal" by Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, for gallant and meritorious conduct during operations before Charleston, S. C.
- Mokler, William.** Co. F; substitute; born Boston, Mass.; age 39; credited Bath; mustered in Oct. 17, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Monahan, John.** Co. F; substitute; born Liverpool, Eng.; age 21; credited Salem; mustered in Dec. 27, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Monehan, Francis M.*** Co. H; born Bangor, Me.; age 32; resident Kingston; enlisted Sept. 10, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Dead.
- Montgomery, Francis W.**** Co. B; born Massachusetts; age 41; resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 20, '61; reënlisted Feb. 21, '64; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; escaped Feb. 26, '65; discharged July 28, '65, Raleigh, N. C. Died Aug. 26, '01, Rockland, Me.
- Moody, Alva E.*** Co. A; born Tamworth; age 18; resident Somersworth; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; wounded Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va. Died, wounds, Aug. 30, '64, White Hall, Pa.
- Moody, David M.** Co. D; born Charleston, Vt.; age 26; resident Lebanon; mustered in Apr. 4, '62; discharged July 15, '63, Folly Isl., S. C. Died Apr. 2, '01, Haverhill.
- Moody, Dearborn S.**** Co. C; born Landaff; age 27; resident Greenfield; enlisted Sept. 16, '61, as Sergt.; reënlisted Feb. 17, '64; credited Hancock; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.; discharged Oct. 29, '64, to accept promotion. Died Fort Dodge, Kan., 1909.
- Mooney, James.** Co. A; substitute; born England; age 40; resident Boston, Mass.; credited Lisbon; mustered in Oct. 23, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Feb. 6, '97, Leeds, Eng.
- Mooney, Thomas.** Co. G; substitute; born Australia; age 28; resident New York City; credited Bath; mustered in Oct. 17, '63; missing May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
- Moore, Charles.*** Band; born Lowell, Mass.; age 30; resident Ballardvale, Mass.; enlisted Sept. 5, '61, as 1 Class Musc.; appointed Prin. Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Sept. 2, '93, Waltham, Mass.
- Moore, Charles.** Co. E; substitute; born Germany; age 25; credited Warner; mustered in Dec. 19, '64; missing Mar. 16, '65; returned; discharged July 8, '65, Portsmouth Grove, R. I. Resides Cleveland, Ohio. Correct name Chas. M. Rome.
- Moore, Charles H.**** Co. H; born Hillsborough; age 18; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 18, '61; reënlisted Feb. 20, '64; appointed Q. M. Sergt. Nov. 21, '64; 1 Lt. Co. F, Feb. 17, '65; discharged May 15, '65. Died Feb. 7, '11, Nashua.

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- Moore, Edward P.**** Co. K; age 27; born and resident Londonderry; enlisted Aug. 20, '61; appointed Sergt.; reenlisted Feb. 24, '64; wounded July 27, '64, near Petersburg, Va. Died, wounds, Aug. 16, '64.
- Moore, Frederick D.**** Co. G; born Warren; age 31; resident Goffstown; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; credited Manchester; killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
- Moore, Rollins D.**** Co. E; born Bedford; age 18; resident Weare; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; mustered in Sept. 18, '61; reenlisted and mustered in Jan. 1, '64; wounded June 24, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; discharged, disabled, Jan. 30, '65, Alexandria, Va. Died July 1, '05, Portland, Me.
- Moore, Thomas J.** Co. D; substitute; born Philadelphia, Pa.; age 27; credited Weare; mustered in Sept. 2, '63; wounded and captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; paroled Nov. 20, '64; discharged July 17, '65, Raleigh, N. C.
- Morey, Jonathan.*** Co. F; born New Hampshire; age 19; enlisted Sept. 10, '61, at Concord; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Jan. 14, '95, Worcester.
- Morey, Julian A.*** Co. I; born Lowell, Mass.; age 23; resident Andover; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; discharged Sept. 26, '64, term expired. Died Feb. 11, '89, Andover.
- Morey, Oren F.**** Co. I; born Wilmot; age 18; resident Andover; enlisted Aug. 22, '61; reenlisted Jan. 1, '64; credited Wilmot; killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
- Morrison, Andrew.**** Co. F; born South Boston, Mass.; age 19; resident Somersworth; enlisted Sept. 4, '61, as Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 28, '64; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; 166 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C., Apr. 12, '65; discharged Aug. 24, '65, Washington, D. C. 2 N. H. V. Resides Dover.
- Morrison, Charles H.**** Co. K; age 25; born and resident Londonderry; enlisted Aug. 23, '61, as Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; captured. Died Dec. 22, '64, Salisbury, N. C. 1 N. H. V.
- Morrison, Horace B.*** Co. D; born Randolph, Mass.; age 22; resident Sanbornton; enlisted Sept. 14, '61; appointed Corp. Sept. 18, '63; Sergt. Nov. 6, '63; discharged Sept. 27, '64. Dead.
- Morrison, Ira W.**** Co. I; age 18; born and resident Wilmot; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; reenlisted Feb. 24, '64; credited Andover; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Wilmot.
- Morrison, Thaddeus K.*** Co. G; born Springfield, Mass.; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 19, '61; discharged Nov. 9, '62. Died Nov. 11, '69, Manchester.
- Morse, Benjamin F.*** Co. D; born Bradford, Mass.; age 40; resident Haverhill, Mass.; enlisted Sept. 14, '61; wounded July 14, '64, Petersburg, Va.; discharged Sept. 29, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va. Died Haverhill, Mass.
- Moseley, Frank.** Co. C; born Westfield, Mass.; age 18; resident and credited Nashua; enlisted Aug. 27, '62; mustered in Aug. 28, '62; discharged June 20, '65, Richmond, Va.
- Moses, John H.**** Co. D; age 18; born and resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 15, '61; reenlisted Feb. 17, '64; credited Canterbury; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died June 5, '08, San Francisco, Cal.

- Mosier, Frank.** Co. E; born Quebec, Can.; age 40; credited Plainfield; mustered in Nov. 14, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Sept. 5, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Mudgett, William S.*** Band; born New Boston; age 21; resident Ware; enlisted Sept. 10, '61, as 3 Class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. 18 N. H. V. Died Jan. 28, '68, Hopkinton.
- Mulaskey, James.*** Co. G; born Ireland; age 22; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Feb. 22, '81, Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me.
- Muldoon, Francis, alias** Francis McDowell. Co. G; substitute; born Ireland; age 35; resident New York City; credited Enfield; mustered in Oct. 15, '63; discharged July 31, '64, Beaufort, S. C. Died Jan. 25, '65, New York City.
- Mullen, George.** Co. F; born Ireland; age 20; resident Dover; mustered in Feb. 28, '62; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged Mar. 6, '65, Wilmington, N. C.
- Mullen, John.**** Co. G; born Cork, Ir.; age 26; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; mustered in Feb. 28, '64; wounded June 15, '64, near Bermuda Hundred, Va. Died July 29, '64, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Muller, August.** Co. F; substitute; born Germany; age 20; credited Hillsborough; mustered in Dec. 29, '64; discharged July 20, '65. Died Togus, Me.
- Munroe, James.** Co. D; born Washington, D. C.; age 19; enlisted Feb. 22, '63, at Beaufort, S. C.; mustered in Feb. 25, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Murphy, Francis.** Co. I; substitute; born Tyrone, Ir.; age 22; resident New Brunswick, N. J.; credited Gilmanton; mustered in Sept. 29, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; escaped Dec. 21, '64, Savannah, Ga.; reported to Dept. of the South; sent North Dec. 26, '64.
- Murphy, Henry.*** Band; born Dover; age 27; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; mustered in Sept. 18, '61, as 1 Class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Dead.
- Murphy, James.** Co. B; born Ireland; age 35; credited Windham; mustered in Dec. 23, '63; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged June 13, '65, Manchester.
- Murphy, James.** Co. F; substitute; age 19; born and resident Kingston, Can.; credited Manchester; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; deserted June 1, '64, City Point, Va.
- Murphy, John.** Co. D; substitute; born Ireland; age 29; credited Hooksett; mustered in Jan. 6, '65; deserted Mar. 20, '65, Magnolia, N. C. No good.
- Murphy, John.*** Co. G; born Ireland; age 45; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; discharged Sept. 27, '64, Concord. Died Mar. 3, '93, Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me.
- Murphy, Patrick.** Co. F; substitute; born Ireland; age 21; credited Pelham; mustered in Dec. 29, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.

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- Murphy, Thomas.*** Band; age 39; born and resident Baltimore, Md.; enlisted Sept. 20, '61, as 2 Class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Nov. 19, '67, Baltimore, Md.
- Murray, Charles.** Co. E; substitute; born Scotland; age 30; resident London, Eng.; credited Nashua; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Murray, John.** Co. B; substitute; age 21; born and resident Nova Scotia; credited Lisbon; mustered in Oct. 21, '63; wounded July 5, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; discharged June 28, '65, Smithville, N. C.
- Murtaha, Peter.** Co. B; substitute; age 23; born and resident Canada; credited Hanover; mustered in Oct. 20, '63; missing July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.; returned; wounded Sept. 29, '64, New Market Heights, Va. Died, wounds, Oct. 2, '64, Field Hosp., 10th Army Corps, Va.
- Myrick, Moses M.**** Co. K; age 36; born and resident Windham; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; appointed Wagoner; reënlisted Feb. 16, '64; credited Londonderry; killed Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.
- Neary, Dermott.** Co. F; substitute; born Galway, Ir.; age 22; credited Wilton; mustered in Dec. 31, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Nelson, Charles.** Co. F; substitute; born Norway; age 22; credited Westmoreland; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Nelson, Sylvester W.*** Co. K; age 18; born and resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Oct. 26, '74, Manchester.
- Neugerman, Alfred.** Co. I; born France; age 20; credited Lebanon; mustered in Nov. 21, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Newell, Thompson L.*** Co. E; born Bow; age 45; resident Manchester; appointed Capt. Sept. 20, '61; resigned Dec. 16, '61. Died Nov. 25, '93, Concord.
- Newton, Charles A.**** Co. E; age 18; born and resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 10, '61, as Musc.; reënlisted Feb. 18, '64; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Resides Soldiers' Home, No. Dak.
- Newton, Henry.** Co. H; substitute; born East Windsor, Conn.; age 41; credited Gilford; mustered in Sept. 9, '63; discharged May 19, '65, Concord.
- Nichols, Grovenor D.*** Co. B; born Amherst; age 22; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 2, '61, as Sergt.; discharged May 27, '62, Fernandina, Fla. 1 N. H. V. and V. R. C. Resides Nashua.
- Nichols, Herman.*** Co. I; born Derry; age 22; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; discharged Sept. 27, '64. Died Mar. 6, '84, Lawrence, Mass.
- Nichols, John.** Co. E; substitute; born Spain; age 23; credited Winchester; mustered in Dec. 17, '64; deserted Mar. 31, '65, Magnolia, N. C. No good.
- Nichols, John.** Co. F; substitute; born East Indies; age 25; credited Groton; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.

- Nichols, John F.**** Co. B; age 23; born and resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 21, '61; reënlisted Feb. 15, '64, as Sergt.; deserted Aug. 9, '64, Boston, Mass. Died July 31, '83, Auburn, Me. 1 N. H. V.
- Nichols, Jonathan P.*** Co. I; born Derry; age 21; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; discharged Dec. 27, '61, Hilton Head, S. C. V. R. C. Died Oct. 16, '72, Salem.
- Nichols, Joseph.** Co. I; born Derry; age 24; resident Boston, Mass.; credited Exeter; mustered in Dec. 11, '63; wounded June, '64; discharged June 22, '65, Concord. Resides Boston, Mass.
- Nichols, Stephen A.*** Co. K; born Windham; age 17; resident Londonderry; enlisted Aug. 29, '61; discharged Apr. 6, '64, Beaufort, S. C. Died Feb. 12, '67, Concord.
- Nichols, William H.*** Co. B; age 28; born and resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; discharged Apr. 26, '63, Hilton Head, S. C. V. R. C. Died Oct. 25, '98, Nashua.
- Nicholson, Alexander.** Co. A; substitute; born Scotland; age 27; resident Calais, Me.; credited Haverhill; mustered in Oct. 23, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; exchanged Dec., '64; discharged Jan. 24, '65.
- Nickett, John.*** Co. B; age 44; resident Kingston; enlisted Sept. 10, '61; Co. I, 6 V. R. C., Apr. 6, '64; discharged Sept. 21, '64, Washington, D. C. Dead.
- Noble, Samuel.*** Co. F; born Berwick, Me.; age 24; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 12, '61; discharged Nov. 1, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. Died Apr. 11, '92, Audubon, Minn.
- Nolan, John.*** Co. A; born Berwick, Me.; age 21; resident South Berwick, Me.; enlisted Sept. 3, '61, as Corp.; appointed Sergt. Feb. 1, '62; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Dead.
- Nolan, John.*** Co. G; born Montpelier, Vt.; age 24; resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; captured Aug. 15, '64, Deep Bottom, Va. Died Dec. 28, '64, Salisbury, N. C. Awarded "Gilmore Medal" by Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, for gallant and meritorious conduct during operations before Charleston, S. C.
- Nolan, Thomas.*** Co. G; born Canada; age 20; resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 24, '61; wounded July 23, '64, Petersburg, Va.; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Resides Nashua.
- Norton, William K.**** Co. K; age 20; born and resident Concord; enlisted Sept. 18, '61; appointed Q. M. Sergt. Jan. 29, '64; reënlisted Feb. 20, '64; appointed 2 Lt. July 27, '64; not mustered; appointed 1 Lt. Co. C, Nov. 21, '64; Q. M. June 2, '65; not mustered; mustered out Aug. 23, '65, as 1 Lt. Died Jan. 13, '92, Concord.
- Noyes, Byron.*** Co. H; age 21; born and resident Atkinson; enlisted Aug. 29, '61, as Sergt.; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. 1 N. H. V. Died Jan. 3, '07, Boston, Mass.
- Noyes, James H.*** Co. B; born Gardner, Mass.; age 25; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 16, '61; discharged Oct. 19, '61, Annapolis, Md. Surgeon 6 N. H. V. Resides Ogden, Iowa.

- Noyes, John.** Co. E; substitute; born Ireland; age 20; credited Keene; mustered in Dec. 15, '64; deserted Mar. 8, '65, Wilmington, N. C. No good.
- Noyes, Thomas A.*** Co. H; age 19; born and resident Atkinson; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; discharged Jan. 12, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Oct. 27, '82, Haverhill, Mass.
- Nudd, John H.**** Co. H; born Dracut, Mass.; age 22; resident Concord; enlisted Aug. 21, '61; appointed Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 19, '64; credited Pelham; killed July 30, '64, mine explosion, Va.
- Nutting, Charles P.*** Co. C; age 24; born and resident New Ipswich; enlisted Aug. 29, '61; mustered in Sept. 18, '61; wounded July 26, '64, Petersburg, Va.; discharged Sept. 27, '64, Concord. Died Mar. 9, '95, Franklin.
- Nutting, Eben H.*** Co. C; born Danville, Vt.; age 21; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 3, '61, as Corp.; Sergt. July 1, '64; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Jan. 21, '09, Manchester.
- Nutting, John C.**** Co. I; born Ashburnham, Mass.; age 28; resident New Ipswich; enlisted Sept. 14, '61; reenlisted Feb. 21, '64; appointed Sergt.; 2 Lt. Aug. 23, '65; not mustered; mustered out Aug. 23, '65, as Sergt. Died Dec. 12, 1898, Leominster, Mass.
- Oakley, Henry.** Co. D; substitute; born Halifax, N. S.; age 21; credited Manchester; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; discharged Aug. 9, '65.
- Oatis, John G.** Co. E; substitute; born New Brunswick; age 22; credited Derry; mustered in Dec. 20, '64; discharged June 13, '65, Concord.
- Ober, Henry S.*** Co. C; age 20; born and resident Amherst; enlisted Sept. 3, '61. Died Dec. 7, '61, Hilton Head, S. C.
- O'Brian, John.*** Band; born Ireland; age 20; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 3, '61, as 2 Class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Resides Townsend, Mass.
- O'Brien, Patrick.**** Co. C; born Ireland; age 27; resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; reenlisted Feb. 19, '64; discharged Sept. 13, '65, Hartford, Conn. Died Nov., '98.
- O'Brien, Peter.**** Co. G; born Ireland; age 27; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 31, '61, as Corp.; appointed Sergt.; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; released Feb. 29, '65; discharged July 17, '65, Raleigh, N. C. 1 N. H. V. Died Mar. 29, '76, Lawrence, Mass.
- O'Conner, Patrick.*** Co. K; born Ireland; age 40; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; discharged Oct. 19, '61, Annapolis, Md. Dead.
- O'Flynn, Michael.*** Co. G; age 25; resident Manchester; appointed Capt. Sept. 20, '61; resigned Oct. 2, '62; served in Co. C, 1 N. H. V. Died June 29, '01, Hampton, Va., Soldiers' Home.
- Oliver, William.** Co. D; substitute; born London, Eng.; age 27; credited Laconia; mustered in Jan. 7, '65; deserted May 26, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.

- Olwell, Philip.*** Co. D; born Providence, R. I.; age 22; resident Harvard, Mass.; enlisted July 31, '61; appointed Corp.; discharged, disabled, Nov. 1, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. 1 N. H. Cav.
- Omsby, Albert G.**** Co. K; born Corinth, Vt.; age 29; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 19, '61; reënlisted Feb. 24, '64; appointed Corp. July 21, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Aug. 26, '96, Bradford, Vt.
- O'Neal, Dennis.** Co. F; substitute; born Ireland; age 28; credited Portsmouth; mustered in Jan. 2, '65; deserted Mar. 23, '65, Wilmington, N. C. No good.
- Ordway, Aaron P.*** Co. H; born Rumney; age 15; resident Lawrence, Mass.; enlisted Sept. 12, '61, as Musc.; discharged Apr. 2, '63. In 6 Mass. Vol. Resides New York City.
- Ordway, Charles M.**** Co. I; born Newburyport, Mass.; age 18; resident Chester; enlisted Aug. 17, '61; reënlisted Feb. 15, '64; credited Derry; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died July 18, '92, Soldiers' Home, Tilton.
- Osgood, George W.** Co. A; born Amherst; age 27; credited Milford; mustered in Nov. 25, '63, as Musc.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Apr. 22, '98, Amherst.
- Osgood, Henry C.**** Co. E; born Woodstock, Vt.; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 19, '61, as Corp.; reënlisted Feb. 21, '64; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; 168 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C.; discharged, wounds, June 9, '65, Concord. Died Oct. 28, '75, Manchester.
- Osgood, James Y.*** Co. A; born Madbury; age 18; resident Dover; enlisted Sept. 10, '61; appointed Corp. May 4, '63; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Resides Barnstead.
- Osgood, Reuben D.*** Co. B; born Blue Hill, Me.; age 26; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; U. S. Signal Corps Oct. 13, '63; reënlisted Mar. 18, '64; discharged Sept. 5, '65. Died Jan. 31, '91, Turner, Me.
- O'Shaughnessey, Thomas.** Co. F; born Ireland; age 21; credited Lebanon; mustered in Nov. 14, '63; discharged July 19, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va.
- O'Sullivan, John P.*** Co. B; born Kenmare, Ir.; age 41; resident Nashua; enlisted May 17, '61; discharged, disabled, Feb. 7, '63, Beaufort, S. C. Died June 12, '92, Londonderry.
- Owen, David C.**** Co. C; born Deering; age 34; resident Deering; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; reënlisted Feb. 19, '64; mustered in Feb. 28, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Mar. 13, '11, Togus, Me.
- Page, Frederick T.*** Band; born Sanbornton; age 25; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 3, '61, as 1 Class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Resides Concord.
- Paige, Albert F.**** Co. D; age 19; born and resident Gilmanton; enlisted Sept. 14, '61; appointed Corp.; reënlisted Feb. 15, '64; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; appointed Sergt. Mar. 4, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Gilmanton Iron Works.

- Paige, Asa F.**** Co. D; age 18; born and resident Gilmanton; enlisted Aug. 21, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. In U. S. Army after war 3 yrs. Resides Gilmanton Iron Works.
- Paige, Harlan E.*** Co. E; born Goffstown; age 24; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Jan. 3, '66, Manchester.
- Parker, Addison A.**** Co. D; born Boston, Mass.; age 22; resident Moultonborough; enlisted July 26, '61; appointed Wagoner; reenlisted Feb. 17, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died '03, N. H.
- Parker, Cornelius E.**** Co. C; born Walnut Hill, Ohio; age 18; resident Deering; enlisted Sept. 10, '61; reenlisted Jan. 30, '64; credited Manchester; discharged Aug. 15, '65, Providence, R. I.
- Parker, Francis W.*** Co. E; born Bedford; age 23; resident Manchester; appointed 1 Lt. Sept. 20, '61; appointed Capt. Jan. 17, '62; wounded Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; appointed Lt. Col. Jan. 3, '65; captured Apr. 9, '65, between Wilmington and Magnolia, N. C.; confined about 3 weeks; released; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Bvt. Col. U. S. V., to date Mar. 13, '65, for faithful and meritorious services. Died Mar. 2, '02, Pass Christian, Miss.
- Parker, Horace H.*** Co. K; born Danville, Vt.; age 39; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 18, '61; discharged Sept. 26, '64, Concord. Died June 13, '91, Hooksett.
- Parker, John H.** Co. K; substitute; born Vermont; age 24; resident Elizabeth, N. J.; credited Enfield; mustered in Oct. 15, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; discharged Oct. 24, '65.
- Parker, Nathaniel C.*** Co. H; born Lebanon, Me.; age 26; resident Farmington; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; discharged Jan. 6, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. 10 and 18 N. H. V., U. S. Navy. Died Dec. 31, '66, Farmington.
- Parks, Walter.** Co. F; substitute; born Nova Scotia; age 20; credited Warner; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Parseley, George W.**** Co. B; age 28; born and resident Epping; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; credited Portsmouth. Lost at sea from steamer "Admiral Dupont," June 8, '65.
- Parsons, Howard F.*** Co. F; born Parsonsfield, Me.; age 25; resident Somersworth; enlisted July 25, '61, as Sergt.; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Dec. 1, '09, Dover.
- Parsons, Solomon B. G.**** Co. F; born Parsonsfield, Me.; age 21; resident Somersworth; enlisted July 25, '61; reenlisted Feb. 17, '64; appointed Sergt.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Orange, Mass.
- Parton, James.** Co. I; substitute; born Lancashire, Eng.; age 34; resident, Lawrence, Mass.; credited Gilmanton; mustered in Sept. 29, '63; deserted July 5, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Patnode, Augustine.** Co. D; substitute; born Canada; age 29; resident New York; credited Nashua; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; wounded May 20, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.

- Patterson, James W.*** Co. B; born Greensborough, Vt.; age 21; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 9, '61. Died Oct. 25, '61, Ft. Monroe, Va. First death in 4 Regt.
- Paul, James D.** Co. G; born Boston, Mass.; age 20; resident Wakefield; enlisted Feb. 18, '62; mustered in Feb. 28, '62; appointed Corp.; Co. B, 1 Art., U. S. A., Dec. 2, '62; killed June 29, '64, Ream's Station, Va.
- Pearsons, William L.** Co. D; born Maine; age 39; credited Northfield; enlisted Aug. 26, '62; mustered in Aug. 30, '62; discharged July 15, '63, Folly Isl., S. C. Dead.
- Pedden, William.** Co. E; substitute; born Scotland; age 28; credited Grafton; mustered in Oct. 25, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Pelmer, John.** Co. D; substitute; born New York; age 36; credited Bath; mustered in Jan. 5, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Penault, Alfred.** Co. K; substitute; born Canada; age 20; credited Milan; mustered in Apr. 7, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Peno, George.** Co. K; substitute; born Canada; age 19; credited Stewartstown; mustered in Apr. 8, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Manchester. Correct name George Pinard.
- Perkins, Charles H.**** Co. B; age 18; born and resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 23, '61, as Corp.; reënlisted Feb. 15, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Apr. 25, '92, Salem, Mass. 1 N. H. V.
- Perkins, David F.**** Co. B; born Newburyport, Mass.; age 19; resident Portsmouth; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; reënlisted Feb. 16, '64; killed July 26, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Perkins, George H.**** Co. B; born Maine; age 22; resident Portsmouth; enlisted Sept. 14, '61; reënlisted Feb. 16, '64; discharged June 27, '65, David's Isl., N. Y. H.
- Perkins, James H.*** Co. A; born Dover; age 21; resident Rochester; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; deserted June 5, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; reported May 9, '65, under President's Proclamation; discharged May 9, '65, Concord. Died July 29, '03, Farmington.
- Perkins, James S.*** Co. F; born Barrington; age 28; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 13, '61; reënlisted Feb. 18, '64; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Oct. 2, '82, Somersworth.
- Perkins, Oscar.**** Co. E; born Dunbarton; age 21; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 18, '61; reënlisted Feb. 20, '64; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; captured Apr. 9, '65, South Washington, N. C.; released Apr. 29, '65; discharged June 5, '65, Concord. Resides Manchester.
- Perkins, William H.*** Co. K; born New Lisbon, N. Y.; age 43; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 11, '61; discharged Sept. 12, '62, Beaufort, S. C. Died Aug. 30, '96, Bristol.
- Perrin, Phineas J.*** Co. B; born Wheelock, Vt.; age 40; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; discharged Feb. 11, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Mar. 14, '62, Nashua.
- Perron, Peter.**** Co. I; born Canada; age 41; resident Canaan; enlisted Sept. 14, '61; reënlisted Feb. 14, '64; wounded July 26, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; discharged July 20, '65, Manchester. Died Dec. 16, '92, Franklin, Mass.

- Perry, John.** Co. B; substitute; born Ireland; age 24; credited Campton; mustered in Oct. 21, '63; deserted Apr. 16, '64, Gloucester Point, Va.
- Pervier, Amasa J.*** Co. F; born Franklin, Vt.; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 2, '61; discharged Jan. 19, '62. 3 and 18 N. H. V. Died Jan. 28, '84, Franklin, Mass.
- Pettee, Richard N.*** Co. H; age 27; born and resident Salem; enlisted Sept. 11, '61. Died Sept. 19, '62, Beaufort, S. C.
- Pettengill, Benjamin F.*** Co. K; age 18; born and resident Londonderry; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; wounded severely and captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; paroled Aug. 13, '64; discharged, wounds, Oct. 5, '64, Annapolis, Md. Resides Derry Depot.
- Philbrick, Charles E.*** Co. E; age 18; born and resident Alton; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Va.; discharged Sept. 27, '64. Resides Haverhill, Mass. 1 N. H. Cav.
- Philbrick, James A.*** Co. B; born Nashua; age 18; resident Merrimack; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; wounded July 26, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; discharged Sept. 27, '64. Resides Chicago, Ill.
- Philbrook, Thomas P.*** Co. E; born Sanbornton; age 26; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. died Dec. 26, '66, Sanbornton.
- Pickering, Frank.**** Co. D; born Meredith; age 21; resident Laconia; enlisted Aug. 14, '61; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; credited Gilford; wounded and captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; paroled; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Died Nov. 3, '83, Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me.
- Pickering, Sylvester.**** Co. D; born Meredith; age 19; resident Laconia; enlisted Aug. 14, '61; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; wounded June 6, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Burned to death Oct. 7, '04, Meredith.
- Pickett, John.**** Co. G; born Galway County, Ir.; age 21; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 6, '61; reenlisted Feb. 19, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Feb. 7, '05, Laconia.
- Pierce, Eben H.**** Co. A; born Lebanon, Me.; age 35; resident Rochester; enlisted Sept. 2, '61, as Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; discharged Aug. 23, '65, Concord. Resides Lebanon, Me.
- Pierce, George.*** Co. B; born Sebec, Me.; age 28; enlisted Aug. 22, '61; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged Sept. 27, '64, Concord. Died Nov. 5, '99, Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me.
- Pierce, George W.**** Co. F; born South Berwick, Me.; age 20; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 12, '61; reenlisted Feb. 17, '64; mustered in Feb. 28, '64; deserted Apr. 16, '64, Concord.
- Pierce, James B.*** Co. A; born Somersworth; age 20; resident Lebanon, Me.; enlisted Sept. 13, '61; discharged Dec. 14, '62, Beaufort, S. C. Dead.
- Pierce, John F.*** Co. B; age 26; born and resident South Berwick, Me.; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; discharged Dec. 28, '62, Beaufort, S. C. Dead.

- Pierce, Nelson J.*** Co. K; born Clyde, N. Y.; age 19; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; killed June 5, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.
- Pike, Francis H.*** Non-Com. Staff; born Newport; age 36; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 3, '61, (Fife Maj.); mustered out Sept. 16, '62. 1 N. H. V. and 2 Brig. Band. Died Dec. 16, '03, Manchester.
- Pike, Warren G.*** Co. K; born Salisbury, Mass.; age 37; resident Londonderry; enlisted Aug. 12, '61; wounded severely Oct. 22, '62, Pocotaligo, S. C.; discharged July 22, '63, New York City. Died Sept. 9, '88, Haverhill, Mass.
- Pillsbury, Moses W.*** Co. E; age 20; born and resident Strafford; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; discharged Oct. 26, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. Died Nov. 9, '63, Concord.
- Pillsbury, William S.*** Co. I; born Sutton; age 28; resident Londonderry; appointed 1 Lt. Sept. 20, '61; resigned Oct. 20, '61. 9 Inf. and 1 H. Art., N. H. V. Resides Londonderry.
- Pinkham, John O.**** Co. A; born Alton; age 30; resident New Durham; enlisted Sept. 12, '61; reënlisted Feb. 28, '64; captured Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; paroled; discharged June 2, '65, Annapolis, Md. Died Mar. 14, '79, Concord.
- Piper, Nathaniel.*** Co. D; born Morgan, Vt.; age 29; resident Laconia; enlisted July 25, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Aug. 1, '96, Manchester.
- Piper, Stedman W.**** Co. I; born Lancaster, Mass.; age 17; resident Peterborough; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; reënlisted Jan. 1, '64; deserted June 5, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Died Feb. 25, '11, Sterling, Mass.
- Piper, Volney.*** Co. E; born Orange, Mass.; age 23; resident Richmond; enlisted Sept. 16, '61, as Corp.; appointed Q. M. Sergt. Dec. 2, '62; discharged May 9, '63, Hilton Head, S. C. Resides East Templeton, Mass.
- Piper, William H.** Age 21; born, resident, and credited Meredith; enlisted Sept. 14, '62; mustered in Oct. 2, '62; appointed Hosp. Steward Oct. 2, '62; wounded Jan. 16, '65, explosion of magazine, Ft. Fisher, N. C.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Apr. 27, '03, Orlando, Fla.
- Place, Josiah S.*** Co. D; age 18; born and resident Alton; enlisted Sept. 12, '61. Died Dec. 6, '61, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Place, Washington N. G.** Co. D; age 18; born and resident Alton; credited Gilmanton; mustered in Feb. 15, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Seattle, Wash.
- Platts, Thomas B.**** Co. K; born Londonderry; age 35; resident Auburn; enlisted Aug. 23, '61; reënlisted Feb. 17, '64; discharged Aug. 23, '65, Raleigh, N. C. Died Nov. 11, '87, Manchester.
- Plumer, Charles H.**** Co. E; age 30; born and resident Alton; enlisted Sept. 4, '61, as Corp.; reënlisted Feb. 21, '64; appointed Sergt.; wounded Jan. 15, '65, Ft. Fisher, N. C.; appointed 2 Lt. Mar. 1, '65; not mustered; discharged May 10, '65, as Sergt., Manchester. Died Jan. 2, '87, Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me. Color Bearer.

- Plumer, Joseph H.*** Co. A; age 20; born and resident Rochester; enlisted Sept. 2, '61, as Corp.; discharged Oct. 26, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. 1 N. H. V. Died Dec. 6, '63.
- Pocquet, Michael.** Co. E; substitute; born Montreal, Can.; age 24; resident Bytown, Can.; credited Weare; mustered in Sept. 2, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; escaped and reported Feb. 10, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died '72, Montreal, Can.
- Porter, Samuel A.*** Band; age 18; born and resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 3, '61, as 3 Class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Died May 22, '74, Manchester.
- Potter, Frank L.*** Co. D; age 18; born and resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 12, '61; killed July 8, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Potter, Henry M.**** Co. C; born Rindge; age 22; resident Milford; enlisted Aug. 19, '61; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
- Potter, John.** Co. A; substitute; born England; age 33; resident Boston, Mass.; credited Enfield; mustered in Oct. 15, '63; deserted Apr. 22, '64, Gloucester Point, Va.
- Powell, Peter.** Co. H; age 25; credited Concord; mustered in Dec. 23, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Powell, Russell W.** Co. D; born Candia; age 19; credited Windham; mustered in Dec. 29, '63. Died Sept. 15, '64, David's Isl., N. Y. H.
- Powers, John H.** Co. D; born Compton, Can.; age 21; credited Manchester; enlisted Nov. 18, '62; mustered in Nov. 19, '62; wounded June 15, '64, near Bermuda Hundred, Va.; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Baraboo, Wis.
- Pray, Amasa.*** Co. F; age 23; born and resident Rochester; enlisted Sept. 8, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Mar. 7, '69, Rochester.
- Pray, Frank E.*** Co. A; age 25; born and resident Farmington; enlisted Sept. 3, '61, as Musc.; discharged Oct. 26, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. Died '63, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Premo, Paul.** Co. H; substitute; born Canada; age 34; credited Piermont; mustered in Oct. 15, '63; furloughed Oct. 31, '64, from Base Hosp., 10 A. C.
- Presby, Winthrop L.** Co. D; age 26; born and credited Northfield; enlisted Aug. 21, '62; mustered in Aug. 30, '62; killed July 27, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Prescott, Harlan P.*** Co. I; born Lowell, Mass.; age 21; resident Andover; enlisted Sept. 6, '61; appointed Corp. Dec. 31, '61; Sergt. May 1, '63; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Awarded "Gilmore Medal" by Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, for gallant and meritorious conduct during operations before Charleston, S. C. Died Nov. 11, '60, Tilton.
- Prescott, Samuel H.**** Co. D; born Epping; age 20; resident Laconia; enlisted Aug. 12, '61, as Corp.; appointed Sergt.; reenlisted Feb. 18, '64; credited Gilford; appointed 1 Sergt.; 1 Lt. Feb. 17, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides at Concord.

- Pullen, Frank.** Co. D; substitute; born Montreal, Can.; age 21; credited Conway; mustered in Jan. 3, '65; discharged June 9, '65, New Berne, N. C. Died Apr. 7, '08, Portland, Me.
- Putnam, Abiel E.** Co. D; born Wilton; age 26; credited Wilton; enlisted Aug. 9, '62; mustered in Aug. 21, '62. Died Aug., '64, on hosp. boat, en route to Ft. Monroe, Va.
- Putnam, Byron.*** Co. C; born Lyndeborough; age 21; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 30, '61; discharged July 5, '62, Hilton Head, S. C.; captured Nov., '61. Died Mar. 4, '03, Lyndeborough.
- Putnam, Jerome.** Co. C; born Mason; age 25; credited Wilton; enlisted Aug. 21, '62; mustered in Aug. 22, '62; discharged Nov. 20, '62, Washington, D. C. Resides Nashua.
- Putnam, Levi.*** Co. E; born Lyndeborough; age 19; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; discharged, disabled, July 14, '63, Folly Isl., S. C. Resides Milford.
- Putnam, Samuel.*** Co. K; age 47; born and resident New Boston; enlisted Aug. 10, '61; discharged Aug. 22, '62, Beaufort, S. C. Died Feb. 1, '73, New Boston.
- Putnam, Samuel A., Jr.*** Co. D; born Chateaugay, N. Y.; age 21; resident Wilton; enlisted Aug. 10, '61; discharged, disabled, Sept. 26, '62, Beaufort, S. C. Resides Hyannis, Mass.
- Quimby, Benjamin K.*** Co. I; age 25; born and resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Feb. 23, '07, Lawrence, Mass.
- Quimby, George F.**** Co. H; age 23; born and resident Kingston; enlisted Aug. 20, '61; appointed Corp.; reënlisted Feb. 24, '64; appointed Sergt.; 1 Lt. Co. I, Nov. 9, '64; Capt. Feb. 17, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Newton.
- Quimby, John W.**** Co. A; born Rochester; age 21; resident Dover; enlisted Aug. 29, '61; reënlisted Feb. 20, '64; mustered in Feb. 28, '64; deserted Apr. 7, '64, Concord. Died Jan. 20, '72.
- Quinley, Benjamin F.*** Co. E; born Braintree, Vt.; age 27; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 3, '61. Died Jan. 1, '64, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Quinlan, Patrick.** Co. G; born Ireland; age 29; credited Portsmouth; drafted and mustered in Aug. 10, '63; deserted June 5, '65, Raleigh, N. C.
- Quinn, Frank.*** Co. G; born Ireland; age 41; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 10, '61; V. R. C. Died May 1, '67, Nashua.
- Quinn, James.*** Co. G; born Ireland; age 44; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 23, '61; discharged Feb. 7, '63, Beaufort, S. C. Dead.
- Quinn, John.*** Co. G; born Ireland; age 19; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 22, '61. Did not go to war with 4 N. H.
- Quinn, Patrick.*** Co. G; born Ireland; age 28; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 23, '61. Did not go to war with 4 N. H.
- Ramear, Joseph.** Co. A; substitute; born Bolton, Can.; age 20; resident Canaan; credited Holderness; mustered in Oct. 21, '63; 168 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C., Apr. 17, '65; discharged July 24, '65, Concord. Resides Canaan.

- Rand, Perley B.**** Co. C; born Stanstead, Can.; age 22; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 26, '61, as Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; released Feb. 26, '65; appointed Sergt. June 19, '65; discharged July 28, '65, Raleigh, N. C. 1 N. H. V. Died May 14, '87, Fitch Bay, P. Q.
- Randall, Aaron.*** Co. F; born Somersworth; age 21; enlisted July 31, '61, at Concord; Co. B, 1 Art., U. S. A., Jan. 21, '63; discharged Feb. 27, '64, Ft. Independence, B. H., Mass.
- Randall, Albert S.**** Co. D; born Centre Harbor; age 19; resident Gilford; enlisted July 29, '61; reenlisted Feb. 17, '64; appointed Corp.; Sergt. July 1, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Franklin.
- Randall, Daniel C.*** Co. I; born New Brunswick; age 36; resident Haverhill; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; discharged, disabled, Nov. 17, '62, Beaufort, S. C. 9 N. H. V. Died Mar. 18, '64, Camp Nelson, Ky.
- Randall, George.** Co. F; substitute; born Maine; age 22; resident Washburne, —, credited Lyndeborough; mustered in Oct. 15, '63; wounded Jan. 15, '65, Ft. Fisher, N. C.; discharged, disabled, June 22, '65, Concord. Died Mar. 3, '03, Washington, D. C.
- Randall, Horace.*** Co. F; age 22; born and resident Rochester; enlisted Aug. 15, '61; discharged, disabled, Jan. 9, '62. 2 and 9 N. H. V. Died Aug. 2, '09, Haverhill, Mass.
- Raney, Joseph.*** Co. I; born Derby, Vt.; age 22; resident Haverhill; enlisted Aug. 30, '61. Died Sept. 28, '63, Beaufort, S. C.
- Rankin, Charles O.**** Co. F; born Lebanon, Me.; age 18; resident Somersworth; enlisted July 31, '61; reenlisted Feb. 17, '64; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Va.; discharged Jan. 30, '65, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Read, Joseph.** Co. A; substitute; born England; age 24; credited Alstead; mustered in Dec. 21, '64; deserted Mar. 12, '65, Wilmington, N. C. No good.
- Read, William T.** Co. F; substitute; born Massachusetts; age 31; credited Plainfield; enlisted Dec. 28, '64; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Reardon, Michael.*** Co. G; born Ireland; age 28; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 4, '61. Did not go to war with 4 N. H.
- Reardon, Timothy.*** Co. G; born Ireland; age 20; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; captured Aug. 15, '64, Deep Bottom, Va. Died May 1, '65, Columbia, Ga.
- Reath, Terrence.** Co. F; substitute; born Canada; age 22; credited Newport; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Reed, Charles H.*** Co. E; age 20; born and resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 20, '61, as Sergt.; discharged Apr. 27, '63, Concord. Died Sept. 23, '92, Manchester. 1 N. H. V.
- Reed, James P.*** Co. I; born Lyme; age 27; resident Wilmot; enlisted Aug. 29, '61; Co. 1, 13 I. C., Oct. 7, '63; discharged Jan. 19, '64, Portsmouth Grove, R. I. Resides Danbury.

- Reed, John.** Co. D; substitute; born Blackburn, Eng.; age 23; credited Ossipee; mustered in Jan. 5, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Reed, Richard.*** Co. D; born Gardner, Mass.; age 19; resident Pepperell, Mass.; enlisted Aug. 12, '61; Battery M. 1 Art., U. S. A., Nov. 4, '62; discharged Aug. 14, '64.
- Remick, John B.**** Co. F; born Clinton, Me.; age 36; resident Somersworth; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; reenlisted Feb. 24, '64; mustered in Feb. 28, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Oldest survivor. Resides Somersworth.
- Resmursen, Lars.** Co. D; born Norway; age 20; credited Farmington; mustered in Dec. 23, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; deserted July 6, '65.
- Reynolds, William B.*** Co. D; born Epping; age 37; resident Charlestown, Mass.; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; discharged Aug. 5, '62, St. Augustine, Fla. Died Apr. 3, '60, Center Harbor.
- Reynolds, William H.**** Co. G; born Sidney, Me.; age 19; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; Co. M, 1 Art., U. S. A., Jan. 17, '63; reenlisted Feb. 1, '64; discharged Feb. 1, '67, Ft. Hamilton, N. Y. H. 40 yrs. in U. S. service. Died Oct. 15, '68, Washington, D. C.
- Rich, William.*** Co. F; born Hallowell, Me.; age 18; resident Somersworth; enlisted July 27, '61; appointed Corp.; discharged June 4, '64, St. Joseph's Hosp., N. Y. Awarded "Gilmore Medal" by Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, for gallant and meritorious conduct during operations before Charleston, S. C. Lost leg. Resides Berwick, Me.
- Richards, Charles.** Co. K; substitute; born Rochester; age 18; resident Farmington; credited Enfield; mustered in Oct. 15, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Sept. 19, '11, Soldiers' Home, Tilton.
- Richards, Charles F.**** Co. F; born Newburyport, Mass.; age 22; resident Somersworth; enlisted July 31, '61; reenlisted Feb. 18, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Providence, R. I.
- Richards, Joseph B.**** Co. F; born Salem, Me.; age 18; enlisted Aug. 10, '61, at Somersworth; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; credited Farmington; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; paroled Feb. 26, '65; exchanged; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Resides Lewiston, Me.
- Richards, Nelson.**** Co. G; age 22; born and resident Goffstown; enlisted Aug. 20, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; appointed Sergt.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Burned to death July 13, '67, Goffstown.
- Richards, Robert.*** Co. G; age 26; born and resident Goffstown; enlisted Aug. 20, '61; discharged May 9, '62, St. Augustine, Fla.; reenlisted and mustered in Nov. 27, '63; wounded severely; discharged June 11, '65, Baltimore, Md. 1 and 15 N. H. V. Lost arm. Died Jan. 16, '97, Goffstown.
- Richardson, Carlton C.**** Co. E; born Burke, N. Y.; age 29; resident Auburn; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; reenlisted Jan. 1, '64; credited Manchester; appointed Corp.; captured June 15, '64, near Bermuda Hundred, Va.; released; discharged May 30, '65, Concord. Died May 8, '87, Manchester. Awarded "Gilmore Medal" by Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, for gallant and meritorious conduct during operations before Charleston, S. C.

- Richardson, Henry K.*** Co. E; born Vershire, Vt.; age 37; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
- Richardson, Martin V. B.*** Co. C; born Lowell, Mass.; age 22; resident Manchester; appointed 1 Lt. Sept. 20, '61; appointed Capt. Sept. 12, '64; not mustered; discharged Sept. 17, '64, as 1 Lt. Died Oct. 22, '85, Worcester, Mass. 1 N. H. V. Capt. Hancock Vet. Corps.
- Richardson, Milton.*** Co. C; born Hillsborough; age 38; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 16, '61; discharged Oct. 26, '62, Beaufort, S. C. Died Feb. 11, '81, Nashua.
- Ricker, Charles E.*** Co. A; age 19; born and resident Rochester; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; discharged Sept. 20, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. Resides Rochester.
- Ricker, Oliver P.** Co. A; born Bartlett; age 18; credited Dover; enlisted Aug. 16, '62; mustered in Aug. 18, '62; appointed Corp. Mar. 1, '65; Sergt. May 1, '65; discharged June 15, '65, Raleigh, N. C. Died Feb. 7, '92, Tilton.
- Riley, James.** Co. G; substitute; born Ireland; age 22; credited Hanover; mustered in Oct. 17, '63; appointed Corp.; Sergt. July 20, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Riley, William.** Co. A; substitute; born Londonderry, Ir.; age 23; credited Gilford; mustered in Sept. 29, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; deserted May 31, '64.
- Roberts, Isaac H.*** Co. H; age 25; born and resident Salem; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; appointed Corp.; discharged Oct. 5, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. 1 N. H. V. Died Nov. 14, '63, Haverhill, Mass.
- Roberts, John.** Co. B; substitute; born Ireland; age 30; credited Haverhill; mustered in Oct. 20, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64.
- Roberts, John H.*** Co. A; born Ossipee; age 22; resident Dover; enlisted Aug. 29, '61, as 1 Sergt.; appointed 2 Lt. Co. D, May 1, '62; 1 Lt. Oct. 7, '62; Capt. Nov. 9, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Appointed Maj. U. S. V. by bvt., for gallant and meritorious conduct at the storming of Ft. Fisher, N. C., to date from Mar. 13, '65. 1 N. H. V. Died Jan. 7, '05, Malden, Mass.
- Roberts, William.** Co. D; substitute; born England; age 21; credited Ossipee; mustered in Jan. 5, '65; captured and released Apr. 13, '65; discharged June 26, '65, Concord.
- Robinson, Charles A.*** Co. B; age 19; born and resident Hudson; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; discharged Oct. 19, '62, Beaufort, S. C. Died Jan. 20, '67.
- Robinson, Charles E.**** Co. F; born Londonderry; age 18; enlisted Sept. 3, '61, at Concord; reënlisted Feb. 17, '64; credited Concord; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Apr. 9, '70, Beverly, Mass.
- Robinson, George H.**** Co. F; born Londonderry; age 21; enlisted Sept. 3, '61, at Concord; reënlisted Feb. 17, '64; credited Londonderry; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Dec. 12, '07, Goffstown.
- Robinson, George W.*** Co. E; born Exeter; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 16, '61; discharged Sept. 28, '62, Beaufort, S. C. Died Apr. 23, '73, Manchester.

- Robinson, William E.*** Co. C; born Grafton; age 41; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 20, '61; mustered in Sept. 18, '61; discharged May 3, '62, St. Augustine, Fla. V. R. C. Suicide Aug. 7, '68, Manchester.
- Rock, Alexander.** Co. A; substitute; born Canada; age 20; credited Haverhill; mustered in Oct. 23, '63; discharged July 31, '64, Beaufort, S. C.
- Rogers, James.** Co. A; substitute; born Ireland; age 21; credited Goffstown; mustered in Sept. 1, '63; deserted June 6, '64, White House Landing, Va.
- Rogers, John.** Co. E; substitute; born Boston, Mass.; age 18; credited Weare; mustered in Sept. 2, '63; deserted June 23, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Rogers, Nathaniel P.*** Band; born Plymouth; age 23; resident Gilford; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; mustered in Sept. 18, '61, as 1 Class Musc.; discharged Dec. 26, '61, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Dec. 1, '06, Tucson, Arizona.
- Rogers, Stephen H.**** Co. A; born Alton; age 19; resident Farmington; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; reenlisted Feb. 18, '64; credited Rochester. Died Jan. 13, '65, Pt. of Rocks, Va. 2 N. H. V.
- Rollins, Alphonso.**** Co. D; age 18; born and resident Rollinsford; enlisted Sept. 10, '61; reenlisted Feb. 17, '64; credited Dover; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Portland, Me.
- Rollins, Daniel W.*** Co. C; born Canada; age 24; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 4, '61, as Corp.; appointed Sergt.; captured Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; exchanged Feb. 24, '65; discharged May 12, '65, Concord. 1 N. H. V. Died Mar. 6, '05, West Bolton, P. Q.
- Rollins, John T.**** Co. A; born New Hampshire; age 35; resident Farmington; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; reenlisted Feb. 25, '64; captured Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va. Died Dec. 21, '64, Libby prison, Richmond, Va.
- Rollins, Kimball W.**** Co. H; born Springfield; age 18; enlisted Sept. 5, '61, at Manchester; reenlisted Mar. 10, '64; credited Bradford; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.; Mar. 19, '65, at Webster Gen. Hosp., Manchester. 1 N. H. V. Died Dec. 3, '90, Waterbury, Conn.
- Rose, Joseph F.*** Co. A; born Limington, Me.; age 23; resident Dover; enlisted Sept. 14, '61; wounded Oct. 22, '62, Pocotaligo, S. C.; discharged Mar. 4, '63, Beaufort, S. C. Died, '88, Georgetown, Wis.
- Rowe, George W.*** Co. A; born Barrington; age 22; resident Strafford; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; discharged Sept. 20, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. Died Feb. 6, '83, Philadelphia, Pa. 1 N. H. V.
- Rowe, George W.**** Co. F; born Gray, Me.; age 18; resident Somersworth; enlisted July 29, '61; reenlisted Jan. 1, '64; wounded July 28, '64, Petersburg, Va.; discharged June 2, '65, Concord. Died May 11, '10, Strafford.
- Rowel, Enos S.*** Co. K; born Bath; age 45; resident Franklin; enlisted July 31, '61; Co. K, 10 V. R. C. July 15, '63. Died Mar. 27, '64, David's Isl., N. Y. H.

- Rowell, Moses D.*** Co. H; age 30; born and resident Salem; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; 1 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Sept. 26, '63; Co. H, 13 Regt., V. R. C.; 41 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C.; discharged Sept. 18, '64, Hartford, Conn. Died Sept. 28, '02, Salem.
- Rowell, Walter B.*** Co. H; age 23; born and resident Salem; enlisted Aug. 19, '61, as Corp. Died Oct. 9, '62, Salem.
- Rowen, Patrick H.**** Co. D; born Ireland; age 22; resident Laconia; enlisted July 30, '61; reenlisted Feb. 14, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Apr. 5, '03, Laconia.
- Roxborough, John.** Co. E; substitute; born Ireland; age 35; credited Sutton; mustered in Nov. 16, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Rumsey, George.**** Co. D; born Canada; age 18; resident Franklin; enlisted Sept. 10, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; killed June 28, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Runnals, Dana.**** Co. G; born Portland, Me.; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died May 6, '93, Owasso, Mich.
- Runnals, George A.*** Co. G; born Portland, Me.; age 19; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; mustered in Sept. 18, '61, as Corp.; appointed Sergt. Dec., '61; 1 Sergt. May 25, '63; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.; discharged Sept. 27, '64, Concord. Died Jan. 11, '69, Portland, Me.
- Rurnals, John S.**** Co. A; age 18; born and resident New Durham; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; wounded June 15, '64, near Bermuda Hundred, Va.; appointed Corp.; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Dead.
- Runnels, Samuel H.*** Co. A; born Gilmanton; age 29; resident Loudon; enlisted Aug. 30, '61, as Sergt.; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged Sept. 27, '64. 1 Color Bearer. Died July 10, '78, Manchester. 1 N. H. V.
- Runnels, William B.*** Co. D; born Barnstead; age 31; resident Laconia; enlisted Sept. 6, '61. Died Dec. 14, '63, St. Augustine, Fla.
- Russell, Charles H.** Co. D; age 21; born and resident Wilton; enlisted Aug. 12, '62; mustered in Aug. 21, '62; discharged Nov. 30, '63, Portsmouth Grove, R. I. Died Jan. 2, '71, Wilton.
- Russell, Daniel S.*** Co. E; born Sutton; age 31; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 19, '61; discharged Dec. 24, '61, Hilton Head, S. C. Resides Fall River, Mass.
- Ryan, John.** Co. E; substitute; born Ireland; age 22; credited Rumney; mustered in Dec. 19, '64; deserted July 17, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.
- Sadowski, Joseph, alias Frank Sadowski.** Co. B; substitute; born Russia; age 28; resident New York City; credited Haverhill; mustered in Oct. 20, '63; wounded severely June 16, '64, near Petersburg, Va. Died, wounds, July 8, '64, Portsmouth Grove, R. I.
- Salesbury, James C.** Co. K; substitute; age 20; resident Nantucket, Mass.; credited Lebanon; mustered in Oct. 16, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Aug. 12, '64, Andersonville, Ga.

- Sanborn, Abram S.*** Co. G; born Salisbury; age 40; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 5, '61. Died Sept. 3, '62, St. Augustine, Fla.
- Sanborn, Daniel B.*** Co. H; age 26; resident Hill; enlisted Aug. 31, '61. Died Sept. 12, '62, Fernandina, Fla.
- Sanborn, Daniel F.*** Co. H; born Canaan; age 23; resident Concord; enlisted Sept. 2, '61. Died Jan. 22, '62, on steamer "Atlantic," en route from Port Royal, S. C., to New York City.
- Sanborn, James O.*** Co. I; born Webster; age 18; resident Camp-ton; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; appointed Corp. Died Nov. 12, '63, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Sanborn, John W.*** Co. D; age 18; born and resident Sanbornton; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; wounded Sept., '63, Morris Isl., S. C.; appointed Corp. Nov. 2, '63; discharged Sept. 27, '64. Resides Greeley, Col.
- Sanborn, True, Jr.*** Co. I; age 37; born and resident Chichester; appointed 2 Lt. Sept. 20, '61; 1 Lt. Co. K, June 12, '62; Capt. Aug. 15, '62; discharged Nov. 2, '64. Resides Chichester.
- Sanborn, William H.**** Co. K; born Goffstown; age 21; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 4, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Chicago, Ill.
- Sanders, Andrew.** Co. E; substitute; born Liverpool, Eng.; age 24; credited Hillsborough; mustered in Dec. 21, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Sarchfield, David.**** Co. B; born Cork, Ir.; age 35; resident Berwick, Me.; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; credited Portsmouth; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Died Oct. 8, '86, Rollinsford.
- Sargent, Alonzo J.**** Co. D; age 26; born and resident Hill; enlisted July 26, '61, as Corp.; appointed Sergt.; reenlisted Feb. 18, '64; credited Franklin; killed Sept. 29, '64, New Market Heights, Va.
- Sargent, Harrison H.** Co. H; born Warner; age 26; resident and credited Franklin; mustered in Aug. 6, '62; discharged June 15, '65, Raleigh, N. C. Resides Lebanon.
- Sargent, Henry W.*** Co. E; born Epsom; age 25; resident Northwood; enlisted Aug. 24, '61; mustered in Sept. 18, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Mar. 3, '69, Suncook.
- Sargent, Hezekiah S.*** Co. C; born Hubbardston, Mass.; age 44; resident Brookline; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; discharged Oct. 26, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. Dead.
- Sargent, Julius M.*** Co. H; age 18; born and resident New London; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; discharged July 12, '63, Folly Isl., S. C. V. R. C. Resides Stoneham, Mass.
- Sargent, Larkin.*** Co. E; born Bow; age 42; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 24, '61; discharged Mar. 24, '63, Beaufort, S. C. V. R. C. Died Nov. 6, '85, Manchester.
- Sarsons, Eleazer L.**** Co. C; born Lyme; age 25; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 9, '61, as Sergt.; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; missing May 20, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; gained from missing; appointed 1 Sergt.; 1 Lt. Co. A, Feb. 17, '65; Capt. Co. F, June 2, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. 1 N. H. V. Resides Lempster.

- Saunders, Frederick H.**** Co. B; born Townsend, Mass.; age 22; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; reënlisted Feb. 20, '64; appointed Corp.; wounded Jan. 15, '65, Ft. Fisher, N. C.; Jan. 16, '65, explosion of magazine, Ft. Fisher, N. C.; appointed Sergt. Mar. 1, '65; discharged July 20, '65. Resides Candia.
- Sawyer, Charles W.*** Co. A; age 28; born and resident Dover; appointed Capt. Sept. 20, '61; appointed Maj. Dec. 1, '63; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died, wounds, June 22, '64, Concord. 1. N. H. V.
- Sayers, Daniel.** Co. F; substitute; born Ireland; age 22; credited Warner; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Scales, Royal.*** Co. H; age 44; born and resident Canterbury; enlisted Aug. 20, '61; discharged Nov. 8, '62, Beaufort, S. C. Dead.
- Scarlett, William.** Co. F; substitute; born Canada; age 21; credited Swanzy; mustered in Dec. 27, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Brookside, Ala.
- Schelleng, George E.*** Co. B; age 18; born and resident Kingston; enlisted Sept. 4, '61. Died Dec. 12, '61, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Schofield, Lawrence.** Co. F; substitute; born England; age 25; credited Stoddard; mustered in Dec. 29, '64; deserted Mar. 13, '65, Wilmington, N. C. No good.
- Schuyler, August.** Co. G; substitute; born Holland; age 23; credited Stoddard; mustered in Mar. 31, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Dover.
- Scott, William.** Co. F; substitute; born Scotland; age 23; credited Pelham; mustered in Dec. 31, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Seaver, Robert A.*** Co. C; born Monson, Mass.; age 34; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 19, '61, as 1 Sergt.; appointed 2 Lt. Co. E. Nov. 13, '62; resigned June 24, '63. Blind. Resides Manchester.
- Seavey, Charles L.*** Co. C; born Raymond; age 18; resident Chester; enlisted Aug. 23, '61. Died Nov. 25, '61, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Senecal, Eldrick.**** Co. A; born Napierville, Can.; age 26; resident Farmington; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; reënlisted Feb. 24, '64; deserted Apr. 7, '64, Concord. Died Feb. 3, '97, Bath, N. Y.
- Seward, Orrin G.**** Co. D; born Lowell, Mass.; age 18; resident Gilmanton; enlisted Aug. 21, '61; reënlisted Feb. 21, '64; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Mar. 18, '09, Concord.
- Shackley, George.*** Co. A; born Berwick, Me.; age 18; resident Dover; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; wounded severely Oct. 22, '62, Pocotaligo, S. C.; discharged Feb. 17, '63, Beaufort, S. C. V. R. C. Died Oct. 16, '75, Dover.
- Shanley, Edward.** Co. E; substitute; born Ireland; age 35; credited Webster; mustered in Dec. 20, '64; deserted Mar. 9, '65, Wilmington, N. C. No good.
- Shannon, Joseph.** Co. F; substitute; born Ireland; age 26; credited Hampton; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.

- Shapleigh, Martin L.*** Co. A; age 21; born and resident Dover; enlisted Aug. 30, '61, as Corp.; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. 1 N. H. V. Died Feb. 22, '95, Hampton, Va.
- Sharples, William, alias John Smith.** Co. D; substitute; born Blackburn, Eng.; age 22; credited Ossipee; mustered in Jan. 5, '65; discharged July 8, '65, New York City.
- Shattuck, Alfred.*** Co. B; born Mont Vernon; age 27; resident Milford; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Jan. 3, '02, Nashua.
- Shattuck, James W.*** Co. D; age 42; born and resident Pepperell, Mass.; enlisted July 24, '61; discharged May 3, '62, St. Augustine, Fla. Co. F, 1 N. H. H. Art. Dead.
- Shattuck, John B.*** Co. I; age 26; born and resident New Ipswich; enlisted Sept. 5, '61. Died Aug. 9, '63, Morris Isl., S. C.
- Shaughnesey, Michael.**** Co. G; born Ireland; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 20, '61; appointed Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; released Oct. 9, '64; discharged July 17, '65, Raleigh, N. C. Died small-pox, Jan. 31, '72, Manchester.
- Shea, John.*** Co. G; born Ireland; age 19; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 16, '61; wounded severely Oct. 22, '62, Pocotaligo, S. C.; Co. M, 1 Art., U. S. A., Jan. 1, '63; left on field severely wounded and was captured Feb. 20, '64, Olustee, Fla. Died of wounds.
- Sheehan, Peter.** Co. F; substitute; born Ireland; age 35; credited Lebanon; mustered in Oct. 19, '63; deserted Apr. 6, '65.
- Sheppard, John.** Co. A; substitute; born Ireland; age 21; credited Lyndeborough; mustered in Sept. 1, '63; deserted Nov. 14, '64, White House, Va.
- Sherer, William.*** Co. K; born Deering; age 50; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 1, '61. Died Nov. 5, '61, on steamer "Ealtic." Buried at sea.
- Sherman, James.** Co. C; substitute; born England; age 24; credited Candia; mustered in Dec. 14, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Shine, Lawrence.** Co. C; substitute; born Ireland; age 21; credited Freedom; mustered in Jan. 2, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Shipley, Benjamin.**** Co. K; born Ludlow, Mass.; age 41; resident Londonderry; enlisted Aug. 24, '61; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64. Died June 7, '65, on steamer "Ben DeFord."
- Shoemaker, Theodore.** Co. I; substitute; born Prussia; age 23; credited Canaan; mustered in Oct. 17, '63; deserted June 1, '64, White House, Va.
- Shore, James.** Co. E; substitute; born England; age 21; credited Newton; mustered in Nov. 16, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Klamath Falls, Ore.
- Short, John.** Co. H; born Scotland; age 22; credited Portsmouth; mustered in Dec. 30, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; discharged Sept. 3, '65.
- Short, William G.**** Co. F; age 28; born and resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 6, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Feb. 10, '80, Dover.

- Silver, Daniel.*** Co. D; born Hopkinton; age 24; resident Milford; enlisted Aug. 19, '61; discharged Oct. 19, '61, Annapolis, Md.
- Simmons, Frederick.** Co. D; substitute; born Newfoundland; age 22; credited Bradford; mustered in Jan. 7, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Simonds, Aaron W.*** Co. C; born Fitchburg, Mass.; age 24; resident Londonderry; enlisted Aug. 8, '61. Died Oct. 21, '63, Morris Isl., S. C.
- Simonds, John G.*** Co. B; born Jamaica, Vt.; age 22; resident Charlestown; enlisted Sept. 5, '61, as Sergt.; discharged Dec. 28, '62, Beaufort, S. C. 5 N. H. V. Died Sept. 1, '97, Lowell, Mass.
- Simons, Hiram A.*** Band; born Weare; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; mustered in Sept. 18, '61, as 3 Class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. In Brig. Band. Died July 19, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Simons, Levi W.*** Co. H; born Alexandria; age 35; resident Salem; enlisted Sept. 2, '61, as Corp.; discharged Oct. 24, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. Died Oct. 27, '63, Morris Isl., S. C.
- Simons, Lowell.**** Co. F; born Newbury; age 21; resident Milton; enlisted July 31, '61; reenlisted Jan. 1, '64; deserted Sept. 30, '64, Concord. Died Oct. 20, '78, Milton.
- Simpson, Charles.** Co. F; substitute; born Canada; age 22; credited Pelham; mustered in Sept. 2, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Sims, Archibald.** Co. G; born and resident of Clarksville, Pa.; age 24; credited Dover; mustered in Dec. 8, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; drowned June 6, '64, in James river, Va., near Dutch Gap.
- Sinneer, Joseph.** Co. B; substitute; born Germany; age 23; credited Lisbon; mustered in Oct. 20, '63; appointed Corp.; U. S. Navy, Apr. 28, '64; deserted June 30, '64.
- Sleeper, Gilman E.*** Co. C; born East Kingston; age 30; resident Salem; appointed Capt. Sept. 20, '61; appointed Lt. Col. May 16, '62; discharged Nov. 27, '63. Died Oct. 22, '64, Salem. 1 N. H. V.
- Sleeper, Samuel.** Co. D; age 25; born and resident Canaan; mustered in Mar. 26, '62; discharged Apr. 16, '65; resides Danbury.
- Smith, Arthur L.**** Co. H; born Alexandria; age 18; resident Hill; enlisted Sept. 12, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; credited Franklin; appointed Musc.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Soldiers' Home, Ohio.
- Smith, Augustus M.**** Co. D; born Lynn, Mass.; age 21; resident Laconia; enlisted July 25, '61; appointed Corp. Sept. 18, '61; reenlisted Jan. 1, '64; wounded July 26, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died June 1, '00, Center Harbor.
- Smith, Benjamin H.*** Co. I; born Saco, Me.; age 32; resident Salem; enlisted Sept. 11, '61; discharged Nov. 17, '62, Beaufort, S. C. Died Dec. 2, '95, Salem.

- Smith, Benjamin W.*** Co. I; born Fryeburg, Me.; age 20; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; discharged May 23, '64, David's Isl., N. Y. H. Died Mar. 21, '81, Ashland.
- Smith, Byron.*** Co. F; born Orford; age 27; enlisted Aug. 22, '61; discharged June 12, '63.
- Smith, Caleb M.*** Co. D; born Franklin; age 19; resident Springfield; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; Battery M, 1 Art., U. S. A., Nov. 4, '62; discharged Sept. 18, '64. Died May 8, '86, Franklin.
- Smith, Charles.** Co. E; substitute; born Prussia; age 26; credited Keene; mustered in Dec. 15, '64; deserted Mar. 16, '65, North East Ferry, N. C.; returned May 10, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Smith, Charles.** Co. K; substitute; born Toronto, Can.; age 24; credited North Hampton; mustered in Jan. 4, '65; discharged July 15, '65.
- Smith, Charles H.** Co. F; substitute; born Maine; age 20; resident Bethel, Me.; credited Bath; mustered in Oct. 17, '63; wounded severely May 22, '64, near Bermuda Hundred, Va. Died, wounds, June 4, '64.
- Smith, Chauncy H.*** Co. C; born Haverhill, Mass.; age 27; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 19, '61. Died Nov. 24, '63, Beaufort, S. C.
- Smith, John.** Co. F; substitute; born Canada; age 24; credited Colebrook; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Smith, John.**** Co. G; born Cork, Ir.; age 22; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; 2d Color Sergt.; reenlisted Feb. 24, '64; deserted Apr. 20, '64, Washington, D. C. Died Oct. 31, '91, Manchester.
- Smith, John.** Co. G; substitute; born New Bedford, Mass.; age 25; credited Bath; mustered in Oct. 17, '63; captured Apr. 6, '65; released; discharged July 3, '65, New York City.
- Smith, John.** Co. G; born New York; age 21; credited Alstead; mustered in Dec. 3, '63; deserted Apr. 16, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Smith, John C.**** Co. H; born Campton; age 21; resident Sanbornton; enlisted Sept. 12, '61; reenlisted Feb. 24, '64; credited Franklin; appointed Corp.; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.; appointed Sergt. Mar. 1, '65; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Died Jan. 4, '87, Franklin.
- Smith, John H.** Co. H; born and credited Atkinson; age 18; mustered in Sept. 2, '62; discharged Oct. 5, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. Died Aug. 15, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Smith, John P.*** Co. E; born Sandwich; age 23; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 27, '61, as Corp. Died Dec. 30, '61, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Smith, Lucien.**** Co. D; age 22; born and resident Woodstock; enlisted Aug. 12, '61; reenlisted Feb. 18, '64. Killed July 30, '64, mine explosion, Va.

- Smith, Perley A.** Co. C; age 18; born and credited Brookline; enlisted Aug. 14, '62; mustered in Aug. 18, '62; missing May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; gained from missing; discharged May 30, '65. Died Oct. 26, '81, Brookline.
- Smith, Richard.**** Co. G; born Boston, Mass.; age 20; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 9, '61, as Corp.; reënlisted Feb. 24, '64; captured June 15, '64, near Bermuda Hundred, Va.; paroled Dec. 16, '64; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Died July 25, '11, Rockland, Mass.
- Smith, William.** Co. E; substitute; born Canada; age 38; credited Weare; mustered in Dec. 21, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Smith, William.** Co. F; substitute; born Germany; age 22; credited Westmoreland; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Smith, William.** Co. F; substitute; born Ireland; age 30; credited Orford; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; deserted June 1, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.
- Smith, William.**** Co. I; born Boston, Mass.; age 21; enlisted Sept. 2, '61, at Manchester, as Corp.; appointed Sergt. Maj. Oct. 31, '63; reënlisted Feb. 15, '64; credited Groton; captured Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; paroled Feb. 24, '65; discharged June 10, '65, Annapolis, Md. Resides Moultonborough, N. H.
- Smith, William E.**** Co. D; born Lynn, Mass.; age 18; resident Laconia; enlisted July 26, '61; reënlisted Feb. 14, '64; appointed Corp.; Sergt. July 18, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Awarded "Gilmore Medal" by Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore for gallant and meritorious conduct during operations before Charleston, S. C. Resides Meredith.
- Smith, Winthrop H.*** Co. D; age 28; born and resident Sanbornton; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; discharged Oct. 19, '61, Annapolis, Md. 15 Inf. and 1 H. Art., N. H. V. Died Nov. 10, '05, Sanbornton.
- Smithford, Charles H.** Co. E; substitute; born Canada; age 26; credited Salem; mustered in Dec. 16, '64; appointed Sergt. Maj. June 13, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Snow, Joseph T.*** Co. E; born Jordan, N. Y.; age 37; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 20, '61; discharged Jan. 2, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. V. R. C. Died Oct. 23, '04, Whitehall, Mich.
- Snyder, John.** Co. H; substitute; born Pine Grove, Pa.; age 24; credited Gilmanton; mustered in Sept. 29, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Southworth, Moses E.*** Co. H; born West Fairlee, Vt.; age 36; resident Hill; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; discharged Sept. 27, '64, Concord. Died Oct. 6, '85, Hill.
- Spaulding, Albert.** Co. C; born Townsend, Mass.; age 23; credited Brookline; mustered in Aug. 18, '62; discharged Oct. 5, '63, Morris Isl., S. C.
- Spaulding, Amos F.**** Co. C; born Townsend, Mass.; age 19; resident Brookline; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; reënlisted Feb. 25, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Worcester, Mass.

- Spaulding, Benjamin.*** Co. E; born Deer Isle, Me.; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 30, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died June 8, '85, Concord, under name of Henry C. Clark.
- Spaulding, Charles W.**** Co. I; born Sutton; age 18; resident Andover; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; reenlisted Dec. 25, '63; deserted Nov. 17, '64, while on furlough. Died Mar. 9, '96, Concord.
- Spaulding, Fernando C.*** Co. K; born Waterford, Vt.; age 24; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 15, '61, as Corp.; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Nov. 7, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Spaulding, Stephen A.** Co. C; born Townsend, Mass.; age 20; credited Brookline; mustered in Aug. 18, '62; discharged Oct. 26, '63, Morris Isl., S. C. Died Nov. 12, '63, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Speight, Edward.** Co. F; substitute; born England; age 21; credited Orford; mustered in Dec. 29, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Spelan, Jeremiah.**** Co. G; born Ireland; age 30; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 17, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; captured Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; exchanged. Died Mar. 16, '65, Annapolis, Md.
- Spencer, Henry A.**** Co. F; age 18; born and resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 7, '61; reenlisted Jan. 1, '64; credited Effingham; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Dover.
- Spillane, John.** Co. E; substitute; born Ireland; age 29; credited Sutton; mustered in Nov. 16, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Stanley, Frank P.** Co. E; substitute; born Scotland; age 22; credited Hudson; mustered in Dec. 17, '64. Died June 1, '65, Raleigh, N. C.
- Stanton, Martin J.*** Co. G; born Ireland; age 24; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; killed Mar. 16, '62, Jacksonville, Fla.
- Statwood, George.** Co. K; substitute; born England; age 22; credited Piermont; enlisted Oct. 16, '63; mustered in Oct. 16, '63; wounded June 4, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; discharged May 29, '65, Newark, N. J.
- St. Clair, Charles.** Co. E; substitute; born England; age 28; credited Newport; mustered in Dec. 21, '64; deserted Mar. 8, '65, Wilmington, N. C. No good.
- Stearns, William D.*** Co. C; age 27; born and resident Amherst; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; mustered in Sept. 18, '61; appointed Sergt. Maj. Aug. 12, '62; 2 Lt., Co. C. Mar. 14, '63; wounded May 20, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged Sept. 14, '64. Resides Hopedale, Mass.
- Steele, Alonzo.** Co. E; substitute; born New York City; age 23; credited Lebanon; mustered in Oct. 19, '63; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; deserted June 3, '64, White House, Va.
- Stenger, Augustus.** Co. A; substitute; born Germany; age 26; credited Manchester; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; deserted Apr. 1, '64, Gloucester Point, Va.

- Stephens, Charles H.** Co. B; substitute; born New York; age 37; credited Grafton; mustered in Oct. 21, '63. Died Oct. 5, '64, Jones Landing, Va.
- Stevens, Charles P.*** Co. F; age 25; born and resident Somersworth; enlisted July 25, '61, as Corp.; discharged Dec. 18, '61. Died Nov. 25, '61, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Stevens, David C.**** Co. K; age 22; born and resident Londonderry; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Salem.
- Stevens, Enoch C.*** Co. I; born Franklin; age 44; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; discharged July 14, '63, Folly Isl., S. C. V. R. C. Died Apr. 14, '71, Manchester.
- Stevens, George W.**** Co. I; age 15; born and resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 2, '61, as Musc.; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Jan. 18, '67, Manchester.
- Stevens, Horatio N.*** Co. K; born Corinth, Vt.; age 43; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 19, '61; discharged May 3, '63, Hilton Head, S. C. Co. C, 2 N. H. V., and Co. C, 5 N. H. V. Died July 12, '64, Washington, D. C.
- Stevens, Monroe.**** Co. K; born Strafford, Vt.; age 39; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died May 14, '84, Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me.
- Stevens, William.** Co. F; substitute; born Maryland; age 30; credited Keene; mustered in Oct. 17, '63; deserted Apr. 20, '64, Gloucester Point, Va.
- Stewart, John.*** Co. E; born Scotland; age 25; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Nov. 22, '64, Florence, S. C.
- Stewart, John.** Co. E; substitute; born England; age 21; credited Orford; mustered in Dec. 14, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Stiles, Charles H.*** Co. C; age 18; born and resident Brookline; enlisted Aug. 24, '61; discharged May 3, '62, St. Augustine, Fla. Resides Hopkinton, Mass.
- Stiles, George D.**** Co. C; born Lowell, Mass.; age 18; resident Greenfield; enlisted Sept. 16, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; credited Manchester; discharged Oct. 29, '64, to accept promotion. U. S. C. T. Died Apr. 1, '91, Lynn, Mass.
- Stiles, John A.** Co. C; age 18; born and credited Brookline; enlisted Aug. 14, '62; mustered in Aug. 20, '62; discharged June 15, '65, Raleigh, N. C. Resides Townsend, Mass.
- Stinehour, Nelson P.**** Co. H; born Highgate, Vt.; age 21; resident Salem; enlisted Aug. 19, '61, as Corp.; appointed Sergt.; reenlisted Feb. 19, '64; wounded severely June 30, '64, near Petersburg, Va. Died, wounds, July 10, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va. Awarded "Gilmore Medal" by Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, for gallant and meritorious conduct during operations before Charleston, S. C. 1 N. H. V.
- Stoddard, Asahel.*** Co. G; born New York City; age 32; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; discharged June 8, '63, New York City. Lost leg. Died July 12, '93, Hooksett.

- Stokes, Orrin N. B.*** Band; age 14; born and resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 7, '61, as 3 Class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. National Guards. Died Apr. 15, '95, Londonderry.
- Stone, Charles.** Co. K; born Medford, Mass.; age 21; credited Newton; mustered in Dec. 23, '63; appointed Corp.; discharged June 26, '65, Raleigh, N. C. Died Jan. 3, '02, Waterbury, Vt.
- Stone, William S.** Co. E; substitute; born England; age 21; credited Alton; mustered in Dec. 15, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Straw, Ralph W.*** Co. H; age 18; born and resident Plymouth; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; mustered in Sept. 18, '61; discharged Sept. 20, '61. Did not go to war with 4 N. H. Died '63 in the war in a Vt. regt.
- Streeter, Harland S.*** Co. K; age 21; born and resident Dorchester; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; appointed Corp. Died June 24, '62, Beaufort, S. C.
- Stuart, Charles.*** Co. D; age 19; born and resident Alton; enlisted July 30, '61; discharged May 3, '62, St. Augustine, Fla. V. R. C. Resides Cape Neddick, Me.
- Stuart, George H.**** Co. G; born Alton; age 24; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; reënlisted Feb. 20, '64; wounded and captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died, wounds, Sept. 11, '64, Richmond, Va.
- Sturgeon, Eli.** Co. E; born St. John, N. B.; age 21; credited Plainfield; mustered in Nov. 14, '63; wounded Jan. 16, '65, explosion of magazine, Ft. Fisher, N. C.; appointed Corp.; discharged Aug. 23, '65.
- Sullivan, Cornelius C.**** Co. G; born Castletown, Ir.; age 28; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 23, '61; reënlisted Feb. 16, '64; mustered in Feb. 28, '64; deserted Apr. 16, '64, Washington, D. C. Mexican War. Died Sept. 17, '07, West Antelope, No. Dak.
- Sullivan, Daniel.**** Co. D; born Ireland; age 21; resident Wilton; enlisted July 29, '61; reënlisted Feb. 14, '64; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.; appointed Corp. July 1, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Soldiers' Home, Orting, Wash.
- Sullivan, Daniel.**** Co. G; born Ireland; age 19; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 24, '61; reënlisted Feb. 16, '64; missing May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; returned; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Resides Manchester.
- Sullivan, Dennis.**** Co. A; born Lowell, Mass.; age 18; resident Barrington; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; reënlisted Feb. 18, '64; credited Dover; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Jan. 10, '71, Lowell, Mass.
- Sullivan, James E.** Co. E; substitute; born Ireland; age 23; credited Keene; mustered in Dec. 15, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Sullivan, Jeremiah.** Co. F; substitute; born Ireland; age 30; credited Nashua; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; deserted Nov. 15, '64.

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- Sullivan, John.** Co. F; substitute; born Ireland; age 23; credited Alstead; mustered in Dec. 29, '64; deserted Mar. 29, '65, Wilmington, N. C. No good.
- Sullivan, William.** Co. F; substitute; born Ireland; age 23; credited Bath; mustered in Oct. 17, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; discharged Oct. 15, '64, Norfolk, Va. Resides Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me.
- Sullivan, William**** Co. G; born Nashua; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
- Swain, Henry A.*** Co. D; born Meredith; age 25; resident Laconia; enlisted July 30, '61; discharged May 3, '62, St. Augustine, Fla. 12 N. H. V. Died July 11, '68, Laconia.
- Sweatt, Sumner J.*** Co. H; born Boscawen; age 20; resident Franklin; enlisted Aug. 22, '61. Died Mar. 22, '64, Beaufort, S. C.
- Sweatt, Blaisdell.*** Co. H; born Boscawen; age 18; resident Franklin; enlisted Aug. 22, '61; killed Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.
- Sweetman, John.** Co. E; substitute; born Ireland; age 23; credited Charlestown; mustered in Dec. 17, '64; deserted Mar. 9, '65, Wilmington, N. C. No good.
- Swift, Henry F.*** Co. D; born Middletown, Vt.; age 42; resident Meredith; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Dead.
- Taggart, Alfred C.*** Co. I; age 21; born and resident Sharon; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Resides Rutland, Vt.
- Tague, Patrick.** Co. C; substitute; born Ireland; age 22; credited Francetown; mustered in Dec. 29, '64; deserted Mar. 21, '65, Wilmington, N. C. No good.
- Tandy, Franklin L.** Co. H; born Epsom; age 37; resident and credited Concord; enlisted Aug. 13, '62; mustered in Aug. 14, '62; killed July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.
- Tandy, Josiah.** Co. H; age 18; enlisted Aug. 13, '62; mustered in Aug. 14, '62; wounded Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; discharged June 15, '65, Raleigh, N. C. Born, resident, credited, and now resides in Concord.
- Tanney, Albert.** Co. K; substitute; born Antwerp, Belgium; age 25; credited Bath; mustered in Apr. 1, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Tarbox, Elbridge G.*** Co. I; born Salem, Mass.; age 43; resident Jaffrey; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; discharged May 8 '64, New York City. V. R. C. Died Aug. 15, '67, Jaffrey.
- Taylor, Alfred.** Co. D; substitute; born Canada; age 21; credited Woodstock; mustered in Jan. 5, '65. Died Apr. 22, '65, Wilmington, N. C.
- Taylor, Horace.** Co. K; substitute; born Tonawanda, N. Y.; age 27; credited Stewartstown; mustered in Feb. 6, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.

- Taylor, James.** Co. C; substitute; born Ireland; age 29; credited Lancaster; mustered in Jan. 3, '65; deserted Mar. 12, '65, Wilmington, N. C. No good.
- Taylor, Thomas.** Co. E; substitute; born Montreal, Can.; age 21; credited Concord; mustered in Dec. 15, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Telan, Dennis.*** Co. G; born Ireland; age 19; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 12, '61; Co. M, 1 Art., U. S. A., Jan. 14, '63; discharged Sept. 19, '64, Petersburg, Va. Resides Soldiers' Home, Cal.
- Tenney, Hiram A.*** Co. C; born Mendon, Vt.; age 24; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 17, '61; discharged Sept. 10, '64, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Sept. 26, '04, Natick, Mass.
- Tewksbury, David H.**** Co. I; age 18; born and resident Wilmot; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died April 13, '97, Wilmot.
- Thing, George E.*** Co. B; age 23; born and resident Exeter; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; discharged Oct. 19, '61, Annapolis, Md. 8 N. H. V. and V. R. C. Died Sept. 17, '86, Haverhill, Mass.
- Thomas, George.** Co. H; substitute; age 42; resident Hartford, Conn.; credited Canaan; mustered in Oct. 16, '63; sent to regiment May 29, '64, from Gen. Hosp. No. 12, Beaufort, S. C.
- Thomas, Lewis.** Co. E; substitute; born Canada; age 30; credited Groton; mustered in Dec. 17, '64; deserted July 31, '65, Raleigh, N. C.
- Thomas, William.** Co. A; substitute; born Wales; age 24; credited Sanbornton; mustered in Dec. 15, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Thomas, William H.** Born New York City; age 23; resident Laconia; appointed Chaplain Oct. 23, '63; mustered in Nov. 16, '63; resigned June 28, '64. Resides South Norwalk, Conn.
- Thomas, William H.** Co. D; substitute; born Ireland; age 21; credited Manchester; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; deserted Sept. 30, '65.
- Thompson, Charles F.** Co. I; born St. Lawrence, N. Y.; age 21; credited Somersworth; mustered in Dec. 23, '63; deserted Nov. 20, '64.
- Thompson, Charles H.*** Co. D; born Maine; age 30; enlisted Aug. 19, '61; captured Nov., '61, on steamer "Union"; released; discharged June 17, '62, New York City. Dead.
- Thompson, George.** Co. B; substitute; born Ireland; age 34; credited Danbury; mustered in Oct. 20, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; deserted Aug. 25, '64.
- Thompson, George.** Co. D; substitute; born Scotland; age 32; credited Warner; mustered in Jan. 7, '65; captured Apr. 14, '65, Raleigh, N. C.; released Apr. 29, '65; discharged June 27, '65, Concord.
- Thompson, George.** Co. F; substitute; born Halifax, N. S.; age 22; resident, Boston, Mass.; credited Gilford; mustered in Sept. 9, '63; U. S. Navy, Apr. 28, '64; deserted Aug. 25, '64.

- Thompson, James.** Co. E; substitute; born England; age 24; credited Hopkinton; mustered in Dec. 20, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Thompson, James.** Co. G; substitute; born Londonderry, Ir.; age 20; credited Moultonborough; mustered in Sept. 9, '63; deserted Apr. 19, '64, Gloucester Point, Va.
- Thompson, James S.*** Co. D; born Center Harbor; age 23; resident Gilford; enlisted Aug. 21, '61; captured Apr. 6, '62, Jacksonville, Fla.; released Oct., '62; discharged Sept. 26, '64, Concord. Died Oct. 14, '91, Laconia.
- Thompson, John.** Co. I; substitute; born Cork, Ir.; age 25; credited Gilmanton; mustered in Sept. 29, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; discharged Aug. 29, '65.
- Thompson, John L.** Co. B; born Key West, Fla.; age 20; resident Jacksonville, Fla.; mustered in Apr. 10, '62; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; credited Nashua; mustered in Feb. 28, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Served in Southern Army. Resides Nashua.
- Thompson, Jonas T.*** Co. E; age 29; born and resident Richmond; enlisted Sept. 16, '61; appointed Corp.; captured Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; paroled Sept. 24, '64; exchanged; discharged Dec. 16, '64, Concord. Died Dec. 24, '04, Chelsea, Mass.
- Thompson, Peter.** Co. E; substitute; born Sweden; age 22; credited Lebanon; mustered in Oct. 19, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 27, '64; discharged July 25, '65, Boston, Mass.
- Thompson, William.** Co. C; substitute; born England; age 24; credited Westmoreland; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; deserted Mar. 1, '65, Wilmington, N. C. No good.
- Thunblom, Reinhold T.*** Band; born Stockholm, Sweden; age 26; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 20, '61, as 3 Class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Feb. 19, '68, Manchester.
- Thurston, Frank J.*** Co. D; born Plymouth; age 25; resident Thornton; enlisted Sept. 17, '61; discharged May 3, '62, St. Augustine, Fla. 18 N. H. V. Resides Tilton, N. H., Soldiers' Home.
- Thurston, John P.*** Co. F; age 18; born and resident Boscawen; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; wounded severely Oct. 22, '62, Pocotaligo, S. C.; discharged Sept. 27, '64. Resides Derry.
- Tibbetts, George W.*** Co. A; born Rochester; age 27; resident Dover; enlisted Sept. 14, '61; appointed Corp.; wounded severely Oct. 22, '62, Pocotaligo, S. C.; discharged Feb. 1, '63. Died Oct. 26, '69.
- Tibbetts, George W.**** Co. F; born Acton, Me.; age 18; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 12, '61; appointed Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 18, '64; captured Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; released Feb. 24, '65; discharged May 31, '65, Concord. Resides Orting, Wash.
- Tilburn, Henry.** Co. B; born Nova Scotia; age 32; credited Keene; mustered in Dec. 3, '63; appointed Corp.; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; exchanged; discharged Aug. 23, '65, Boston, Mass.

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- Tilton, Albert K.*** Non-Com. Staff; born Thornton; age 20; resident Sanbornton; enlisted Sept. 16, '61, as Com. Sergt.; appointed 2 Lt., Co. C, Aug. 15, '62; Q. M. Aug. 1, '63; discharged May 15, '65. Died May 19, '91, Brookline, Mass.
- Tilton, Charles W.*** Co. K; born Northfield; age 31; resident Sanbornton; appointed 2 Lt. Sept. 20, '61; resigned Jan. 16, '62. 9 N. H. V. Died Feb. 23, '05, Tilton.
- Tilton, George Henry.*** Co. D; born Dorchester; age 16; resident Laconia; enlisted Sept. 14, '61; discharged Sept. 26, '64, Concord. Resides Laconia.
- Tilton, Horace.**** Co. I; born Andover; age 28; resident Derry; enlisted Aug. 3, '61; appointed Sergt. May 1, '63; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; May 18, '64, near Bermuda Hundred, Va.; discharged Aug. 23, '65, Concord. Resides Hampstead.
- Tilton, James F.**** Co. I; age 19; born and resident Wilmot; married St. Augustine, Fla., '62; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; appointed Corp.; reenlisted Jan. 1, '64; appointed 1 Sergt.; 2 Lt. June 2, '65; not mustered; mustered out Aug. 23, '65, as 1 Sergt. Died Nov. 13, '10, Wilmot.
- Tilton, James S.** Co. D; age 32; born and credited Northfield; mustered in Apr. 30, '62; discharged July 14, '63, Folly Isl., S. C. Dead.
- Tinker, Alvah G.** Co. C; born Marlow; age 24; resident and credited Nashua; enlisted Aug. 13, '62; mustered in Aug. 14, '62; wounded Oct. 22, '62, Pocotaligo, S. C.; discharged on account of loss of arm Feb. 27, '64, Beaufort, S. C. Resides Nashua.
- Tinker, Hollis W.**** Co. B; born Lempster; age 18; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Jan. 25, '08, Candia.
- Tobie, Addison W.*** Co. E; born Waterville; age 19; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 27, '61, as Sergt.; appointed 1 Sergt.; discharged Sept. 28, '62, Beaufort, S. C. Served in 1, 2, 4, and 17 N. H. Died Sept. 6, '75, Manchester.
- Tompkins, Henry D.*** Co. K; born Simsbury, Conn.; age 32; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 12, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Nov. 7, '05, Noroton, Conn.
- Torrey, Thomas W.**** Co. F; born Sebec, Me.; age 18; resident Somersworth; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; reenlisted Jan. 1, '64; appointed Sergt.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. 1 N. H. V. Died Sept. 28, '87, Oldtown, Me.
- Towle, Elbridge G.*** Co. H; age 31; born and resident Kingstons; enlisted Sept. 14, '61; appointed Corp.; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Va. Died, wounds, Aug. 9, '64, en route from Ft. Monroe, Va., to Baltimore, Md.
- Towle, George F.*** Co. B; born Lee; age 26; resident Portsmouth; appointed 1 Lt. Sept. 20, '61; appointed Capt., Co. F, Jan. 17, '62; Maj. Jan. 3, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65; assigned to duty Apr. 22, '65, to Aug. 1, '65, as Lt. Col. Asst. Inspector Gen., U. S. V. Died June 25, '00, London, Eng.

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- Tracey, Edward.** Co. C; born Ireland; age 26; resident New York City; credited Portsmouth; mustered in Dec. 24, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; enlisted in 10 Tenn. Inf., C. S., at Andersonville, Ga.; re-captured Dec. 28, '64, Egypt Station, Miss.; enlisted Apr. 14, '65, Co. D, 5 Inf., U. S. V.; mustered out Oct. 11, '66, as Corp., Ft. Kearney, Neb. Died Oct. 31, '85, Leon, Kan. His funeral would have been celebrated 20 years earlier if he had fallen in the hands of the regiment.
- Trow, Harlan.*** Co. B; age 18; born and resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; Battery B, 1 Art., U. S. A., Nov. 3, '62; appointed Corp.; reënlisted Feb. 2, '64; appointed Sergt.; discharged Feb. 2, '67, Ft. Wadsworth, N. Y. H. Resides Mansfield, Mass.
- True, Francis.** Co. F; substitute; born Canada; age 27; credited Holderness; mustered in Dec. 24, '64; deserted June 6, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.
- Tuck, George S.**** Co. C; born Nashua; age 18; resident Milford; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; reënlisted Feb. 21, '64; credited Manchester; appointed Corp.; discharged Mar. 11, '65, Concord. Died Apr. 1, '65, Milford.
- Tucker, Erastus B.**** Co. I; born Grafton; age 20; resident Andover; enlisted Sept. 6, '61; reënlisted Feb. 15, '64; credited Concord; discharged Sept. 14, '65, Concord. Died June 4, '97, Concord.
- Tucker, Moses G.**** Co. I; born Hebron; age 18; resident Plymouth; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; reënlisted Feb. 24, '64; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; appointed Sergt.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Feb. 10, '08, Ashland.
- Tufts, Jeriah.*** Co. B; age 33; born and resident Litchfield; enlisted Aug. 26, '61. Died Sept. 1, '63, Morris Isl., S. C.
- Tulley, Owen.**** Co. G; born Ireland; age 38; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 18, '61; wounded Oct. 22, '62, Pocomtigo, S. C.; reënlisted Feb. 16, '64; captured Sept. 29, '64, New Market Heights, Va.; released Mar. 1, '65; discharged July 17, '65, Raleigh, N. C. Dead.
- Turner, Daniel G.** Co. H; substitute; born Maine; age 32; resident Troy, N. Y.; credited Bath; mustered in Oct. 17, '63; discharged May 23, '65, Concord.
- Turner, Edward.*** Co. B; born and resident Tyngsborough, Mass.; age 22; enlisted Aug. 30, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64.
- Tuttle, Hiram C.*** Co. H; born Newburyport, Mass.; age 36; resident Concord; appointed 2 Lt. Sept. 20, '61; appointed 1 Lt. Jan. 17, '62. Died Feb. 7, '63, Concord.
- Twiss, John W.*** Co. H; age 20; born and resident Dunbarton; enlisted Sept. 23, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Resides Seattle, Wash.
- Twitchell, George.** Co. D; substitute; born Nova Scotia; age 25; credited Lyme; mustered in Jan. 5, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.

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- Upton, George H.*** Co. B; born Lowell, Mass.; age 19; resident Amherst; enlisted Sept. 14, '61; appointed Corp. Mar. 1, '63; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died July 19, '71, Nashua.
- Varney, Hiram.**** Co. I; born Concord; age 19; resident Danbury; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; appointed Corp.; reenlisted Jan. 1, '64; killed June 5, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.
- Van Duren, Jacob.** Co. C; born Holland; age 22; credited Atkinson; mustered in Dec. 9, '63; deserted May 6, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.
- Vassear, James.** Co. I; substitute; born New York; age 19; credited Franconia; mustered in Oct. 16, '63; deserted Jan. 8, '65.
- Veasey, Aaron.** Co. D; born Bridgewater; age 41; resident and credited Northfield; enlisted Aug. 25, '62; mustered in Aug. 28, '62; discharged June 16, '65, Ft. Schuyler, N. Y. H. Died June 21, '04, Amherst.
- Velpman, William L.** Co. I; substitute; born New York; age 34; resident Fall River, Mass.; credited Sanbornton; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Wade, Lyman M.**** Co. D; born Moultonborough; age 26; resident Center Harbor; enlisted Aug. 17, '61; reenlisted Dec. 25, '63; wounded Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; discharged May 26, '65, White Hall, Pa. Died Dec. 25, '07, Sandwich.
- Walcott, John T.**** Co. I; born Lancaster; age 21; resident Haverhill; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; appointed Corp. and Sergt.; reenlisted Feb. 11, '64; discharged June 13, '65, Manchester. 2 N. H. V. Resides Plymouth.
- Walker, Frank.** Co. C; substitute; born Ireland; age 23; credited Concord; mustered in Jan. 2, '65; deserted Mar. 14, '65, Wilmington, N. C. No good.
- Walker, Hylon.*** Co. F; born Livermore, Me.; age 43; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; discharged Mar. 12, '63, Washington, D. C. Died Feb. 14, '88, Brunswick, Me.
- Walker, James P.** Born and resident Manchester; age 36; appointed 2 Asst. Surg. May 2, '64; mustered in May 15, '64; discharged Nov. 2, '64. Died May 6, '97, Manchester.
- Wallace, Jasper G.*** Co. A; born Montpelier, Vt.; age 34; resident Dover; appointed 1 Lt. Sept. 20, '61; appointed Capt., Co. C, May 17, '62; wounded severely Oct. 22, '62, Pocotaligo, S. C.; May 15, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged Sept. 14, '64. 1 N. H. V. Died Jan. 20, '77, Dover.
- Wallace, Nelson J.** Co. F; born Concord, Vt.; age 32; credited Dover; mustered in Aug. 6, '62; discharged June 15, '65, Raleigh, N. C. Died Dec. 14, '76, Dover.
- Wallace, William, alias P. Condon.** Co. A; substitute; born Limerick, Ir.; age 24; credited Meredith; mustered in Sept. 29, '63; deserted Aug. 1, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Walsh, Denis.**** Co. G; born Ireland; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; wounded May 20, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; captured Aug. 15, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; paroled Apr. 15, '65; discharged June 5, '65, Concord.

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- Walsh, John.** Co. C; substitute; born Ireland; age 26; credited Grafton; mustered in Nov. 4, '64; appointed Sergt; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Walsh, John.*** Co. G; born Ireland; age 24; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; Co. M, 1 Art., U. S. A., Nov. 13, '62.
- Walter, Charles.** Co. I; substitute; born Strasbourg, France; age 34; resident New York City; credited Barnstead; mustered in Sept. 29, '63; wounded July 14, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; deserted from hospital Dec. 29, '64.
- Ward, Theodore T.** Co. K; born New York; age 19; resident Manchester; enlisted Oct. 31, '61; mustered in Nov. 1, '61; discharged Oct. 31, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Wardwell, Henry F.** Born Albany, Me.; age 37; credited Gorham; mustered in Mar. 31, '65, for 1 yr; appointed Asst. Surg. Apr. 11, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Dec. 26, '91, Berlin Falls.
- Warfield, Charles.** Co. F; born Philadelphia, Pa.; age 21; credited Enfield; mustered in Nov. 14, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; discharged Aug. 25, '65.
- Warren, Joseph.**** Co. I; age 28; born and resident Cambridge, Mass.; enlisted Aug. 21, '61; reënlisted Feb. 2, '64; credited Manchester; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. 1 N. H. V. Dead.
- Washburn, Oscar F.** Co. D; age 21; born and resident Canaan; enlisted Mar. 12, '62; mustered in Mar. 18, '62; appointed Corp. Died Aug. 13, '64, Fort Monroe, Va.
- Watson, Barnard G.*** Co. A; born Ireland; age 26; resident Dover; enlisted Aug. 30, '61; Co. F, 10 V. R. C., Aug. 15, '63; discharged Oct. 4, '64, Baltimore, Md. Died Sept. 20, '10, Brockton, Mass.
- Watson, George D.*** Co. F; born Hooksett; age 24; resident Sutton; enlisted Aug. 21, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Sept. 8, '96, Concord.
- Watson, Samuel.** Co. F; substitute; born Liverpool, Eng.; age 22; credited Concord; mustered in Aug. 19, '63; deserted June 10, '64, White House, Va.
- Watts, Hugh.*** Co. B; born Peterborough; age 40; resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 21, '61; mustered in Sept. 18, '61, as Corp.; discharged Mar. 11, '63, Beaufort, S. C. Died '77 Hudson.
- Webber, George.** Co. H; born Landau, Bavaria; age 40; resident Ossipee; credited Bow; mustered in Mar. 13, '63; discharged Nov. 1, '64, near Richmond, Va. Died June 16, '84, Ohio Soldiers' Home.
- Webber, James.*** Co. A; age 34; born and resident Deerfield; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; discharged Apr. 22, '63. V. R. C. Died Aug. 31, '87, Deerfield.
- Webster, Aaron D.**** Co. I; born West Newbury, Mass.; age 24; resident Andover; enlisted Sept. 6, '61; appointed Corp.; reënlisted Feb. 15, '64; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; Jan. 15, '65, Ft. Fisher, N. C.; appointed Sergt.; discharged July 7, '65. Resides Hampton.

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- Webster, Joshua B.*** Co. K; born Methuen, Mass.; age 22; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 18, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Resides Crawford, Neb.
- Webster, William H.**** Co. E; age 28; born and resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 22, '61; appointed Corp. Oct. 1, '62; reenlisted Feb. 22, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Dec. 24, '96, West Scarborough, Me.
- Weed, Eben.**** Co. I; born Topsham, Vt.; age 22; resident Haverhill; enlisted Sept. 3, '61, as Corp.; appointed Sergt.; reenlisted Feb. 11, '64; appointed 2 Lt. Mar. 1, '65; 1 Lt. Aug. 23, '65; not mustered; mustered out Aug. 23, '65, as 2 Lt. Died Feb. 3, '10, Haverhill.
- Weed, Harvey M.*** Co. K; born Sandwich; age 50; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 2, '61, as Sergt.; discharged Dec. 15, '61, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Jan. 20, '62, Manchester.
- Weeks, Thomas C.**** Co. I; age 29; born and resident Concord; enlisted Sept. 11, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; wounded Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va. 1 N. H. V. Died, wounds, Sept. 25, '64, Beverly, N. J.
- Welch, Benjamin.** Co. K; born Gilmanton; age 28; credited Manchester; mustered in Feb. 21, '65; discharged July 15, '65, Newark, N. J.
- Welch, James.** Co. C; substitute; born Ireland; age 28; credited Warren; mustered in Dec. 30, '64; deserted Mar. 25, '65, Wilmington, N. C. No good.
- Welch, James.**** Co. G; born Canterbury, Eng.; age 30; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; reenlisted Feb. 24, '64; credited Dover; missing June 10, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; returned; wounded Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; captured Apr. 9, '65, Washington Station, N. C.; released Apr. 29, '65; discharged June 14, '65, Concord. Died Jan. 3, '04, Lawrence, Mass.
- Welch, Joseph R.** Co. F; substitute; born New Brunswick; age 19; credited Rindge; mustered in Aug. 9, '64; discharged July 10, '65, David's Isl., N. Y. H. Died Feb. 26, '88.
- Wells, George W.*** Co. K; age 21; born and resident Goffstown; enlisted Aug. 30, '61; wounded Aug. 16 '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; discharged Jan. 11, '65, Beverly, N. J. 1 N. H. V. Lost leg. Died Feb. 17, '08, Washington, D. C.
- Wells, Marshall.*** Co. I; born Hopkinton; age 18; resident Sutton; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; Co. M, 1 Art., U. S. A., Feb. 24, '63; reenlisted Feb. 1, '65; credited Hopkinton. Died Sept. 16, '65, Brownsville, Tex.
- Wells, Milo E.*** Co. F; age 22; born and resident Littleton; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; discharged Jan. 19, '62. 9 N. H. V. and V. R. C. Died Feb. 2, '02, Monroe.
- Wendell, Daniel A.*** Co. F; age 22; born and resident Dover; enlisted Sept. 20, '61; discharged Sept. 26, '64, Concord. 7 N. H. V. Died Mar. 27, '71, Dover.
- Wentworth, Alvah.*** Co. A; born Lebanon, Me.; age 29; resident Milton; enlisted Sept. 2, '61, as Corp.; appointed Sergt.; discharged Sept. 27, '64. Awarded "Gilmore Medal" by Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, for gallant and meritorious conduct during operations before Charleston, S. C. Dead.

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- Wentworth, Alvin E.*** Co. A; age 29; born and resident Farmington; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died July 24, '74, Detroit City, Minn.
- Wentworth, Charles D.*** Co. D; born Wolfeborough; age 41; resident Moultonborough; enlisted Aug. 24, '61. Did not go to war with 4 N. H.
- Wentworth, Charles H.*** Co. F; born Boston, Mass.; age 20; resident Somersworth; enlisted July 27, '61; discharged Apr. 6, '64, Beaufort, S. C. Resides North Berwick, Me.
- Wentworth, Jacob, Jr.**** Co. F; born Berwick, Me.; age 19; resident Somersworth; enlisted July 27, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; appointed Corp.; Sergt. May 11, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Boston, Mass.
- Wentworth, John A.**** Co. G; age 18; born and resident Dover; enlisted Sept. 14, '61; reenlisted Feb. 24, '64; captured Apr. 9, '65; released Apr. 29, '65; discharged June 14, '65, Concord. Died Dec. 18, '88, Portsmouth.
- Wentworth, Stephen J.*** Co. F; born Rochester; age 18; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 21, '61; appointed Sergt.; 2 Lt., Co. K, Dec. 1, '63; wounded June 6, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; killed Aug. 15, '64, Deep Bottom, Va. Awarded "Gilmore Medal" by Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, for gallant and meritorious conduct during operations before Charleston, S. C.
- West, Josiah R.*** Co. B; born Fremont; age 40; resident Fremont; enlisted Sept. 11, '61; discharged Apr. 6, '64, Beaufort, S. C. 1 N. H. V. Died Nov. 21, '99, Raymond.
- Wetherbee, Edward A.** Co. D; born Nashua; age 27; credited Wilton; enlisted Aug. 9, '62; mustered in Aug. 21, '62; discharged Mar. 11, '63, Beaufort, S. C. Died, '63, Beaufort, S. C.
- Whalon, John.** Co. C; substitute; born Ireland; age 22; credited Upper Gilmanton; mustered in Dec. 27, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Wheeler, Benjamin.*** Co. H; born Salem; age 25; resident Salem; enlisted Sept. 17, '61, as Corp.; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. 1 N. H. V.
- Wheeler, Benjamin R.*** Co. C; born and resident Salem; age 21; enlisted Sept. 9, '61, as Sergt.; appointed 2 Lt., Co. F, June 12, '62; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; appointed 1 Lt., Co. B, Sept. 12, '64; not mustered; appointed Capt., Co. H, Nov. 9, '64; not mustered; discharged Nov. 5, '64, as 2 Lt. 1 N. H. V. Resides Salem.
- Wheeler, Charles I.**** Co. I; born Roxbury, Mass.; age 18; credited Acworth; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; reenlisted Jan. 1, '64; wounded Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; captured Apr. 9, '65, Washington Station, N. C.; released Apr. 29, '65; discharged June 5, '65, Concord. Resides Hillsborough.
- Wheeler, David.** Co. K; substitute; born Canada; age 43; credited Holderness; mustered in Dec. 3, '64; appointed Corp. July 21, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Wheeler, Dearborn J.**** Co. I; born New London; age 30; resident Andover; enlisted Sept. 7, '61; reenlisted Feb. 14, '64; credited Wilmot; appointed Sergt.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Sept. 9, '69, Wilmot.

- Wheeler, James F.*** Co. I; born Pembroke; age 23; resident Sutton; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; Co. M, 1 Art., U. S. A., Feb. 24, '63; killed Feb. 20, '64, Olustee, Fla.
- Wheeler, Josiah P.*** Co. C; born Westminster, Mass.; age 28; resident New Ipswich; enlisted Aug. 29, '61; captured May 20, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; accidentally killed on cars Sept. 13, '64, en route from Andersonville, Ga., to Savannah, Ga.
- Wheeler, Ransom R.*** Co. I; born New London; age 34; resident Sutton; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. 1 and 18 N. H. V. Died June 22, '01, Boscawen.
- Whelston, Thomas.** Co. C; substitute; born Ireland; age 18; resident Troy, N. Y.; credited Manchester; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va. Died, wounds, Aug. 8, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va.
- Whipple, Thomas J.*** F. and S.; born Wentworth; age 45; resident Laconia; appointed Col. Aug. 20, '61; resigned Mar. 18, '62. Lt. Col. 1 N. H. V. In Mexican War. Died Dec. 21, '89, Laconia.
- White, Adelbert.*** Co. B; born Georgia. Vt.; age 23; resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 23, '61, as 1 Sergt.; appointed 2 Lt. Jan. 17, '62; discharged Nov. 30, '62. 1 N. H. V.
- White, Henry J.*** Non-Com. Staff; born Hallowell, Me.; age 53; resident Lawrence, Mass.; enlisted Sept. 9, '61, as Prin. Musc.; discharged May 6, '62, Hilton Head. S. C. Died Aug. 24, '89, Haverhill, Mass.
- White, James.** Co. H; substitute; age 26; resident New York City; credited Manchester; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; discharged Nov. 12, '65.
- White, Lyman H.*** Co. D; age 26; born and resident Moultonborough; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; discharged Jan. 12, '62. Died Meredith Oct. 22, '09.
- Whitehead, John.** Co. E; substitute; age 21; resident Reading, Mass.; credited Francestown; mustered in Sept. 1, '63; deserted July 30, '64, Beaufort, S. C.
- Whitehouse, Edmund H.*** Co. F; age 31; born and resident Somersworth; enlisted July 27, '61; discharged Jan. 1, '62. Died Oct. 21, '62, Somersworth.
- Whitehouse, George W.**** Co. G; age 18; born and resident Dover; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; reenlisted Feb. 24, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Dead.
- Whitehouse, John H.*** Co. F; born Tamworth; age 30; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 12, '61; accidentally killed Jan. 1, '62, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Whitehouse, John H., 2d.*** Co. F; age 19; born and resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 6, '61; discharged Jan. 19, '62. Died Aug. 10, '09, Revere, Mass.
- Whitehouse, William H.** Co. F; born Great Falls; age 18; resident Somersworth; mustered in Feb. 28, '62; Co. B, 1 Art., U. S. A., Jan. 20, '63; killed Feb. 20, '64, Olustee, Fla.

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- Whitford, Edwin.**** Co. E; born Billerica, Mass.; age 24; resident Bedford; enlisted Aug. 27, '61, as Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 28, '64; credited Manchester; appointed 1 Sergt.; 1 Lt., Co. I, Feb. 17, '65; Capt., Co. G, Mar. 1, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Accidentally killed by a horse Nov. 22, '02, Bedford.
- Whiting, Charles M.**** Co. E; born Lyndeborough; age 28; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 3, '61, as Corp.; appointed 1 Sergt. Oct. 23, '63; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; wounded July 30, '64, mine explosion, Va.; appointed 1 Lt. Nov. 9, '64; Capt. Aug. 23, '65; not mustered; mustered out Aug. 23, '65, as 1 Lt. Died July 1, '01, Manchester.
- Whiting, Nelson.** Co. A; born Massachusetts; age 30; credited Concord; mustered in Nov. 13, '63; deserted June 6, '64, White House Landing, Va.
- Whitney, William W.**** Co. A; born Natick, Mass.; age 19; resident Farmington; enlisted Sept. 7, '61, as Sergt.; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; discharged July 19, '65, Ft. Schuyler, N. Y. H. 1 N. H. V. Resides Farmington.
- Whittier, Curtice C.** Co. D; age 19; born and credited Northfield; enlisted Aug. 11, '62; mustered in Sept. 3, '62; discharged June 15, '65, Raleigh, N. C. Resides Meredith.
- Wiggin, George W.*** Co. D; born New Hampton; age 21; resident Meredith; enlisted Sept. 14, '61; discharged Dec. 5, '61, Hilton Head, S. C. 6 N. H. V. Died Aug., '05, Meredith.
- Wiggin, Harvey F.*** Co. A; age 23; born and resident Dover; enlisted Aug. 29, '61; appointed 2 Lt., Co. E, Jan. 17, '62; 1 Lt., Co. I, Oct. 25, '62; Adj. Sept. 12, '64; not mustered; discharged Oct. 25, '64, as 1 Lt. 1 N. H. V. Died Oct. 27, '01, Gardiner, Me.
- Wiggin, Joseph M.** Co. A; age 23; born and credited Dover; mustered in Dec. 2, '63; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged June 8, '65, Pt. Lookout, Md. Died Apr. 30, '92, Dover.
- Wiggin, Norris C.**** Co. I; born Dorchester, Mass.; age 16; resident Derry; enlisted Aug. 3, '61, as Musc.; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; credited Manchester; appointed Corp.; wounded Jan. 15, '65, Ft. Fisher, N. C.; appointed Sergt. May 1, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Dead.
- Wight, Lorenzo.*** Co. K; born Gilead, Me.; age 31; resident Londonderry; enlisted Aug. 20, '61. Died Aug. 19, '62, St. Augustine, Fla.
- Wilding, George.*** Co. I; born Manchester; age 26; resident Peterborough; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; killed July 24, '64, near Petersburg, Va. Awarded "Gilmore Medal" by Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, for gallant and meritorious conduct during operations before Charleston, S. C.
- Wiley, Caleb G.**** Co. I; born Stowe, Me.; age 26; resident Windham; enlisted Aug. 17, '61; reenlisted Jan. 1, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Sept. 9, '07, Chatham.
- Wiley, John.** Co. E; substitute; born Manchester, Eng.; age 26; credited Weare; mustered in Sept. 2, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; deserted Sept. 15, '64.

- Wilkinson, Samuel.*** Co. F; born South Berwick, Me.; age 29; resident Somersworth; enlisted Sept. 4, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died July 16, '92, Auburn, Me.
- Willand, Alvin E.*** Co. E; age 18; born and resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 20, '61; discharged Sept. 21, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va. Resides Elgin, Ill.
- Willand, Nathaniel H.*** Co. A; born Dover; age 27; resident Rochester; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died May 29, '76.
- Willev, Bartholomew.**** Co. A; age 24; born and resident New Durham; enlisted Sept. 10, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; credited Farmington; wounded May 20, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Resides Middleton.
- Willev, Francis B.*** Co. G; born Manchester; age 19; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 23, '61; temporarily with U. S. Battery when killed, Feb. 20, '64, at Olustee, Fla.
- Willev, George H.*** Co. A; born New Durham; age 21; resident Middleton; enlisted Sept. 6, '61. Died Oct. 23, '63, Beaufort, S. C.
- Willev, Henry S.*** Co. A; born Moultonborough; age 23; resident Farmington; enlisted Sept. 14, '61; appointed 2 Lt. Nov. 28, '63; discharged Oct. 14, '64. Died, '89, Washington, D. C.
- Willey, Samuel L.**** Co. F; born Durham; age 30; resident Somersworth; enlisted July 25, '61, as Sergt.; reenlisted Feb. 24, '64; wounded Jan. 15, '65, Ft. Fisher, N. C. Died, wounds, Jan. 17, '65.
- Williams, Charles.** Co. C; substitute; born England; age 21; credited Tuftonborough; mustered in Jan. 2, '65; deserted Mar. 21, '65, Wilmington, N. C. No good.
- Williams, Charles.** Co. I; born New York; age 19; credited Newport; mustered in Nov. 21, '63; missing Sept. 30, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; returned; wounded and died Jan. 15, '65, Ft. Fisher, N. C.
- Williams, Charles.** Co. K; substitute; born Canada; age 25; credited Lancaster; mustered in Oct. 15, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; deserted June 20, '65.
- Williams, Charles H.**** Co. E; born Montpelier, Vt.; age 19; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; appointed Sergt.; wounded Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; appointed 2 Lt., Aug. 23, '65; not mustered; mustered out Aug. 23, '65, as Sergt. Died July 6, '07, Elyria, O.
- Williams, Charles H.**** Co. K; born Gardner, Mass.; age 19; resident Rochester; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; discharged Aug. 23, '65, Concord. Died Jan. 18, '87, Somersworth.
- Williams, George.** Co. C; substitute; age 22; credited Orford; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; deserted Mar. 20, '65, Wilmington, N. C.; returned June 2, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. No good.
- Williams, George.** Co. H; born Liverpool, Eng.; age 32; credited Portsmouth; mustered in Dec. 20, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; discharged Apr. 5, '65, Norfolk, Va.

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- Williams, George W.**** Co. E; born Concord; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; appointed Corp. July 1, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Mar. 23, '09, Gardiner, Me.
- Williams, Henry.** Co. D; substitute; born Ireland; age 22; credited Henniker; mustered in Jan. 7, '65; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Williams, Henry.** Co. H; substitute; born Germany; age 26; resident New York City; credited Lebanon; mustered in Oct. 17, '63; wounded May 15, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; deserted Nov. 19, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va.
- Williams, James.** Co. I; substitute; born England; age 23; credited Washington; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; deserted Mar. 22, '65. No good.
- Williams, John.** Co. B; substitute; born Liverpool, Eng.; age 24; resident Portland, Me.; credited Bethlehem; mustered in Oct. 20, '63; wounded and captured July 30, '64, mine explosion, Va. Died Aug. 16, '64, Petersburg, Va.
- Williams, John.** Co. C; substitute; born Belfast, Ir; age 29; credited Conway; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Williams, John H.** Co. B; born St. John's, N. F.; age 25; resident Brooklyn, N. Y.; credited Portsmouth; mustered in Dec. 21, '63; killed July 19, '64, near Petersburg, Va.
- Williams, Thomas.** Co. I; substitute; age 26; mustered in Dec. 29, '64; deserted June 9, '65. No good.
- Williamson, Peter.** Co. D; substitute; age 22; resident Canada; credited Manchester; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; deserted June 7, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; apprehended; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Willis, Martin W.*** Born Easton, Mass.; age 40; resident Nashua; appointed Chaplain Aug. 20, '61; discharged Jan. 27, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Apr. 27, '94, St. Louis, Mo.
- Wilson, George.** Co. C; substitute; born Norway; age 21; credited Westmoreland; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; deserted June 11, '65, Raleigh, N. C. No good.
- Wilson, Alvah D.** Co. E; born Lowell, Mass.; age 25; credited Manchester; drafted and mustered in Oct. 6, '63; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Resides Henniker.
- Wilson, Charles H.*** Co. C; born Bennington; age 40; resident Greenfield; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; appointed Corp.; wounded May 20, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; mustered out Sept. 27, '64 Dead.
- Wilson, Clark E.*** Co. G; born Hancock, Vt.; age 18; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 6, '61; discharged Dec. 25, '61, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Mar. 14, '80, Ward's Isl., New York Harbor.
- Wilson, Frank** Co. B; substitute; born England; age 21; resident England; credited Hill; mustered in Oct. 21, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; discharged Aug. 4, '65.
- Wilson, Henry.** Co. E; substitute; born England; age 34; credited Goffstown; mustered in Dec. 15, '64; discharged July 17, '65, Ft. Schuyler, N. Y. Correct name Wm. H. Moffitt. Resides Fall River, Mass.

- Wilson, James.**** Co. I; born Elgin, Can.; age 24; resident Haverhill; enlisted Aug. 24, '61; reenlisted Feb. 28, '64; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Veloa, No. Dak.
- Wilson, James.** Co. K; substitute; born St. John, N. B.; age 33; resident New York City; credited Lebanon; mustered in Oct. 15, '63; appointed Corp.; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; discharged June 15, '65.
- Wilson, William.** Co. F; born New Brunswick; age 21; resident New York City; credited Grafton; mustered in Dec. 26, '63; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died July 1, '64, Andersonville, Ga.
- Wilson, William.** Co. K; substitute; born Ireland; age 22; credited Salem; mustered in Dec. 12, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Wingate, Joseph.**** Co. A; born Berwick, Me.; age 21; resident Rochester; enlisted Sept. 5, '61; appointed Corp.; wounded severely Oct. 22, '62, Pocotaligo, S. C.; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; appointed 1 Lt., Co. K, Feb. 17, '65; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Awarded "Gilmore Medal" by Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, for gallant and meritorious conduct during operations before Charleston, S. C. Resides Rochester.
- Wingate, William F.*** Co. F; born and resident Somersworth; age 29; enlisted Aug. 14, '61; killed Oct. 22, '62, Pocotaligo, S. C.
- Winkley, Henry W.** Co. I; substitute; born Kerry, Ir.; age 21; resident Newburyport, Mass.; credited Gilford; mustered in Sept. 29, '63; accidentally killed Apr. 13, '64, by falling from the cross-trees on steamer "Fulton."
- Winn, Joseph L.**** Co. B; born Rome, Me.; age 22; resident Somersworth; enlisted Aug. 28, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; wounded severely June 30, '64, near Petersburg, Va. Died, wounds, Aug. 8, '64. Awarded "Gilmore Medal" by Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, for gallant and meritorious conduct during operations before Charleston, S. C.
- Winn, William P.*** Co. C; born Greenfield; age 44; resident Greenfield; enlisted Aug. 27, '61; discharged Mar. 1, '64, Beaufort, S. C. Died Nov. 1, '74, Peterborough.
- Winthrop, Alexander.** Co. C; substitute; born Andover, Mass.; age 18; resident Boston, Mass.; credited Nashua; mustered in Oct. 6, '63; wounded Jan. 16, '65, explosion of magazine, Ft. Fisher, N. C.; discharged May 24, '65, Ft. Schuyler, N. Y. H. Resides Georgetown, Mass.
- Witham, Benjamin P.*** Co. A; born and resident Wakefield; age 24; enlisted Aug. 30, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64.
- Witham, David A.**** Co. A; born Milton; age 38; resident Wakefield; enlisted Aug. 30, '61; reenlisted Feb. 19, '64; credited Dover; discharged Aug. 23, '65. Died Apr. 2, '88, Wolfeboro.
- Witham, John W.*** Co. H; born Pittsfield; age 28; resident Concord; enlisted Sept. 4, '61, as Corp.; discharged Feb. 18, '62, Beaufort, S. C. 10 N. H. V. Died Jan. 5, '09, Manchester.

- Witherill, Herbert E.** Co. C; substitute; born Massachusetts; age 22; credited Chesterfield; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died June 10, '08.
- Wolf, George.** Co. C; substitute; born Canada; age 20; credited Alton; mustered in Dec. 28, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65.
- Wolff, Joseph.** Co. D; born Germany; age 26; resident Baltimore, Md.; credited Gilsun; mustered in Dec. 23, '63; missing June 7, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; returned; discharged June 24, '65, Concord.
- Wonsor, John.** Co. D; age 21; enlisted Feb. 22, '63, Beaufort, S. C.; mustered in Feb. 25, '63; captured Oct. 12, '63, Charleston Harbor, S. C.; released; discharged Aug. 23, '65.
- Wood, Almon.**** Co. K; born Langdon; age 45; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 16, '61; reenlisted Feb. 17, '64; mustered out, Aug. 23, '65. Died Jan. 15, '98, Nashua.
- Wood, Thomas.*** Co. I; born Lancashire, Eng.; age 33; resident Lawrence, Mass.; enlisted Aug. 12, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64.
- Woodbridge, William O.**** Co. C; born Andover, Mass.; age 35; resident Greenfield; enlisted Sept. 11, '61; reenlisted Feb. 18, '64; credited Manchester; wounded June 24, '64, near Petersburg, Va. Died, wounds, June 25, '64, Pt. of Rocks, Va.
- Woodbury, Rodney C.*** Co. H; born Methuen, Mass.; age 23; resident Salem; enlisted Sept. 17, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Resides Salem.
- Woods, Henry S.*** Co. K; age 30; born and resident Pepperell, Mass.; enlisted July 26, '61, as Corp.; discharged Feb. 7, '63, Beaufort, S. C. Died Jan. 30, '92, Albany, Vt.
- Woods, James.** Co. F; substitute; born Glasgow, Scot.; age 31; credited Lebanon; mustered in Oct. 17, '63; U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64; discharged July 24, '65, Boston, Mass.
- Woodward, Albert B.*** Co. K; age 22; born and resident Boscawen; enlisted Aug. 2, '61; wounded Oct. 22, '62; discharged Dec. 16, '62, Hilton Head, S. C. Resides Laconia.
- Woodworth, Albert A.*** Co. H; born Barnstable, Mass.; age 21; resident Salem; enlisted Aug. 19, '61, as Corp.; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. 1 N. H. V. and V. R. C. Died June 16, '11, Dayton, O., Soldiers' Home.
- Woodworth, Wallace E.*** Co. H; born Portsmouth; age 21; resident Laconia; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; captured Mar. 24, '62, Jacksonville, Fla.; paroled Oct. 19, '62; Co. B, 5 Art., U. S. A., Dec. 24, '62; reenlisted Jan. 23, '64; credited Franklin; discharged Jan. 23, '67, Ft. Monroe, Va. 1 N. H. V. Resides Lakeport.
- Worthley, John.**** Co. C; born Goffstown; age 34; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 9, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64. Died Sept. 5, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va.
- Worthley, Sewell.*** Co. C; born Brentwood; age 25; resident Brentwood; enlisted Aug. 31, '61; mustered in Sept. 18, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Feb. 10, '03, Chester.
- Wright, Benjamin F.*** Co. B; age 23; born and resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 21, '61; discharged Mar. 12, '63, New York City. Resides Nashua.

- Wright, Charles.** Co. H; born Providence, R. I.; age 22; resident Boston, Mass.; credited Danville; mustered in Dec. 26, '63; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged June 1, '65, Raleigh, N. C.
- Wright, William.** Co. K; born Pepperell, Mass.; age 21; credited Brookline; mustered in Dec. 15, '63; reported on m. o. roll dated Aug. 23, '65, as absent, sick, since Apr. 25, '64.
- Wyckoff, Joseph A.*** Co. K; born New York City; age 31; resident Londonderry; enlisted Aug. 7, '61; killed Oct. 22, '62, Pocatoligo, S. C.
- Wyman, Edson.**** Co. E; born Peterborough; age 23; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; appointed Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; discharged June 5, '65, Concord. Died Nov. 23, '98, Weare.
- Wyman, Emery.**** Co. E; born Greenfield; age 18; resident Peterborough; enlisted Aug. 30, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; credited Manchester; appointed Corp.; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; Aug. 16, '64, Deep Bottom, Va.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides London.
- Wyman, George.*** Co. K; born Bedford; age 28; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 10, '61; mustered out Sept. 27, '64. Died Nov. 17, '90, Weare.
- Wyman, James.**** Co. K; born Bedford; age 39; resident Manchester; enlisted Sept. 10, '61; reenlisted Feb. 24, '64; discharged Aug. 10, '65, New York City. Died Sept. 9, '76, Manchester.
- Wyman, Lyman.**** Co. E; born Greenfield; age 22; resident Peterborough; enlisted Aug. 30, '61; reenlisted Feb. 20, '64; credited Manchester; appointed Musc.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died Feb. 4, '10, Tilton.
- Wyman, William D.** Co. E; born Jaffrey; age 19; resident Hooksett; credited Bartlett; mustered in Jan. 18, '64; discharged July 12, '65, Portsmouth Grove, R. I. Died Oct. 14, '09, Manchester.
- Wyman, William S.*** Co. B; born Litchfield; age 20; resident Nashua; enlisted Aug. 30, '61; wounded Oct. 22, '62, Pocatoligo, S. C.; discharged Sept. 27, '64. 1 N. H. V. Died Oct. 30, '97, Pueblo, Colo.
- Wyman, Woodbury.**** Co. E; born Greenfield; age 28; resident Manchester; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died May 29, '83, Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me.
- Yeaton, Richard B.** Co. A; born New Castle; age 28; credited Farmington; mustered in Dec. 18, '63; appointed Corp.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Resides Alton.
- York, William F.*** Co. B; born Roxbury, Mass.; age 28; resident Nashua; enlisted Sept. 2, '61; discharged Sept. 12, '62, Beaufort, S. C. Resides Andover.
- Young, Alemander.**** Co. K; born Alton; age 27; resident Farmington; enlisted Aug. 26, '61; reenlisted Feb. 16, '64; wounded May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; July 30, '64, mine explosion, Petersburg, Va.; mustered out Aug. 23, '65. Died July 7, '94, New Durham.

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Young, Israel W.* Co. K; born Manchester; age 38; resident Hudson; enlisted Aug. 29, '61; discharged June 4, '64, David's Isl., N. Y. H. Died July 24, '94, Hudson.

Young, Perley S. Co. K; born Concord, Mass.; age 18; resident and credited Grafton; mustered in Sept. 7, '62. Died, wounds, Gloucester Point, Va., May 4, '64.

Young, Perley S. Co. K; born Concord, Mass.; age 18; resident Farmington; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; reenlisted Feb. 15, '64; captured May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; escaped Feb. 26, '65; discharged Aug. 15, '65, Raleigh, N. C. Died Apr. 26, '80, Haverhill, Mass.

Young, William H. H.** Co. I; born Canterbury; age 20; resident Plymouth; enlisted Sept. 3, '61; reenlisted Feb. 24, '64; credited Haverhill; appointed Corp.; killed July 30, '64, mine explosion, Va.



OFFICERS FOURTH REGIMENT FROM SEPTEMBER 18, 1861, TO SEPTEMBER 2, 1865.

FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS.

- Col. Thomas Jefferson Whipple.** Born Jan. 30, 1826, Wentworth; died Dec. 21, 1889, Laconia. Resident of Laconia in 1861. Served in the Mexican War as Adj. 9 U. S. Inf.; appointed Lieut. Col. 1 Regt., N. H. Vols., Apr. 29, 1861; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; appointed Col. 4 Regt., N. H. Vols., Aug. 20, 1861; resigned Jacksonville, Fla., Mar. 18, 1862; raised the 12 N. H. Regt. in 1862, but was refused the command of it for personal reasons by Governor Berry. Funeral at the Unitarian church, Laconia, Dec. 24, 1889; burial in Union cemetery.
- Col. Louis Bell.** Born Mar. 8, 1837, Chester; killed Jan. 16, 1865, Fort Fisher, N. C. Resident of Farmington in 1861. Enlisted Apr. 29, 1861; mustered in May 1 as Capt. Co. A, 1 Regt., N. H. Vols.; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; appointed Lieut. Col. 4 Regt. Sept. 3, 1861; promoted to Col. May 16, 1862; wounded slightly Oct. 22, 1862, at Pocotaligo, S. C.; shot through the body while leading his brigade at the capture of Fort Fisher, N. C., Jan. 15, and died Jan. 16, 1865. Funeral services at the Congregational church, Chester, Jan. 27, 1865; burial in the village cemetery near his birthplace.
- Lieut. Col. Gilman E. Sleeper.** Born May 10, 1831, East Kingston; died Oct. 22, 1864, Salem. Resident of Salem in 1861. Enlisted Apr. 27, 1861, and mustered in May 7 as Capt. Co. K, 1 Regt., N. H. Vols.; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; appointed and mustered in as Capt. Co. C, 4 Regt., Sept. 18, 1861; promoted to Lieut. Col. May 16, 1862; resigned on account of disability, which caused his death Nov. 27, 1863. Funeral and burial at Salem Center.
- Lieut. Col. Jeremiah Dearborn Drew.** Born July 29, 1821, Brookfield; died May 2, 1905, Lawrence, Mass. Resident of Salem in 1861. Enlisted Apr. 17, 1861; mustered in May 4, 1861, as Capt. Co. H, 1 Regt., N. H. Vols.; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; appointed Maj. of 4 Regt. Sept. 3, 1861; promoted to Lieut. Col. Dec. 1, 1863; mustered out Sept. 17, 1864. His brother, Israel L., was Lieut. in Co. H; his young son a drummer boy in Co. H; and his nephew, Geo. A., a Sergt. in Co. F. Funeral at his home in Lawrence, Mass., and burial at Bellview cemetery.

Lieut. Col. Francis Wayland Parker. Born Oct. 9, 1837, Bedford, now Manchester; died Mar. 2, 1902, Pass Christian, Miss. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Appointed and mustered in as 1 Lieut. Co. E, 4 Regt., Sept. 18, 1861; promoted to Capt. Jan. 17, 1862; severely wounded in the neck Aug. 16, 1864, Deep Bottom, Va.; promoted to Lieut. Col. Jan. 3, 1865; taken prisoner Apr. 8, 1865, near Magnolia, N. C.; released Apr. 29; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865; as senior officer, he was in command of the regiment the last seven months of its service until disbanded Sept. 2, 1865, at Concord. Funeral and cremation at Chicago, Ill.; ashes deposited in the family lot, Bowman-street cemetery, West Manchester, with public funeral services May, 1902.

Maj. Charles Walter Sawyer. Born May 19, 1832, Dover; died June 22, 1864, Concord. Resident of Dover in 1861. Appointed 1 Lieut. Co. B, 1 Regt., N. H. Vols., Apr. 30, 1861; mustered in May 2; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; appointed and mustered in as Capt. Co. A, 4 Regt., Sept. 18, 1861; promoted to Maj. Dec. 1, 1863; severely wounded May 16, 1864, at Drewry's Bluff, Va., and died on account of wounds received in battle. Funeral at Dover, with burial at Pine Hill cemetery.

Maj. George Francis Towle. Born Aug. 4, 1834, Lee; died June 21, 1900, London, England. A resident of Texas in 1861, he returned to his father's home in Portsmouth. Appointed and mustered in as 1 Lieut. Co. F, 4 Regt., Sept. 18, 1861; promoted to Capt. Jan. 17, 1862, and promoted to Maj. Jan. 3, 1865; on detach service the last part of the war; was on the staff of General Terry; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865; was in the U. S. army after the war and was retired as Capt. Funeral and burial at Portsmouth.

Adj. Henry William Fuller. Born June 30, 1838, Hooksett; died Apr. 7, 1885, Roxbury, Mass. Resident of Concord in 1861. Enlisted Apr. 29, 1861; appointed 1 Lieut. Co. I, 1 Regt., N. H. Vols.; mustered in May 4, 1861; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18, 1861, as Adj. 4 Regt.; resigned Oct. 29, 1862; appointed Maj. 16 Regt. Oct. 30, 1862; Lieut. Col. Nov. 1, 1862; mustered out Aug. 30, 1863; mustered in Nov. 23, 1863, as Col. 75 Regt., U. S. Colored Troops; mustered out Nov. 25, 1865; breveted Brig. Gen. U. S. Vols. Mar. 13, 1865, for faithful and meritorious service during the war. Funeral at his home in Roxbury, Mass.; burial at Forest Hill cemetery, Boston.

Adj. Charles Arms Carleton. Born May 27, 1838, Brooklyn, N. Y.; died Apr. 1, 1897, New York City. Enlisted Apr. 19, 1861, for three months in 12 Regt., New York state militia; mustered out Aug. 5, 1861; appointed 2 Lieut. Co. B, 4 Regt., Sept. 20, 1861; promoted to 1 Lieut. Jan. 17, 1862; to Capt. Oct. 3, 1862; declined to accept; appointed Adj. of the Regt. Nov. 2, 1862; discharged July 18, 1864, to accept promotion; appointed Capt., Asst. Adj. Gen. U. S. Vols. July 15, 1864; Maj. Jan. 15, 1865; discharged Dec. 19, 1865; slightly wounded at Fort Fisher, N. C., where all of General Ames' staff were killed or wounded; breveted Lieut. Col. Mar. 13, 1865, for distinguished services at the storming of Fort Fisher, N. C.; breveted Col. and Brig. Gen. for gallant and meritorious services during the war. Funeral at New York City; burial at Woodlawn cemetery.

- Adj. Timothy Worth Challis.** Born Apr. 23, 1827, Corinth, Vt.; died Feb. 1, 1890, Manchester. Resident of Laconia in 1861. Enlisted July 25, 1861; appointed 1 Sergt. Co. D, 4 Regt., Sept. 18, 1861; promoted to 2 Lieut. Oct. 7, 1862; 1 Lieut. July 27, 1864; Adj. Nov. 9, 1864; wounded at Fort Fisher, N. C., Jan. 15, 1865; taken prisoner Apr. 8, 1865, near Magnolia, N. C.; released Apr. 29; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865; breveted Capt. U. S. V. Mar. 13, 1865, for gallant service at the charge on Fort Harrison, Va., and breveted Maj. for gallant and meritorious service at Fort Fisher, N. C. Public funeral service at the Franklin-street church, Manchester, with burial at Pine Grove cemetery.
- Q. M. John Leighton Kelley.** Born Oct. 23, 1811, Madbury; died May 1, 1887, Manchester. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Apr. 16, 1861; mustered in as Capt. Co. C, 1 Regt., N. H. Vols., May 2, 1861; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; appointed Q. M. 4 Regt. Aug. 20, 1861; discharged July 30, 1863, to accept promotion; appointed Capt. and Asst. Q. M. U. S. Vols. July 8, 1863; discharged Nov. 11, 1865; breveted Maj. and Lieut. Col. U. S. Vols. for faithful and meritorious services. A prominent citizen of Manchester, his home city; had been city marshal and mayor. His brother, Charles J., was Q. M. Sergt. Funeral services were held in the Unitarian church, with burial at Pine Grove cemetery.
- Q. M. Albert Knight Tilton.** Born Feb. 9, 1841, Thornton; died May 19, 1891, Brookline, Mass. Resident of Sanbornton in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 16, 1861, as Com. Sergt. 4 Regt.; promoted to 2 Lieut. Co. C, Aug. 15, 1862; to Q. M. Aug. 1, 1863; discharged May 15, 1865. Funeral and burial at Park cemetery, Tilton.
- Com. Daniel Q. Cole.** Born ———, Rumney; died Apr. 2, 1885, Concord. Resident of Concord in 1861. Appointed Com. 4 Regt. Aug. 20, 1861; transferred to Co. I as 1 Lieut. Oct. 20, 1861; resigned Oct. 24, 1862. Funeral at Concord; burial at Rumney.
- Dr. Josiah Calef Eastman.** Born Apr. 22, 1811, Loudon; died Nov. 27, 1897, Hampstead. A practicing physician of Hampstead. Appointed Surg. 4 Regt. Aug. 20, 1861; resigned Oct. 7, 1862. A lifelong resident of Hampstead, where his funeral and burial took place.
- Dr. George Preston Greeley.** Born Apr. 9, 1833, Nashua; died Dec. 27, 1892, St. Augustine, Fla. Resident of Nashua, where he was a practicing physician. Appointed Asst. Surg. 2 Regt., N. H. Vols., May 3, 1861; resigned June 3, 1861; appointed Asst. Surg. 4 Regt. Aug. 20, 1861; promoted to Surg. Oct. 8, 1862; discharged Oct. 23, 1864; in Feb., 1865, commissioned Surg. 9 Regt., U. S. Veteran Vol. 1 Corps; served until May 8, 1866. For a long time was in business at St. Augustine, Fla., where he died; funeral at Episcopal church, Nashua, and burial in Canal-street cemetery at Nashua. His widow is a sister of Adm. George Dewey.

- Dr. David Plummer Dearborn.** Born Oct. 21, 1836, Sanbornton; died April 2, 1888, Brattleboro, Vt. Resident of Weare in 1861. Enlisted as a private in Co. F, 4 Regt., Sept. 20, 1861; was detailed in the hospital department; promoted to 2 Lieut. March 22, 1862; appointed 2 Asst. Surg. Dec. 16, 1862; Asst. Surg. May 2, 1864; Surg. Nov. 9, 1864; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865. Practiced as a physician for many years at Brattleboro, Vt., where his funeral and burial occurred.
- Dr. David L. M. Comings.** Born Oct. 14, 1825, Cornish; died Aug. 1, 1863, Swanzev. Resident of Swanzev in 1862. Appointed 2 Asst. Surg. Aug. 13, 1862; Asst. Surg. Oct. 8, 1862. Stricken with illness early, he died while on a leave of absence at his home in Swanzev, where funeral and burial occurred.
- Dr. Charles Chester Beckley.** Born June 20, 1829, Weathersfield, Vt.; died Feb. 18, 1886, Plainfield. Resident of Plainfield in 1863. Appointed Asst. Surg. Oct. 1, 1863; mustered in Dec. 11, 1863; resigned Mar. 26, 1864. Was for many years a practicing physician at Plainfield, where his funeral and burial took place.
- Dr. James Parker Walker.** Born Feb. 7, 1828, Bedford, now Manchester; died May 6, 1897, West Manchester. Resident of the west part of Manchester, then known as Piscataqua. Appointed 2 Asst. Surg. May 2, 1864; discharged Nov. 2, 1864. Lived all his life in West Manchester, where he died; funeral at his home and burial in the Bowman-street cemetery.
- Dr. Henry Frost Wardwell.** Born Mar. 9, 1828, Albany, Me.; died Dec. 26, 1891, Berlin Falls. Resident of Gorham in 1865. Enlisted Mar. 31, 1865; appointed Asst. Surg. Apr. 11, 1865; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865.
- Rev. Martin Wyman Willis.** Born Dec. 1, 1821, North Easton, Mass.; died April 27, 1894, St. Louis, Mo. In 1861 pastor of the Unitarian church, Nashua. Appointed Aug. 20, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18, 1861; discharged Jan. 27, 1862.
- Rev. Liberty Billings.** Born ———, 1822, Saco, Me.; died Oct. 12, 1877, Fernandina, Fla. Resident of Concord. Appointed Chap. 4 Regt. July 29, 1862; discharged to accept promotion to Lieut. Col. of 1 So. Car. Colored Regt. Nov. 1, 1862; discharged July 9, 1863. Had been Lieut. Gov. of Florida.
- Rev. William Henry Thomas.** Born Mar. 29, 1840, New York City. Resident of Laconia in 1863. Appointed Chap. Oct. 23, 1863; resigned June 28, 1864; third and last Chap. of the 4 Regt. He is now a retired Methodist clergyman and resides, 1911, at South Norwalk, Conn., the only survivor of the field and staff of the 4 Regt., N. H. Vols.

CAPTAINS.

- Richard Oliver Greenleaf.** Born Jan. 31, 1823, South Berwick, Me.; died Aug. 9, 1901, Nashua. Resident of Nashua in 1861. Enlisted Apr. 26, 1861; appointed Capt. Co. E, 1 Regt., N. H. Vols., for three months; mustered in May 2; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18, 1861, as senior Capt. of Co. B, 4 Regt., N. H. Vols.; appointed Maj. Aug. 24, 1864; declined appointment; discharged Nov. 1, 1864, as Capt. Funeral at Nashua; burial at Edgewood cemetery.

Gilman E. Sleeper. Capt. Co. C. (*See Lieutenant Colonels.*)

Charles Walter Sawyer. Capt. Co. A. (*See Majors.*)

Joseph Messer Clough. Born June 15, 1829, Sunapee. Resident of New London. Enlisted Apr. 26, 1861; appointed 1 Lieut. Co. H, 1 Regt., N. H. Vols., Apr. 30; mustered in for three months May 4; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; enlisted Sept. 10, 1861; mustered in as Capt. Co. H, 4 Regt.; wounded severely July 30, 1864, at Battle of the Mine near Petersburg, Va.; discharged Sept. 17, 1864; appointed Lieut. Col. 18 Regt., N. H. Vols., Oct. 13, 1864; mustered in Oct. 18 for one year; wounded Mar. 29, 1865, Fort Stedman, Va.; appointed Col. July 29, 1865; not mustered in; mustered out July 29, 1865, as Lieut. Col.; breveted Brig. Gen. to date Mar. 13, 1865, for gallant and meritorious services during the war. Resident, 1911, of New London.

Thompson Lafayette Newell. Born Oct. 23, 1808, Bow; died Nov. 25, 1895, Concord. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Aug. 19, 1861; mustered in as Capt. of Co. E, 4 Regt., Sept. 18, 1861; resigned Dec. 16, 1861. Died at the Odd Fellows' Home, Concord; funeral at West Manchester, with burial in Bowman-street cemetery.

William Badger. Born ———, Gilmanton; died May 12, 1897. Resident of Sanbornton in 1861. Son of Governor Badger. Enlisted July 25, 1861; mustered in as Capt. of Co. D, 4 Regt., N. H. Vols.; discharged June 4, 1864; appointed Col. Feb. 21, 1865; not mustered; only served as Capt.; appointed captain 9 U. S. Veteran Vols. June 24, 1865; discharged Apr. 20, 1866; appointed 2 Lieut. 6 Inf., U. S. A., May 19, 1866; 1 Lieut. Feb. 9, 1867; Capt. Dec. 15, 1880; retired Jan. 25, 1889; breveted Maj. U. S. Vols. for gallant and meritorious service during the war. Died Boston, Mass.; funeral and burial at Belmont.

Jonathan Robinson Bagley. Born Mar. 16, 1820, at Sanbornton; died July 17, 1900, West Derry. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted July 27, 1861; mustered in as Capt. Co. K; resigned Jan. 13, 1862. Funeral at Derry; burial in Londonderry at Pillsbury cemetery.

Michael O'Flynn. Born in Ireland 1836; died June 29, 1901, Hampton, Va., Soldiers' Home. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Apr. 22, 1861; mustered in May 2 as 1 Sergt.; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; enlisted Aug. 16, 1861, and mustered in as Capt. of Co. G, 4 Regt.; resigned Oct. 2, 1862. Funeral and burial at the Home cemetery.

Orrin Brown. Born, 1833, Atkinson, Me.; died Apr. 7, 1910, East Corinth, Me. Resident of Somersworth in 1861. Enlisted July 25, 1861; mustered in as Capt. Co. F, 4 Regt., N. H. Vols.; cashiered Jan. 24, 1862. Funeral and burial at Corinth, Me.

Nathaniel Hazen Brown. Born at Derry May 20, 1834; died May 11, 1909, Derry. Resident of Derry in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 14, 1861; mustered in as Capt. Co. I, 4 Regt., N. H. Vols.; resigned Oct. 6, 1862; appointed Capt. July 7, 1864, of Co. F, 1 Regt., N. H. Cavalry; mustered in July 16, 1864; mustered out July 15, 1865. Funeral at Baptist church, Derry, with burial at Woodlawn cemetery, East Derry.

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Ephraim C. Currier. Born, 1834, Danville; died Aug. 12, 1862, Beaufort, S. C. Resident of Danville in 1861. Mustered in Sept. 18, 1861, as 1 Lieut. Co. K, 4 Regt., N. H. Vols.; promoted to Capt. Jan. 17, 1862. Died of fever in hospital. After a military funeral was buried in Soldiers' cemetery at Beaufort, S. C.

George Francis Towle. Capt. Co. F. (*See Majors.*)

Francis Wayland Parker. Capt. Co. E. (*See Lieutenant Colonels.*)

Jasper G. Wallace. Born, 1827, Montpelier, Vt.; died Jan. 20, 1877, Dover. Resident of Dover in 1861. Appointed Apr. 30, 1861, and mustered in May 2, 1861, as 2 Lieut. Co. B, 1 Regt., N. H. Vols., for three months; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; enlisted Sept. 16, 1861, and mustered in Sept. 18 as 1 Lieut. Co. A, 4 Regt.; promoted to Capt. Co. C May 17, 1862; wounded severely Oct. 22, 1862, at Pocotaligo, S. C., and wounded again seriously May 15, 1864, at Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged for disability Sept. 14, 1864. Death, funeral, and burial at Dover.

True Sanborn, Jr. Born July 30, 1827, Chichester. Resident of Chichester in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 14, 1861; mustered in as 2 Lieut. Co. I, 4 Regt.; promoted 1 Lieut. Co. K June 12, 1862; Capt. Co. K Aug. 15, 1862; discharged for disability Nov. 2, 1864; for several years Col. 3 Regt., N. H. state militia. Resident, 1911, of Chichester.

William W. Mayne. Born May 11, 1839, Whitehall, N. Y. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Apr. 20, 1861; mustered in May 2 as Corp.; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; enlisted Aug. 19, 1861; mustered in as 2 Lieut. Co. G, 4 Regt.; promoted 1 Lieut. Mar. 22, 1862; Capt. Oct. 3, 1862; wounded severely Oct. 22, 1862, Pocotaligo, S. C.; wounded seriously June 29, 1864, near Petersburg, Va.; discharged for disability Sept. 14, 1864. Resident, 1911, of Claremore, Okla.

David Otis Burleigh. Born Mar. 6, 1818, Sandwich; died Aug. 28, 1905, Laconia. Resident of Laconia in 1861. Enlisted July 25, 1861; mustered in as 2 Lieut. Co. D, 4 Regt.; promoted to 1 Lieut. May 1, 1862; Capt. Co. I Oct. 7, 1862; discharged June 4, 1864. Funeral and burial at Laconia.

Isaac Wallingford Hobbs. Born June 29, 1837, Effingham. Resident of Somersworth in 1861. Enlisted Aug. 2, 1861; mustered in as 1 Lieut. Co. F, 4 Regt.; promoted to Capt. Co. A Dec. 1, 1863; wounded July 18, 1864, near Petersburg, Va.; discharged Nov. 7, 1864; served as Capt. in Hancock's Veteran Corps until the close of the war; was in command of the regiment at the charge on Fort Harrison, Va., and until mustered out. Had a brother captain in an Iowa regiment, who was killed in battle. Principal of the high school in 1861. Resides, 1911, on his farm, Pembroke.

Frederic Augustus Kendall. Born Aug. 28, 1838, Concord. Resident of Concord in 1861. Enlisted June 18, 1861, as private in Co. B, 11 Regt., Ind Vol. Inf.; transferred to Co. I, 1 Regt., N. H. Vols., July 23, 1861; discharged Aug. 9, 1861; enlisted Aug. 20, 1861; mustered in as 2 Lieut. Co. C, 4 Regt.; promoted to 1 Lieut. Co. B Aug. 15, 1862; Capt. Co. B Sept.

12, 1864; discharged to date Aug. 17, 1865; appointed Capt. Co. L, 8 Heavy Art., U. S. Colored Troops, July 20, 1865; discharged Feb. 10, 1866; appointed 2 Lieut. 40 U. S. Inf. July 28, 1866; 1 Lieut. July 31, 1867; Capt. 25 U. S. Inf. Mar. 22, 1879; retired Dec. 4, 1884. Resident, 1911, of Cleveland, O., conducting a life insurance business.

John Henry Roberts. Born Aug. 4, 1839, Ossipee; died Jan. 7, 1905, Malden, Mass. Resident of Dover in 1861. Enlisted Apr. 17, 1861; mustered in May 4 as Sergt. of Co. A, 1 Regt., N. H. Vols.; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; enlisted Aug. 29, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as 1 Sergt. Co. A, 4 Regt.; promoted to 2 Lieut. Co. D May 1, 1862; 1 Lieut. Oct. 7, 1862, and Capt. Nov. 9, 1864; wounded at Fort Fisher, N. C., Jan. 15, 1865, where he was in command of the regiment; promoted to Maj. but not mustered owing to the small number in the regiment; was breveted Maj. for gallant and meritorious conduct at the storming of Fort Fisher, N. C. For many years he held a responsible position in the Charlestown navy yard. His brother, Geo. W., a Capt. in the 2 N. H. Vols., was killed at Gettysburg. John H. died after a short illness of pneumonia at his pleasant home in Malden, Mass., where his funeral was held, with burial in Forestdale cemetery.

George Warren Huckins. Born May 10, 1838, Strafford; died Jan. 3, 1911, Appleton, Wis. Resident of Haverhill, Mass., in 1861. Enlisted Aug. 14, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as 1 Sergt. Co. K; promoted to 2 Lieut. Jan. 17, 1862; 1 Lieut. Oct. 25, 1862; Capt. Nov. 9, 1864; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865. Was in business in the West most of the time after the war. Death, funeral, and burial were at Appleton, Wis.

Matthew Adams. Born May 10, 1842, Newbury; died Sept. 26, 1904, Denver, Col. Resident of New London in 1861. Enlisted Aug. 20, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18, as Sergt. Co. H; promoted to 2 Lieut. Sept. 24, 1863; wounded July 30, 1864, at Battle of the Mine, Va.; promoted to Capt. Co. A Nov. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865. Was for several years county clerk at Denver, Col., where his death, funeral, and burial occurred.

Abner Lucius Knowlton. Born Sept. 1, 1832, Windsor; died Feb. 11, 1899, Miami, Fla. Resident of Sanbornton in 1861. Enlisted Aug. 7, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18, 1861, as Corp. Co. D, 4 Regt.; reenlisted Jan. 1, 1864; promoted to Sergt., 1 Sergt., 1 Lieut., and Feb. 17, 1865, was promoted to Capt. Co. H; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865. He followed his profession as civil engineer after the war. His death, funeral, and burial took place at Miami, Fla.

Louis McDuffie Hussey. Born Nov. 16, 1837, Rochester; died May 19, 1910, Rochester. Resident of Rochester in 1861. Enlisted Apr. 23, 1861; mustered in May 2 as private in Co. B, 1 Regt., N. H. Vols.; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; enlisted Aug. 26, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as Sergt. Co. A, 4 Regt.; appointed 1 Sergt.; reenlisted Jan. 1, 1864; promoted to 1 Lieut. Nov. 9, 1864; Capt. Co. C Feb. 17, 1865; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865. Was the first city marshal of Rochester. His death, funeral, and burial occurred in the city of his birth and on whose quota he served over four years.

George Frederick Quimby. Born Mar. 14, 1837, Kingston. Resident of Kingston in 1861. Enlisted Aug. 20, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18, 1861, as private in Co. H, 4 Regt., N. H. Vols.; appointed Corp.; reënlisted Feb. 24, 1864; appointed Sergt.; promoted to 1 Lieut. Nov. 9, 1864; Capt. Co. I Feb. 17, 1865; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865. Resident, 1911, Newton Junction.

William Sanford Barker. Born Dec. 19, 1831, Andover, Mass.; died Feb. 8, 1908, Londonderry. Resident of Londonderry in 1861. Enlisted Aug. 12, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as Sergt.; promoted 1 Sergt. May 1, 1862; reënlisted Feb. 15, 1864; promoted to 1 Lieut. Nov. 9, 1864; Capt. Co. E Feb. 17, 1865; resigned May 30, 1865. Death, funeral, and burial at Londonderry.

Clarence Linden Chapman. Born Dec. 1, 1843, Sanford, Me. Resident of Somersworth in 1861. Enlisted Aug. 12, 1861, as Corp. in Co. F, 4 Regt., N. H. Vols.; appointed Sergt.; reënlisted Feb. 18, 1864; wounded July 19, 1864; promoted to 1 Lieut. Nov. 9, 1864; Capt. Co. F Feb. 17, 1865; resigned May 17, 1865. Resident, 1911, Somersworth.

Edwin Whitford. Born Jan. 7, 1837, Billerica, Mass.; died Nov. 22, 1902, Bedford. Resident of Bedford in 1861. Enlisted Aug. 27, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18, 1861, as Corp. in Co. E, 4 Regt., N. H. Vols.; appointed Sergt.; reënlisted Feb. 28, 1864; promoted 1 Sergt.; 1 Lieut. Feb. 17, 1865; Capt. Co. G Mar. 1, 1865; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865. Kick by a horse caused his death; funeral at the Presbyterian church, Bedford; burial at Andover, Mass.

Eleazer Leonard Sarsons. Born Aug. 9, 1836, Lyme. Resident of Nashua in 1861. Enlisted Apr. 30, 1861; mustered in as private May 3; mustered out his birthday, Aug. 9, 1861; enlisted Sept. 9, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18, as Sergt.; reënlisted Feb. 16, 1864; taken prisoner May 20, 1864, at Drewry's Bluff, Va.; released; promoted to 1 Sergt.; 1 Lieut. Feb. 17, 1865; Capt. Co. F June 2, 1865. He was the twenty-ninth and last captain commissioned in the regiment; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865, after a service of over four years. Resident, 1911, Lempster.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Martin Van Buren Richardson. Born May 4, 1839, Lowell, Mass.; died Oct. 22, 1885, Worcester, Mass. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Apr. 18, 1861; mustered in May 2 as 1 Lieut. Co. C, 1 Regt., N. H. Vols.; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; mustered in Sept. 20, 1861, as 1 Lieut. Co. C, 4 Regt.; became senior 1 Lieut. at the organization of the Regt.; promoted to Capt. Sept. 12, 1864; not mustered; discharged as 1 Lieut. Sept. 17, 1864. Afterward served as Capt. in the Hancock Veteran Corps. As regimental historian, contributed several letters to a Manchester paper, which appear in this volume. His funeral was at his sister's home in Manchester; burial in Pine Grove cemetery.

Jasper G. Wallace. First Lieut. Co. A. (*See Captains.*)

Israel L. Drew. Born ———, 1825, Brookfield; died Nov. 6, 1861, Annapolis, Md. Resident of Lawrence, Mass., in 1861. Enlisted Apr. 26, 1861; mustered in May 4 as 1 Lieut. Co. H, 1 Regt., N. H. Vols.; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; enlisted Aug. 19, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18, 1861, as 1 Lieut. Co. H, 4 Regt. Brother of Maj. J. D. Drew. Died in hospital at Annapolis, with funeral and burial at Lawrence, Mass. Was the first officer of the regiment to give up his life.

Charles Otis Jenison. Born Dec. 11, 1839, Templeton, Mass. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Apr. 18, 1861; mustered in May 2, 1861, as 2 Lieut. Co. C, 1 Regt., N. H. Vols.; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18, 1861, as 1 Lieut. Co. D, 4 Regt.; resigned Apr. 30, 1862. A practicing physician, 1911, at Greenville, Mich.

Ephraim C. Currier. First Lieut. Co. K. (*See Captains.*)

William Stoughton Pillsbury. Born Mar. 16, 1833, Sutton. Resident of Londonderry in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 14, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as 1 Lieut. Co. I, 4 Regt., N. H. Vols.; resigned Oct. 20, 1861, at Annapolis, Md.; mustered in July 3, 1862, as 1 Lieut. Co. A, 9 Regt., N. H. Vols.; (his brother was Capt. of the Co.); resigned Oct. 9, 1862; mustered in Sept. 7, 1864, as 1 Lieut. Co. D, 1 Regt., N. H. Heavy Art.; mustered out June 15, 1865; served as 1 Lieut. in three N. H. organizations. A retired shoe manufacturer. Resident, 1911, Londonderry.

George Francis Towle. First Lieut. Co. F. (*See Majors.*)

Charles W. Hurd. Born July 29, 1835, Durham; died May 11, 1899, Manchester. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Apr. 19, 1861; mustered in May 2 as Sergt. Co. C, 1 Regt., N. H. Vols.; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; enlisted Aug. 19, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as 1 Lieut. Co. G, 4 Regt.; resigned Mar. 21, 1862; enlisted Apr. 28, 1863, in navy for one year as landsman; served on U. S. S. "Ohio," "Princeton," and "Memphis"; discharged July 26, 1864, as Master-at-Arms from receiving ship "Philadelphia." Death and funeral at his home, Manchester; burial in Valley cemetery.

Isaac Wallingford Hobbs. First Lieut. Co. F. (*See Captains.*)

Francis Wayland Parker. First Lieut. Co. E. (*See Lieutenant Colonels.*)

Daniel Q. Cole. First Lieut. Co. I. (*See Commissaries.*)

Hiram C. Tuttle. Born ———, 1825, Newburyport, Mass.; died Feb. 7, 1863, Concord. Resident of Concord in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 9, 1861; mustered in as 2 Lieut. Co. H, 4 Regt., N. H. Vols., Sept. 18; promoted 1 Lieut. Jan. 17, 1862. Died of disease while on leave of absence; funeral and burial at Concord.

Andrew Jackson Edgerly. Born Oct. 8, 1828, Barnstead; died Feb. 26, 1890, Medford, Mass. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Mustered in Sept. 18, 1861, as 2 Lieut. Co. E, 4 Regt., N. H. Vols.; promoted 1 Lieut. Jan. 17, 1862; discharged Mar. 10, 1863, while at home on recruiting service. Served one year as Adjt. Gen. of N. H. Died at his residence, College Hill (Medford, Mass.); funeral at the Franklin-street church, Manchester; burial in Valley cemetery.

Charles Arms Carleton. First Lieut. Co. B. (*See Adjutants.*)

Charles M. Currier. Born ———, 1833, Methuen, Mass.; died July 4, 1898, Chicago, Ill. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Mustered in Sept. 24, 1861, as Prin. Musc. 4 Regt., N. H. Vols.; served as Asst. Leader of the 1 Band; promoted 1 Lieut. Co. K Jan. 17, 1862; resigned June 11, 1862. Funeral and burial at Chicago, Ill.

William W. Mayne. First Lieut. Co. G. (*See Captains.*)

David Otis Burleigh. First Lieut. Co. D. (*See Captains.*)

Henry W. Locke. Born, 1827, Barrington; died Mar. 19, 1895, Barrington. Resident Rochester in 1861. Mustered in Sept. 18, 1861, as 2 Lieut. Co. A, 4 Regt., N. H. Vols.; promoted to 1 Lieut. May 17, 1862; discharged June 25, 1864, to accept promotion; appointed Capt., Com. subsistence, May 18, 1864; discharged Nov. 27, 1865; breveted Maj. U. S. V. for faithful services. Funeral at Barrington, with burial at Rochester.

True Sanborn, Jr. First Lieut. Co. K. (*See Captains.*)

Frederic Augustus Kendall. First Lieut. Co. B. (*See Captains.*)

Daniel Gile. Born, 1839, Manchester; died Aug. 30, 1886, Manchester. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Apr. 18, 1861; mustered in May 2 as private Co. C, 1 Regt., N. H. Vols.; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; enlisted Aug. 28, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18, 1861, as 1 Sergt. Co. G, 4 Regt.; promoted 1 Lieut. Oct. 4, 1862; taken prisoner Aug. 18, 1864, Deep Bottom, Va.; paroled; discharged May 15, 1865. Death and funeral at home of his sister, Manchester; burial Amoskeag cemetery.

John Henry Roberts. First Lieut. Co. D. (*See Captains.*)

George Warren Huckins. First Lieut. Co. K. (*See Captains.*)

Harry Ford Wiggin. Born June 23, 1838, Dover; died Oct. 27, 1901, Gardiner, Me. Resident of Dover in 1861. Enlisted Apr. 17, 1861; mustered in as Sergt. May 1, 1861, of Co. A, 1 Regt., N. H. Vols.; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; enlisted Aug. 29, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as private Co. A, 4 Regt., N. H. Vols.; promoted 2 Lieut. Co. E Jan. 17, 1862; 1 Lieut. Co. I Oct. 25, 1862; Adjt. Sept. 12, 1864; not mustered as Adjt.; discharged Oct. 25, 1864. Funeral and burial at Dover.

Henry M. Hicks. Born ———, 1837, Lyndon, Vt.; died Feb. 22, 1883, Alma, Neb. Resident of Haverhill in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 10, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as Sergt. Co. H, 4 Regt. N. H. Vols.; promoted 2 Lieut. Co. H Oct. 25, 1862; 1 Lieut. Feb. 8, 1863; discharged for disability Sept. 14, 1864; organized and had charge of a company of mounted men for scout duty around and near St. Augustine, Fla. Death, funeral, and burial at Alma, Neb.

Albert Henry Clay Jewett. Born Dec. 22, 1841, Meredith; died Dec. 14, 1898, Washington, D. C. Resident of Laconia in 1861. Enlisted Aug. 12, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18, 1861, as Sergt. Co. D, 4 Regt., N. H. Vols.; promoted 2 Lieut. Co. A Nov. 5, 1862; 1 Lieut. Co. E Mar. 14, 1863; discharged Sept. 26, 1864. At the time of his death was a clerk in pension office at Washington, D. C.; funeral at Laconia; burial in Union cemetery.

Amos Lincoln Colburn. Born June 11, 1832, Dracut, Mass. Resident of Concord in 1861. Enlisted Apr. 28, 1861; mustered in as Corp. May 4 Co. I, 1 Regt., N. H. Vols.; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; enlisted Aug. 20, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as 1 Sergt. Co. I, 4 Regt.; promoted 2 Lieut. Co. F May 17, 1862; 1 Lieut. Dec. 1, 1863; wounded Aug. 16, 1864, Deep Bottom, Va.; appointed Capt. Nov. 9, 1864; declined; discharged on account of wounds Nov. 1, 1864. Resident, 1911, Concord.

Timothy Worth Challis. First Lieut. Co. A. (*See Adjutants.*)

William King Norton. Born Feb. 20, 1841, Concord; died Jan. 13, 1892, Concord. Resident of Concord in 1861. Mustered in Sept. 18, 1861, as private Co. K, 4 Regt., N. H. Vols.; promoted Q. M. Sergt. Jan. 29, 1864; reenlisted Feb. 20, 1864, his birthday; promoted 2 Lieut. July 27, 1864; not mustered; promoted 1 Lieut. Co. C Nov. 21, 1864; Q. M. June 2, 1865; not mustered in; mustered out as 1 Lieut. Aug. 23, 1865. Birth, death, funeral, and burial in Concord.

George Frederick Quimby. First Lieut. Co. I. (*See Captains.*)

Louis McDuffie Hussey. First Lieut. Co. A. (*See Captains.*)

Clarence Linden Chapman. First Lieut. Co. F. (*See Captains.*)

Abner Lucius Knowlton. First Lieut. Co. H. (*See Captains.*)

Leonard Allen Gay. Born May 29, 1836, Groton, Mass. Resident of Nashua in 1861. First Lieut. Co. B; enlisted Apr. 19, 1861; mustered in May 2, 1861, as private Co. E, 1 Regt., N. H. Vols.; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; enlisted Sept. 4, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as Sergt.; reenlisted Feb. 16, 1864; wounded July 30, 1864, Battle of the Mine, Va.; promoted 1 Lieut. Nov. 9, 1864; Capt. Aug. 23, 1865; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865, as 1 Lieut.; commanded Co. B till close of war. Resides, 1911, on his farm, Hudson.

William Sanford Barker. First Lieut. Co. K. (*See Captains.*)

Charles Milton Whiting. Born July 18, 1833, Lyndeborough; died July 1, 1901, Manchester. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 3, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as Corp. Co. E, 4 Regt., N. H. Vols.; promoted Sergt. (1 Sergt. Oct. 23, 1863); 1 Lieut. Co. E Nov. 9, 1864; reenlisted Feb. 15, 1864; commissioned Capt. Aug. 23, 1865; not mustered; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865, as 1 Lieut.; was in command of Co. E at close of the war; wounded severely July 30, 1864, Battle of the Mine, Va. Funeral and burial at Pine Grove cemetery, Manchester, July 4, 1901.

Edwin Whitford. First Lieut. Co. I. (*See Captains.*)

Eleazer Leonard Sarsons. First Lieut. Co. A. (*See Captains.*)

Charles Henry Moore. Born Sept. 7, 1841, Hillsborough; died Feb. 7, 1911, Nashua. Resident of Nashua in 1861. Enlisted and mustered in Sept. 18, 1861, as private Co. H, 4 Regt., N. H. Vols.; reenlisted Feb. 20, 1864; promoted Q. M. Sergt. Nov. 21, 1864; 1 Lieut. Co. F Feb. 17, 1865; discharged on account of wounds May 15, 1865, as 1 Lieut.; wounded Apr. 9, 1865. Died at his residence, 18 Canal street, Nashua; funeral at the Universalist church; burial at Woodlawn cemetery. The last man wounded in the regiment at Little Washington, N. C. He was president of the Regimental Veteran Association and chairman of the history committee.

Henry Augustus Mann. Born July 18, 1830, Pembroke; died Mar. 21, 1898, Concord. Resident of Concord in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 2, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18, 1861, as private Co. I, 4 Regt., N. H. Vols.; appointed Sergt.; reenlisted Feb. 15, 1864; wounded May 16, 1864, at Drewry's Bluff, Va., and again Aug. 16, 1864, Deep Bottom, Va.; promoted 2 Lieut. Mar. 1, 1865; 1 Lieut. June 2, 1865; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865. Death and funeral at Concord; burial at Blossom Hill cemetery.

Joseph L. Wingate. Born June 26, 1840, Berwick, Me. Resident of Rochester in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 5, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18, 1861, as private Co. A, 4 Regt., N. H. Vols.; appointed Corp.; wounded severely Oct. 22, 1862, Pocotaligo, S. C.; reenlisted Feb. 15, 1864; appointed Sergt.; wounded May 16, 1864, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; appointed 1 Lieut. Co. K Feb. 17, 1865; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865; awarded "Gilmore Medal" of honor by Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore for gallant and meritorious conduct during operations before Charleston, S. C. Resident, 1911, East Rochester.

Samuel Hoyt Prescott. Born Oct. 11, 1840, Epping. Resident of Laconia in 1861. Enlisted Aug. 12, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as Corp. Co. D, 4 Regt., N. H. Vols.; appointed Sergt.; reenlisted Feb. 18, 1864; appointed 1 Sergt.; promoted 1 Lieut. Feb. 17, 1865; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865; commanded Co. D at the assault on Fort Fisher, N. C., Jan. 15, 1865. Resident, 1911, Concord.

Alfred Marland (correct name, **John M. Cooley**). Born Mar. 1, 1827; died Apr. 13, 1878, Darlington, Md. Resident of Havre de Grace, Md., in 1861. Enlisted as a substitute Oct. 15, 1863; credited to Canaan; private in Co. K, 4 Regt., N. H. Vols.; acted Adjt. for Apr., 1865; promoted 1 Lieut. Co. H Feb. 17, 1865; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865.

Lorenzo Dow Huntress. Born Jan. 16, 1843, Parsonsfield, Me. Resident of Somersworth in 1861. Enlisted Aug. 1, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18, 1861, as private Co. F, 4 Regt., N. H. Vols.; reenlisted Feb. 17, 1864; appointed 1 Sergt.; promoted 1 Lieut. Co. I Mar. 1, 1865; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865; awarded "Gilmore Medal" by Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore for gallant and meritorious conduct during operations before Charleston, S. C. Resident, 1911, Woodsford, Me.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

True Sanborn, Jr. Second Lieut. Co. I. (*See Captains.*)

Charles Henry Drummer. Born Dec. 18, 1838, Keene; died June 15, 1884, Keene. Resident of Keene in 1861. Enlisted Apr. 19, 1861; mustered in May 2, 1861, as 2 Lieut. Co. G, 1 Regt., N. H. Vols.; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; enlisted Aug. 31, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18, 1861, as 2 Lieut. Co. F, 4 Regt.; resigned Mar. 21, 1862; enlisted Aug. 9, 1862, for one year as landsman; served on U. S. S. "Ohio" and "Housatonic"; discharged for disability Sept. 21, 1863. Birth, death, funeral, and burial at Keene.

David Otis Burleigh. Second Lieut. Co. D. (*See Captains.*)

Hiram C. Tuttle. Second Lieut. Co. H. (*See First Lieutenants.*)

William W. Mayne. Second Lieut. Co. G. (*See Captains.*)

Henry W. Locke. Second Lieut. Co. A. (*See First Lieutenants.*)

Andrew Jackson Edgerly. Second Lieut. Co. E. (*See First Lieutenants.*)

Charles Wellington Tilton. Born Mar. 22, 1830, Northfield; died Feb. 23, 1905, Tilton. Resident of Northfield in 1861. Enlisted July 22, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18, 1861, as 2 Lieut. Co. K, 4 Regt.; resigned Jan. 16, 1862; mustered in Aug. 10, 1862, as 1 Lieut. Co. C, 9 Regt.; wounded Sept. 17, 1862, Antietam, Md.; resigned Dec. 5, 1862. Funeral at Tilton; burial in Park cemetery.

Charles Arms Carleton. Second Lieut. Co. B. (*See Adjutants.*)

Frederic Augustus Kendall. Second Lieut. Co. C. (*See Captains.*)

George Warren Huckins. Second Lieut. Co. K. (*See Captains.*)

Adelbert White. Born —, 1838, Georgia, Vt. Resident of Nashua in 1861. Enlisted Apr. 19, 1861; mustered in May 2 as private Co. E, 1 Regt., N. H. Vols.; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; enlisted Aug. 23, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18, 1861, as 1 Sergt. Co. B, 4 Regt.; promoted 2 Lieut. Jan. 17, 1862; discharged Nov. 30, 1862. Resident, 1911, Roxbury, Mass.

Harvey Ford Wiggin. Second Lieut. Co. E. (*See First Lieutenants.*)

Norman Burdick. Born June 2, 1834, Middleton, Vt.; died May 14, 1908, Albany, N. Y. Resident of Milford in 1861. Enlisted Aug. 19, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18, 1861, as private Co. C, 4 Regt., N. H. Vols.; promoted 2 Lieut. Co. H Jan. 17, 1862; resigned Nov. 12, 1862; recruited the Milford squad for the 4 Regt.

Charles Laurence Brown. Born —, 1843, Chester; died June 3, 1863, Folly Island, S. C. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted May 22, 1861, as private Co. A, 1 Regt., N. H. Vols.; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; enlisted Sept. 9, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as Sergt. Maj. 4 Regt.; promoted 2 Lieut. Co. I Mar. 22, 1862. Died of disease on Folly Island, where funeral services were held. His father was Surg., 7 N. H. Vols., and his older brother Hosp. Stew. All now are dead.

David Plummer Dearborn. Second Lieut. Co. G. (*See Surgeons.*)

John Henry Roberts. Second Lieut. Co. D. (*See Captains.*)

Amos Lincoln Colburn. Second Lieut. Co. F. (*See First Lieutenants.*)

Benjamin Reddington Wheeler. Born Apr. 20, 1840, Salem. Resident of Salem in 1861. Enlisted Apr. 25, 1861; mustered in May 4 in Co. H as private 1 Regt., N. H. Vols.; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; enlisted Sept. 9, 1861; mustered in as Sergt. Co. C, 4 Regt.; promoted 2 Lieut. June 12, 1862; wounded May 16, 1864, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; appointed 1 Lieut. Co. B Sept. 12, 1864; not mustered; appointed Capt. Co. H Nov. 9, 1864; not mustered; discharged Nov. 5, 1864, as 2 Lieut. Resident, 1911, Salem.

Albert K. Tilton. Second Lieut. Co. C. (*See Quartermasters.*)

Timothy Worth Challis. Second Lieut. Co. D. (*See Adjutants.*)

Henry M. Hicks. Second Lieut. Co. H. (*See First Lieutenants.*)

James F. Gilpatrick. Born ———, 1833, Bucksport, Me.; died Oct. 25, 1889, Lawrence, Mass. Resident of Milford in 1861. Enlisted Apr. 25, 1861; mustered in May 4 as private Co. H, 1 Regt., N. H. Vols.; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; enlisted Aug. 19, 1861, as 1 Sergt. Co. H, 4 Regt.; promoted 2 Lieut. Co. G Nov. 5, 1862; 1 Lieut. Sept. 12, 1864; not mustered; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865. Death, funeral, and burial at Lawrence, Mass.

Albert Henry Clay Jewett. Second Lieut. Co. A. (*See First Lieutenants.*)

Robert Alpheus Seaver. Born Mar. 7, 1827, Monson, Mass. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Aug. 19, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as 1 Sergt. Co. C, 4 Regt., N. H. Vols.; promoted 2 Lieut. Co. E Nov. 13, 1862; resigned June 24, 1863. Resident, 1911, Manchester; is now blind.

John W. Brewster. Born ———, 1821, Portsmouth; died Sept. 27, 1872, Portsmouth. Resident of Portsmouth in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 13, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as Corp.; appointed Sergt.; wounded Oct. 22, 1862, Pocotaligo, S. C.; promoted 2 Lieut. Dec. 1, 1862; wounded May 20, 1864, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged for disability Sept. 14, 1864. Birth, death, funeral, and burial at Portsmouth.

Frank Benjamin Hutchinson. Born Oct. 17, 1837, Alexandria; killed May 16, 1864, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Aug. 26, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18, 1861, as 1 Sergt.; promoted 2 Lieut. Oct. 26, 1862. Killed at the battle of Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864. His body lies in an unknown grave. His brother, John G., was in same company and wounded in same battle.

William Dean Stearns. Born Aug. 25, 1834, Amherst. Resident of Amherst in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 7, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as private Co. C, 4 Regt.; appointed Sergt. Maj. Aug. 12, 1862; promoted 2 Lieut. Co. C Mar. 14, 1863; wounded May 20, 1864, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; discharged for disability Sept. 14, 1864. Resident, 1911, Hopedale, Mass.

Francis H. Davis. Born May 15, 1841, Meredith; died May 12, 1895, Laconia. Resident of Laconia in 1861. Enlisted July 25, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as Sergt. Co. D, 4 Regt.; appointed 1 Sergt.; promoted to 2 Lieut. Co. I June 4, 1863; wounded May 16, 1864, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; commissioned 1 Lieut. Nov. 9, 1864; declined; mustered out Nov. 12, 1864, as 2 Lieut. Funeral and burial at Laconia.

Matthew Adams. Second Lieut. Co. H. (*See Captains.*)

Henry S. Willey. Born ———, 1837, Moultonborough; died ———, 1889, Washington, D. C. Resident of Farmington in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 14, 1861; mustered in as private Co. A, 4 Regt.; promoted 2 Lieut. Co. A Nov. 28, 1863; discharged for disability Oct. 14, 1864.

Stephen J. Wentworth. Born Oct. 5, 1843, Rochester; killed Aug. 15, 1864, Deep Bottom, Va. Resident of Somersworth in 1861. Enlisted Aug. 21, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as private Co. F, 4 Regt.; appointed Sergt.; promoted 2 Lieut. Co. K Dec. 1, 1863; wounded June 6, 1864, Cold Harbor, Va.; killed Aug. 15, 1864, Deep Bottom, Va. Awarded "Gilmore Medal" by Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore for gallant and meritorious conduct during operations before Charleston. His body was received and sent home, with funeral and burial at Somersworth.

Henry Augustus Mann. Second Lieut. Co. D. (*See First Lieutenants.*)

Benjamin Franklin Fogg. Born Dec. 12, 1837, Canaan; died Sept. 1, 1891, Manchester. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 6, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as private Co. G, 4 Regt.; appointed Sergt. Apr., 1863; Com. Sergt. Dec. 5, 1863; reenlisted Feb. 18, 1864; promoted 2 Lieut. Co. F Mar. 1, 1865; 1 Lieut. June 2, 1865; not mustered as 1 Lieut.; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865, as 2 Lieut.; breveted Capt. Mar. 13, 1865, for gallant and meritorious services in the capture of Fort Fisher, N. C. His brother, James Munroe Fogg, was in same company. Both now deceased.

Eben Weed. Born June 12, 1839, Topsham, Vt.; died Feb. 3, 1910, Haverhill. Resident of Haverhill in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 3, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as Corp. Co. I, 4 Regt.; appointed Sergt.; reenlisted Feb. 11, 1864; promoted 2 Lieut. Co. I Mar. 1, 1865; 1 Lieut. Aug. 23, 1865; not mustered in; mustered out as 2 Lieut. Aug. 23, 1865. Death, funeral, and burial at Haverhill.

Patrick Dowd. Born Mar. 14, 1842, Killarney, Ir. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Aug. 24, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as Corp. Co. G, 4 Regt.; appointed Sergt.; reenlisted Feb. 16, 1864; wounded July 30, 1864, Battle of the Mine, Va.; promoted to 2 Lieut. Co. C Mar. 1, 1865; 1 Lieut. June 2, 1865; not mustered in; mustered out as 2 Lieut. Aug. 23, 1865. Resident, 1911, Manchester.

John Fullerton. Born July 4, 1842, Inverness, Canada; died Apr. 18, 1909, Manchester. Resident of Bedford in 1861. Enlisted Aug. 22, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as private Co. K, 4 Regt.; appointed Corp. Oct., 1863; reenlisted Feb. 15, 1864; appointed 1 Sergt.; promoted 2 Lieut. May 18, 1865, Co. E; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865. Death and funeral at his home, 42 Arlington street, Manchester; burial at Bowman-street cemetery.

SERGEANT MAJORS.

Charles Lawrence Brown. (*See Second Lieutenants.*)

William Dean Stearns. (*See Second Lieutenants.*)

William Smith. Born Mar. 18, 1840, Boston, Mass. Resident of Groton in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 2, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as Corp. Co. I, 4 Regt.; appointed Sergt. Maj. Oct. 31, 1863; reenlisted Feb. 15, 1864; taken prisoner Aug. 16, 1864, Deep Bottom, Va.; paroled Feb. 24, 1865; discharged June 10, 1865, at Annapolis, Md. A retired Boston policeman, with pension of \$50 a month. Resident, 1911, Moultonborough.

Charles H. Smithford. Enlisted as a substitute Dec. 26, 1864, as private Co. E, 4 Regt.; joined the company at Wilmington, N. C., about Mar. 1, 1865; appointed Sergt. Maj. June 13, 1865; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865. Gave his age as twenty-five and birthplace, Canada. Nothing has been heard from him since the regiment was disbanded Sept. 2, 1865, at Concord. One of the many substitutes who entered the army at the close of the war, coming from *nowhere*, and belonging *nowhere*, with post-office address *nowhere*.

QUARTERMASTER SERGEANTS.

Charles J. Kelley. Born ———, 1834, Durham; died, date and place unknown. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 14, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as Q. M. Sergt. 4 Regt.; taken prisoner Nov. 3, 1861, off the coast of North Carolina; released and discharged Dec. 1, 1862. Was a brother of John L. Kelley. Has not been heard from for forty-eight years, not even by his nearest relatives.

Volney Piper. Born May 5, 1838, Orange, Mass. Resident of Richmond in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 16, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as Corp. Co. E, 4 Regt.; promoted to Q. M. Sergt. Dec. 2, 1862; discharged for disability May 9, 1863, Hilton Head, S. C. Resident, 1911, East Templeton, Mass.

William K. Norton. (*See First Lieutenants.*)

Charles H. Moore. (*See First Lieutenants.*)

Edward P. Hall. Born ———, 1842, Groton. Resident of Groton in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 2, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as private Co. I, 4 Regt.; appointed Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 15, 1864; appointed Sergt.; promoted Q. M. Sergt. Mar. 13, 1865; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865. Resident, 1911, Des Moines, Iowa.

COMMISSARY SERGEANTS.

Albert K. Tilton. (*See Quartermasters.*)

John C. Dickerman. Born July 19, 1843, Loudon; died Aug. 1, 1863, Folly Island, S. C. Resident of Concord in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 3, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as private Co. I, 4 Regt.; appointed Com. Sergt. June 13, 1863.

Benjamin Franklin Fogg. (*See Second Lieutenants.*)

Charles Edward Cook. Born ———, 1844, Madison. Resident of Nashua in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 3, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as private in Co. C, 4 Regt.; reenlisted Feb. 18, 1864; appointed Corp.; taken prisoner May 20, 1864, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; paroled in Dec., 1864; appointed Sergt. Mar. 1, 1865; promoted Com. Sergt. June 18, 1865; discharged July 17, 1865, Raleigh, N. C. Resident, 1911, Crescent City, Fla.

Lewis Howard Cheney. Born Feb. 25, 1843, Groton; died Mar. 17, 1911, Monte Vista, Colo. Resident of Canterbury in 1861. Enlisted Aug. 12, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as private Co. D, 4 Regt.; appointed Corp.; reenlisted Feb. 15, 1864; wounded Aug. 16, 1864, Deep Bottom, Va.; appointed Sergt.; promoted

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Com. Sergt. July 18, 1865; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865. At the time of his death was president of the board of trustees of the State Soldiers' Home, Colorado. Death, funeral, and burial at Monte Vista, Colo.

HOSPITAL STEWARDS.

Israel Thorndike Hunt. Born Oct. 12, 1841, Nashua; died Feb. 16, 1905, Charlestown, Mass. Resident of Nashua in 1861. Enlisted May 10, 1861, as Musc. Co. D, 2 Regt., N. H. Vols.; discharged Sept. 2, 1861, to accept promotion; enlisted Sept. 9, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as Hosp. Stew. 4 Regt.; discharged July 12, 1862. Accidentally killed at his home, Charlestown, Mass., where funeral occurred; remains cremated at Forest Hills cemetery; ashes deposited in family lot, Nashua.

William Henry Piper. Born Mar. 15, 1841, Meredith; died Apr. 27, 1903, Orlando, Fla. Resident of Meredith in 1862. Enlisted Sept. 14, 1862; mustered in Oct. 2 as Hosp. Stew. 4 Regt.; wounded Jan. 15, 1865, Fort Fisher, N. C.; taken prisoner Apr. 9, 1865; released; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865. Death, funeral, and burial at Orlando, Fla.

DRUM MAJOR.

Henry J. White. Born May 25, 1802, Hallowell, Me.; died Aug. 24, 1899, Haverhill, Mass. Resident of Lawrence, Mass., in 1861. Enlisted in 6 Mass. Vols. for three months Apr., 1861; enlisted Sept. 9, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as Drum Maj. 4 Regt.; discharged for disability May 6, 1862; went through Baltimore in the riot of Apr. 19, 1861.

FIFE MAJOR.

Francis Harvey Pike ("Saxie"). Born Oct. 1, 1824, Newport; died Dec. 16, 1903, Manchester. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Mustered in May 2, 1861, as Prin. Musc. 1 Regt., N. H. Vols.; mustered out Aug. 9, 1861; enlisted Sept. 3, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as Fife Maj. 4 Regt.; mustered out Sept. 16, 1862; enlisted Mar. 30, 1863; mustered in Apr. 10 as 3d class Musc. in 2 Brig. Band, 10 Army Corps; also known as Post Band, Hilton Head, S. C. In each of his three services he was drum major, leading the band with his famous baton and uniform. Death, funeral, and burial at Manchester.

PRINCIPAL MUSICIANS.

Charles M. Currier. (*See First Lieutenants.*)

Elias Alexander Bryant. Born Oct. 26, 1840, Washington. Resident of Francestown in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 9, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as private Co. C, 4 Regt.; appointed Prin. Musc. Nov. 1, 1863; wounded severely, with loss of right leg at the hip, July 30, 1864, Battle of the Mine, Va.; discharged on account of wounds after more than three years' service. Resident, 1911, summer home, Loon Island, Lake Winnepesaukee; winter home, Daytona, Fla.

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Jacob Evans Wentworth Aspinwall. Born June 23, 1841, Somersworth; died Feb. 5, 1909, Townsend, Mass. Resident of Somersworth in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 12, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as private in Co. A, 4 Regt.; reenlisted Feb. 15, 1864; appointed Prin. Musc. Nov. 30, 1864; discharged Aug. 23, 1865. Death, funeral, and burial at Townsend, Mass.

Albert Franklin Kent. Born July 24, 1839, Lowell, Mass.; died Nov. 14, 1910, Lawrence, Mass. Resident of Lawrence in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 15, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as Musc. Co. F, 4 Regt.; reenlisted Feb. 18, 1864; appointed Prin. Musc. May 1, 1865; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865. Served as drummer in the 6 Mass. Vols. and lost his drum in the famous riot of Apr. 19, 1861. Served as drummer in the 2 Regt. Band. Death, funeral, and burial at Lawrence, Mass.

ORIGINAL BAND.

Walter Dignam Leader. Born ———, 1827, England; died Apr. 22, 1891, Manchester. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 3, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as leader of the 4 Regt. Band, with rank and pay of 2 Lieut.; mustered out Sept. 16, 1862; organized a second as a citizen in 1863, paid by the officers of the regiment; served until close of the war. Nearly all his life a citizen and band leader of Manchester, where his death, funeral, and burial took place.

Alonzo Bunten. Born ———, 1839, Dunbarton; died Apr. 5, 1893, Chelsea, Mass., Soldiers' Home. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 3, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as 2d class Musc. 4 Regt.; mustered out Sept. 16, 1862; enlisted band, 3 Brig., 3 Div., 6 Army Corps, Nov. 11, 1863; mustered out June 28, 1865. Buried in Union cemetery, Laconia.

William Dignam. Born ———, 1839, England; died June 15, 1895, Hampton, Va., Soldiers' Home. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 4, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as 1st class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, 1862; enlisted Mar. 28, 1863; assigned to Co. G, 4 Regt.; served in the Second Band; was brother to the leader; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865. For several years did duty with the band at the Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va., where he died. Funeral was held at the Home chapel and burial in the Home cemetery.

Eliphalet Dustin. Born ———, 1825, Francestown; died Dec. 19, 1886, Manchester. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 7, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as 3d class Musc. 4 Regt.; mustered out Sept. 16, 1862. Buried in Amoskeag cemetery, Manchester.

John D. Eddy. Born ———, 1823, Northborough, Mass.; died Aug. 11, 1866, New Ipswich. Resident of New Ipswich in 1861. Enlisted and mustered in Sept. 24, 1861, as 3d class Musc. 4 Regt.; mustered out Sept. 16, 1862.

James A. Farnham. Born July 8, 1846, Sanbornton. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 16, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as 3d class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, 1862. Resident, 1911, North Bend, Neb.

- Eugene Kincaid Foss.** Born ———, 1836, New Boston, Mass.; died Oct. 5, 1862, Manchester. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 4, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as 1st class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, 1862. Death caused by army service; funeral and burial at Manchester Valley cemetery.
- John Goggin.** Born June 22, 1840, Ireland. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 7, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18, as 3d class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, 1862. Resident, 1911, 91 Ash street, Manchester.
- John Harrington.** Born ———, 1840, Ireland; died Aug. 6, 1872, Manchester. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 3, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as 3d class Musc. 4 Regt.; mustered out Sept. 16, 1862; enlisted Mar. 28, 1863; assigned to Co. A, 4 Regt.; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865; served in the 2 Regt. Band. Buried in St. Joseph's cemetery, Manchester.
- Philip Hichborn.** Born ———, 1819, Provincetown, Mass.; died Dec. 11, 1887, Charlestown, Mass. Resident of Concord in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 3, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as 3d class Musc. 4 Regt.; served as cook for the Regt. Band; discharged for disability Dec. 26, 1861, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Lemuel Harlow James.** Born ———, 1829, Tamworth; died Aug. 19, 1902, Augusta (Summerville), Ga. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 7, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as 3d class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, 1862.
- Dennis Leavey.** Born ———, 1838, Waterford, Ir.; died Nov. 15, 1897, Hampton, Va., Soldiers' Home. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted and mustered in Sept. 23, 1861, as 2d class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, 1862; enlisted band, 1 Brig., 2 Div., 6 Army Corps., Nov. 10, 1863, as 1st class Musc.; discharged June 28, 1865, Washington, D. C. Was for many years leader of Post Band at Soldiers' Home, where he died and was buried.
- Henry Lewis.** Born Oct. 7, 1831, Walpole, Mass. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 12, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as 3d class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 18, 1862. Resident, 1911, Union street, Manchester.
- Charles Moore.** Born June 13, 1831, Lowell, Mass.; died Sept. 2, 1893, Waltham, Mass. Resident of Ballardvale, Mass., in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 5, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as 1st class Musc. 4 Regt.; mustered out Sept. 16, 1862. Death, funeral, and burial at Waltham, Mass.
- William S. Mudgett.** Born ———, 1838, New Boston, Mass.; died Jan. 28, 1868, Hopkinton. Resident of Weare in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 10, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as 3d class Musc. 4 Regt.; mustered out Sept. 16, 1862; enlisted Sept. 2, 1864, for one year as private Co. D, 18 Regt., N. H. Vols.; appointed Prin. Musc. Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out June 10, 1865.
- Henry Murphy.** Born ———, 1826, Dover; died, date and place unknown. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 3, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 1st class Musc. 4 Regt.; mustered out Sept. 16, 1862.

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- Thomas Murphy.** Born ———, 1822, Baltimore, Md.; died Nov. 19, 1867, Baltimore, Md. Resident of Baltimore, Md., in 1861. Enlisted and mustered in Sept. 20, 1861, as 2d class Musc. 4 Regt.; mustered out Sept. 16, 1862.
- John O'Brien.** Born ———, 1841, Ireland. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 3, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as 2d class Musc. 4 Regt.; mustered out Sept. 16, 1862. Resident, 1911, Townsend, Mass.
- Frederick Thomas Page.** Born Aug. 12, 1836, Sanbornton, now Tilton, N. H. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 3, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as 1st class Musc. 4 Regt.; mustered out Sept. 16, 1862; enlisted Nov. 10, 1863, band, 3 Brig., 3 Div., 6 Army Corps, as 2d class Musc.; discharged Nov. 10, 1864. Resident, 1911, Concord.
- Samuel A. Porter.** Born Mar. 6, 1844, Manchester; died May 22, 1874, Manchester. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 3, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as 3d class Musc. 4 Regt.; mustered out Sept. 16, 1862.
- Nathaniel Peabody Rogers.** Born Nov. 22, 1838, Plymouth; died Dec. 1, 1906, Tucson, Ariz. Resident of Gilford in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 7, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as 1st class Musc. 4 Regt.; discharged for disability Dec. 26, 1861. For many years in business at Michigan City, Ind., where his funeral and burial occurred.
- Hiram Augustus Simons.** Born May 25, 1843, Weare; died July 19, 1864, Washington, D. C. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 4, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as 3d class Musc. 4 Regt.; mustered out Sept. 16, 1862.
- Orrin N. B. Stokes.** Born Feb. 18, 1847, Manchester; died Apr. 15, 1895, Londonderry. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted Sept. 7, 1861; mustered in Sept. 18 as 3d class Musc. 4 Regt.; mustered out Sept. 16, 1862; enlisted May 9, 1864, as Musc. Nat. Guard of Manchester for service at Fort Constitution, Portsmouth Harbor; mustered out July 27, 1864.
- Reinhold T. Thurnblom.** Born ———, 1835, Stockholm, Sweden; died Feb. 19, 1868, Manchester. Resident of Manchester in 1861. Enlisted and mustered in Sept. 20, 1861, as 3d class Musc.; mustered out Sept. 16, 1862.

COMPANY A—ORIGINAL MEN—1861.

Charles W. Sawyer. Captain. (See Page 116.)

Jasper G. Wallace. First Lieutenant. (See Page 120.)

Henry W. Locke. Second Lieutenant. (See Page 124.)

John H. Roberts. First Sergeant. (See Page 121.)

Thomas Mack. Second Sergt.; born 1841; served three months in Co. A, 1 N. H.; enlisted Aug. 26, 1861, Co. A, 4 N. H. Killed while on duty at the siege of Fort Sumter and Charleston, at Morris Island, S. C., Sept. 16, 1863; a splendid soldier; had been early promoted to 1 Sergt. The day he was killed two other first sergeants died of disease on Morris Island.

Adoniram J. Jones. First Sergt., Co. D.

Walter G. Brown. First Sergt., Co. J.

A remarkable coincidence—three soldiers holding the same rank all lost their lives the same day and same place. The names of Mack, Jones, and Brown will always hold an honorable place in the military history of New Hampshire—men who sacrificed their lives for their country.

"The hero who fell that his country might live
Had given all in the power of mortal to give,
The flag that he loved forever shall wave,
The sweet flowers of spring shall bloom on his grave."

William W. Whitney. Third Sergt.; born 1842; served three months in Co. B, 1 N. H., and from Sept. 7, 1861, to July 19, 1865, in Co. A, 4 N. H., reënlisting in the field. Resides, 1911, Farmington, N. H.

Louis McD. Hussey. Fourth Sergt. (See Page 121.)

Samuel H. Runnels. Fifth Sergt. and 1 Color Sergt.; born Nov. 3, 1831; served three months in Co. D, 1 N. H., and three years in Co. A, 4 N. H.; was wounded severely May 16, 1864, at Drewry's Bluff, Va. He was accidentally killed at Manchester, N. H., July 10, 1878, falling from a church building, where he was employed as a carpenter. Universally known as "Lady Washington."

Eben Hussey Pierce. First Corp., born May 9, 1828; was a member of the Regt. during its entire service, reënlisting in the field. He ranks No. 5 in the list of survivors over 80 years old, and resides now, 1911, at Lebanon, Me.

Alvah Wentworth. Second Corp.; born 1832; served three years in Co. A, 4 N. H., retiring as Sergt. Awarded "Gilmore medal" by Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore for gallant and meritorious conduct during the operations before Charlestown. Dead; date unknown.

Martin L. Shapleigh. Third Corp.; born 1840; served three months in Co. A, 1 N. H., and three years in Co. A, 4 N. H. Died Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va., (Washington's birthday) Feb. 22, 1895.

Joseph H. Plumer. Fourth Corp.; born 1841; served three months in Co. A, 1 N. H., and from Sept. 9, '61, to Oct. 26, '63, when failing in health he was discharged and died before reaching home.

Stephen T. Hall. Fifth Corp.; born 1842; served three months in Co. B, 1 N. H.; was a member of Co. A, 4 N. H., during its entire service, reënlisting in the field; mustered out as 1 Sergt.; was commissioned as 2 Lieut., but not mustered. He died at Dover, Sept. 20, 1906.

George W. Hurd. Sixth Corp.; born Aug. 1, 1831; was a member of Co. A, 4 N. H., during its entire service, reënlisting in the field. His brother Charles also served with him four years in the same company, now deceased. George W. resides, 1911, at Rochester. He ranks as No. 11 of the survivors over 80 years old.

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- Edward L. Goodwin.** Seventh Corp.; born Independence Day, July 4, 1839, at Milton; enlisted Sept. 4, 1861, serving until discharged for disability Jan. 31, 1862, at Hilton Head, S. C. Taught school several years, and for many years has conducted a legal business at Tremont building, Boston, Mass., residing, 1911, at Roslindale, Mass.
- John Nolan.** Eighth Corp.; born 1838; served three years in Co. A, 4 N. H.; was promoted to sergeant. Has been dead several years; date unknown.
- Frank E. Pray.** Musician; born 1836; served from Sept. 3, 1861, to Oct. 26, 1863, when he was discharged for disability and reported to have died at Hilton Head hospital on his way home. Date unknown.
- George W. Durgin.** Musician; born 1835; served from Aug. 29, 1861, to Feb. 17, 1863, when he was discharged for disability. Died at Roxbury, Mass., Feb. 19, 1907.
- Jacob E. W. Aspinwall.** (*See Principal Musicians.*)
- Stephen E. Babb.** Born 1832; served in Co. A, 4 N. H., from Sept. 10, 1861, to Jan. 24, 1865, when he was transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps on account of wounds received June 7, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Va. Reënlisted in the field. Died at Natick, Mass., Sept. 14, 1871.
- David Shepard Bean.** Born 1838; enlisted in Co. A, 4 N. H., Sept. 6, 1861; died in the service Jan. 23, 1862, at Hilton Head, S. C. His brother, Henry F., served in same company. Fourth death in Co. A.
- Henry Fisher Bean.** Born Dec. 13, 1833, at Oldtown, Me.; served three years in Co. A, 4 N. H. His brother, David S., in same company. He died at Corinne, Me., Sept. 4, 1906.
- Levi Bean.** Born Dec. 5, 1843; was a member of Co. A, 4 N. H., during all its four years service; was wounded severely in the left shoulder Oct. 22, 1862, at Pocotaligo, S. C., and again badly wounded in left foot at Fort Fisher, N. C.; was for a time orderly for Major Dyer of the 9 Maine Regt. Severely injured in 1893 by being thrown from the cars where he was employed, injuring his back and spine. Was promoted to Corp.; enlisted in 2 N. H., using his full name, John Levi Bean, but his father objected and he went from home and enlisted as Levi Bean. Resides, 1911, Wells, Me.
- Andrew Jackson Bolo.** Born Jan. 26, 1843; served three years in Co. A, 4 N. H.; wounded May 15, 1864, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; again wounded June 7, 1864, Cold Harbor, Va. Died at Haverhill, Mass., July 24, 1906.
- James L. Boyle.** Born 1842; served through the entire service of the regiment in Co. A, reënlisted in the field; wounded Oct. 22, 1862, Pocotaligo, S. C. Resides, 1911, North Berwick, Me.
- James Brown.** Born 1838; enlisted Sept. 7, 1861, in Co. A, 4 N. H.; served until Jan. 27, 1862, when he died of disability at Hilton Head, S. C. Fifth death in Co. A.
- John Langdon Brown.** Born Dec. 29, 1832; served three years in Co. A, 4 N. H. Comrade Brown gave the address at the celebration of Fourth of July, 1862, at St. Augustine, Fla. Died at Farmington, Aug. 31, 1908.

Joseph F. Brown. (See Page 13.)

Thomas J. Brown. Born 1836; enlisted Aug. 31, 1861, in Co. A, 4 N. H.; died of disease while in the service Dec. 13, 1861, at Hilton Head, S. C. This was the first death in Co. A.

Charles A. Carter. Born 1843; served in Co. A, 4 N. H. from Sept. 3, 1861, to Jan. 31, 1863, when he was transferred to Battery B, 1 U. S. Art.; taken prisoner June 29, 1864, Ream's Station, Va. Died while prisoner of war Nov. 29, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.

Jonathan Chadwick. Born 1832; served in Co. A, 4 N. H., from Aug. 28, 1861, to March 4, 1863. Died, Farmington, Feb. 6, 1883. Made his own stone casket in which he was buried.

Charles H. Clay. Born 1836; served through the entire four years service of his Co. A, 4 N. H. Reënlisted in the field. Died Strafford, March 26, 1875.

Horatio G. Cloutman. (See Page 20.)

Jeremiah H. Colbath. Born 1843; served through the entire service of his Co. A, 4 N. H.; reënlisted in the field. Wounded May 15, 1864, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Nov. 24, 1895. Death caused by a fall in a barn at Farmington.

Lafayette Colbath. Born 1829; served three years in Co. A, 4 N. H. Died April 5, 1895, Dover.

Lionel B. Colbath. He was taken a prisoner on Steamer "Union" that was driven ashore Nov. 3, 1861, in the storm off Hatteras. (See Page 20.)

James Collins. Born 1824; served from July 30, 1861, to Feb. 17, 1863; when he was discharged for disability. Died, Rochester, Nov. 6, 1895.

Andrew Comere. Deserter. (See Page 22.)

John R. Corson. Born 1841; served three years in Co. A, 4 N. H. Died Oct. 13, 1872.

Martin Corson. Born 1833; served three months in Co. A, 1 N. H.; served from Sept. 12, 1861, to May 9, 1863, in Co. A, 4 N. H.; served from Oct. 12, 1864, to June 10, 1865, in Co. L, H. Art. Died Nov. 26, 1884.

Rufus Curtis. Born Dec. 9, 1828; served in Co. A, 4 N. H. from Sept. 4, 1861, to Aug. 11, 1865; reënlisted in the field; promoted to Corp. Died Milton, Feb. 5, 1905.

James Dame. Did not go to war with regiment.

Daniel C. Emery. Born Nov. 23, 1823; served in Co. A, 4 N. H., from Sept. 12, 1861, to Oct. 2, 1862; served in Veteran Reserve Corps from Dec. 18, 1863, to Sept. 5, 1864. Died Feb. 4, 1898, Milton.

John J. Fall. Born 1838; served three years in Co. A, 4 N. H.; promoted to Corporal. Died, Dover, July, 1869.

David Frost. Born May 5, 1844; served three years in Co. A, 4 N. H. Died Feb. 13, 1911, Washington, D. C.

Charles Luther Fuller. Born Oct. 14, 1837; served from Sept. 3, 1861, to June 2, 1865; reënlisted in the field; taken prisoner April 9, 1865, at Little Washington, N. C., the day Gen. Lee surrendered to Gen. Grant; released April 20, 1865; was discharged as paroled prisoner. Resides, 1911, Manchester.

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- George F. Gage.** Born 1843; enlisted Sept. 11, 1861; served to Jan. 2, 1862, when he died of disability at Hilton Head, S. C. This was the second death in Co. A after they left New Hampshire.
- George F. Goodwin.** Born 1843; served in Co. A, 4 N. H., from Aug. 31, 1861, to March 1, 1865; reënlisted in the field; promoted to Corp.; taken prisoner May 16, 1864, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Nov. 30, 1900, Boston, Mass.
- Daniel Grant, 3d.** Born 1843; served in Co. A, 4 N. H., from Aug. 29, 1861, to Oct. 2, 1862, when he was discharged for disability. Resides now, 1911, at Lebanon, Me., and is blind.
- Jerry L. Gray.** Born 1839; served three years in Co. A, 4 N. H. Resident, 1911, Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me.
- Charles Benyhon Hanson.** Born Jan. 17, 1838; served the entire service of the regiment in Co. A; reënlisted in the field. Died Farmington, Jan. 30, 1899.
- George E. Hartford.** Born 1838; enlisted Aug. 26, 1861, in Co. A, 4 N. H. Died in the service Feb. 2, 1862. This was the sixth man to die in Co. A.
- Harrison Hartford.** Born 1836; served three months in Co. B, 1 N. H.; enlisted Sept. 10, 1861, Co. A, 4 N. H.; reënlisted in the field; taken prisoner May 16, 1864, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died while prisoner of war at Andersonville, Ga., Sept. 5, 1864.
- David C. Hayes.** Born 1828; enlisted Aug. 23, 1861; promoted to Sergt.; wounded severely at Pocotaligo, S. C., Oct. 22, 1862. Died of wounds at Hilton Head, S. C., Nov. 12, 1862. The first man of Co. A to die of wounds and the eighth death in the company since leaving New Hampshire. Brother Franklin, same company.
- Franklin Hayes.** Born 1843; served through the entire service of the regiment in Co. A; reënlisted in the field; promoted to Sergt. Awarded "Gilmore medal" by Gen. Q. A. Gilmore for gallant and meritorious conduct during operations before Charleston, S. C. Died Nov. 5, 1882, Farmington. Brother David, same company.
- Robert L. Holbrook.** Born 1842; enlisted Sept. 10, 1861; served to Jan. 15, 1862, when he died of disability at Hilton Head, S. C. He was the third man to die in Co. A.
- George W. Horne.** Born 1832; served three years in Co. A, 4 N. H.; wounded June, 1864. Died Feb. 4, 1898, Exeter, Me.
- Joseph S. Horne.** Born 1839; served from Sept. 9, 1861, to Feb. 17, 1863, in Co. A, 4 N. H. Died early after the war at Somersworth, Aug 18, 1866.
- George W. Hubbard.** Born 1831; served from Sept. 2, 1861, to Feb. 17, 1863, in Co. A, 4 N. H. Died May 20, 1884, Farmington.
- Charles Hurd.** Born Jan. 26, 1834; served through the entire service of the regiment in Co. A with his brother, George W. Reënlisted in the field. Lost an arm after the war. Died in Worcester, Mass., Dec. 7, 1907.
- John H. Jackson.** Born 1837; enlisted Sept. 9, 1861, in Co. A, 4 N. H.; promoted to Corp.; reënlisted in the field; taken prisoner Aug. 16, 1864. Died while prisoner of war at Libby prison, Richmond, Va., Nov. 20, 1864.

A singular coincidence—John H. Jackson, same name, was a member of Co. D, went out together, both reënlisted, both taken prisoner the same day and both died in prison within a week.

John H. Jackson, Co. A. Died Nov. 20, 1864, Libby prison.

John H. Jackson, Co. D. Died Nov. 12, 1864, Salisbury, N. C.

Samuel Franklin Johnson. Born Oct. 28, 1834; served three months in Co. A, 1 N. H.; served from Aug. 24, 1861, to April 20, 1865, in Co. A, 4 N. H.; promoted to sergeant; reënlisted in the field. Died, Dover, Dec. 20, 1910.

George W. Jones. Born 1836; enlisted Sept. 4, 1861, in Co. A, 4 N. H.; served to April 1, 1864, when he died of disability at Hilton Head, S. C.

Joseph H. Knowles. (See Page 58.)

Joseph Lane. Deserter. (See Page 59.)

Lorenzo D. Lane. Born 1838; enlisted Sept. 9, 1861, Co. A, 4 N. H.; served to Sept. 11, 1863, when he died of disease at Hilton Head, S. C.

Edwin G. Leighton. Born 1842; enlisted Aug. 31, 1861, Co. A, 4 N. H.; served to Oct. 26, 1863, when he died of disease at Morris Island, S. C.

Daniel Linnean. Born 1831; enlisted Sept. 3, 1861, Co. A, 4 N. H. Died Oct. 3, 1862, Beaufort, S. C.

John A. Lord. Born 1836; enlisted Sept. 7, 1861, Co. A, 4 N. H.; severely wounded Oct. 22, 1862, Pocotaligo, S. C. Discharged for wounds March 4, 1863. Died April 22, 1881, Dover.

John D. Mahoney. Born 1840; served through the entire service of the regiment in Co. A; reënlisted in the field; promoted to Corp.; taken prisoner May 16, 1864, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died, Lynn, Mass., Feb. 23, 1884.

Michael McHugh. Born 1834; served three years in Co. A, 4 N. H. Died Feb. 25, 1877, Chicago, Ill.

Jesse M. Meader. Born 1841; enlisted Sept. 14, 1861; transferred to Co. B, U. S. Art., Jan. 21, 1863; missing June 7, 1864, Cold Harbor, Va. The *Dover Enquirer*, of June 23, 1864, states that Meader's body was found and buried June, 1864, near Allen's Mills, Va., by Capt. Poughkeepsie.

George Henry Meserve. Born Dec. 1, 1841; served three months in Co. A, 1 N. H.; served four years in Co. A, 4 N. H.; promoted to Sergt.; reënlisted in the field; taken prisoner May 16, 1864, Drewry's Bluff, Va. His brother, Jacob C., served in same company. Resides, 1911, at Soldiers' Home, Tilton.

Jacob Clemens Meserve. Born Oct. 23, 1843; served three months Co. A, 1 N. H., and three years in Co. A, 4 N. H.; wounded July 30, 1864, mine explosion, Virginia. Resides, 1911, Chambers, Ky. With his brother, George H., he served in both Co. A, 1 N. H., and Co. A, 4 N. H.

Alvah E. Moody. Born 1843; enlisted Sept. 9, 1861, Co. A, 4 N. H.; severely wounded Aug. 16, 1864, Deep Bottom, Va., and died of wounds at Whitehall, Penn., Aug. 30, 1864.

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- James Young Osgood.** Born Aug. 28, 1843; served three years in Co. A, 4 N. H.; promoted to Corp. Resides, 1911, South Barnstead.
- James H. Perkins.** (See Page 79.)
- James B. Pierce.** Born 1841; served from Sept. 13, 1861, to Dec. 14, 1862, when discharged for disability. Dead; date unknown.
- John Q. Pinkham.** Born Jan. 16, 1831; served from Sept. 13, 1861, to June 2, 1865; reenlisted in the field; later taken prisoner Aug. 16, 1864, Deep Bottom, Va. Killed instantly at West Concord, March 14, 1879.
- John W. Quimby.** Deserter. (See Page 83.)
- Charles Edwin Ricker.** Born Nov. 1, 1842; served in Co. A, 4 N. H., from Sept. 5, 1861, to Sept. 20, 1863. Resident, 1911, Rochester.
- Stephen H. Rogers.** Born 1842; served in 2 N. H., from April 4, 1861, to Aug. 1, 1861; enlisted Co. A, 4 N. H., Sept. 4, 1861; reenlisted in the field. Died of disease Jan. 13, 1865, Point of Rocks, Va.
- John T. Rollins.** Born 1826; enlisted Sept. 4, 1861, Co. A, 4 N. H.; reenlisted in the field; taken prisoner Aug. 16, 1864, Deep Bottom, Va., and died while a prisoner of war Dec. 21, 1864, Libby prison, Richmond, Va.
- Joseph S. Rose.** Born 1838; enlisted Sept. 14, 1861, Co. A, 4 N. H.; wounded Oct. 22, 1862, Pocotaligo, S. C.; discharged on account of wounds March 4, 1863. Died in 1888, Georgetown, Wis.
- George W. Rowe.** Born 1840; served three months in Co. B, 1 N. H.; enlisted Sept. 3, 1861, Co. A, 4 N. H.; discharged Sept. 20, 1863. Died Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 6, 1882.
- John S. Runnals.** Born 1843; served through the entire service of the regiment in Co. A; reenlisted in the field; promoted to Corp.; wounded June 15, 1864, near Bermuda Hundred, Va. Died at New Durham, date unknown.
- Eldrich Senacal.** (See Page 90.)
- George Shackley.** Born 1843; served in Co. A, 4 N. H., from Sept. 2, 1861, to Feb. 17, 1863, when he was discharged on account of wounds received at Pocotaligo, S. C., Oct. 22, 1862; served in Veteran Reserve Corps from Aug. 23, 1864, to Jan. 1, 1865. Died Oct. 16, 1875, Dover.
- Dennis Sullivan.** Born 1843; served through the entire service of the regiment in Co. A; promoted to Corp.; reenlisted in the service. Died Jan. 10, 1871, Lowell, Mass.
- George W. Tibbetts.** Born Nov. 1833; enlisted Sept. 14, 1861, Co. A, 4 N. H.; promoted Corp.; wounded severely Oct. 22, 1862, Pocotaligo, S. C.; discharged on account of wounds Feb. 1, 1863. Died Oct. 26, 1869, Dover.
- Barnard G. Watson.** Born 1835; served in Co. A, 4 N. H., from Aug. 30, 1861; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Aug. 15, 1863; discharged Oct. 4, 1864. Died, Brockton, Mass., Sept. 20, 1910.

- James Webber.** Born 1827; served in Co. A, 4 N. H., from Sept. 9, 1861, to April 22, 1863; served in Veteran Reserved Corps from Dec. 29, 1863, to Nov. 16, 1875. Died Aug. 31, 1887, Deerfield.
- Alvin E. Wentworth.** Born 1832; served three years in Co. A, 4 N. H. Died, Detroit, Mich., July 27, 1874.
- Harvey Ford Wiggin.** (See Page 124.)
- Nathaniel H. Willand.** Born 1834; served three years in Co. A, 4 N. H. Died May 29, 1876, Rochester.
- Bartholomew Willey.** Born 1837; served through the entire service of the regiment in Co. A; reenlisted in the field; wounded May 20, 1864. Resides, 1911, Middleton.
- George H. Willey.** Born 1840; served in Co. A, 4 N. H., from Sept. 6, 1861, to Oct. 23, 1863, when he died at Beaufort, S. C.
- Henry S. Willey.** (See Page 128.)
- Joseph Wingate.** (See Page 126.)
- Benjamin P. Witham.** Born 1837; served three years in Co. A, 4 N. H. Died at Louisville, Ky., July 11, 1907.
- David A. Witham.** Born 1823; served through the entire service of the regiment in Co. A; reenlisted in the field. Died, Wolfboro, April 2, 1888.

RECRUITS, COMPANY A, FOURTH REGIMENT.

During the service Company A had forty recruits, mostly substitutes. Twelve of them deserted early and earned the title of "no good." They were by name: Jeff Fernander, John Flood, John Laine, Jacob Maskousky, Philip McMann, John Potter, John Read, James Rogers, John Shepard, Augustus Stenger, William Wallace, *alias* P. Condon, Nelson Whiting, and one more, James H. Ham, after nearly three years' service, joined the deserters' club. Four others were early transferred to the navy, where they deserted: James Burns, Thomas Harcourt, John Lackett, William Riley. Only twenty-three of the forty recruits did honorable service. Of eight of these nothing is known since the war. For their record, see alphabetical roster: Edward Fahey, Conrad Geissler, Thomas Kerr, Michael Lynch, Michael McCarty, Patrick McLee, Alexander Rock, William Thomas. Only fifteen of the forty have been heard from since the war; eleven of these are dead.

- Louis Briar.** Died of wounds. (See Page 12.)
- Jeremiah Edwin French.** (See Page 37.)
- Alphonso E. Hayes.** (See Page 47.)
- Wm. H. Hayward.** Served in 2d Band; wounded in Crimean war. (See Page 47.)
- Ira B. Horne.** Died on way home. (See Page 50.)
- Michael McDermott.** Died in the service. (See Page 67.)
- James Mooney.** (See Page 71.)
- Alexander Nicholson.** (See Page 75.)
- George W. Osgood.** (See Page 77.)
- Oliver P. Ricker.** (See Page 86.)

Joseph M. Wiggin. (See Page 108.)

Four are now alive:

Robert Thomas Burnham. (See Page 15.)

Joseph Ramear. (See Page 83.)

Daniel Thompson. (See Page 60.)

Richard B. Yeaton. (See Page 113.)

COMPANY B, FOURTH REGIMENT.

Richard Oliver Greenleaf. Captain. (See Page 118.)

George Francis Towle. First Lieut. (See Page 115.)

Charles Arms Carleton. Second Lieut. (See Page 116.)

Adelbert White. First Sergt. (See Page 127.)

Grosvenor D. Nichols. Second Sergt. He was 22 years old the day we went to war. Born Sept. 27, 1839; served three months in Co. F, 1 N. H., and from Sept. 2, 1861, to May 27, 1862, in Co. B, 4 N. H. Resides, 1911, at Nashua. His brothers, John F. and William H., served in same company; now deceased.

Leonard Allen Gay. Born May 29, 1836; served three months in 1 N. H.; enlisting the day the 6 Mass. marched through Baltimore, and four years in Co. B, 4 N. H., going out as 3 Sergt. and returned as 1 Lieut. commanding his company; was promoted to Capt. but not mustered, as his company was not large enough; was severely wounded July 30, 1864, Battle of the Mine, Va.; reenlisted in the field. He and two brothers were in the 1 N. H., and his brother Alonzo was with him in the 4 Regt. Resides, 1911, on his farm, Bush Hill, Hudson.

Charles A. Harris. Fourth Sergt. Born 1836; served three months in Co. B, 1 N. H., and three years in Co. B, 4 N. H. Died early of army disabilities, March 13, 1865, at Lunenburg, Mass.

John A. Simonds. Fifth Sergt. Born 1839; served in Co. B, 4 N. H., from Sept. 5, 1861, to Dec. 28, 1862, and from October 2, 1863, to June 2, 1865, in Cos. A and R, 5 N. H.; discharged as 1 Lieut. Died Sept. 1, 1897, Lowell, Mass.

Warren Billings. First Corp. Born Sept. 10, 1826, from June 16 to Aug. 1, 1861, served in Co. E, 2 N. H.; from Sept. 6, 1861, to July 5, 1863, in Co. B, 4 N. H.; discharged as Sergt.; in Veteran Reserve Corps from Oct. 27, 1864, to Nov. 19, 1865; drowned in river at Dover Point, March 7, 1887.

John Bartlett Bussell. Second Corp. Born Aug. 29, 1842; served three years in Co. B, 4 N. H.; promoted to Sergt. Died Aug. 28, 1906, at Weirs. Funeral at Weirs. Burial Forest Hill cemetery, Boston, Mass.

James H. Foye. Third Corp. Born 1838. From April 25 to Aug. 1, 1861, served in, and for three years in Co. B, 4 N. H. Died Aug. 10, 1896, Kingston.

Hugh Watts. Fourth Corp. Born 1821. From Aug. 21, 1861, to March 11, 1863, served in Co. B, 4 N. H. Died in Hudson, 1877.

George Henry Emerson. Fifth Corp. Born 1839; served three years in Co. B, 4 N. H.; wounded July 30, 1864, at Battle of Mine, Va. Died at Cohoes, N. Y., March 18, 1885.

Charles H. Perkins. Sixth Corp. Born 1843; served three months in Co. E, 1 N. H.; served through the entire service of the 4 Regt. in Co. B; reënlisted in the field. Died April 25, 1892, Salem, Mass.

John Ryland Kimball. Seventh Corp. Born 1843; served three months in Co. F, 1 N. H.; from Aug. 30, 1861, to Jan. 3, 1865, in Co. B, 4 N. H.; discharged as Sergt.; wounded severely Oct. 22, 1862, Pocotaligo, S. C.; taken prisoner May 20, 1864; paroled Nov., 1864. Resides, 1911, Brooklyn, N. Y.

John W. Brewster. Eight Corp. (See Page 128.)

Charles Russell Brackett. Musician. Born Sept. 11, 1844. Served every day from Sept. 3, 1861, to Sept. 2, 1865, in Co. B, 4 N. H.; reënlisted in the field. Resides, 1911, Rochester.

Jacob Ambrister. Did not go to war with the Fourth Regiment. (See Page 4.)

Alfred H. Beman. Born 1834, served in Co. B, 4 N. H., from Aug. 20, 1861, to Aug. 5, 1862, and from June 23, 1864, to Nov. 13, 1865, in Veteran Reserve Corps. Died June 24, 1881, Nashua.

Albert C. Berry. Born 1840; served in Co. B, 4 N. H., from Aug. 8, 1861, to July 28, 1865; promoted to Sergt.; reënlisted in the field; promoted to 1 Sergt. March 1, 1865; taken prisoner May 20, 1864; paroled Nov. 24, 1864. Died July 14, 1873, Bridgeport, Conn. Burned to death.

Jeremiah Brown, Jr. (See Page 13.)

Augustus Butler. Born 1836; served three years in Co. B, 4 N. H., with two brothers, Leonard and Mitchell. Died in Nashua, Oct. 22, 1871, the anniversary of our first battle.

Leonard Butler. Born July 12, 1842, Burlington, Vt. He, like his brother Augustus, served three years in Co. B, 4 N. H. He lived most of his life in Nashua, where he enlisted, and where he ran a barber shop many years. He is now retired on a small farm at Thornton's Ferry in the town of Merrimack. He alone survives three brothers who served in same company, Augustus, Leonard, and Mitchell M.

Mitchell M. Butler. Served in Co. B, 4 N. H., from Aug. 28, 1861, to March 11, 1863. Died, Salem, Mass., Aug. 2, 1896. Brother of Augustus and Leonard, same company.

Frederick G. Clifford. Born 1843; served three years in Co. B, 4 N. H.; was wounded June 24, 1864, near Petersburg, Va. Died March 1, 1891, Ethel, La.

Jeremiah Cochran. Born 1824; enlisted Sept. 14, 1861; discharged April 22, 1863, at Beaufort, S. C. Lost his left arm by accidental discharge of a musket. Dead; date unknown.

Stephen Conner. Born Aug. 29, 1846, at Hart's Location, a small town in Carroll county. He was one of the youngest boys in the regiment; served three years in Co. B, 4 N. H.; served a short time at the close of the war in the Marine Corps. Resides, 1911, at Wentworth.

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Henry B. Cram. Born 1840; served three years in Co. B, 4 N. H. Held the rank of Corp. Died July 25, 1874, Somersworth.

Stephen E. Danforth. Born 1842; served in Co. B, 4 N. H.; enlisted Sept. 5, 1861; was left at Fort Monroe hospital when the regiment left Hampton Roads for Port Royal and died there Nov. 21, 1861. The second death in Co. B.

Granville D. Darling. Born 1839 in Lowell, Mass., where he died May 6, 1902; served three years in Co. B, 4 N. H.; was wounded June 28, 1864, front of Petersburg, Va.

Abram Dearborn. Born 1837; served one year in Co. B, 4 N. H., and has not been heard from since the war.

John G. Doak. (See Page 28.)

Thomas Donohue. Born 1824. (See Page 28.)

Patrick Doyle. Born 1843; served in Co. B, 4 N. H., all through the four years; held the rank of Corp.; reenlisted in the field; wounded June 7, 1864, Cold Harbor, Va. Died Oct. 14, 1885, Chelsea, Me.

John F. Fernald. Born 1840; served in Co. B, 4 N. H., three years. Died Dec. 12, 1905. Born and died in the state of Maine.

Albert N. Flinn. Born Oct. 1846, Biddeford, Me.; served three years in Co. B, 4 N. H., attaining the rank of corporal; now, 1911, resides in Nashua. He is one of the prominent citizens of the city, has held many important positions; was postmaster several years; resided in one of the best houses at the North End until he lost, by death, all of his family. His captain, Greenleaf, married his sister, and died at his home in 1901. Comrade Flinn is one of our youngest survivors—a splendid fellow, "all wool and a yard wide." His brother, James E., served in same company.

James E. Flinn. Older brother of Albert N., served in Co. B, 4 N. H., five months when he was discharged for disability at Hilton Head, S. C. He died early after the war at Savannah, Ga., in 1866.

Alonzo Gay. Born 1841; served in Co. E, 1 N. H., three months, and in two weeks after that service he enlisted Aug. 24, 1861, in Co. B, 4 N. H., and was discharged March 27, 1865. Reenlisted in the field; did scout duty part of the time in Virginia. Resides, 1911, in Nashua.

Samuel George. One of the oldest men in the company; had served in the Mexican war. (See Page 39.)

Joseph Goodrew. Did not go to war with 4 N. H.

Wentworth Goodwin. Born 1838; served three years in Co. B, 4 N. H.; was a Corp. Died Christmas day, 1900, Somersworth.

Charles A. Gray. Born 1821; served three years in Co. B, 4 N. H., as both Corp. and Sergt., and died just at the close of the war, April 4, 1865.

John Gray. Born 1841 in Ireland; served three months in Co. D, 1 N. H., and four years in Co. B, 4 N. H.; reenlisted in the field. Died July 3, 1896, Marquette, Mich.

Lorenzo Green. (See Page 42.)

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- Luther Harmon.** Born 1843; enlisted in Co. B, 4 N. H.; Sept. 7, 1861; appointed Corp. Died of disease at Morris Island, S. C., Dec. 23, 1863.
- John Harrington.** Deserter. (See Page 46.)
- William R. Harris.** Born 1842; served in Co. B, 4 N. H., from July 29, 1861, to Oct. 26, 1863, when discharged for disability, and died from the disease contracted on Morris Island at his home in Littleton, Jan. 5, 1864.
- William W. Hawkins.** Born 1843; served in Co. B, 4 N. H., through the four years' service. Reënlisted in the field. Died in Massachusetts; date unknown.
- John Henderson.** One of the oldest men in Co. B; served three years; wounded July 30, 1864, Battle of Mine, Va. Dead; date unknown.
- John D. Hobbs.** Born Oct. 8, 1838; served in Co. B, 4 N. H., three years; wounded slightly May 16, 1864, Drewry's Bluff, Va., and again wounded before Petersburg, Va., July 26, 1864. Resides, 1911, Haverhill, Mass.
- Seth W. Huntress.** Served three years in Co. B, 4 N. H., and died where he was born, Portsmouth, Feb. 5, 1874.
- Bradford A. Hurd.** Born 1836; served in Co. B, 4 N. H., from Sept. 2, 1861, to June 21, 1863, when he died of wounds at Folly Island, S. C.
- John H. Jackman.** Born 1832, in Nashua, where he lived, died, and is buried in Edgewood cemetery; served three years in Co. B, 4 N. H., and died Feb. 13, 1880.
- Perley I. Jewett.** Born 1835 at Hollis; enlisted Aug. 26, 1861. Died of disease Dec. 3, 1863, Morris Island, S. C.
- Archibie R. Jones.** Short service in both 4 and 9 N. H. (See Page 55.)
- George D. Jones.** Born 1843; served in Co. F, 1 N. H., three months and four years in Co. B, 4 N. H.; reënlisted in the field; promoted to Sergt. Resides, 1911, Soldiers' Home, Cal.
- Franklin Kane.** Born 1842; served three years Co. B, 4 N. H.; wounded Aug. 16, 1864, Deep Bottom, Va. Received "Gilmore Medal." Died near Fall River, Mass.; date unknown.
- William P. Kendall.** Born 1840. After a service of thirteen months he died of disease at Beaufort, S. C., Oct. 19, 1862.
- Alexander W. Kidder.** Born 1840; served three years in Co. B, 4 N. H.; wounded front of Petersburg, July 19, 1864. Died at New Hampshire Soldiers' Home, Tilton, Aug. 12, 1899.
- Samuel Knox.** Born 1838; enlisted Aug. 29, 1861; reënlisted in the field; wounded Oct. 1, 1864, at Chaffin's Farm, Va. Died of wounds, Oct. 5.
- William Lamereen.** (See Page 59.)
- Hosea B. Lary.** Born April 28, 1835; served all through the history of the 4 N. H. in Co. B; was Corp. and Sergt.; reënlisted in the field; wounded Fort Fisher, N. C., Jan. 16, 1865. Resides, 1911, Farmington.
- Henry C. Lund.** Born 1842; served in Co. B, 4 N. H., from Sept. 2, 1861, to Sept. 3, 1864, when he was killed near Petersburg, Va. He had reënlisted in the field and was a corporal.

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- Newman Lyons.** Born 1839; served three years in Co. B, 4 N. H.; born in Litchfield, lived in Nashua most of his life where he now resides. He holds a responsible position in a cotton mill and is still able to labor, although he has passed the 70 mark. In alphabetical order of the 4 Regt. he is No. 900.
- William Mansfield.** Born 1835 in Ireland; served three years in Co. B, 4 N. H., dying soon after the war at Hollis, July 17, 1866.
- George A. Marden.** Born 1843 in Hollis; served three months in Co. E, 1 N. H., and four years with Co. B, 4 N. H.; reënlisted in the field. Died Westerly, R. I., Aug. 10, 1888.
- Caleb Marshall.** Born 1841, in Hudson; served in Co. B, 4 N. H., from Aug. 28, 1861, to March 11, 1863; also served afterwards in Veteran Reserve Corps. Died, Saco, Me., June 1, 1883.
- George H. McKean.** Born 1843 in Hollis; served from Sept. 5, 1861, to Feb. 11, 1862, in Co. B, 4 N. H., and from Aug. 21, 1863, to Sept. 6, 1865, in N. H. H. Art.
- Stephen H. Meader.** Born 1830, So. Berwick, Me.; served from Aug. 28, 1861, to April 16, 1865, when he died of wounds received at Ft. Fisher, N. C., Jan. 15, 1865, dying at U. S. hospital, Daid's Island, New York Harbor. Reënlisted in the field; was Corp.; promoted to 1 Sergt.
- Dudley W. Miles.** One of the oldest men of Co. B, served from Aug. 3, 1861, to Feb. 11, 1862, and from Aug. 11, 1863, to April 21, 1864, in Co. H, 5 N. H. Dead; date unknown.
- Francis Wendell Montgomery.** Born Sept. 28, 1819, at Halifax, Mass.; enlisted Aug. 20, 1861, in Co. B, 4 N. H.; discharged July 28, 1865; reënlisted in the field; taken prisoner May 16, 1864, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; escaped Feb. 26, 1901, at Rockland, Me.
- John F. Nichols.** Born 1838; served three months in 1 N. H., and nearly three years in Co. B, 4 N. H.; reënlisted in the field and deserted Aug. 9, 1864, at Boston, Mass. Died July 31, 1883, at Auburn, Me., being buried up in a well. His two brothers, G. D. and W. H., served in Co. B.
- William H. Nichols.** Born July 4, 1832; served in Co. B, 4 N. H., from Sept. 2, 1861, to April 26, 1863; afterwards served in Veteran Reserve Corps. Died at Nashua, Oct. 25, 1898.
- John Nickett.** One of the oldest men in Co. B; served from Sept. 10, 1861, to April 6, 1864, when he was transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. Died, Phoenix, N. Y., March 18, 1888.
- James Henry Noyes.** Born July 20, 1835, Gardner, Mass.; served but a short time in Co. B when discharged Oct. 19, 1861; was afterward Surgeon of the 6 N. H., and now, 1911, resides in Ogden, Iowa, a practicing physician. Has been mayor of the city.
- Reuben D. Osgood.** Born 1835; served in Co. B, from Sept. 7, 1861, to Oct. 13, 1863, when he was transferred to U. S. Signal Corps, where he reënlisted, serving until Sept. 5, 1865. Died Turner, Me., Jan. 31, 1891.

- John P. O'Sullivan.** Another of the oldest men in Co. B, served from May 17, 1861, to Feb. 7, 1863. Died, Londonderry, June 12, 1892.
- George W. Parseley.** Born 1833; enlisting Sept. 2, 1861; reenlisted in the field. Lost at sea June 8, 1865, from Steamer "Admiral Dupont."
- James W. Patterson.** Born 1840; enlisted Sept. 9, 1861; was taken sick aboard the "Baltic" at Hampton Roads, and died at the hospital at Fort Monroe, Va., Oct. 25, 1861. First death in the 4 Regt.
- David F. Perkins.** Born 1842; enlisted Aug. 27, 1861, in Co. B; reenlisted in the field and was killed in front of Petersburg, Va., July 26, 1864.
- George H. Perkins.** Born 1839; served in Co. B from Sept. 14, 1861, to June 27, 1865; reenlisted in the field.
- Phineas J. Perrin.** Over 40 years when he enlisted Sept. 9, 1861; served in Co. B until Feb. 11, 1862, when discharged for disability, dying a few weeks after reaching home, March 14, 1862, Nashua.
- James A. Philbrick.** Born 1843; served three years in Co. B; was wounded twice July 26, 1864, front of Petersburg, and Aug. 16, 1864, at Deep Bottom, Va. Resides, 1911, Chicago, Ill.
- George Pierce.** Born 1833, Sebec, Me.; served three years in Co. B; was wounded May 16, 1864, at Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died at Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me., Nov. 5, 1899.
- John F. Pierce.** Born 1835, So. Berwick, Me.; served sixteen months in Co. B, when discharged for disability. Dead; date unknown.
- Charles A. Robinson.** Born, 1842, Hudson; served in Co. B from Aug. 26, 1861, to Oct. 19, 1862. Died Jan. 20, 1867.
- David Sarchfield.** Born 1826; served four years in Co. B, 4 N. H.; reenlisted in the field. Died Oct. 8, 1886, Rollinsford.
- Frederick Houston Saunders.** Born Aug. 18, 1838, Townsend, Mass.; served in Co. B, 4 N. H., from Sept. 2, 1861, to July 20, 1865; reenlisted in the field; served both as Corp. and Sergt.; wounded Jan. 15, 1865, at Ft. Fisher, N. C., also injured Jan. 16 at the explosion of Ft. Fisher. Resides, 1911, at Candia.
- George E. Shelling.** Born 1843, Kingston; enlisted in Co. B, 4 N. H., Sept. 4, 1861. Died Dec. 12, 1861, Hilton Head, S. C.
- Alfred Shattuck.** Born Sept. 22, 1833, Mont Vernon, N. H.; served three years in Co. B, 4 N. H. Died Jan. 3, 1902, Nashua.
- George E. Thing.** (See page 99.)
- Hollis Wilson Tinker.** Born May 16, 1844, Lempster; served four years in Co. B, 4 N. H., reenlisting in the field; held the rank of Corp. Died at Candia, Jan. 25, 1908. Funeral and burial at Nashua at Edgewood cemetery.
- Harlan Serono Trow.** Born Nov. 5, 1844, Nashua, enlisted Sept. 7, 1861, in Co. B, 4 N. H.; transferred to Battery B, 1 Art., U. S. A., Nov. 3, 1862; reenlisted in the field; served as Corp. and Sergt.; discharged Feb. 2, 1867, Ft. Wadsworth, N. Y. H. Resides, 1911, East Norton, Mass.

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Edward Turner. Born 1839, Tyngsborough, Mass.; served three years in Co. B, 4 N. H. Unknown whether alive or not.

George H. Upton. Born 1842; was a Corp. in Co. B, 4 N. H.; served three years, and died at Nashua, July 19, 1871. The only man of the 1653 men in the 4 Regt. whose surname began with the 21st letter of the alphabet—U.

Josiah Robinson West. Born June 9, 1820, Fremont; served three months in Co. K, 1 N. H.; enlisted Sept. 11, 1861, in Co. B, 4 N. H.; discharged April 6, 1864, and died Nov. 21, 1899, at Raymond. Had a son, Josiah R. West, Jr., that served in the 11 N. H.

Joseph L. Winn. Born 1839, Rome, Me.; served in Co. B, 4 N. H., from Aug. 28, 1861, to Aug. 8, 1864, when he died of wounds received June 30, 1864, front of Petersburg, Va.; was awarded a "Gilmore Medal" by Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore for gallant and meritorious conduct during the operations before Charleston, S. C.

Benjamin Franklin Wright. Born Feb. 28, 1834, at Nashua; served in Co. B, 4 N. H., from Aug. 21, 1861, to March 12, 1863, when he was discharged for disability. Now, 1911, residing in Nashua.

William S. Wyman. Born 1841 at Litchfield; served three months in Co. D, 1 N. H., and three years in Co. B, 4 N. H., was wounded in the foot Oct. 22, 1862, at Pocotaligo, S. C. Died Oct. 30, 1897, Pueblo, Col.

William F. York. Born Nov. 6, 1832, Roxbury, Mass.; served one year in Co. B, 4 N. H.; now lives on his farm on Beech Hill, Andover. Has the youngest child of any survivor of the 4 Regt.: a boy less than three years old and he 79. Comrade York is an expert marble worker and has the largest collection of minerals and stones of any private person in New Hampshire.

RECRUITS, COMPANY B, FOURTH N. H. VOLUNTEERS.

There were added to the original men of Company B, during their service, forty-three recruits; seven of them deserted:

**James Brown Patrick Calagan Simon Hennessey Emile Keller
Edward Lavery Charles McDonald John Perry**

Were transferred to the navy and deserted:

**Thomas Ayers Joseph Gunhue Edwin Hill George Thompson
Joseph Sinneen**

The following were transferred to the navy and served honorably:

**James Anderson John Andrews Martin Bishop Michael Burns
John Hellman Henry Kinze John Roberts Frank Wilson**

All that is known of the above men can be found in the Alphabetical Roster.

Twenty-three recruits have a good record.

Nothing has been heard from these ten men since the war (*see Alphabetical Roster*):

First Sergt. Charles Cowan Sergt. Charles Lang
Corp. Henry Buckley Corp. Wm. Gern Corp. Henry Tilburn
Privates Nathaniel W. Card Patrick Herter James Murphy
John Murray Joseph Larough

Eight of the recruits lost their lives in the war:

Simon Barlow. (See Page 7.)

Jeremiah Cole was one of the early recruits; served from Feb. 28, 1862, to May 8, 1863; afterwards was in the 10 N. H. for nearly a year, and died in the service July 18, 1864. (See Page 21.)

Daniel Gleason. (See Page 40.)

Peter Murtaha. Wounded twice; died of wounds. (See Page 74.)

Frank *alias* **Joseph Sadowski.** Died of wounds. (See Page 88.)

Charles H. Stephens. (See Page 96.)

John Williams. Wounded and taken prisoner and died of wounds. (See Page 110.)

John H. Williams. Killed in front of Petersburg, Va. (See Page 116.)

Four of the recruits have died since the war:

George Batho. (See Page 7.)

George E. Bickford. (See Page 9.)

Eben S. Boeley. (See Page 10.)

Samuel Loudon. (See Page 62.)

Only one of the recruits who served in Co. B is known to be alive, but several are on the unknown list.

John L. Thompson, of Nashua, N. H., who, early in the war, served in the Southern army, deserted and came into our lines at Jacksonville, Fla., and enlisted in the Nashua company, April 10, 1862. Reënlisted in the field, and served faithfully until our muster-out, when we disbanded Sept. 2, 1865, at Concord. Lieut. Gay induced him to locate in Nashua where he soon made himself a home by marrying a sister of Lieut. Gay, that had been made a widow by the war, her husband dying a member of the 8 N. H. Comrade Thompson was born in Key West, Fla., Sept. 29, 1841, and is now retired, having a comfortable income from property he earned since the war, and now, 1911, resides at his pleasant home, 46 Palm street, Nashua.

COMPANY C—ORIGINAL MEN.

Gilman E. Sleeper. Captain. (See Page 115.)

Martin Van Buren Richardson. First Lieutenant. (See Page 122.)

Frederic Augustus Kendall. Second Lieutenant. (See Page 120.)
Died Feb. 14, 1912, Cleveland, Ohio.

Robert Alpheus Seaver. First Sergeant. (See Page 128.)

Benjamin Reddington Wheeler. Second Sergeant. (See Page 127.)

Eleazar Leonard Sarsons. Third Sergeant. (See Page 122.)

Dearborn S. Moody. Fourth Sergt.; born 1834; served in Co. C, 4 N. H., from Sept. 16, 1861, to Oct. 29, 1864, when he was discharged to accept 2 Lieut. in 22 U. S. colored troops, where he served one year; he reenlisted in the field in the 4 Regt., and was wounded July 30, 1864, at Battle of the Mine, Va. Died at Fort Dodge, Kansas, Nov. 9, 1909.

Charles E. Colcord. Fifth Sergt. Born, 1838, Epping, N. H.; served three months in Co. A, 1 N. H., and from Sept. 4, 1861, to June 26, 1864, in Co. C, 4 N. H.; he reenlisted in the field and was appointed third color bearer at Washington, D. C., April, 1864, and died of wounds received at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864. He was wounded in both ankles by pieces of a shell that exploded and wounded nearly all the color guard; one foot was amputated, and in trying to save the other, lockjaw set in and caused his death. The historian of this volume lay by his side at Point Lookout, Maryland, General hospital, and witnessed his fortitude and heroism as his life ebbed away. Patiently he faced the end. All honor to this noble hero, who gave up his life carrying the flag of his country in battle.

"The flag that he loved forever shall wave,
The sweet flowers of spring shall bloom o'er his grave."

Charles M. Fisher. First Corporal. Born 1838; enlisted Aug. 26, 1861, Co. B, 4 N. H.; discharged for disability Dec. 1, 1861; died before reaching home Dec. 10, 1861, at New York City. The third death in Co. C.

Daniel Whitney Rollins. Second Corporal. Born Nov. 23, 1836, in Canada; served three months in Co. C, 1 N. H., and from Sept. 4, 1861, to May 12, 1865, in Co. C, 4 N. H.; promoted to Sergt.; taken prisoner Aug. 16, 1864, Deep Bottom, Va. Died March 6, 1905, West Bolton, P. Q.

Irving Colburn. Third Corporal. Born 1824; served in Co. C, 4 N. H., from Aug. 24, 1861, to Feb. 7, 1865, when he died a prisoner of war at Salisbury, N. C.

Eben Hopkins Nutting. Fourth Corporal. Born June 16, 1840, at Danville, Vt.; served three years in Co. C, 4 N. H.; was promoted to Sergt. He died as the result of a shock at his home, North Union street, Jan. 21, 1909. He was for many years agent of the Hooksett mills; had served in the legislature; was for two years president of the Fourth Regiment Veteran association. He was a good soldier, a splendid citizen, an honorable, upright, Christian gentleman.

Thomas L. Gilpatrick. Fifth Corporal. Born 1841; served in Co. C, 4 N. H., from Aug. 28, 1861, to Aug. 27, 1863, when he died of wounds received on Morris Island, S. C.

Charles Brown. Sixth Corporal. Born 1838; served three months in Co. G, 1 N. H., and twenty-five months in Co. C, 4 N. H. Died of exposure at Morris Island, S. C.

George M. Kidder. Seventh Corporal. Born 1840; enlisted Sept. 6, 1861, and reenlisted in the field; taken prisoner Aug. 10, 1864, and died three weeks after being released at his home in Worcester, Mass., March 31, 1865.

- Perley B. Rand.** Eighth Corporal. Born 1839; served three months in Co. K, 1 N. H., and from Aug. 26, 1861, to July 28, 1865, in Co. C, 4 N. H.; promoted to Sergt.; reenlisted in the field; taken prisoner May 16, 1864, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died Fitch Bay, P. Q., May 14, 1887.
- Edgar A. Hall.** Musician. Born Sept. 19, 1842; served three months in Co. K, 1 N. H., and twenty-two months in Co. C, 4 N. H., and was transferred to U. S. Battery. Now, 1911, resides in Medford, Mass.
- Alanson W. Barney.** Musician. Born 1834; reenlisted in the field and was killed at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 15, 1864.
- William D. Baker.** Born 1839; from Sept. 5, 1861, to July 20, 1863, in Co. C, 4 N. H. Died Lynn, Mass., March 23, 1888.
- John Balch, Jr.** Born 1837; served four years in Co. C, 4 N. H., reenlisting in the field; wounded June 7, 1864, Cold Harbor, Va. Died Nashua, March 28, 1869.
- Thomas Dickinson Bennett.** Born March 24, 1831; served three years in Co. C, 4 N. H. Now, 1911, resides Townsend, Mass.
- George P. Brown.** Born 1839; served four years in Co. C, 4 N. H.; reenlisted in the field. Died Townsend, Mass., Feb. 7, 1896.
- Elias Alexander Bryant.** Born Oct. 26, 1840, at Washington, N. H.; from Sept. 9, 1861, to Oct. 10, 1864, he was in the service in Co. C, 4 N. H.; the last half of time was a bugler for Colonel Bell. Always at the front; where danger was, Bryant was foremost, and on account of it was wounded; that caused the amputation of his leg at the thigh, and ever since has moved about on crutches. Every day he is reminded what a sacrifice he made for his native land. He received his wound July 30, 1864, at the mine explosion, Va. Resides, 1911,—summers, at Loon Island, Lake Winnepesaukee, and winters, at Daytona, Fla. In each place he owns a fine residence. His diary, contributed to this volume, is a three years' history of itself. He has served as a member of our history committee. He is a modest, unassuming comrade; deserves all the good things there are in this life, as he is sure of the best in the life to come.
- Norman Burdick,** at the time of his death, was president of our regimental association and chairman of our history committee. He was a wealthy manufacturer at Albany, N. Y.; was early promoted to 2 Lieut., but was obliged to resign on account of sickness. (See Page 127.)
- David H. Burge.** Born 1840; served four years in Co. C, 4 N. H.; reenlisted in the field. Resides, 1911, in Vineland, N. J., where he and Comrade Gutterson of the same company have lived for many years.
- William G. Burke.** Born 1825, Charleston, S. C.; served four years in Co. C, 4 N. H., reenlisting in the field; for many months he served in the siege of his native city. He died at Alton, N. H., Aug. 28, 1896, leaving no known relatives. His property was turned over to the state as an escheated estate.
- John Haskell Clarke.** Born Feb. 23, 1842; served thirteen months in Co. C, 4 N. H. Resides, 1911, Roxbury, Mass.

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- Albert A. Cochran.** Born 1841; served one and a half years in Co. C, 4 N. H. Died Bessemer, Ala., Feb. 26, 1909.
- Michael Connolly.** Born 1840; reenlisted; taken prisoner; died at Andersonville; given Gilmore medal of honor; he never lived to receive it. (See Page 22.)
- Charles E. Cook.** (See Page 130.)
- Ephraim Crandall.** Born 1836; after twenty-two months' service died at Folly Island, S. C., June 23, 1863.
- Charles Turner Crooker.** Born Nov. 24, 1845; thirteen months Co. C, 4 N. H.; nearly three years, 10 N. H. Resides, 1911, Nashua. Family all dead, and is blind.
- Luther G. Crosby.** Born 1842; enlisted Co. C, 4 N. H., Aug. 28, 1861; transferred to U. S. Battery, and died at Beaufort, S. C., Aug. 26, 1863.
- George W. Dimick.** Born 1837; served three years in Co. C, 4 N. H. Nothing known of him since the war.
- Addison S. Dodge.** Born June 5, 1837; served twenty-five months in Co. C, 4 N. H., and died of disease Oct. 1, 1863.
- Orrin Towle Dodge.** Born May 3, 1887; served four years in Co. C, 4 N. H.; last two years was a member of the second band. Resides now, 1911, Haverhill, Mass.
- Franklin Due.** Born Dec. 5, 1838; served three years in Co. C, 4 N. H. His brother, Sylvester, was in the same company. Resides, 1911, at Leominster, Mass.
- Sylvester Due.** Born June 4, 1833; from Aug. 28, 1861, to Feb. 14, 1864, in Co. C, 4 N. H. Accidentally killed Oct. 15, 1892, at Port Huron, Mich. He was gored by a bull and died at once. He was a brother of Franklin, same company.
- Lorenzo Perry Dunklee.** Born March 29, 1839; was three years in Co. C, 4 N. H.; a part of the time was detailed as a butcher when cattle were to be had. Met with a terrible accident several years ago on a ledge in Hudson, when he was blown up, and as a result part of his right arm is gone, and he has become blind. Resides, 1911, in Nashua with his son, his wife having recently died.
- Three of Co. C are now blind: Seaver, Crooker, and Dunklee.
- Jackson Duston.** Born 1836; served three months in Co. K, 1 N. H.; was four years in Co. C, 4 N. H. Died at the N. H. State hospital, Concord, Jan. 25, 1898; buried in Lisbon.
- Albert O. Fisher.** Born 1844; served three years in Co. C, 4 N. H.; reenlisted in the field; taken prisoner May 20, 1864. Died in Andersonville, Ga., Sept. 17, 1864. Brother of Charles M.
- Albert Fletcher.** Born Feb. 7, 1840. (See Page 35.)
- Horace Forsaith.** Born March 28, 1844; from Sept. 9, 1861, to July 28, 1865, in Co. C, 4 N. H.; reenlisted in the field; promoted Corp.; taken prisoner May 16, 1864. Resides, 1911, Everett, Mass.
- Albert M. French.** Born July 27, 1833; served three years in Co. C, 4 N. H. Died Ashby, Mass., Sept. 22, 1900. His brother, Jonas C., in same company.

- Jonas C. French.** Born 1842; served in Co. C, 4 N. H., for more than three years; reënlisted in the field; captured Aug. 22, 1864. Died in Salisbury, N. C., Dec. 5, 1864. Brother of Albert M.
- Alvin Gardner.** Born 1839; taken prisoner May 20, 1864. Died Andersonville, Ga., Sept. 24, 1864.
- Daniel J. George.** Born 1843; served two years in Co. C, 4 N. H., then in invalid corps. Died in Hooksett, Aug. 31, 1878.
- Edwin M. George.** (See Page 39.)
- Joseph Geline.** Deserter. (See Page 40.)
- Antoine Goddard.** (See Page 40.)
- David W. Gordon.** Born 1834. Died Morris Island, S. C., Sept. 24, 1863.
- Henry C. Griffin.** Born 1839; taken prisoner; died while prisoner of war Sept. 10, 1864, Richmond, Va.
- Abel Fisk Gutterson.** Born Dec. 1, 1840; served four years in Co. C, 4 N. H.; mustered out as 1 Sergt. Resides, 1911, at Vine-land, N. J.
- Martin Hale.** Born 1841; served three months in Co. E, 1 N. H.; served three years in Co. C, 4 N. H. Resides, 1911, Lawrence, Mass.
- James T. Hall.** (See Page 44.)
- John F. Harvey.** Born 1839; fourteen months in Co. C; the balance of three years in Co. M, 1 U. S. Art. Died at Georgetown, Mass., Dec. 13, 1892.
- Henry A. Haskell.** Born 1838; enlisted Sept. 16, 1861; reënlisted in the field. Killed at New Market Heights, Va., Sept. 29, 1864.
- William F. Haskell.** (See Page 47.)
- Silas P. Hubbard.** Born Jan. 5, 1830; after nineteen months' service in Co. C was commissioned Lieut. U. S. colored troops. Died at Nashua Oct. 25, 1901.
- Shelden Ingleson.** (See Page 52.)
- Charles Joslyn.** Born April 22, 1839; served four years in Co. C. Resides, 1911, Meredith.
- Joseph H. Kimball.** Born 1843; three years in Co. C. Resides, 1911, Methuen, Mass.
- Asa J. King.** (See Page 57.)
- Daniel W. Knox.** Corporal. Born 1840; reënlisted in field; after three years' service was killed, Aug. 16, 1864, Deep Bottom, Va.
- George F. Lancey.** Born 1842; after two years' service died of disease, Morris Island, S. C., Sept. 24, 1863.
- William Adolphus Levi** was originally assigned to Co. F, but served most of the time in Co. C as drummer; enlisted early in 1862; reënlisted in the field and served until the regiment was mustered out. Resident, 1911, Dover. (See Page 60.)
- Horace W. Libby.** Born 1840; served three years. Dead; date unknown.
- John Lovett,** one of the oldest men, served three years and a half in Co. C, 4 N. H., one half in regular battery. Died, Soldiers' Home, Dayton, Ohio, June 9, 1873.

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- Edwin F. Lund.** Born 1843; reënlisted; served nearly three years when wounded, July 30, 1864; died of wounds Aug. 23, 1864, Washington, D. C.
- Albert F. Lynch.** Born 1842; reënlisted in the field. Killed at Drewry's Bluff May 16, 1864.
- George Henry Mallard.** Born Jan. 24, 1843; served in Co. C from Sept. 9, 1861, to July 28, 1865; reënlisted in the field; was Corp. and Sergt.; captured May 16, 1864; released Nov. 24, 1864. Resident, 1911, Waltham, Mass. He used to watch on the picket post; now he is making watches in the celebrated Waltham watch works.
- John Martin.** Deserter. (See Page 65.)
- William Henry Martin.** Born April 16, 1825; served four years in Co. C; reënlisted in the field. Died U. S. Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me., Sept. 24, 1903.
- Ward Messer.** Born 1832; was a Corp.; reënlisted in the field; wounded May 20, 1864; discharged May 29, 1865. Died July 24, 1885, Bow.
- Joseph L. C. Miller.** Born 1843; reënlisted in the field; captured April 9, 1865; discharged June 2, 1865. Died South Park, Wash., June 18, 1908.
- Albert B. Mitchell.** Born 1842; three years in Co. C. Died New London May 6, 1864.
- Michael McCarty.** No good. (See Page 66.)
- Charles P. Nutting.** Born 1837; served three years in Co. C; was wounded. Died March 9, 1895, Franklin.
- Henry C. Ober.** Born 1841; died in service Dec. 7, 1861. Second death in company.
- Patrick O'Brien.** Born 1834; served four years in Co. C; reënlisted in the field. Died Nov., 1898.
- David C. Owen.** Born Dec. 5, 1826; served four years in Co. C; reënlisted in the field. Died Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me., March 13, 1910.
- Cornelius E. Parker.** Born 1843; reënlisted in the field; discharged Aug. 15, 1865. Died at Patterson, N. J., Oct. 3, 1905.
- Henry M. Potter.** Born 1839; reënlisted in the field; killed May 16, 1864, Drewry's Bluff, Va.
- Byron Putnam.** Born Jan. 8, 1840; served eleven months; taken prisoner Nov. 3, 1861, on steamer "Union"; blown ashore in the great storm on the way to Port Royal. Died March 4, 1903, Lyndeborough. Brother Levi in Co. E.
- Milton Richardson.** Born 1823, one of the old men; served thirteen months. Died at Nashua Feb. 11, 1881.
- William E. Robinson.** (See Page 87.)
- Hezekiah S. Sargent.** (See Page 89.)
- Charles L. Seavey.** Born 1843; died early at Hilton Head, S. C., Nov. 25, 1861. The first death in Co. C.
- Aaron W. Simonds.** Born 1837; enlisted Aug. 8, 1861. Died Oct. 21, 1863, Morris Island, S. C.
- Chauncey H. Smith.** Born 1834; enlisted Aug. 19, 1861. Died Nov. 24, 1863, Beaufort, S. C.

- Amos F. Spaulding.** Born July 7, 1842; served four years in Co. C. Resident, 1911, Worcester, Mass.
- William D. Stearns.** (See Page 128.)
- Charles H. Stiles.** (See Page 96.)
- George D. Stiles.** Born 1843; in Co. C three years; discharged to accept promotion U. S. colored troops. Died April 1, 1891, Lynn, Mass.
- Hiram A. Tenney.** Born June 16, 1837; served three years in Co. C. Died Sept. 26, 1904, Natick, Mass.
- George S. Tuck.** Born 1843; from Aug. 31, 1861, to March 11, 1865, in Co. C, 4 N. H.; reenlisted in the field. Died three weeks after discharge at his home in Milford, April 1, 1865. His sister is the widow of Ex-Gov. McLane.
- Josiah P. Wheeler.** Born 1833; taken prisoner May 20, 1864. Killed on cars when being removed from Andersonville, Ga.
- Charles H. Wilson.** Born ———; served three years in Co. C; was a Corp. Dead; date unknown.
- William P. Winn.** One of the old men. (See Page 111.)
- William O. Woodbridge.** Born 1826; served nearly three years; reenlisted in the field; wounded June 24, 1864. Died of wounds June 25, 1864, Pt. of Rcks, Va.
- John Worthley.** Served three years in Co. C; reenlisted in the field. Died Sept. 5, 1864. Brother of Sewell, same company.
- Sewell Worthley.** Born June 24, 1836; served three years in Co. C. Brother John same company. Died in Chester Feb. 10, 1903

RECRUITS, COMPANY C, FOURTH N. H.

This company had during the four years' service seventy-four recruits; sixteen deserted from the company and three who had been transferred to the navy—Atkinson, Burns, Carte, Cassidy, Cornell, Crowley, Dunn, Forbes, Foster, Holle, Tague, Taylor, Thompson, Tracey, Van Duren, Walker, Welch, Williams, Willson. (See alphabetical roster.) Seventeen are known to be dead; most of them are unknown to us, and many of them saw but little service; eight of them died in the service; some of them did good service and they are so recorded.

- Charles Thomas Carter.** Sergeant. (See Page 17.)
- John Walsh.** Sergeant. (See Page 104.)
- Robert Campbell.** Corporal. (See Page 16.)
- William H. Cook.** Corporal. Now resides in Ponomo, Fla.; formerly of Nashua, where he had served as mayor; had a fine war record, as did his two brothers, George W. and Charles E. (See Page 23.)
- Edward Fitzgerald.** Corporal. Resides Soldiers' Home, California. (See Page 34.)
- David H. Cochrane.** Died since the war. (See Page 20.)
- Peter Brennan.** (See Page 11.)
- Thomas Burke.** (See Page 15.)

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Hamilton Carr. (See Page 17.)

Joseph Champagne. Killed. (See Page 18.)

George W. Cook. Wounded; taken prisoner; died of wounds. (See Page 23.)

Thomas W. Crosby. Died since the war. (See Page 24.)

Albert H. Currier. (See Page 25.)

James Davis. (See Page 26.)

John Dennison. (See Page 27.)

William Dentney. (See Page 27.)

James Devine. Died in the service. (See Page 27.)

Thomas Downey. Died since the war. (See Page 29.)

Michael Duffy. (See Page 30.)

James Duncan. (See Page 30.)

Samuel Eady. Died while prisoner of war. (See Page 30.)

Charles Fisher. Wounded Ft. Fisher. (See Page 34.)

Israel S. Fox. (See Page 37.)

John Friel. (See Page 37.)

Patrick Gallagher. Died Nov. 15, 1900, Soldiers' Home, California. (See Page 38.)

Erastus Brownhead. Also called George Green. (See Page 12.)

Peter Green. (See Page 42.)

Calvin T. Greenleaf. Died since the war. (See Page 42.)

Henry Greer. (See Page 43.)

Charles Hill. Died in the service. (See Page 49.)

Francis Horan. (See Page 50.)

William Johnson. (See Page 54.)

Charles Jones. Reported missing May 16, 1864, at Drewry's Bluff, Va.; undoubtedly among the killed. (See Page 55.)

George N. Kenney. Died since the war. (See Page 56.)

John Lamontine. (See Page 59.)

Charles Leplant. (See Page 60.)

Joe Matha. Died prisoner of war. (See Page 65.)

Martin J. McAboy. (See Page 66.)

Frank Mosely. (See Page 72.)

Jerome Putnam. (See Page 83.)

James Sherman. (See Page 91.)

Lawrence Shine. (See Page 91.)

Perley A. Smith. Died since the war. (See Page 94.)

Albert Spaulding. (See Page 94.)

Stephen A. Spaulding. Died in the service. (See Page 95.)

John A. Stiles. Resident, 1911, Townsend, Mass. A brother of Charles H., same company. (See Page 96.)

Alvah G. Tinker lost his arm at Morris Island, S. C.; was also wounded at Pocotaligo, S. C.; joined the company early in 1862. Resident, 1911, at Nashua, N. H., where he has lived many years and is a prominent citizen; has served in the city government and the legislature; is now retired from business; was born in Marlow Aug. 17, 1838. He is one of the best members of Gen. John G. Foster Post 7, G. A. R., and has served several terms as commander. A good soldier, a good man, a genial comrade. (See Page 101.)

John Whalon. (See Page 106.)

Thomas Whelton. Died of wounds. (See Page 107.)

George Williams. No good. (See Page 109.)

John Williams. (See Page 110.)

George Wolf. (See Page 112.)

Herbert E. Witherell. Died since the war. (See Page 112.)

Alexander Winthrop. Born Dec. 9, 1844; joined the regiment at Morris Island, S. C.; had previously served in a Massachusetts regiment and was wounded. He was wounded at Fort Fisher, N. C., and discharged on account of it; a fine war record, a good man and worthy comrade. Resident, 1911, at Georgetown, Mass. (See Page 111.)

ORIGINAL MEN, COMPANY D, FOURTH N. H. VOLS.

William Badger. Captain. (See Page 119.)

Charles O. Jenison. First Lieutenant. (See Page 123.)

David Otis Burleigh. Second Lieutenant. (See Page 120.)

Timothy Worth Challis. First Sergeant. (See Page 117.)

Adoniram Judson Jones. Sergeant. Born 1839; promoted to 1 Sergt. and died of disease on Morris Island, S. C., Sept. 16, 1863. The same day Sergt. Walter G. Brown of Co. I died and Sergt. Thomas Mack of Co. A was killed. (See reference to Sergeant Mack in Co. A roster.)

Albert Henry Clay Jewett. Sergeant. Born Dec. 22, 1841; served three years in Cos. D, A, and E. He was a splendid officer, loved and respected by all who served under him, who regretted his early death just eight days before his fifty-seventh birthday. (See Page 124.)

Francis H. Davis. Sergeant. Born May 15, 1841; served a little over three years in Co. D and I; was severely wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864; served as Sergt., 1 Sergt., 2 Lieut., and commissioned 1 Lieut., but declined it. He and Jewett were nearly of an age. A good soldier and officer. Died before fifty-four years old.

Darius A. Drake. Born 1840; died of wounds received at Morris Island, S. C., Aug. 22, 1863.

The five original sergeants of Company D have a record which deserves more than passing notice. Rarely has it happened that five soldiers leave such an enduring monument—four promoted for brave and gallant service in the field, two die in the service at the front. The citizens of Laconia should always feel proud of Challis,

Jones, Jewett, Davis, and Drake as among their heroes of the Civil War; also of many others of Company D, who gave their lives and rendered gallant and meritorious service from 1861 to 1865.

Alonzo J. Sargent. Corporal. Born 1836; served as Corp. and Sergt.; reenlisted in the field. After a service of three years he was killed in battle Sept. 29, 1864, at New Market Heights, Va.

Abner Lucius Knowlton. Corporal. Born Sept. 1, 1832, in the little town of Windsor; served through the four years; often promoted; was Corp., Sergt., 1 Lieut., and Capt., succeeding Capt. Clough of Co. H. (See Page 121.)

Jackson Hubbard Lawrence. Corporal. Born June 7, 1826; served every day the regiment was in the service; reenlisted in the field; promoted to Sergt.; wounded three times; always at the front, only when a bullet sent him back for treatment. He lived to good old age; four score and four when he died at his home in Laconia, where, surrounded by his comrades, he was tenderly laid at rest in Union cemetery. A committal service was performed at the grave by the comrade who is preparing this record.

Charles C. Cofran. Corporal. Born 1841. Early in the service, at St. Augustine, June 13, 1862, he was drowned, with two of his comrades, John Lemay and Luther Libby. Nine members of Co. D were taking a sail in the harbor, when suddenly the boat capsized and with great difficulty the other six were saved, among them Lieut. Jewett, then Sergt. of Co. D.

Samuel Hoyt Prescott. Corporal. Born Oct. 11, 1840; served four years; was Corp., Sergt., 1 Sergt., and 1 Lieut.; commanded the company at Ft. Fisher. Lieut. Prescott has a part in this volume which is acknowledged in another place. He is one of only nineteen that survive of the one hundred and one original men. Went out a Corp.; came home 1 Lieut., in command of Co. D. Resident, 1911, Concord. (See Page 126.)

Augustus M. Smith. Corporal. Born May 27, 1840; served four years in Co. D with his brother, Sergt. William E.; reenlisted in the field; wounded twice. (See Page 92.)

Henry H. Jackson. Corporal. Born 1836; discharged early at Annapolis, Md., and died soon after at his home in Laconia. (See Page 53.)

Charles C. Clark. Corporal. Born 1826. He was discharged early at Hilton Head; afterwards served in 15 N. H. (See Page 18.)

Thomas Hale. Drummer of Co. D; was fifty-four when he enlisted; from May 4 to July 12, 1861, in state service at Ft. Constitution, Portsmouth, then from July 25, 1861, to Jan. 12, 1862, in Co. D, 4 N. H.; from Aug. 6 to Oct. 22, 1862, in unattached company at Ft. Constitution; and from Feb. 16, 1864, to July 15, 1865, in Co. A, 31 Maine. Died at Laconia Dec. 6, 1880.

Joseph Appleyard. Born 1836; an Englishman; wounded July 30, 1864; killed Aug. 16, 1864. (See Page 5.)

Moses Ash. Born 1832; reenlisted in the field; died of wounds Nov. 14, 1864. (See Page 5.)

- Sylvester George Atwood.** Born July 4, 1845; fifteen months in Co. D, then in U. S. Battery, where he reenlisted and served till Feb. 1, 1867.
- Walter R. Billings** went through four years' service safely; came home to be killed by a bear. (See Page 9.)
- Elisha G. Blackey.** (See Page 10.)
- George F. Boynton.** Taken prisoner with Qr. Sergt. Kelley; was on the steamer "Union" which was blown ashore Nov. 3, 1861, off the coast of North Carolina. Dead; date unknown.
- George F. Brown.** Born 1844; reenlisted in the field. Killed Aug. 16, 1864, Deep Bottom, Va.
- Charles Kimball Buswell.** Born March 19, 1834. (See Page 16.)
- Alexander Carr.** Born 1842. Died in the service. (See Page 17.)
- Brackett L. Carr.** Born 1835; discharged early, Dec. 5, 1861; served after in 2 N. H.; killed at Gettysburg.
- Lewis H. Cheney.** Born Feb. 25, 1843; served four years; reenlisted in the field; wounded Aug. 16, 1864; discharged as Com. Sergt.; was for a long time president of the board of managers of Soldiers' Home at Monte Vista, Col., where he resided many years, and was a prominent citizen, dying March 17, 1911. (See Page 18.)
- John H. Colfoss.** Born 1838; served three years, but most of the time in regular battery. (See Page 21.)
- Henry S. Corey.** (See Page 23.)
- George E. Cotton.** Born 1838; was six months a prisoner of war in 1862; served in Heavy Art. from Aug. 31, 1863, to Sept. 11, 1865, as Corp. (See Page 23.)
- Andrew B. Cutler.** Born 1838; reenlisted in the field; died of wounds while prisoner of war. (See Page 25.)
- Charles H. Dearborn.** Born 1841; died in the service. (See Page 26.)
- DeWitt D. Dolly.** Born 1840; reenlisted in the field; taken prisoner. Died since the war. (See Page 28.)
- James Ellis.** Born Oct. 12, 1840; reenlisted in the field; served four years; wounded on Morris Island, S. C., Sept., 1863, by a splinter from a shell. Resident, 1911, at Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me. (See Page 31.)
- Benjamin Fairfield.** Born 1832; died early; left at Ft. Monroe hospital when the regiment left for Port Royal. (See Page 33.)
- Ebenezer Farnum.** One of the oldest men of Co. D; served three years. Died since the war. (See Page 33.)
- Albert Little Fitzgerald.** Born Dec. 28, 1828; was a Corp.; discharged for disability, of which he soon died. (See Page 34.)
- Phineas Glidden.** Did not go to war with 4 N. H.
- Israel Cofran Hall.** Born 1843; reenlisted in the field; taken prisoner Aug. 16, 1864; wounded at Ft. Fisher. Resident, 1911, San Francisco, Cal. (See Page 44.)
- Ezra Ham.** Born 1839; reenlisted in the field; wounded May 20, 1864; died of wounds. (See Page 44.)

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- Joseph E. Ham.** Born 1843; served three years, most of the time with regular battery; afterwards in N. H. Battery. Dead; date unknown. (See Page 44.)
- Benjamin F. Hannaford.** Born 1834; reënlisted in the field; died in the service. (See Page 45.)
- Charles P. Hobbs.** Born 1842; reënlisted in the field; wounded and died of wounds. (See Page 49.)
- Charles Edwin Hurd.** Born May 1, 1838; served four years; reënlisted in the field; was Corp. Died Jan. 26, 1911, at the home of his son at Windsor, Vt.; funeral Jan. 29 at the Free Baptist church, Gilmanton Iron Works, with burial in the village cemetery. Four of his comrades were at his funeral and had a farewell service. He left two sons, his wife having died before him. For many years he was a Freewill Baptist minister. (See Page 52.)
- John B. Hutchins.** Born 1839; died in the service. (See Page 52.)
- Alfred Jackson.** Born 1841; killed front of Petersburg, Va. (See Page 53.)
- John H. Jackson.** Born 1840; reënlisted in the field; wounded and taken prisoner Aug. 16, 1864; died of wounds. (See Page 53.) There was a John H. Jackson in Co. A; both reënlisted; both taken prisoners same place, Aug. 16, 1864; both died as prisoners of war only eight days apart.
- James A. Jones.** Born 1843; died in service very early. (See Page 55.)
- George W. Ladd.** Born 1833; served three years. Died at Providence, R. I., May 13, 1875.
- John Lamay.** Born 1843; drowned with Corp. Cofran and Luther L. Libby. (See Page 59.)
- Edward E. Laurence.** Born June 8, 1837; served three years in Co. D. Died since the war. (See Page 59.)
- Solomon N. Leavitt.** Born June 30, 1839; reënlisted in the field; taken prisoner; released; very severely wounded in face Sept. 29, 1864. Resident, 1911, St. Cloud, Fla. (See Page 60.)
- Luther L. Libby.** Born 1841; one of the three comrades of Co. D who were drowned June 13, 1862, St. Augustine Harbor—Cofran, Lamay, Libby.
- John Gilman Lovejoy.** Born April 24, 1846; one of the youngest boys in Co. D; served four years; was always at the front; reënlisted in the field. Resident, 1911, at 9 Elm street, Manchester. Lost his only son in the Philippines. Has a wife and one daughter, a school teacher.
- John H. Lund.** One of the oldest in Co. D; wounded in the head at Cold Harbor, Va.; served three years and died since the war. (See Page 62.)
- Edward K. Marsh.** Born 1843. (See Page 64.)
- George M. Marshall.** Born 1843; served three years. Dead; date unknown. While cleaning his gun, Jan. 1, 1862, in his tent it accidentally discharged and entered the tent of Co. F, killing instantly John H. Whitehouse. It was a sad New Year's incident.

- Robert McKissock.** Born 1842; reënlisted in the field; wounded July 30, 1864; died of wounds. (See Page 68.)
- Augustus Miller.** Born March 11, 1838; reënlisted in the field; served four years with Brother James in same company; another brother, Webster, served in 7 N. H.; all now dead. Augustus died at the home of his daughter at Dover Jan. 12, 1912.
- James Miller.** Born 1839; reënlisted in the field; served four years; the last part was regimental bugler. Brother of Augustus. Died Feb. 5, 1890, Wells, Maine.
- Daniel S. Millet.** Born 1835; was a Sergt.; reënlisted in the field; promoted to 1 Sergt.; served four years; wounded front of Petersburg, Va. Died since the war. (See Page 70.)
- Horace B. Morrison.** Born 1839; served three years; was a Corp. and Sergt. Died in the West; date unknown.
- Benjamin F. Morse.** One of the old men; was not mustered in till Oct. 1, 1861, but went to war with us and could not be called a recruit; served three years; was badly wounded. Died several years ago; date unknown.
- John H. Moses.** Born June 2, 1846; another young soldier boy who served four years, reënlisting in the field; wounded. Died at the home of his sister in San Francisco, Cal., June 5, 1908.
- Philip Olwell.** Born 1839; was a Corp.; served till Nov., '63, then in 1 N. H. Cav.; one of the unknown. His wife and children have not heard from him for more than forty years.
- Albert Franklin Paige.** Born Sept. 4, 1841; reënlisted in the field; wounded May 16, 1864; was both Corp. and Sergt., and was private orderly for Col. Bell when he was killed. He and his brother Asa served in Co. D. Resident, 1911, in the town where he was born, at Gilmanton Iron Works; by occupation a house-painter. Has been in New Hampshire legislature.
- Asa Furnald Paige.** Born Jan. 11, 1844; was a Corp.; served four years in Co. D with his brother Albert; wounded Ft. Fisher, N. C., Jan. 15, 1865; orderly Col. White May 16, 1864; in regular army three years after the war. Served in the legislature, and, like his brother Albert, lives in the town where he was born. The Paige brothers were good soldiers, have pleasant homes near together, are not old, and bid fair to be among the last survivors of the old 4 N. H. Regt.
- Addison A. Parker.** Born 1839; served four years in Co. D; reënlisted in the field; wounded Jacksonville, Fla., March, 1862. Died since war. (See Page 78.)
- Frank Pickering.** Born 1840; served four years in Co. D with his brother Sylvester, both reënlisting in the field; was wounded and taken prisoner May 16, 1864; broke his leg while a prisoner of war. Died at Togus Soldiers' Home Nov. 3, 1883; buried in Home cemetery. (See Page 80.)
- Sylvester Pickering.** Born 1842; brother of Frank; served four years in Co. D; reënlisted in the field; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va. Burned to death in a barn at Meredith; buried at Bayside cemetery, Lakeport. (See Page 80.)
- Nathaniel Piper.** Born 1832; served three years in Co. D. (See Page 81.)

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- Josiah S. Place.** Born 1843; enlisted Sept. 12, 1861, and died in three months. (See Page 81.)
- Frank L. Potter.** Born 1843; killed front of Petersburg, Va. (See Page 82.)
- Samuel Abbott Putnam, Jr.** Born July 23, 1840; served one year in Co. D. Is now a photographer and resides, 1911, at Hyannis, Mass. (See Page 83.)
- Albert S. Randall.** Born 1842; served four years; was Corp. and Sergt.; reënlisted in the field. Has a fine residence at Franklin Falls, where he resides, 1911. (See Page 84.)
- Richard Reed.** Unknown. (See Page 85.)
- William B. Reynolds.** Born 1827; served a year in Co. D and afterward served sixteen months in 32 Mass. Vols. (See Page 85.)
- Alphonso Rollins.** Born Oct. 12, 1844; served four years in Co. D; was a Corp.; reënlisted in the field. Has been a railroad man for over thirty years; now a locomotive engineer, running the Bangor express from Portland to Boston. Resident, 1911, Portland, Me. Has never met with an accident; is healthy, fat, and good-natured; ought to live to be a hundred or as near to it as good health will allow. (See Page 87.)
- Patrick Henry Rowen.** Born March 5, 1840; served in Co. D four years; reënlisted in the field. (See Page 88.)
- George Rumsey.** Born 1843; reënlisted in the field; killed front of Petersburg, Va. (See Page 88.)
- William B. Runnels.** Born 1830; served in Co. D over two years, and died of disease at St. Augustine, Fla. (See Page 88.)
- John Wells Sanborn.** Born May 7, 1843; served three years; was wounded; was a Corp. Resident, 1911, Greeley, Col. (See Page 89.)
- Orrin Gilman Seward.** Born Oct. 11, 1842. He and Lieut. Prescott both born same day and month, two years apart. Served four years in Co. D; was a Corp.; reënlisted in the field, wounded. Died March 18, 1909. (See Page 90.)
- James W. Shattuck.** An old man; discharged early; served after in Heavy Art. Dead; date unknown. (See Page 91.)
- Daniel Silver.** (See Page 92.)
- Caleb M. Smith.** Born 1842; served three years, most of the time in regular battery. (See Page 93.)
- Lucien Smith.** Born 1839; reënlisted. Killed July 30, 1864. (See Page 93.)
- William Edwin Smith.** Born June 7, 1844. He and a brother, Augustus, served four years in Co. D, reënlisting in the field; was both Corp. and Sergt.; was awarded a Gilmore medal of honor. Sergt. Smith was one of the best men in Co. D; has a splendid war record, and a memory as to dates and incidents that has been useful in the preparation of this book. Resident, 1911, Meredith. (See Page 94.)
- Winthrop Hilton Smith.** Born Feb. 3, 1832; was one of the first men discharged in Co. D, but served afterward in the 15 N. H. and Heavy Art. (See Page 94.)
- Charles Stuart.** Born 1842; discharged early. (See Page 97.)
- Gust Smith.** Prisoner.

Daniel Sullivan. Born 1840; served four years in Co. D; was a Corp.; reenlisted in the field; wounded July 30, 1864. Resident, 1911, Soldiers' Home, Orting, Wash. There was another Daniel Sullivan in Co. G; both reenlisted and served four years, and both alive fifty years after we went to war. (See Page 97.)

Henry A. Swain. Born 1836; from May 3 to June 17, 1861, in Laconia Vols. at Portsmouth in state service; from July 30, 1861, to May 3, 1862, in Co. D, 4 N. H., and from Aug. 15, 1862, to June 22, 1865, in Co. H, 12 N. H., where he was a Corp., and wounded severely at Cold Harbor. Died July 11, 1868, Laconia.

Henry F. Swift. Another old man; served three years. Dead; date unknown.

Charles H. Thompson. Born 1831; from Aug. 19, 1861, to June 17, 1862, in Co. D; taken prisoner with the teamster Nov. 3, 1861; was on steamer "Union" that was blown ashore in the great storm off Hatteras. Dead; date unknown.

James Smith Thompson. Born ———; served three years in Co. D; taken prisoner at Jacksonville, Fla. (See Page 100.)

Frank Josiah Thurston. Born May 11, 1836; discharged early; injured by fall when at work on wharf at Hilton Head, S. C.; served after in 18 N. H. Resident, 1911, Soldiers' Home, Tilton.

George Henry Tilton. Born May 13, 1845, in the small town of Dorchester; one of the young boys of Co. D; enlisted early in 12 Mass., under Col. Fletcher Webster, son of Daniel Webster, but was sent home by request of his father; enlisted in Co. D and served faithfully three years. His father 1 Lieut. Joseph S. Tilton, was in the 12 N. H.; now deceased. The surviving members of the 4 N. H. owe a great debt of gratitude to Comrade Tilton for his efforts toward the publication of this history. His large contribution of five hundred dollars prompted Comrade Aaron P. Ordway of Co. H, now of New York City, to give five hundred dollars. Comrade Tilton has been treasurer and business manager of the historical committee and has given much time and additional expense during three years and more that the work has been in progress. Resident, 1911, Laconia. A further notice of him will appear in Part 4.

Lyman M. Wade. Born 1835; served nearly four years in Co. D; reenlisted in the field; wounded Aug. 16, 1864. (See Page 103.)

Charles D. Wentworth. Did not go with Co. D. (See Page 106.)

Lyman Hodsdon White. Born April 9, 1835. (See Page 107.)

George W. Wiggin. Born April 25, 1840; discharged in three months; served after in 6 N. H. (See Page 108.)

RECRUITS CO. D, 4 N. H. V.

From 1861 to 1865 Company D received eighty-three recruits. Many of them were good soldiers, and a less number deserted than many companies that had a much smaller number of additions.

Nine deserted from the company—Breniken, John Brown, Dillon, Fisher, Flood, Martin, McCluskey, Murphy, and Oliver. Five were transferred to navy; three of them deserted—Remunsen, W. H. Thomas, and William Johnson. Daniel Kinsella and Peter Williamson deserted, but returned in time to be mustered out Aug. 23, 1865. George L. Fisher and Henry Oakley, transferred to navy, served honorably. All the above sixteen will be found in the alphabetical roster.

Jos. Belfeur, Louis Black, John Brennan, Louis Bronson, John Burns, Robert Callahan, James Dempsey, Wm. H. Ellis, Jos. M. Elmer, Chas. Frank, Chas. Frazer, Michael Gero, Martin Havermass, Geo. Kenny, Gabriel Lamar, Wm. McEwen, John Palmer, John Reed, Wm. Roberts, John Smith, Frederick Simmons, Geo. Thompson, Henry Williams. The above twenty-three joined Co. D and served a few months after the fighting was over, and nothing is known of them since. (See alphabetical roster.)

Chas. W. Barton, Daniel Brierly, Albert Clough, Jesse E. Johnston, Thos. J. Moore, Augustine Patnode enlisted in 1863 and had a long service, but are on the unknown list. (See Alphabetical roster.)

Henry S. Hamlett. Corporal. In 1862 recruit, taken prisoner, and died prisoner of war. (See Page 45.) A brother, Warren, served in Co. F.

Albert R. Hull. Corporal. In 1862 recruit; wounded Aug. 16, 1864, and died of wounds. (See Page 51.)

John H. Powers. Corporal. In 1862 a recruit; wounded; mustered out with the company. Resident, 1911, Baraboo, Wis. (See Page 82.)

Oscar F. Washburn. Corporal. Born 1840; joined Co. D early in 1862; was Color Corp. at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864, when nearly all the color guard were killed and wounded, and he carried the flag off the field; was afterwards wounded and died of his wounds at Fortress Monroe hospital. He was not an original member of the regiment, but the equal of any and the superior of a great many; one of New Hampshire's dead heroes. (See Page 104.)

William F. Harmon. Born March 15, 1845; served more than three years in Co. D, joining Co. D early in 1862 as drummer; as such, served in the 2 Band; reënlisted in the field. Resided after the war at Somersworth; had been postmaster and a prominent citizen, and died there, aged fifty-four years. (See Page 45.)

David G. Allen. Joined Co. D early in 1864; wounded twice and discharged on account of wounds. (See Page 4.)

George Bailey. Joined Co. D in the fall of 1862; died of disease in the service. (See Page 6.)

Charles M. Borman. Enlisted Aug. 14, 1862; served till after the war. Dead; date unknown. (See Page 10.)

Franklin Crawford. Drafted Sept. 16, 1863. Died Aug. 22, 1911. (See Page 24.)

Charles B. Dascomb. Born 1843; served three years in Co. D. (See Page 25.)

- Darius O. Davis.** Born Jan. 22, 1832; served three years. Resident, 1911, Osakis, Minn. (See Page 26.)
- Richard Dearborn.** Born 1838; 1862 recruit; served three years; taken prisoner. (See Page 27.)
- Edwin A. Fessenden.** Born June 4, 1827; 1862 recruit; wounded at Pocotaligo; transferred to V. R. C. (See Page 33.)
- Albert S. Flint.** Born 1841; 1862 recruit; died in the service. (See Page 35.)
- Edward L. Garvis.** Resident, 1911, Stockton, California, Insane Asylum. (See Page 39.)
- George H. Harper.** (See Page 45.)
- James Hindle.** Recruit 1865. Resident, 1911, Soldiers' Home, Bath, N. Y. (See Page 49.)
- Paul Herrick.** Recruit 1862; died in service. (See Page 48.)
- Asa E. Howe.** Recruit 1862; served two years; killed in the service. Brother of Asbrah P. (See Page 50.)
- Asbrah P. Howe.** Served three years in Co. D; was recruit in 1862. Brother of Asa E. A fine scholar. (See Page 50.)
- David M. Moody.** (See Page 71.)
- James Munroe.** Recruit 1863. Resident, 1911, U. S. Soldiers' Home, Johnson City, Tenn.
- William L. Pearson.** Served one year. Dead; date unknown. (See Page 79.)
- Russell W. Powell.** (See Page 82.)
- Washington N. G. Place.** Recruit 1865. (See Page 81.)
- Winthrop L. Presby.** Recruit 1862; killed front of Petersburg, Va. (See Page 82.)
- Frank Pullen.** Recruit 1865. (See Page 83.)
- Abiel E. Putnam.** Recruit 1862. Died in service. (See Page 83.)
- Charles H. Russell.** Recruit 1862. (See Page 88.)
- Samuel Sleeper.** Served three years. (See Page 92.)
- Alfred Taylor.** (See Page 98.)
- James S. Tilton.** Recruit 1862. Dead; date unknown. (See Page 101.)
- George Twitchell.** Name now Thomas W. Westwood. Recruit 1865. Resident, 1911, Newton, Mass.
- Aaron Veasey.** Born June 28, 1821; recruit 1862; served nearly three years. (See Page 103.)
- Edward A. Wetherbee.** Recruit 1862; discharged, but died before starting for home.
- Curtice C. Whittier.** Recruit 1862; served nearly three years; was a member of the 2 Band. (See Page 108.)
- Joseph Wolff.** Escaped from a Confederate battery before enlisting in 4 Regt.; wounded and taken prisoner.
- John Wonsor.** Recruit 1863; prisoner of war; was a witness against Capt. Wirz at his trial in Washington, D. C.; wounded front of Fort Sumter. (See Page 112.)

ORIGINAL MEN COMPANY E, 4 N. H. VOLS.

- Thompson Lafayette Newell.** Captain. (See Page 119.)
- Francis Wayland Parker.** First Lieutenant. (See Page 116.)
- Andrew Jackson Edgerly.** Second Lieutenant. (See Page 123.)
- Frank Benjamin Hutchinson.** First Sergeant. (See Page 128.)
- Cyrus H. Hubbard.** Second Sergeant. (See Page 51.)
- Charles Henry Reed.** Third Sergeant. Born Sept. 17, 1842; enlisted in Co. K, 1 N. H., but did not go to war with them. He was a well drilled man and as such drilled the company the first part of the service. After the war for a long time served on the Manchester police. (See Page 84.)
- Addison W. Tobie.** Fourth Sergeant. Born 1844; served three months in 1 N. H.; one year in 4 N. H.; discharged as 1 Sergt.; enlisted in the 17 N. H., and as only two companies were raised, they were transferred to the 2 N. H., so he served in four different organizations. (See Page 101.)
- Stephen Kenrick.** Fifth Sergeant. Born July 29, 1841; served three years, but nearly all the time on detached service; was in 1 N. H. three months. (See Page 57.)
- Charles Milton Whiting.** First Corporal. (See Page 125.)
- Edward O. Hill.** Second Corporal. Born Jan. 6, 1843; reënlisted in the field; served four years; a prisoner of war nearly a year. Resident, 1911, Ansonia, Conn. (See Page 49.)
- Henry Clay Osgood.** Third Corporal. Born Oct. 18, 1844; reënlisted in the field; one of the color guard May 16, 1864, at Drewry's Bluff, Va.; was severely wounded, large toe amputated; transferred to V. R. C.; discharged on account of wounds. (See Page 77.)
- Edwin Whitford.** Fourth Corporal. (See Page 122.)
- Volney Piper.** Fifth Corporal. (See Page 130.)
- John P. Smith.** Sixth Corporal. First death in Co. E. (See Page 93.)
- Charles H. Plumer.** Seventh Corporal. Reënlisted in the field; Color Sergt. at Fort Fisher, N. C., where he was severely wounded. (See Page 81.)
- Joseph C. Dennett.** Eighth Corporal. Wounded, and afterward died of disease. (See Page 27.)
- Charles Augustus Newton.** Drummer. Born March 27, 1846; served four years; reënlisted in the field. Resident, 1911, Soldiers' Home, Lisbon, N. Dak. Served in band, 5 U. S. Inf., since the war. (See Page 74.)
- John Gould Hutchinson.** Enlisted as a musician, but entered the ranks as a private; served four years; reënlisted in the field; wounded severely in the left knee at Drewry's Bluff, Va.; served as Corp., 1 Sergt.; commissioned 2 and 1 Lieut. (See Page 52.) Brother of Lt. Frank B. Hutchinson, killed May 16, 1864. Is in a feeble way producing this story as regimental historian. Has held every office in the Fourth Regiment Veteran association, and is now secretary and historian. The mistakes, omissions, and limitations of this book may be charged to him. If any have done nothing to secure a history of the regiment, be very modest in your criticisms, is the request of your historian.

- Charles Henry Allen.** (See Page 4.) Co. E went into camp at Manchester Sept. 16, 1861, which was the anniversary of Comrade Allen's birth. He was born Sept. 16, 1842; served three months in Co. C, 1 N. H.; three years in Co. E, 4 N. H. Buried Co. E lot, Manchester.
- Francis A. Allen.** Born Oct. 19, 1834; served thirty-eight months in Co. E; reenlisted in the field; severely wounded in the hand; discharged on account of wounds. Buried Co. E lot, Manchester. (See Page 4.)
- William Henry Harrison Austin.** Born Nov. 28, 1841; wounded at Pocotaligo, S. C., Oct. 22, 1862. Buried Co. E lot, Manchester. (See Page 5.)
- Rufus Bailey.** One of the oldest men of Company E; served three years. Died early after the war. (See Page 6.)
- Robert Bradford Baker.** Born April 18, 1836; served nearly three years. Resident, 1911, Pepperell, Mass. (See Page 6.)
- Charles T. Batchelder.** Born 1843. (See Page 7.)
- Horatio Nelson Bickford.** Born Dec. 15, 1817. Buried Co. E lot, Manchester. (See Page 9.)
- Charles J. Brackett.** Correct name George W. Fargo. Born June 23, 1838; wounded Ft. Fisher; taken prisoner three months after; reenlisted in the field. Died of cancer, South Boston. (See Page 11.)
- Alexander Brown.** (See Page 12.)
- Thomas Savage Burns.** Born April 19, 1842; served four years; reenlisted in the field; promoted to Sergt. Resident, 1911, on his farm, Bedford. (See Page 15.)
- Harvey E. Buxton.** Born July 31, 1839; taken prisoner on board steamer "Union" off the coast of North Carolina, where the vessel was driven ashore in the great storm off Hatteras as the expedition was proceeding to Port Royal; released and was wounded front of Petersburg, Va.; served three years. (See Page 16.)
- John T. Buzzell.** Born 1839; served four years, reenlisting in the field. (See Page 16.)
- Patrick Castles.** Born Aug. 15, 1837. (See Page 17.)
- Walter Clark.** Born 1830; served three years; was Corp. and Sergt.; wounded severely Aug. 16, 1864. (See Page 19.)
- Willard Knight Cobb.** Born Dec. 26, 1843; reenlisted in the field; promoted to Corp. and Sergt.; wounded in the head at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864; killed Sept. 29, 1864, New Market Heights, Va. A splendid young man, brave soldier, one of the many heroes of the Civil war whose bodies are in unknown graves. (See Page 20.)
- Isaac K. Colby.** Born 1838; reenlisted in the field; killed at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864. (See Page 21.)
- Horatio Jesse Collins.** Born Feb. 19, 1837; served three years; one third of the service in regular battery. (See Page 22.)
- Owen Corrigan.** Reenlisted in the field; served four years. (See Page 23.)

- Amos Cressy.** Born Oct. 5, 1822; wounded severely and taken prisoner May 16, 1864; died of wounds; prisoner of war at Richmond, Va., June 6, 1864. His widow now resides in Manchester. His nephew, Charles A., served in same company and was wounded in the same battle. (See Page 24.)
- Charles Amos Cressy.** Born Jan. 10, 1843; served three months in Co. C, 1 N. H., and three years in Co. E, 4 N. H.; severely wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 15, 1864; was chaplain of a Minn. Regt. in the Spanish war; served in the Philippine Islands. Now a retired Methodist minister, residing at Newport, Minn. Further notice in Part 4.
- Michael Cuddy.** Reënlisted in the field; a prisoner of war one year. (See Page 24.)
- James M. Cummings.** Born May 20, 1841; served two years in Co. E; then in Vet. Reserve Corps. (See Page 25.)
- John L. Dame.** Born 1834; discharged early afterwards; served in Co. I, 10 N. H., from Aug. 8, 1862, to Feb. 13, 1865, when he died while prisoner of war. (See Page 25.)
- George F. Davis.** Born 1838; reënlisted in the field; taken prisoner May 16, 1864; paroled and died in parole camp, Annapolis, Md., Dec. 30, 1864. (See Page 26.)
- James Madison Dickey, Jr.** Born Jan. 6, 1845; one of the young boys of Co. E; reënlisted in the field; wounded three times; drowned once and resuscitated by his comrades rolling him in a barrel; had a severe fever and yet lived to come home as Corp. after four years' service. Has been in the government service many years; has charge of thousands of soldiers, but they are quiet, and he has no trouble in keeping everything in good order. His address is Corinth, Miss., where he is superintendent at the government cemetery.
- Joseph Douglass.** (See Page 28.)
- Daniel Emery.** Born March 20, 1831. (See Page 32.)
- Ebenezer S. Emery.** Born Nov. 23, 1823. (See Page 32.)
- John Fallon.** Reënlisted in the field; served four years; was wounded. (See Page 33.)
- Patrick H. Feally.** Born 1841; was inmate of R. I. State hospital about forty years. (See Page 33.)
- Warren Theodore Fisher.** Born Oct. 26, 1846; youngest boy in Co. E; served three years: one year in Co. E, two years in regular battery. For most of time since the war has been in the employ of the Penn. R. R.; is now a passenger conductor, running between Philadelphia and Washington, and has seen the city of Washington more times than any member of the regiment. He has a beautiful home near Philadelphia, at Ridley Park. (See Page 34.)
- Alpheus Dexter Flagg.** Born March 20, 1835; served three years in Co. E. Had been both a doctor and minister since the war. Died at a Boston hospital; buried in Co. E burial lot, Pine Grove cemetery, Manchester. (See Page 34.)
- William Chapin Flanders.** Born 1843; served but a few months in Co. E, 4 N. H., but was in Co. E, 9 N. H., three years. (See Page 35.)

- Charles H. Fullerton.** Born Sept. 12, 1835; was a Corp.; reënlisted in the field; wounded July 30, 1864; served four years in Co. E. (See Page 38.)
- William Gemmell.** Born 1836; served three years; wounded at Drewry's Bluff, Va. (See Page 39.)
- Herman Greager.** Born March 14, 1843; served three months in Co. H, 1 N. H., and four years in Co. E, 4 N. H.; was Regt. Bugler part of the time and also a member of the second band; reënlisted in the field; was always on duty at the front. His war record is A No. 1. Still survives; had a son in the Philippine service. He was a good representative of our German citizens, who did so much to help the Union cause in the Civil war.
- James F. Griffin.** Said to have been the same one who served in Co. C, 11 N. H., as Lyman Griffin. (See Page 43.)
- Aaron Young Hackett.** Born Feb., 1837; served four years; re-enlisted in the field. Buried Co. E lot, Manchester. (See Page 43.)
- John Hackett.** Served three years; terribly wounded May 16, 1864, through the mouth, destroying most of his teeth and cutting off a piece of his tongue. (See Page 44.)
- George Henry Harris.** Born Dec. 23, 1840; died in Nashua April 23, 1885; served three years. A comical, jovial, good-hearted comrade that everyone loved. It was all sunshine where the "Col." was, as he was called. (See Page 46.)
- William Batchelder Hart.** Born Dec. 21, 1844; served three years; was on detached service all the time. Lived but a short time after the war. (See Page 46.)
- George W. Heath.** Born April 12, 1837; reënlisted in the field; always called "Chaplain"; terribly wounded through both hips May 16, 1864, and taken prisoner; lived to be paroled, but has always been a cripple. Resident, 1911, on his farm, Plaistow. (See Page 48.)
- Horace G. Heath.** Born 1830; served four years; reënlisted in the field. (See Page 48.)
- Robert Hume.** Born 1831; was Corp. and Sergt.; wounded and taken prisoner; served four years; reënlisted in the field. (See Page 51.)
- John M. Jenness.** Born 1840; served nearly four years; reënlisted in the field; taken prisoner. (See Page 53.)
- Thomas Law.** Born July 31, 1822; was a Corp.; served three years; wounded Aug. 16, 1864. (See Page 59.)
- Lucius Leavitt.** Born 1842; wounded twice; died of wounds. (See Page 60.)
- Charles Henry Lee.** Served three years. Brother, George W., in 3 N. H., killed. (See Page 60.)
- David Gibson Lillis.** Born May 2, 1843; went into the battle of Pocotaligo when he was sick and it was the cause of his death; was carried back to hospital and died. (See Page 61.)
- Charles C. Livingston.** Born 1839; served three years. Lost a finger by accident. Killed accidentally while out gunning in Iowa soon after the war. (See Page 61.)

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- John Lynch.** Served four years; reënlisted in the field; was a Corp.; wounded Aug. 16, 1864. (See Page 62.)
- John L. Mack.** Born Oct. 29, 1841; served four years, the last five months in the Vet. Reserve Corp; reënlisted in the field; wounded May 16, 1864. (See Page 63.)
- John Malone.** Reënlisted in the field; wounded and taken prisoner May 16; died of wounds. (See Page 63.)
- Frederick Martin.** Born Nov. 27, 1827; served three years. (See Page 65.)
- Frank Matthews.** Born Dec. 5, 1840; served four years; reënlisted in the field; was a Corp. Resident, 1911, Andover. (See Page 65.)
- Lewis S. Merrill.** Born May 7, 1840; served three years; wounded May 16, 1864, and July 9, 1864. Dead; date unknown. (See Page 69.)
- James Mokler.** Born July, 1843; served three years; wounded May 15, 1864; awarded Gilmore medal. It is only recently he was known to be dead. Was a very eccentric man; wandered around the western country for over forty years; nearest relatives never knew where he was. A good soldier. (See Page 71.) Died July 10, 1910, Soldiers' Home, Roseburg, Oregon.
- Rollins David Moore.** Born Feb. 4, 1843, at Bedford. He was named David R., but he chose to reverse it. Served four years but the last few months in the 204 Penn. Vols.; severely wounded; reënlisted in the field. (See Page 72.)
- Harlan Ethan Paige.** Born 1837; served three years. Two brothers, David A. and Henry C., served in Co. H, 3 N. H.; another brother, John F., in Co. H, Heavy Art. (See Page 78.)
- Oscar Perkins.** Born Sept. 19, 1840; reënlisted in the field; wounded May 16, 1864; taken prisoner April 9, 1865. Resident, 1911, Manchester. (See Page 79.)
- Charles Everett Philbrick.** Born March 18, 1843; served three years; wounded July 30, 1864; enlisted 1 N. H. Cav. last part of the war; only got as far as Boston when discharged. Resident, 1911, Haverhill, Mass. (See Page 80.)
- Thomas P. Philbrook.** Born 1835; served three years; on detached service part of the time as blacksmith. (See Page 80.)
- Moses W. Pillsbury.** Born 1841; health gave way after two years' service; discharged but died at Concord before reaching home. (See Page 81.)
- Levi Putnam.** Born Nov. 19, 1841. Brother Byron in Co. C; was on detached service with Quartermaster Kelley; served two years. Died Oct. 24, 1911, Milford. (See Page 83.)
- Benjamin F. Quinley.** Born 1834; died of disease contracted on Morris Island, S. C. (See Page 83.)
- Carlton Cass Richardson.** Born Aug. 31, 1834; reënlisted in the field; appointed Corp.; taken prisoner; awarded Gilmore medal. (See Page 85.)
- Henry K. Richardson.** Born 1824; killed May 16, 1864. (See Page 86.)
- George W. Robinson.** Born March 24, 1843; served one year. (See Page 86.)

- Daniel Savory Russell.** Born April 2, 1830; served four months. Resident, 1911, Fall River, Mass. (See Page 88.)
- Henry W. Sargent.** Born March 4, 1836; served three years. Died at the age of thirty-three. (See Page 89.)
- Larkin Sargent.** Born Jan. 28, 1818; one of the oldest men of Co. E; injured by a fall at Pocotaligo, S. C. (See Page 89.)
- Joseph T. Snow.** Born Nov. 21, 1819; another old man; with the company but four months. (See Page 94.)
- Benjamin Spalding.** A young boy who appeared to have no home or relatives; served three years. (See Page 95.)
- John Stewart.** Born 1836; an old English soldier; taken prisoner and died. (See Page 96.)
- Jonas Trowbridge Thompson.** Born April 23, 1831; was a Corp.; served three months over his time, as he was a prisoner of war. (See Page 100.)
- William Henry Webster.** Born Feb. 28, 1833; reenlisted in the field; was a Corp.; wounded. (See Page 105.)
- Alvin Eugene Willand.** Born Dec. 22, 1845; one of the young boys; served three years. Resident, 1911, Elgin; watchmaker. (See Page 109.)
- Charles Henry Williams.** Born Nov. 23, 1842; was a Corp. and Sergt.; reenlisted in the field; wounded Aug. 16, 1864; served four years. Brother George W. in Co. E. (See Page 109.)
- George W. Williams.** Born July 23, 1844; served four years; reenlisted in the field; was a Corp.; had smallpox in the army. Brother of Charles H. (See Page 110.)
- Edson Wyman.** Born Sept. 24, 1836; served nearly four years; was Corp.; reenlisted in the field; wounded in the hand severely. Was one of five brothers in same company, Edson, Woodbury, Lyman, Emery, and William D.; another brother, twin to Lyman, was in 10 N. H. His correct name was Ambrose Addison Wyman, but, like two of his brothers, he liked a short name. (See Page 113.)
- Emery Wyman.** Born Aug. 28, 1843; served four years; was a Corp.; reenlisted in the field; wounded twice, May 16, 1864, and Aug. 16, 1864. Only son is a missionary in India. Was a brother of Edson, Woodbury, Lyman, and William D. The only survivor of the Wyman brothers. (See Page 113.)
- Lyman Wyman.** Correct name John Lyman. Born Feb. 3, 1839; twin of George H., who served in 10 N. H., and died a prisoner of war; served four years in Co. E; reenlisted in the field. Brother of Edson, Woodbury, Emery, and William D. (See Page 113.)
- Woodbury Wyman.** Born Jan. 3, 1832; served four years; reenlisted in the field. Brother of Edson, Lyman, Emery, and William D., who was a recruit in Co. E. (See Page 113.)

RECRUITS CO. E, 4 N. H. VOLS.

In 1863, 1864, and 1865, sixty-two men joined Company E. Several of them were good soldiers; some were no good, and thirty-seven very short-service after all the fighting was over; fourteen

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of them deserted from the company—Armstrong, Emerson, Harrington, Jackson, Mehan, Nichols, Noyes, Rogers, Ryan, Shanley, St. Clair, Sweetman, Thomas, and Whitehead; four were transferred to navy. Robert Burrell and Peter Thompson served faithfully; William McCarty and John Wiley deserted. Nothing has been known of these eighteen men since the war. (See alphabetical roster.)

George Behm (correct name George Bertram) deserted from company ten days before our muster-out, but in some way convinced congress it was a mistake. (See Page 8.)

Charles Smith, an 1865 recruit, deserted, but returned and received honorable discharge. (See Page 93.)

Alonzo Steele joined company in 1863 at Morris Island; was a good soldier; was wounded May 16, 1864; went to hospital and deserted. (See Page 95.)

Charles H. Smithford joined company after all the trouble was over. Being educated and a good penman, was made Sergt.-Major two months before we came home. (See Page 130.)

The following served honorably but are on the unknown list; no word from them since 1865 (see alphabetical roster): George Hazard, John Hughes, William Johnson, James Kelley, John Lovett, Charles A. Maude, Charles Murray, John G. Oatis, William Pedden, John Roxborough, Andrew Sanders, William Smith, John Spillane, John Stewart, William S. Stone, James E. Sullivan, James Thompson.

John H. Baker was a drafted man, but a good soldier; promoted to Sergt.; served till muster-out, Aug. 23, 1865. (See Page 6.)

Eli Sturgeon. Corporal. Joined company in 1863; wounded at Ft. Fisher. Resident, 1911, Canaan. (See Page 97.)

Benjamin F. Allen. A young boy; joined company 1863; wounded twice and taken prisoner; died of wounds. (See Page 4.)

George W. Bean. Recruit 1863; severely wounded May 16, 1864. Resident, 1911, Wheelock, Vt. (See Page 8.)

William Cash joined company on Morris Island early in 1864; killed while on duty at the front, Feb. 11, 1864. This was the last day the regiment was on Morris Island. (See Page 17.)

Dennis Clark. Recruit 1865. (See Page 19.)

Charles A. Cole. Recruit 1863. Resident, 1911, Appleton, Wis. (See Page 21.)

John Collins joined company late in 1864; wounded at Ft. Fisher. (See Page 22.)

George Gerry. Recruit 1863. Resident, 1911, Rutland, Vt. (See Page 39.)

Henry Gray. Better known as Harry Gray; correct name Henry Sells. Recruit 1863; wounded and taken prisoner; died of wounds while prisoner of war. Since the war his body was removed by a brother to Columbus, Ohio, for burial. (See Page 42.)

Hugh Higgins. Correct name Henry G. Hichborn. Recruit 1865. Resident, 1911, Revere, Mass. (See Page 48.)

- Richard Mayo.** Last man to join Company E during the war, which closed two months before he reported for duty. He came at the eleventh hour, like the toilers referred to in the Bible. He received his penny just the same as the men did who gave all their time and bore the burdens of four years' hard service. He enlisted at Concord December 28, 1864; was more than four months reaching the regiment; was assigned to Co. E May 3, 1865; left for the hospital June 25, 1865; discharged at Fort Schuyler, New York harbor, July 26, 1865. Resident, 1911, East Grand Forks, Minn.
- Thomas McGloughlin.** Recruit 1865. Health gave way early, which caused his death. (See Page 67.)
- Frederick Oscar McPhersons.** Born Jan. 23, 1847; a young boy; joined company early in 1864. Resident, 1911, Manchester. (See Page 68.)
- Charles Moore.** Correct name Charles M. Rome. Recruit 1865. Resident, 1911, Cleveland, Ohio. (See Page 71.)
- Frank Mosier.** Recruit 1863; died while prisoner of war. (See Page 73.)
- Michael Pocquet.** Recruit 1863; taken prisoner. (See Page 82.)
- James Shore.** Born March 9, 1842; recruit 1865. Resident, 1911, Soldiers' Home, Yountville, Cal. (See Page 91.)
- Frank P. Stanley.** Recruit 1865; died in the service; last man of company to die before muster-out. (See Page 95.)
- Thomas Taylor.** Recruit 1865. Resident, 1911, Florence, Wis. (See Page 99.)
- Alvah Darius Wilson.** Born May 26, 1838; joined company on Morris Island; was a drafted man. Co. E had but two who were drafted, Sergt. Baker and A. D. Wilson, and both proved to be first-class soldiers. Resident, 1911, Henniker. (See Page 110.)
- Henry Wilson.** Correct name William H. Moffatt. Recruit 1865; had previously served in Co. B, 10 R. I. Vols. Died June 1, 1911, Fall River, Mass.
- William Darrah Wyman.** Born July 1, 1845; youngest of five Wyman brothers in Co. E; the other four were original men; William joined in 1864. (See Page 113.)

ORIGINAL MEN, CO. F, 4 N. H. VOLS.

- Orrin Brown.** Captain. (See Page 119.)
- Isaac Wallingford Hobbs.** First Lieutenant. A graduate of Dartmouth college. The only survivor of the first four officers of Co. F. Going from Manchester to Concord on the electric cars, you pass Hobbs' Corner, where the captain lives with his two sons and a daughter, and it is a pleasure to call on him and receive their hospitality and royal welcome. (See Page 120.) Sept. 27, 1911.
- Charles Henry Drummer.** Second Lieutenant. Served three months in 1 N. H.; six months in 4 N. H.; one year in U. S. Navy. (See Page 126.)
- Mark Hanson Cowell.** First Sergeant. Served a year in 4 N. H.; discharged and went home to die. (See Page 23.)

- Samuel L. Willey.** Second Sergeant. Died of wounds received at Ft. Fisher. (See Page 109.)
- James M. Goodwin.** Third Sergeant. Promoted 1 Sergt.; wounded front of Petersburg, Va. Killed July 30, 1864. (See Page 41.)
- Howard Franklin Parsons.** Fourth Sergeant. Born April 30, 1836; served three years. Brother of Solomon, same company. (See Page 78.)
- George A. Drew.** Fifth Sergeant. A retired New York policeman. Lt.-Col. Drew was his uncle; also Lt. Drew of Co. H. (See Page 29.)
- William Hussey Clement.** First Corporal. Born Feb. 16, 1828. Died Nov. 23, 1911, Rollinsford; funeral and burial at Rollinsford Nov. 26. (See Page 19.)
- George A. Miner.** Second Corporal. Died three months before company came home. (See Page 70.)
- Clarence Linden Chapman.** Third Corporal. Born Dec. 1, 1843. The third Capt. of Co. F; served as Corp., Sergt., 1 Lieut., and Capt. For several years was postmaster of Somersworth. (See Page 122.)
- Charles P. Stevens.** Fourth Corporal. An error on Page 96 gives date and place of death, which is unknown.
- Thomas Jefferson Burns.** Fifth Corporal. Born March 25, 1829; served three years; wounded. Resident, 1911, Denver, Col. (See Page 15.)
- Daniel Davis.** Sixth Corporal. One of the oldest men in Co. F. Born July 1, 1814; was Corp. and Sergt.; wounded; served three years. (See Page 26.)
- Hiram Hurd.** Seventh Corporal. Born June 23, 1842; served four years; discharged as 1 Sergt., with commission as 2 Lieut., too late for muster-in. Always at the front and ready for duty. Still lives, 1911, on his farm at Berwick, Me. (See Page 52.)
- Andrew Morrison.** Eighth Corporal. Born May 19, 1842; enlisted April 18, 1861, for three months in 2 N. H.; reënlisted for three years; discharged July 30, 1861. When he found a first-class company being recruited at old Great Falls, he jumped into it with both feet, and made himself useful till put out of commission at Drewry's Bluff, Va., where he was dreadfully wounded. A piece of shell crashed through his skull while serving as Color Corp. He is still living and a prominent citizen of Dover; has had something to do in the manufacturing of shoes ever since the war. Knows the political game from A to Z. (See Page 72.)
- Noah S. Brown.** Musician. Served nearly four years; taken prisoner April 9, 1865. Dropped dead at Somersworth. (See Page 14.)
- Albert Franklin Kent.** Born July 24, 1839; was in the 6 Mass. April 19, 1861, in its march through Baltimore, when assaulted by a mob, and lost his drum, afterwards recovered. The drum belonged to Aaron P. Ordway of Co. H, who loaned his drum to Kent the night before he started. Kent served four years in 4 N. H.; was principal musician and a member of 2 Band. (See Pages 57 and 132.)

- Jarius C. Abbott.** Died after fifteen months' service. (See Page 3.)
- William Adams.** One of the oldest men; served fourteen months. (See Page 4.)
- Charles William Ayer.** Born June 26, 1841; served three years. (See Page 5.)
- Michael Ball.** Reënlisted and deserted. (See Page 6.)
- William Bonner.** Short service in both 2 N. H. and 4 N. H. (See Page 10.)
- Charles Alonzo Brown.** Born Sept. 16, 1842; served nearly four years; went back after the war and recovered the body of Lieut. Wentworth. (See Page 12.)
- George B. Brown.** No good. (See Page 13.)
- Alvah Buzzell.** Born April 11, 1807; not more than one older than he in the regiment; had been a preacher several years; served fifteen months; performed the marriage ceremony for Jim Tilton of Co. I at St. Augustine, Fla. His son Frank was in Co. I. (See Page 16.)
- William H. Colomy served four years.** Brother James in Co. H; reënlisted; was a Corp. Now, as always, resides in a pleasant home he owns in Farmington, with a summer residence at Alton Bay. (See Page 22.)
- David Plummer Dearborn** was assigned to Co. F when the regiment was organized, but was on duty in the hospital and returned after four years; surgeon of the 4 N. H. (See Page 118.)
- Orrin Q. Dore.** Error on Page 28 spells his name Dorr. Served three years; was company clerk part of the time.
- Loren H. Dorr.** Born 1843; died in the service. (See Page 28.)
- Hezekiah Dow.** Born Jan. 20, 1838. (See Page 28.)
- Samuel Dryfuss.** Went to his native Germany after the war, where he died; date unknown. (See Page 29.)
- James L. French.** (See Page 37.)
- Orrin Gerald.** Served three and a half years, last part in regular battery. Died at Stacyville, Me., May 10, 1903. (See Page 29.)
- Ezra B. Gordon.** Born Dec. 25, 1840; long service; reënlisted in the field. (See Page 41.)
- Josiah C. Griffin.** One of the old men; served three years. (See Page 43.)
- Anson E. Hall.** Born Feb., 1842; served four years; reënlisted in the field. Resident, 1911, Danville. (See Page 44.)
- Nathaniel Hanscom.** (See Page 45.)
- Franklin O. Hanson.** (See Page 45.)
- John Hanson.** Born 1842; served four years; reënlisted in the field. (See Page 45.)
- Samuel Hilliard.** Born 1842; reënlisted in the field; was a Corp.; wounded May 16, 1864; served four years. (See Page 49.)
- Augustus E. Hodges.** Born Dec. 28, 1837; reënlisted in the field; was a Corp.; wounded Aug. 16, 1864; served four years. Before his death suffered a long time with locomotor ataxia. (See Page 49.)

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- Benager Horn.** Taken prisoner May 16, 1864, and died a prisoner of war. (See Page 50.)
- Sylvester D. Howe.** Served three months 1 N. H.; five months 4 N. H., fifteen months in 12 N. H., and fifteen months in Vet. Reserve Corps. (See Page 50.)
- Lorenzo Dow Huntress.** Born Jan. 16, 1843; served four years; reënlisted in the field; was 1 Sergt. Co. F and came home 1 Lieut. of Co. I; received Gilmore medal of honor; wounded front of Petersburg, Va. (See Page 51.)
- Newcomb J. Jennings.** Was a Corp.; killed at Drewry's Bluff, Va. (See Page 53.)
- Alonzo C. Johnson.** Served four years; reënlisted in the field. Came home to be killed on railroad. (See Page 55.)
- Samuel F. Jones.** Reënlisted in the field; killed May 16, 1864. (See Page 55.)
- Alonzo Knox.** Born May 10, 1837; served four years; reënlisted in the field. Resident, 1911, Manchester. (See Page 58.)
- Nathaniel B. Libbey.** One of the oldest men. Died Albion, Me., Oct. 5, 1898. (See Page 61.)
- George Janvrin Lord.** Born May 16, 1840; reënlisted in the field; served four years, last two years in 2 Regt. Band. Resident, 1911, Washington, D. C. (See Page 61.)
- Lewis Lovejoy.** Reënlisted; taken prisoner; died prisoner of war. (See Page 62.)
- Ambrose Madden.** Served four years; reënlisted in the field. Not heard from since the war; must be dead.
- John W. Martin.** Served a year and eight months. Dead; date unknown. (See Page 65.)
- Eustis Mellen.** Served four years; reënlisted in the field; was a Corp. and Sergt. For many years before death had to move about with a wheel chair, suffering from locomotor ataxia. (See Page 69.)
- Francis Russell Merrill.** Born July 5, 1843; served all through the war, most of time in a regular battery. Suffered terribly with cancer, and died Sept. 15, 1911, at Haverhill, Mass.
- Charles E. Miller.** Born June 16, 1844; reënlisted in the field; promoted to Corp. and Sergt.; wounded severely May 16, 1864; carried a Testament in the war and lost it at Drewry's Bluff; it was found by a South Carolina confederate soldier, who kept it, and his daughter, many years after the war, through repeated correspondence, found the address of Comrade Miller and returned it. Mr. Miller has always taken great interest in our reunions; has for years represented Co. F as committee for his company in the Veteran association, and is now a member of the history committee. Resident, 1911, Dorchester, Mass.; is captain of the night inspectors at the Boston custom house. (See Page 70.)
- Jonathan Morey.** Served three years. (See Page 72.)
- Samuel Noble.** Served twenty-seven months in Co. F. (See Page 75.)

- Solomon Barnes Gilbert Parsons** had a long name and a long service; was Sergt.; reënlisted; served four years. Resident, 1911, Orange, Mass.; works, making sewing machines. His brother, Howard F., served in same company. (See Page 78.)
- James S. Perkins.** Served four years; was Corp.; reënlisted in the field. (See Page 79.)
- Amasa J. Pervier.** Served five months in 4 N. H., one year in 3 N. H., and was wounded; five months in 18 N. H. at the close of the war. (See Page 80.)
- George W. Pierce.** Deserter. (See Page 80.)
- Amasa Pray.** Served three years in 4 N. H. At his funeral in Rochester the Bible used was one he found in the war. (See Page 82.)
- Aaron Randall.** After sixteen months in Co. F was transferred to a regular battery. Died at Milton Mills Oct. 3, 1896. (See Page 84.)
- Horace Randall.** Served three months in 2 N. H., five months in 4 N. H., and three years in 9 N. H., where he was a Sergt. (See Page 84.)
- Charles Orrin Rankin.** Born May 15, 1845; reënlisted in the field; severely wounded July 30, 1864; discharged Jan. 30, 1865, on account of disability from wounds. In every publication which New Hampshire has issued since the war he is reported to have died in the war, but he lived forty-four years after the war. Died at his home in Somersworth, where he had lived since the war, Feb. 19, 1909.
- John Brackett Remick.** Born Lincoln's birthday, Feb. 12, 1825; served four years; reënlisted in the field. He is the oldest survivor of the 4 Regt., and now, 1911, resides at Somersworth. (See Page 85.)
- William Rich.** Born June 28, 1844; one of the many young boys in Co. F; was a Corp.; was blown up by a torpedo on Morris Island, S. C., and lost a leg; had received Gilmore medal of honor. Resident, 1911, Berwick, Me., where he has served several times in town office; has been postmaster; is now on duty in the capitol at Washington. He was a trusty friend of the late Speaker Thomas B. Reed, and is worthy of all the good things that reach his way. (See Page 85.)
- Charles F. Richards.** Served four years, reënlisting in the field. Died Aug. 28, 1910, Providence, R. I. (See Page 85.)
- Joseph Baker Richards.** Born June 7, 1844; served four years; reënlisted in the field; taken prisoner May 16, 1864. Died Jan. 6, 1911, Biddeford, Me. (See Page 85.)
- Charles E. Robinson.** Served four years; reënlisted in the field. Brother of George H., same company. (See Page 86.)
- George Henry Robinson.** Born Jan. 6, 1840; served four years; reënlisted in the field; was a Corp. and brother of Charles E. (See Page 86.)
- George W. Rowe.** Born Dec. 6, 1843; reënlisted in the field; wounded July 28, 1864. (See Page 87.)
- William G. Short.** Served four years; reënlisted in the field. (See Page 91.)
- Lowell Simons.** Deserted. (See Page 92.)

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Byron Smith. Resident, 1911, Wentworth. (See Page 93.)

Henry Augustus Spencer. Born Nov. 22, 1844; served four years; was a Corp.; reenlisted in the field. Resident, 1911, at Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me. (See Page 95.)

John Peacock Thurston. Born Oct. 25, 1843; served three years; wounded severely Oct. 22, 1862. Resident, 1911, Derry. (See Page 100.)

George Washington Tibbetts. Born Jan. 22, 1845; one of the very youngest boys in Co. F. There was a comrade in Co. A by the same name, but he was older, discharged early in 1863, and died in 1869. Comrade Tibbetts of Co. F was a Corp.; taken prisoner at Deep Bottom, Va. Is now commandant of Oregon State Soldiers' Home, which is situated at Orting. He has been department commander, G. A. R. (See Page 100.)

Thomas W. Torrey. Served four years; reenlisted in the field; was a Sergt.; served three months in 1 N. H. (See Page 101.)

Hylon Walker. One of the old men of Co. F; served one and a half years. (See Page 103.)

George D. Watson. Served three years. Died of injuries received in a railroad accident at Concord Sept. 8, 1896. (See Page 104.)

Milo Elias Wells. Born 1839; discharged early; served in 9 N. H.; was wounded at Antietam; afterward in Vet. Reserve Corps. (See Page 105.)

Daniel Arthur Wendell. Born Aug. 26, 1839; served three years; was assigned to Co. F, but served in hospital department. After the war became a doctor. (See Page 105.)

Charles H. Wentworth. Discharged for disability while the reenlisted men were on their furlough. Resident, 1911, North Berwick, Me. (See Page 106.)

Jacob Wentworth. Born Aug. 28, 1842; served four years; was a Sergt.; reenlisted in the field. One of the young, hustling boys of Co. F that kept things busy and drove away the blues; always at the front on duty. Has been a busy business man since the war. For years has held a responsible position for Jordan, Marsh & Co. of Boston, which often took him across the ocean, buying goods. With the exception of Aaron P. Ordway, of Co. H, he has crossed the Atlantic more times than any comrade of the 4 N. H. and is now there. He is in business for himself now as commission merchant for dress goods. It is a pleasure to meet him, for it's always sunshine where Jake Wentworth is. (See Page 106.)

Stephen J. Wentworth. He was one of the officers killed in the war—Bell, Sawyer, Hutchinson, and Wentworth; enlisted as a private; promoted to Sergt. and 2 Lieut.; wounded June 6, 1864; killed Aug. 15, 1864. (See Page 129, also Page 179, Part 3.)

Edmund H. Whitehouse. Discharged New Year's Day, 1862; died Oct. following at his home in Somersworth. (See Page 107.)

John H. Whitehouse. Accidentally killed New Year's Day, 1862, by George M. Marshall of Co. D, who was in an adjoining tent, and while cleaning his gun it was discharged and killed Whitehouse, who was in his own tent. His comrades raised the money to send his body home to Somersworth for burial. (See Page 107.)

John H. Whitehouse 2d. Discharged early; served after in 9 N. H.
(See Page 107.)

Samuel Wilkinson. Served three years. (See Page 109.)

William F. Wingate. Killed at Pocotaligo Oct. 22, 1862.

RECRUITS CO. F, 4 N. H. VOLS.

Seventy-eight men were received in Co. F from 1862 to 1865; one other, W. A. Levi, was early transferred to Co. C. Fifteen deserted—Atwater, Francis, Kehoe, Henry Jones, Mitchell, Murphy, O'Neal, Schofield, Sheehan, William Smith, William Stevens, Jere Sullivan, John Sullivan, True, and Watson. One other, Louis P. Engel, served some time and was wounded, then deserted from hospital. Three were transferred to navy and deserted—Brooks, Crooks, and George Thompson. One was transferred to regular battery and deserted—Abram Freed. Three were transferred to navy and served honorably—William Sullivan, James Woods, and Charles Warfield. William H. Whitehouse was transferred to regular battery and was killed at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20, 1862.

Henry C. Bauer, Frank Jones 1st, Frank Jones 2d, Charles Josephi, William Koch, Thomas Martin, William McCarty, William McDonald, Philip McDonald, Michael McGuire, William Miller, William Mokler, John Monahan, George Mullen, Patrick Murphy, Dermott, Neary, Charles Nelson, John Nichols, Thomas O'Shaughnessy, Walter Parks, William T. Read, Terrance Reath, Daniel Sayers, William Scott, Charles Simpson, John Smith, William Smith, Edward Speight. The last twenty-seven names served honorably, but short service. (See alphabetical roster.)

Joseph E. Adams. Died in the service. (See Page 3.)

George F. Beard. Very short service. Resident, 1911, near New Orleans. (See Page 8.)

Samuel Chapman. Died in the service. (See Page 18.)

William H. Coffin. Died since the war. (See Page 20.)

Henry N. Colston. Born 1821; a N. H. recruit. Thrown from a team at home in Amherst and killed. (See Page 22.)

Richard O. Davis. Killed near Petersburg, Va. (See Page 26.)

Daniel Day, Jr. Drafted; a N. H. man. (See Page 26.)

Alonzo S. Elkins. Died in the service. (See Page 31.)

Michael Foley. Correct name Nathan D. Bracken. Resident, 1911, Springfield, Mass.

James H. German. Taken prisoner May 16, 1864; died June 1, 1864. (See Page 39.)

Warren W. Hamlett. Brother Henry, Co. D. Wounded Aug. 16, 1864. (See Page 45.)

Orra H. Hardy. Died in the service. (See Page 45.)

William Haskell. (See Page 47.)

Patrick Lee. Alias Patrick McIntire. (See Page 68.)

John McDonald. (See Page 67.)

James McDonough. Died in the service. (See Page 67.)

Barney S. Merwin. Taken prisoner Aug. 16, 1864, and died. (See Page 69.)

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- August Muller.** Died 1867; the third man to die at Togus, Me., Soldiers' Home. (See Page 73.)
- George Randall.** Wounded at Ft. Fisher. Died at U. S. Insane hospital, Washington, D. C. (See Page 84.)
- William Scarlett.** (See Page 90.)
- Joseph Shannon.** Resident, 1911, Soldiers' Home, Orting, Wash.
- Charles H. Smith.** Wounded and died of wounds. (See Page 93.)
- Charles Stevens.** Correct name Francis B. Bentley; served two years. Died since the war. (See Page 9.)
- Nelson J. Wallace.** Brother of Capt. Wallace. (See Page 103.)
- Joseph R. Welch.** (See Page 105.)
- William Wilson.** Taken prisoner and died. (See Page 111.)

ORIGINAL MEN, COMPANY G, 4 N. H. VOLS.

- Michael O'Flynn.** Captain. (See Page 119.)
- Charles W. Hurd.** First Lieutenant. (See Page 123.)
- William W. Mayne.** Second Lieutenant. Served three months in 1 N. H.; three years in 4 N. H. Resident, 1911, Claremore, Okla. (See Page 120.)
- Daniel Gile.** First Sergeant. (See Page 124.)
- Zebina Nason Annis.** Second Sergeant. Born Aug. 19, 1838; served three months in the 1 Maine Vols.; served four years in Co. G, 4 N. H.; wounded twice; went out 2 Sergt.; reenlisted in the field. Resident, 1911, Soldiers' Home, Tilton. (See Page 5.)
- John Smith.** Third Sergeant. Second Color Sergeant; deserted the regiment and colors after two and one half years' faithful service. (See Page 93.)
- Stephen C. Chapman.** Fourth Sergeant. Served three months in 1 N. H.; three years in 4 N. H. (See Page 18.)
- Frank Burr.** Fifth Sergeant. Correct name Frank Logan. Served three months in 1 N. H.; three years in 4 N. H. Dead; date unknown. (See Page 15.)
- Elbridge Gerry.** First Corporal. Short service. Brother of John E., same company. (See Page 40.)
- Patrick Dowd.** Second Corporal. (See Page 129.)
- Richard Smith.** Third Corporal. Served four years; reenlisted in the field. Brother of Sergt. John Smith. (See Page 94.)
- Charles P. Gleason.** Fourth Corporal. Served four years; reenlisted in the field. (See Page 40.)
- Peter O'Brien.** Fifth Corporal. Served three months in 1 N. H.; promoted Sergt.; taken prisoner. (See Page 76.)
- Jerome Blaisdell.** Fifth Corporal. Served three months 1 N. H.; three years 4 N. H. (See Page 10.)
- Francis Cahill.** Seventh Corporal. Served three months, 1 N. H. (See Page 16.)
- George A. Runnals.** Eighth Corporal. Served three years, 4 N. H.; was Corp., Sergt., 1 Sergt.; wounded July 30, 1864; 3 Color Bearer. Brother Dana in same company. (See Page 88.)

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- Thomas James Galvin.** Musician. Born Feb. 1, 1844; reënlisted in the field; served four years in 2 Band. Brother Michael in 3 N. H. (See Page 38.)
- James M. Allen.** First death in Co. G. (See Page 4.)
- Richard W. Bateman.** Reënlisted in the field; wounded and died of wounds. (See Page 7.)
- David Beede.** One of the old men. Charles and William, same company, were his sons. (See Page 8.)
- William Beede.** Reënlisted in the field; wounded and taken prisoner; died of wounds. David Beede was his father and Charles, a recruit, was his brother. (See Page 8.)
- Jonathan Boyce.** Killed May 16, 1864. (See Page 10.)
- Michael Bresnahan.** Was a Corp.; reënlisted in the field. Killed by accident, falling down stone steps. (See Page 11.)
- Patrick Broderick.** Served four years; reënlisted in the field. (See Page 12.)
- Michael Broderick.** No good. (See Page 12.)
- William H. Brooks.** Reënlisted in the field; wounded; taken prisoner; died in prison. (See Page 12.)
- Amos W. Brown.** Reënlisted in the field; three months in 1 N. H.; four years in 4 N. H. (See Page 12.)
- Patrick Conway.** Was a Corp.; reënlisted in the field; wounded July 30, 1864. Resident, 1911, West Concord. (See Page 22.)
- Almus Cushing.** Discharged early; was in Qr. Dept. through the war; a teamster. Resident, 1911, Nashua. (See Page 25.)
- Edward James Dillon.** Served sixteen months in 4 N. H. Is now blind. Resident, 1911, Marlborough, Mass. (See Page 27.)
- Patrick Donnelly.** Deserter. (See Page 28.)
- James Donovan.** (See Page 28.)
- James Ferry.** Served three years. (See Page 33.)
- Edward Field.** Was Corp. and Sergt. and Color Bearer; wounded Aug. 16, 1864; reënlisted in the field. (See Page 34.)
- George E. Fitch.** Reënlisted; taken prisoner. Died Fayette, Me., Sept. 15, 1908. (See Page 34.)
- Benj. Franklin Fogg.** (See Page 129.)
- James Munroe Fogg.** Brother B. F. Fogg; reënlisted in the field; taken prisoner. (See Page 36.)
- Maurice Foley.** Reënlisted in the field; wounded. (See Page 36.)
- Thomas Follen.** Reënlisted in the field; taken prisoner Aug. 16, 1864. (See Page 36.)
- Terrance Frawley.** Served four years; reënlisted in the field. (See Page 37.)
- Hiram B. Frost.** One of the old men; served three years; was in the 7 N. H. (See Page 38.)
- John Gardner.** Reënlisted in the field; wounded June 30, 1864; killed at Ft. Fisher. (See Page 38.)
- John E. Gerry.** Reënlisted in the field; killed at Ft. Fisher. (See Page 40.)
- Louis J. Gillis.** (See Page 40.)

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- James Gorman.** One of the old men. (See Page 41.)
- William Gunston.** Reënlisted in the field; killed May 16, 1864. (See Page 43.)
- Lawrence Hern.** Served four years; reënlisted in the field. (See Page 48.)
- John Howard.** The oldest man in 4 N. H.; short service. Said to have been born Sept. 16, 1800. (See Page 50.)
- Lyford Hunt.** Born Sept. 16, 1832; served four years; was Sergt.; reënlisted in the field. (See Page 51.)
- Dennis Hynes.** Served three years in 1 N. H.; reënlisted in the field; was Corp.; wounded May 16, 1864. Died Oct. 12, 1911, Soldiers' Home, Milwaukee, Wis.
- Dennis Keefe.** (See Page 56.)
- Jeremiah Kelliher.** Reënlisted in the field; taken prisoner and died. (See Page 56.)
- Cornelius Kennedy.** (See Page 56.)
- James Larkin.** Was a Corp.; served three years. (See Page 59.)
- Lucien B. Legg, Jr.** Served four years; reënlisted in the field; wounded Aug. 16, 1864; one of the best known men in the regiment on account of his peculiar ways. (See Page 60.)
- Michael Madden.** Reënlisted in the field; wounded twice; served four years. (See Page 63.)
- Charles T. Marden.** Served four years; was a Corp.; promoted 1 Sergt; reënlisted in the field. Resident, 1911, Worcester, Mass. (See Page 64.)
- Charles C. Marsh.** Served four years; reënlisted in the field. (See Page 64.)
- John A. Mason.** Discharged early; afterwards in 10 N. H. Died; date unknown. (See Page 65.)
- Joseph McDaid.** Reënlisted in the field; wounded and died of wounds. (See Page 67.)
- Patrick McDonough.** Served three years. (See Page 67.)
- Michael McGough.** Served three years. (See Page 68.)
- John McGuinness.** Dead; date unknown. (See Page 68.)
- Michael McHugh.** Deserter. Resident, 1911, Denver, Col.
- James Merron.** Reënlisted in the field; taken prisoner. (See Page 69.)
- Frederick D. Moore.** Reënlisted in the field; killed May 16, 1864. (See Page 72.)
- Thaddeus K. Morrison.** (See Page 72.)
- James Mularkey.** Served three years; wounded May 16, 1864. (See Page 73.)
- John Mullen.** Reënlisted in the field; died of wounds. (See Page 73.)
- John Murphy.** Served three years. (See Page 73.)
- John Nolan.** Taken prisoner and died. (See Page 75.)
- Thomas Nolan.** Brother of John. Served three years; wounded. Resident, 1911, Nashua. (See Page 75.)

- John Pickett.** Served four years; reënlisted in the field. (See Page 80.)
- John Quinn.** No good. (See Page 83.)
- Patrick Quinn.** No good. (See Page 83.)
- Frank Quinn.** An old man. (See Page 83.)
- James Quinn.** Another old man. (See Page 83.)
- Michael Reardon.** No good. (See Page 84.)
- Timothy Reardon.** Taken prisoner and died. (See Page 84.)
- William H. Reynolds.** Served to Jan. 17, 1863, then transferred to regular battery, where he served forty years. (See Page 85.)
- Nelson Richards.** Born Jan. 6, 1839; served four years; was Sergt.; reënlisted in the field. (See Page 85.)
- Robert Richards.** Served three months in 1 N. H.; then eight months in 4 N. H.; then ten months in 15 N. H.; then enlisted again in Co. G, 4 N. H., and served nineteen months, and lost his arm. A cousin of Nelson Richards. (See Page 85.)
- Dana Runnals.** Brother of Sergt. George A. Runnals; served four years; reënlisted in the field. (See Page 88.)
- Abram S. Sanborn.** One of the old men; served one year and died. (See Page 89.)
- Michael Shaughnessy.** Reënlisted in the field; was a Corp.; taken prisoner. (See Page 91.)
- John Shea.** Wounded Oct. 22, 1862; transferred to regular battery; died of wounds received at Olustee, Fla. (See Page 91.)
- Jeremiah Spelan.** Reënlisted in the field; taken prisoner and died. (See Page 95.)
- Martin J. Stanton.** Accidentally killed by provost guard. (See Page 95.)
- Ashael Stoddard.** Lost a leg at Morris Island. (See Page 96.)
- George H. Stuart.** Reënlisted in the field; taken prisoner; wounded and died of wounds. (See Page 97.)
- Cornelius C. Sullivan.** In Mexican war. Deserted from Co. G. (See Page 97.)
- Daniel Sullivan.** Reënlisted in the field; served four years. Resident, 1911, Manchester, at Old Men's Home.
- William Sullivan.** Reënlisted in the field; killed May 16, 1864. Cousin of Daniel. (See Page 98.)
- Dennis Tehan.** Served three years, last part in regular battery. Resident, 1911, Soldiers' Home, Cal. (See Page 99.)
- Owen Tulley.** Reënlisted in the field; wounded Oct. 22, 1862; taken prisoner Sept. 29, 1864. Dead; date unknown. (See Page 102.)
- Dennis Welch.** Reënlisted in the field; taken prisoner. Resident, 1911, Oakland, Cal. (See Page 103.)
- James Welch.** Reënlisted in the field; wounded; taken prisoner. (See Page 105.)
- John Welch.** (See Page 104.)
- John A. Wentworth.** Reënlisted; taken prisoner. (See Page 106.)
- George W. Whitehouse.** Served four years; reënlisted in the field. Dead; date unknown. (See Page 107.)
- Clark E. Wilson.** Discharged early. (See Page 110.)

Francis B. Willey

Born in Manchester, 1842; enlisted Aug. 23, 1861, in Co. G, 4 N. H.; while temporarily with a regular battery was killed in battle at Olustee, Fla., Feb. 20, 1864. In every publication printed by the State of New Hampshire as a record of New Hampshire in the Civil War he has been branded as a deserter, which is an inexcusable error. This dead hero is charged with having deserted four months after he was killed in battle, and no steps have been taken by the Adjutant-General's Department of New Hampshire to rectify this wicked charge. This case was carefully investigated by the historian of this volume and is the record in the war department at Washington.

Francis B. Willey killed in Battle Olustee, Florida, Feb. 20, 1864.

RECRUITS CO. G, 4 N. H. VOLS.

Company G had but thirty-five recruits. One other, William Dignam, came out in 1863; was assigned as a recruit to Company G, but he was in the original band and served in the second band; never served in Company G. Robert Richards was both an original man and a recruit in Company G, and can be counted but once.

John Wilson was an unassigned recruit of the Third New Hampshire; is reported in the Third Regiment as transferred to Fourth New Hampshire May 1, 1865, and deserted June 18, 1865. It is not probable that he ever served a day in the Fourth New Hampshire, and so his name is dropped from our roster. He was more than no good, for he has been counted as one of the company and was not.

The true number of recruits who served in Company G was thirty-four. Nine of them deserted. One, Samuel Henderson, had been transferred to navy and deserted.

John McCarthy was a corporal and deserted.

James Eastman, James Fagen, Thomas Fox, John Smith were no good. Deserted after a few days in camp. Thomas Grimes, Patrick Quinlan, and James Thompson served several months and deserted.

John Blair, John A. Haskins, John Jones, Robert Littlefield, Archibald Sims were transferred to the navy. Sims was drowned while in the navy. (See alphabetical roster.)

James Riley. Recruit 1863; was a Corp. and Sergt. Now unknown. (See Page 86.)

Peter Goble. Was a Corp.; recruit 1863. Resident, 1911, Salt Lake City.

Dennis Mahoney. Was a Corp.; joined company in 1862; wounded; served nearly three years. (See Page 63.)

John McCarthy. Recruit 1863; was a Corp. Now unknown. (See Page 66.)

James D. Paul. A Corp.; enlisted early in 1862; transferred to regular battery; killed in the service. (See Page 79.)

Samuel Barney. Very short service. (See Page 7.)

Charles Beede. Father, David, and brother William were in same company. He died just as the war closed. (See Page 8.)

John Ducy. The first recruit; enlisted the day after the 4 N. H. left the state. (See Page 29.)

George Dumore. Recruit 1863; wounded. (See Page 30.)

Thomas J. Flemmings. Recruit 1862; taken prisoner. (See Page 35.)

Charles Foster. (See Page 36.)

Charles H. Fuller. (See Page 38.)

Louis Grapo. Short service. (See Page 42.)

John King. Recruit 1863; severely wounded and died of wounds. (See Page 57.)

Daniel W. May. Was drafted; served nine months; saw but little service, but one of the most favored soldiers of the regiment. For a long time before death he received \$72 pension a month, as he became blind some time after the war. Five of the regiment are alive who are blind, and saw longer service, and none receive over \$40 per month. Rank injustice and inequality.

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- James McIntire.** Drafted 1863. Died, Dover, Dec. 14, 1886. (See Page 68.)
- Thomas Mooney.** Recruit 1863; missing at Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864; probably killed. (See Page 71.)
- Francis Muldoon.** Alias McDowell. Recruit 1863. (See Page 73.)
- August Schuyler.** One of the last recruits put into the service by bounty brokers, who robbed him of a large bounty due then. He had just landed from Belgium and served to muster-out. Settled in Dover, where he now, 1911, resides on his little farm. A respected citizen and good comrade.
- John Smith.** Co. G had three who had the same name, plain John Smith. This was the only true one; the other two, Sergt. John, an original, deserted, as did the other, a recruit. Nothing is known of the two who were recruits. (See Page 93.)

ORIGINAL MEN, COMPANY H, FOURTH N. H. VOLS.

- Joseph Messer Clough.** Captain. Now living on his village farm at New London; is the senior officer now alive of the 4 Regt. and the only survivor of the original ten captains; always deeply interested in the regiment and always present at the reunions; has served as president of the Veterans' association; has been prominent in the state militia and has been its commander, with rank of Brig. Gen. He has served in both branches of the legislature and been commander of the local G. A. R. post. He was a popular officer, always looking out for his men. He commanded the regiment when he was wounded at the Battle of the Mine, July 30, 1864. (See Page 119.)
- Israel L. Drew.** First Lieutenant. A brother of Major Drew. (See Page 123.)
- Hiram C. Tuttle.** Second Lieutenant. (See Page 123.)
- James F. Gilpatrick.** First Sergeant. (See Page 128.)
- Matthew Adams.** Second Sergeant. (See Page 121.)
- Edward F. McNeil.** Third Sergeant. Promoted to 1 Sergt. Killed Aug. 16, 1864. (See Page 68.)
- Samuel Burley Mason.** Fourth Sergeant. Born March 30, 1832; three months in 1 N. H.; three years in 4 N. H. Resident, 1911, on his little farm, Atkinson village. Nearly an octogenarian.
- Byron Noyes.** Fifth Sergeant. Born Oct. 21, 1840; three months in 1 N. H. and three years in 4 N. H. (See Page 75.)
- John E. Austin.** First Corporal. Was Corp., Sergt., and 1 Sergt.; served four years; reenlisted in the field; wounded May 15, 1864. (See Page 5.)
- Nelson P. Stinehorn.** Second Corporal. Was Corp. and Sergt.; reenlisted in the field; died of wounds. (See Page 96.)
- Levi W. Simonds.** Third Corporal. Died in the service. (See Page 92.)
- John Wesley Witham.** Fourth Corporal. Born May 11, 1833; short service; afterwards in 10 N. H. (See Page 111.)

Walter B. Rowell. Fifth Corporal. Died at home while in the service. (See Page 88.)

Benjamin Wheeler. Sixth Corporal. In 1 N. H. three months; in 4 N. H. three years. Went West; not heard from for forty years. (See Page 106.)

Albert A. Woodworth. Seventh Corporal. Born ———; three months in 1 N. H.; three years in 4 N. H. (See Page 112.)

John S. C. Kelley. Eighth Corporal. First death in Co. H; died on board "Baltic"; funeral and burial at sea. (See Page 56.)

Edgar H. Drew. Son of Major Drew. Drummer boy. (See Page 29.)

Aaron Patterson Ordway. Drummer boy. Born Aug. 6, 1846; one of the youngest boys in the regiment; son of Doctor Ordway of Lawrence, Mass.; discharged in the spring of 1863; served afterwards in Co. K, 6 Mass., for one hundred days. His captain, Edgar J. Sherman, for many years a judge of the Massachusetts courts. Comrade Ordway is now, 1911, and for several years has been a manufacturing chemist in New York City, doing business very largely with the warm countries of southern Europe; has crossed the ocean over one hundred times and counting the months he has remained abroad would amount to several years he has lived since the war in different parts of Europe. He has never met the regiment since 1863, yet such is his interest that he gladly joined Comrade George Henry Tilton of Laconia in providing a sum necessary to start the building of our history. Both were born in adjoining towns in Grafton county: Ordway in Rumney, Tilton in Dorchester; and still another adjoining town, Wentworth, was the birthplace of dear old Col. Tom Whipple. Great credit is due Comrades Tilton and Ordway, for without their large financial help this history would not have been accomplished so long after the war. (See further notice in Part 4, and Part 2, Page 77.)

Jenvin T. Bachelder. Served three years, last half in regular battery. (See Page 6.)

Wayland Ballou. Born Oct. 16, 1844; reënlisted in the field; wounded; Lieut. U. S. Colored Troops. His brother Weston in same company. (See Page 6.)

Weston Ballou. Born June 25, 1843; wounded; served three years. Resident, 1911, Soldiers' Home, Leavenworth, Kansas. Brother of Wayland in same company.

Charles H. Bartlett. Died in the service after serving one year.

George Sawyer Bixby. Born Sept. 15, 1842; was Corp. and Sergt.; taken prisoner. Resident, 1911, Epsom. (See Page 9.)

Christopher Augustus Bodwell. Born Jan. 22, 1836; twin brother of William J. of same company; was a Corp. Both brothers reënlisted, but were separated at Drewry's Bluff, Va., where Christopher was killed. (See Page 10.)

William Justus Bodwell. Born, as his twin brother, Jan. 22, 1836. Gov. Bodwell of Maine was their uncle. He served four years in Co. H. Is now, 1911, living and in fairly good health. Resides at Hallowell. A notice of a reunion or any gathering of his comrades will bring him to New Hampshire, where he always meets a hearty welcome.

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- George W. Boyden.** Served three years, last year in Veteran Reserve Corps. Died at Hillsborough Jan. 4, 1912. (See Page 11.)
- William Brannon.** One of the old men of Co. H; reenlisted in the field; wounded; served four years. (See Page 11.)
- John Bresnahan.** Was Corp. and Sergt.; reenlisted in the field; wounded July 30, 1864; served four years. (See Page 11.)
- Charles P. Brigham.** Served three years. (See Page 12.)
- Frank Brigham.** Born Feb. 20, 1843; served four years; was a Sergt.; reenlisted in the field his birthday; wounded front of Petersburg. Resident, 1911, Exeter. (See Page 12.)
- Edwin S. Brown.** Reenlisted in the field; taken prisoner and died in prison. (See Page 13.)
- Solomon C. Bumford.** Reenlisted in the field; taken prisoner March 24, 1862, on the picket post at Jacksonville, Fla., the night his comrade Goldsmith was killed and Richard E. Davis was so terribly wounded; served four years. (See Page 14.)
- Asa Clark.** Served three years, half of the time in Invalid Corps. (See Page 18.)
- George Walter Clark.** Born April 10, 1843; reenlisted in the field. Resident, 1911, Derry. (See Page 19.)
- Andrew J. Collins.** Served three years; died in a few months. (See Page 21.)
- George W. Collins.** Was a Corp.; reenlisted in the field; taken prisoner and died. (See Page 21.)
- James R. Colomy.** A brother of William H. of Co. F. Received a medal of honor. (See Page 22.)
- Patrick Conlon.** Served three months in 1 N. H.; twenty-six months in 4 N. H.; was a Corp.; reenlisted in the field. Dead; date unknown. (See Page 22.)
- Daniel Davis, Jr.** Wounded twice; served four years; reenlisted in the field. (See Page 26.)
- George W. Davis.** A brother of Richard E. of same company. Died in the service. (See Page 26.)
- Richard Evans Davis.** Born July 10, 1838; terribly wounded through the body at Jacksonville, Fla., March 24, 1862, the same night Goldsmith was killed and several taken prisoners on the outer picket post. A brother of George W. (See Page 26.)
- William H. Davis.** Served three years, most of the time in a regular battery. Died 1866. (See Page 26.)
- Gilbert F. Dow.** Reenlisted in the field; taken prisoner Aug. 16, 1864. Died at parole camp, Annapolis, Md. (See Page 28.)
- Jacob H. Dow.** One of Co. H old men. (See Page 28.)
- Henry J. Downing.** Served three years, most of it in regular battery. Last known address, Nichols, Iowa. (See Page 29.)
- Jacob R. Durgin.** On the unknown list. (See Page 30.)
- William Moses Edmunds.** Born June 30, 1841; served three months in 1 N. H.; name recorded as Moses W. Edmunds; reenlisted in the field; died of wounds. His father, William Edmunds, served in the N. H. Sharpshooters. (See Page 31.)

- Daniel W. Emerson.** Served twenty-two months in 4 N. H. and afterwards in Veteran Reserve Corps. (See Page 31.)
- George H. Emerson.** Reënlisted in the field; served four years; wounded. There was 2 George H. Emerson in Co. B; they were both wounded July 30, 1864. (See Page 32.)
- James F. Fletcher.** Born Jan. 25, 1832; was a Corp.; served three years, part of the time in the Invalid Corps. Resident, 1911, Salem. (See Page 35.)
- Charles C. Foster.** Born Dec. 27, 1838. He was a twin brother of Hiram B., same company. Both served four years and both were Corps.; both reënlisted in the field. Charles died at Salem Jan. 28, 1912. (See Page 36.)
- Hiram Burtis Foster.** Born Dec. 27, 1838, twin of Charles; served four years; was a Corp. Died June 25, 1910. (See Page 37.)
- George A. Francis.** Served three years. Resident, 1911, Green Bay, Utah. (See Page 37.)
- George W. A. Goldsmith.** Killed on picket post at Jacksonville, Fla., March 25, 1862. (See Page 40.)
- John H. Goodhue.** Reënlisted in the field; was a Corp.; wounded May 16, 1864; killed Aug. 16, 1864. (See Page 41.)
- Stephen O. Gould.** One of the old men of Co. H. (See Page 41.)
- Horace Griswold.** Was a Corp.; served nearly two years. (See Page 43.)
- Curtis R. Hartley.** Served three years. (See Page 46.)
- Joseph Hibbert.** Was a Corp.; killed May 16, 1864.
- David B. Hinds.** (See Page 49.)
- Byron Howard.** Killed on Morris Island. (See Page 50.)
- George H. Hoyt.** Reënlisted in the field; wounded and taken prisoner Aug. 16, 1864; died in prison. (See Page 51.)
- Marshall Hutchins.** Born May 23, 1837; served in 1, 4 and 10 N. H. Died of cancer Nov. 17, 1909. (See Page 52.)
- Melvin Freeman Hutchins.** Brother of Marshall. Born March 21, 1833. A brother in 10 N. H. (See Page 52.)
- Joseph James.** One of the old men of Co. H. (See Page 53.)
- Andrew J. Johnson.** Third man in Co. H to die. (See Page 54.)
- John Kimball.** Died in the service; a member of regular battery. (See Page 57.)
- Hale Lewis Kinsley.** Born April 26, 1828; served but two or three days in Manchester and never in the war afterwards. No good.
- James F. Knox.** Served three years. (See Page 58.)
- Abraham Libby.** Served three years, most of the time in a regular battery; was in 1 N. H. Not heard from since the war.
- Robert Elmer Lowell.** Born April 3, 1831. (See Page 62.)
- Samuel Dana Marckres.** Served three months in 1 N. H.; four years in 4 N. H. Came home safely, to be killed on the railroad in Iowa, where he was a railroad engineer. (See Page 64.)
- Levi Martin.** Died in the service. (See Page 65.)
- Joshua H. McAllister.** One of the old men; was in 1 N. H. Cav. after discharge from Co. H. (See Page 66.)

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- James McDermott.** Was in 1 N. H. three months and four years in 4 N. H.; reënlisted in the field. (See Page 67.)
- Charles A. McQuesten.** Served all through the war, but most of the time in Invalid Corps. (See Page 69.)
- Michael Mitchell.** Reënlisted in the field; wounded. (See Page 71.)
- Francis M. Monehan.** Served three years. Dead; date unknown.
- Charles Henry Moore.** Was assigned to Co. H when he enlisted but never served in the company. (See Page 125.)
- Thomas A. Noyes.** (See Page 76.)
- John H. Nudd.** Reënlisted in the field; was a Corp.; killed in battle. (See Page 76.)
- Nathaniel C. Parker.** Was a doctor; discharged early; was in 4, 10, 18 N. H. and navy. (See Page 78.)
- Richard N. Pettee.** Served a year and died. (See Page 80.)
- George Frederick Quimby.** (See Page 122.)
- Isaac H. Roberts.** In 1 N. H. three months; discharged for disability and died in a few weeks. (See Page 86.)
- Kimball W. Rollins.** Served three months in 1 N. H.; reënlisted in the field; wounded July 30, 1864; served nearly four years. (See Page 87.)
- Moses Duston Rowell.** Born July 7, 1829; served three years but most of the time in Veteran Reserve Corps. (See Page 88.)
- Daniel B. Sanborn.** Served a year and died in the war. (See Page 89.)
- Daniel F. Sanborn.** Discharged for disability and died on the way to New York City. (See Page 89.)
- Julius Marion Sargent.** Born Aug. 6, 1845; served nearly two years and afterwards in Veteran Reserve Corps. Resident, 1911, Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me.
- Royal Scales.** (See Page 90.)
- Arthur L. Smith.** Born Dec. 15, 1844; reënlisted in the field; served four years. Resident, 1911, Soldiers' Home, Ohio. (See Page 92.)
- John C. Smith.** Born 1840; reënlisted in the field; served four years; was Corp. and Sergt. (See Page 93.)
- Moses E. Southworth.** Served three years. (See Page 94.)
- Ralph W. Straw.** Did not go to war with 4 N. H., but served in a Vermont regiment and died in 1863.
- Blaisdell Sweatt.** Brother of Sumner J., same company. Killed Aug. 16, 1864. (See Page 98.)
- Sumner J. Sweatt.** Died of disease. (See Page 98.)
- Elbridge G. Towle.** Was a Corp.; died of wounds. (See Page 101.)
- John W. Twiss.** Served three years. Resident, 1911, Seattle, Wash.
- Rodney C. Woodbury.** Served three years. (See Page 112.)
- Wallace E. Woodworth.** Born April 22, 1842; taken prisoner at Jacksonville, Fla., March 24, 1862; transferred to regular battery; served until Jan. 23, 1867; was in 1 N. H. three months. Resident, 1911, Lakeport.

RECRUITS, COMPANY H, FOURTH N. H. VOLUNTEERS.

Company H had added to it during its four years' service forty-eight recruits. Six of the companies of the regiment had a larger number. All but one of them were received prior to the close of the war. Nine of them deserted—Lapoet Ammond, Louis Dubiton, Paul Dupont, Francis Duquette, John Kline, John Messinger, Henry Williams, Charles Lampries, James Fowler. Fowler was transferred to navy and deserted from navy. Bartholomew Maloney, John Short, James White, George Williams were transferred to navy; nothing heard from them since the war.

The following are not known to be alive: John Evans, William Howell, Charles Klines, Rufus Knapp, John McCauley, William McDonnell, Francis Miller, Henry Newton, Peter Powell, Paul Premo, George Thomas, Daniel G. Turner, Charles Wright. For all the above men, see alphabetical roster.

William Baker. Recruit 1863; died while prisoner of war. (See Page 6.)

Jay Plummer Bassett. Recruit 1864. (See Page 7.)

William B. Bell. Born May 21, 1841; joined company in 1864; transferred to navy. Resident, 1911, Haverhill, Mass. (See Page 8.)

August Bowers. Recruit 1863; died prisoner of war. (See Page 10.)

Orin Bush. Recruit 1863; died prisoner of war. (See Page 16.)

William Bussius. Recruit 1863; killed Aug. 16, 1864. (See Page 16.)

Levi W. Cole. Recruit 1864; transferred to navy. (See Page 21.)

John Eaton. Born Sept. 17, 1843; served eighteen months in 2 N. H.; then from Dec., 1863, to July, 1865, in Co. H, 4 N. H.; was a Corp. and badly wounded. (See Page 31.)

Henry F. Edgerly. Recruit 1864; died of wounds. (See Page 31.)

Orange Fisk. Recruit 1863; killed near Petersburg, Va. (See Page 34.)

Samuel J. Fulton. Recruit 1863; died in the service. (See Page 38.)

Edwin Horton. Born April 26, 1831. (See Page 50.)

Hermion Karnoff. Recruit 1863; wounded twice; died of wounds. (See Page 55.)

Charles F. Libby. Recruit 1862; served three years. Died at Concord; date unknown. Brother of Andrew G. (See Page 61.)

Andrew G. Libby. Recruit 1862. Brother of Charles F. Died prisoner of war. (See Page 61.)

Joseph H. Miller. Recruit 1864. Last known as living in Connecticut. (See Page 70.)

Harrison H. Sargent. Born ———; recruit 1862; served in 2 Band. Died at Enfield Nov. 24, 1911. (See Page 89.)

John H. Smith. Recruit 1862; discharged Oct. 5, 1863; afterwards enlisted Co. A, 19 Mass., and died prisoner of war. (See Page 93.)

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John Snyder. Recruit 1863. Died at Soldiers' Home, Tilton, Dec. 15, 1911. (See Page 94.)

Franklin Libby Tandy. Born July 16, 1826; joined Co. H in fall of 1862 with his son, Josiah, and two nephews, C. F. and A. G. Libby; was killed July 30, 1864, with his son by his side. His widow is now, 1911, living in Concord. (See Page 98.)

Josiah Tandy. Son of Franklin L. Recruit 1862; severely wounded Aug. 16, 1864. Resident, 1911, at Concord, where he owns a pleasant home on Valley street. (See Page 98.)

George Webber. Recruit 1863; an old man. (See Page 104.)

ORIGINAL MEN, COMPANY I, FOURTH N. H. VOLS.

Nathaniel Hazen Brown. Captain. (See Page 119.)

William Stoughton Pillsbury. First Lieutenant. Died Oct. 7, 1911, at his home, Londonderry. (See Page 123.)

True Sanborn, Jr. Second Lieutenant. Promoted to 1 Lieut. and Capt. of Co. K; served more than three years; one of the very best officers in the regiment, kind, considerate, always interested in the welfare of his men, who loved him as a father. He is still living and interested in the boys; always present at our reunions; has been president of the Regimental Veteran association. Past eighty-four years, he is still vigorous and active. That he may be with us a long time is the wish of every survivor. (See Page 120.)

Amos Lincoln Colburn. First Sergeant. Served three months in 1 N. H.; promoted 2 and 1 Lieut., Co. F; commissioned Capt., but declined it, and was mustered out as 1 Lieut. Is now, 1911, alive and active, fast approaching his eightieth birthday. Resides in a very nice home of his own, nearly opposite the state prison in West Concord. He is very near the prison but will never get there, only as a visitor. (See Page 125.)

Henry M. Hicks. Second Sergeant. (See Page 124.)

Jonathan Clark. Third Sergeant. (See Page 19.)

Walter G. Brown. Fourth Sergeant. Promoted to 1 Sergt.; died Sept. 16, 1864, at Morris Island. (See Pages 14 and 135. Co. J, at Page 135, is an error; should have been Co. I.)

Daniel B. Flanders. Fifth Sergeant. (See Page 35.)

Albert D. W. Emerson. First Corporal. Born Sept. 17, 1841; served three months in 1 N. H.; served four years in 4 N. H., reënlisting in the field. (See Page 31.)

George Washington Chase. Second Corporal. Born Feb. 16, 1831; short service in 4 N. H., but served all through the history of 10 N. H.; was 1 Sergt., 2 and 1 Lieut., and Capt. Resident, 1911, River Sioux, Iowa, where he has been postmaster. (See Page 18.)

Frank A. Buzzell. Third Corporal. Son of Alvah of Co. F; was Corp., Sergt., and 1 Sergt.; severely wounded. (See Page 16.)

William Smith. Fourth Corporal. (See Pages 94, 129.)

Franklin Augustus Brown. Fifth Corporal. Born Jan. 29, 1841. Brother of William G. of Co. I. Another brother, Capt. Warren E. F. Brown, of 7 N. H., was killed at Ft. Wagner, S. C. Resident, 1911, Raymond.

- Eben Weed.** Sixth Corporal. (See Page 129.)
- William R. Knowlton.** Seventh Corporal. (See Page 58.)
- David Johnson.** Eighth Corporal. One of the old men; born April 17, 1818; served three years. (See Page 54.)
- Norris C. Wiggin.** Musician. Reënlisted in the field; was a Corp. and Sergt.; wounded at Fort Fisher. Died at Bridgeport, Conn., Nov. 17, 1906. (See Page 108.)
- George W. Stevens.** Drummer. Born Aug. 3, 1847; reënlisted in the field; served four years. His father, Enoch C., served in same company. (See Page 96.)
- John William Beamis.** Born Dec. 17, 1844; was Corp.; reënlisted in the field; served four years; came home 1 Sergt. (See Page 8.)
- Cornelius Boyle.** (See Page 11.)
- Marquis J. Brewster.** Deserter. Dead; date unknown.
- Clarence Laroy Bryer.** Born Sept. 20, 1843; was a Corp.; reënlisted in the field; was in 2 Band. Brother John A. same company; both alive. Resident, 1911, Newark, Vt.
- George W. Carr.** Born March 24, 1842. (See Page 17.)
- Alonzo Chase.** Reënlisted in the field; Corp.; died of wounds. (See Page 18.)
- Charles K. Chew.** Served three years. (See Page 18.)
- John Christy.** (See Page 18.)
- Theodore Clark.** Born Sept. 1, 1844; reënlisted in the field; served four years; wounded. Resident, 1911, Nashua. (See Page 19.)
- George Clayton.** Served three years; wounded. Dead; date unknown. (See Page 19.)
- Alvin R. Corliss.** Reënlisted in the field; served four years; wounded. (See Page 23.)
- David Cross.** Reënlisted in the field; killed front of Petersburg. (See Page 24.)
- George W. Dearborn.** Served three years, last part in regular battery. (See Page 27.)
- John C. Dickerman.** Born July 19, 1843; promoted to Com. Sergt.; died in the service. (See Page 27.)
- Timothy A. Dunham.** Reënlisted in the field; served four years. (See Page 30.)
- Marcus Morton Emerson.** Reënlisted in the field; was a Corp.; served nearly four years. Resident, 1911, Rumney. (See Page 32.)
- George Washington Farnum.** Born Aug. 18, 1839. (See Page 33.)
- Dana Fifield.** Born Sept. 23, 1836; was a Corp.; served in Vt. Frontier Cav. after leaving the 4 N. H. Resident, 1911, Laconia.
- Alonzo M. Flanders.** Served three years; on the unknown list. (See Page 35.)
- Jacob M. Flanders.** (See Page 35.)
- Albion K. Goodwin.** Reënlisted in the field; wounded; lost arm; served three years. Dead; date unknown.
- Henry L. Gould.** (See Page 41.)

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- George S. Greenough.** Served three years; lived in St. Augustine; has been mayor. (See Page 43.)
- Charles D. Hall.** Reënlisted in the field; killed front of Petersburg. (See Page 44.)
- Edward P. Hall.** Reënlisted in the field; was Corp. and Sergt. and promoted to Qr. Sergt.; served four years. Resident, 1911, Joplin, Mo.
- Alfred T. Hardy.** Reënlisted in the field. Died in Haverhill; date unknown.
- Leander Harris.** Born March 19, 1833; reënlisted; served four years. Resident, 1911, Hampton Falls.
- George W. Harvey.** Reënlisted in the field; died in the service. (See Page 47.)
- John L. Harvey.** Reënlisted in the field; served four years. Resident, 1911, Eyota, Minn.
- James E. Haynes.** Served three years. (See Page 47.)
- Benjamin F. Heath.** Born Jan. 23, 1843; was transferred to regular battery. Resident, 1911, Salisbury.
- Joseph Johnson.** Reënlisted in the field; served four years; wounded. (See Page 54.)
- Walter S. Johnson.** Died in the service. (See Page 54.)
- Willis D. Kemp.** Served three years. Dead; date unknown.
- Lamson F. Kidder.** Born Aug. 28, 1843. Served in a Massachusetts regiment. (See Page 57.)
- Louis Londeau.** Short service. (See Page 61.)
- John Sawyer Loverin.** Born Oct. 16, 1834; reënlisted in the field; wounded twice; served four years. Resident, 1911, Salisbury.
- George H. Lyman.** Reënlisted in the field; died in the service. (See Page 62.)
- Henry Augustus Mann.** (See Pages 64, 126.)
- John D. McConnell.** Reënlisted in the field; killed July 30, 1864. (See Page 67.)
- Amos H. McGregor.** Born Feb. 9, 1829; served in 4 N. H., both as an original man and as a recruit; wounded May 16, 1864; transferred to V. R. C. (See Page 68.)
- Julian A. Morey.** Served three years. Brother, Oren F., in same company. (See Page 72.)
- Oren F. Morey.** Reënlisted in the field; killed May 16, 1864. Brother of Julian A. (See Page 72.)
- Ira W. Morrison.** Reënlisted; served four years. Died Wilmot, N. H. (See Page 72.)
- Herman Nichols.** Served three years. (See Page 74.)
- Jonathan P. Nichols.** (See Page 75.)
- John Chauncey Nutting.** Born Aug. 5, 1833; reënlisted in the field; served four years; was the last Color Sergt. (See Page 76.)
- Charles M. Ordway.** Born March 1, 1842; reënlisted in the field; served four years. (See Page 77.)
- Peter Perron.** Reënlisted in the field; wounded. (See Page 79.)

- Stedman White Piper.** Born Dec. 22, 1844; reënlisted in the field. After a service of nearly three years he was foolish enough to desert and spoil his otherwise good record. (See Page 81.)
- Harlan Pillsbury Prescott.** Born Oct. 2, 1839; was a Corp. and Sergt.; served three years. A splendid record; received medal of honor. (See Page 82.)
- Benjamin K. Quimby.** Served three years. (See Page 83.)
- Daniel C. Randall.** Fourteen months in 4 N. H., then went with the 9 N. H. and died in the service. (See Page 84.)
- Joseph Raney.** Served two years and died in the service. (See Page 84.)
- James P. Reed.** Resident, 1911, Danbury. (See Page 84.)
- James Otis Sanborn.** Was captain's clerk; was a Corp.; died in the service. (See Page 89.)
- John B. Shattuck.** Died in the service. (See Page 91.)
- Benjamin H. Smith.** (See Page 92.)
- Benjamin W. Smith.** Served nearly three years. (See Page 93.)
- Charles W. Spaulding.** Reënlisted in the field; deserted after over three years service. (See Page 95.)
- Enoch C. Stevens.** Father of the drummer boy, George W. (See Page 96.)
- Alfred Cicero Taggart.** Born Jan. 4, 1841, in one of the smallest towns in Hillsborough county; served three years. Resident, 1911, Rutland, Vt. (See Page 98.)
- Elbridge G. Tarbox.** One of the old men. (See Page 98.)
- David H. Tewksbury.** Reënlisted in the field; served four years; was a Corp. (See Page 99.)
- Horace Tilton.** Born Aug. 10, 1832; reënlisted in the field; wounded twice; served four years; was a Sergt. Resident, 1911, Hampstead. (See Page 101.)
- James Frank Tilton.** Born April 2, 1842; reënlisted in the field; served four years; was Corp. and 1 Sergt. Married one of the Walton sisters at St. Augustine, Fla.; was first married by Elder Buzzell of Co. F, and afterwards by Capt. N. H. Brown as Provost Marshal. (See more particulars in Part IV. See page 101.)
- Erastus B. Tucker.** Reënlisted in the field; served four years. (See Page 102.)
- Moses Grant Tucker.** Born Oct. 12, 1842; reënlisted in the field; wounded May 16, '64; promoted to Sergt.; served four years. He was a good soldier and was always an upright respected citizen. Took great interest; never missed a Memorial Day service or state encampment G. A. R. or the reunion of the 4 N. H. Everyone who knew Mose Tucker loved him.
- Hiram Varney.** The only original man whose name commenced with V; was a Corp.; reënlisted in the field; killed in battle. (See Page 103.)
- John Truman Walcott.** Born Feb. 6, 1842; was a Corp. and Sergt.; reënlisted in the field; was in the 2 N. H. three months in 1861. Resident, 1911, Haverhill. (See Page 103.)

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- Joseph Warren.** Reënlisted in the field; served four years; was a Corp.; served three months in 1 N. H. Dead; date unknown.
- Aaron D. Webster.** Reënlisted in the field; was a Corp. and Sergt.; wounded at Drewry's Bluff and Ft. Fisher. Resident, 1911, Hampton.
- Thomas C. Weeks.** Served three months in 1 N. H.; reënlisted in the field; died of wounds. (See Page 105.)
- Marshall Wells.** Was transferred to regular battery; served four years; died two weeks after the 4 N. H. was disbanded. (See Page 105.)
- Charles Irving Wheeler.** Born Dec. 22, 1844; reënlisted in the field; wounded Aug. 16, 1864; taken prisoner April 9, 1865. Resident, 1911, Hillsborough Bridge. (See Page 106.)
- Dearborn J. Wheeler.** Reënlisted in the field; served four years. (See Page 106.)
- James F. Wheeler.** Transferred to regular battery and killed. (See Page 107.)
- Ranson R. Wheeler.** Born May 4, 1826; served three months in 1 N. H.; three years in 4 N. H.; five months in 18 N. H. (See Page 107.)
- George Wilding.** Received medal of honor; killed front of Petersburg. (See Page 108.)
- Caleb G. Wiley.** Reënlisted in the field; served four years. (See Page 108.)
- James Wilson.** Reënlisted in the field; was a Corp.; served four years. Resident, 1911, Velloa, N. Dak.
- Thomas Wood.** Served three years; not heard from since the war; must be dead.
- William H. H. Young.** Reënlisted in the field; killed July 30, 1864. (See Page 114.)

RECRUITS CO. I, FOURTH N. H. VOLUNTEERS.

Company I received during its four years' service seventy recruits. Four were assigned to Company I but never reached the company. Twenty-five of the seventy deserted—a bad record. Most of them were the 1865 recruits—a bad lot. Here are the twenty-five: Bantist, Brigham, John W. Brown, Carroll, James Clark 1st, James Clark 2d, Clifford, Colenson, Collin, Thomas Collins, Martin Conner, Lewis Cook, Duchanen, Dunn, Flanagan, Harrigan, Hartman deserted twice, Daniel Harvey, Parton, Shoemaker, C. F. Thompson, Vassear, Charles Walter, James Williams, Thomas Williams.

The following were honorably discharged, nothing known of them since: James Ahern, Alexander Benar, George Brown, William Brown, John Bradley, John Burns, James Butler, James H. Cliggott, Sylvanus Colby, Patrick Coyle, James Coyne, John Cutter, George Fader, Patrick Flynn, Thomas Flynn, Joshua A. Follansbee, John Grady, Adolphus Grant, Dennis Hamilton, Edward Hefferan, John Howe, John W. Hudson, Albert Isaacson, Peter Kelley, Joseph Mann, Francis Murphy, Alfred Neugerman, John Thompson, William L. Velpman. The above fifty-four men, see alphabetical roster.

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- Charles S. Annis.** Recruit 1864; died in the service. (See Page 4.)
Lewis Cass Avery. Born July 20, 1847; recruit 1864. (See Page 5.)
Moses Bohanon. Recruit 1864. (See Page 10.)
John A. Bryer. Recruit 1864. Brother Clarence L. (See Page 14.)
Joseph Cowen. Recruit 1863; taken prisoner and died. (See Page 23.)
James M. Danforth. Recruit 1862; killed Aug. 16, 1864. (See Page 25.)
Thomas Flood. Recruit 1863; taken prisoner and died. (See Page 35.)
William Greene. Recruit 1865. (See Page 42.)
George W. Greenleaf. Recruit 1864; killed. (See Page 42.)
Matthias Greiser. Recruit 1863; taken prisoner and died. (See Page 43.)
John Hilton. Recruit 1864; killed July 30, 1864. (See Page 49.)
Daniel Lyons. Recruit 1864. (See Page 63.)
Thomas Henry Mayo. Born June 28, 1826; drafted March, 1865. (See Page 66.)
Joseph Nichols. Recruit 1864; wounded. (See Page 75.)
Charles Williams. Recruit 1863; died of wounds. (See Page 109.)
Henry W. Winkley. Recruit 1863; killed on board steamer "Fulton" as that part of the regiment, in command of Major Drew, were on their way to Gloucester Point to join the reenlisted veterans. (See Page 111.)

ORIGINAL MEN, CO. K, FOURTH N. H. VOLUNTEERS.

- Jonathan Robinson Bagley.** Captain. (See Page 119.)
Ephraim C. Currier. First Lieutenant. (See Page 120.)
Charles Wellington Tilton. Second Lieutenant. (See Page 127.)
George Warren Huckins. First Sergeant. (See Page 121.)
Wesley Balch Knights. Second Sergeant. Reenlisted in the field; taken prisoner and died. (See Page 58.)
Job Randall Giles. Third Sergeant. Born Aug. 16, 1829; served three years. (See Page 40.)
Harvey M. Weed. Fourth Sergeant. Born Dec., 1810; one of the old men of Co. K; discharged early and died. (See Page 105.)
William Sanford Barker. Fifth Sergeant. (See Page 122.)
Henry S. Woods. First Corporal. (See Page 112.)
George H. McConihe. Second Corporal. Born Sept. 6, 1843; died early of disease. Brother James M. in Co. K. (See Page 66.)
Fernando C. Spaulding. Third Corporal. Taken prisoner and died. (See Page 95.)
Benjamin Louis Hartshorn. Fourth Corporal. Born July 13, 1839; promoted to Sergt.; served three years. (See Page 46.)
Stickney S. Gale. Fifth Corporal. Born Nov. 23, 1823; reenlisted in the field; taken prisoner in Mexican war. (See Page 38.)

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- John Parker Hodgman.** Sixth Corporal. Born Nov. 26, 1840; promoted to Sergt.; reënlisted in the field; wounded Aug. 16, 1864; served four years. (See Page 49.)
- Charles H. Morrison.** Seventh Corporal. Served three months in 1 N. H.; reënlisted in the field; taken prisoner and died. (See page 72.)
- John Crowell Estey.** Eighth Corporal. Born Feb. 23, 1842; reënlisted in the field; wounded May 16, 1864; promoted Sergt. and 1 Sergt.; served four years; one of the best men in Co. K. His two brothers, Charles E. and Horace P., served in same company and died in the service; three brothers, over six feet, an honor to the town of Londonderry and to the 4 Regt. John C. still lives, 1911, and is a business man in Oakland, Cal., and one of its prominent citizens. (See Page 32.)
- Samuel F. Coffin.** Musician; went in his coffin at Turner, Me., years ago. (See Page 20.)
- Charles Gilman Colby.** Drummer. Born April 8, 1842; reënlisted and deserted. (See Page 21.)
- Joseph C. Abbott.** Served three months in 1 N. H.; died in the service as a member of 4 N. H. (See Page 3.)
- Albert Atwood.** Reënlisted in the field; killed June 30, 1864. (See Page 5.)
- Jonathan J. Bagley.** Killed front of Petersburg. (See Page 6.)
- Joseph W. Bailey.** Served one year and died. (See Page 6.)
- John W. Barker.** Killed front of Petersburg. (See Page 7.)
- Charles L. Batchelder.** Appointed 5 Sergt. but did not go to war with 4 N. H.; afterwards went in 7 N. H. (See Page 7.)
- John Bartlett.** Born Aug. 5, 1833; reënlisted in the field; promoted to Sergt.; wounded May 16, 1864, and severely at Ft. Fisher in the left hand; never has opened the fingers of his hand since. Daniel J. George, Co. C, was a half brother. Resident, 1911, Manchester. (See Page 7.)
- Rufus Blake.** Served three years. (See Page 10.)
- John D. Buckham.** One of the old men of Co. K; was a Corp. and Sergt.; wounded James Island, S. C. (See Page 14.)
- Albert Cass.** Served three years. (See Page 17.)
- Samuel Clark.** Born Feb. 17, 1836; reënlisted in the field; taken prisoner May 16, 1864; was held one year. Resident, 1911, Georgetown, Mass.; has passed his life sinking wells and putting in pumps in the country, and is an expert in that line.
- Robert Clayton.** Reënlisted in the field; taken prisoner July 30, 1864, and died. (See Page 19.)
- Jesse C. Crowell.** Served twenty-seven months in 4 N. H. and ten months in the Heavy Art. (See Page 24.)
- Edward Dalton.** Died in the service. (See Page 25.)
- Charles F. Davis.** Served three years in 4 N. H. Brother Daniel in 1 N. H. Battery. (See Page 26.)
- John F. Davis.** Deserter; not known if alive. (See Page 26.)
- Matthew Dickey.** Born Aug. 15, 1829; served three years. Died in Manchester; burial in Merrimack.

- Thomas Dissmore.** Served two years and died. (See Page 28.)
- James Dooley.** Discharged March 12, 1863; served afterwards in 18 N. H. Dropped dead from his carriage by the roadside. (See Page 28.)
- Charles Enos Estey.** Brother of Horace P. and John C. of Co. K; reënlisted in the field; wounded and taken prisoner; died of wounds. (See Page 32.)
- Horace Peabody Estey.** Oldest of the three Estey brothers of Co. K; reënlisted in the field; died in the service. (See Page 32.)
- George Evans.** Died on steamer as the regiment was going to Florida; buried at sea. One other man of Co. K died and was buried at sea, William Sherer. (See Pages 32, 91.)
- Joseph R. Everett.** Reënlisted in the field; wounded and died of wounds. (See Page 32.)
- Clinton Farley.** Reënlisted in the field; served four years. (See Page 33.)
- James Fern.** An old man; served nineteen months and discharged. Dead; date unknown; buried at Meredith.
- William Flanders.** Served two years. (See Page 35.)
- Charles Russell Frost.** Born April 8, 1826; the second oldest survivor; served twenty-six months, then ten months in Heavy Art. Resident, 1911, near North Londonderry depot. (See Page 37.)
- John Fullerton.** Was a 2 Lieut. the last three months of the service; assigned to Co. E but did duty in another company. (See Page 129.)
- Israel L. Gale.** Reënlisted in the field. Dead; date unknown. (See Page 38.)
- Frank A. Garland.** Died in the service. (See Page 39.)
- Daniel Goodwin.** Reënlisted in the field; was a Corp.; killed front of Petersburg. (See Page 41.)
- Orlando Burt Goodwin.** Served three years. (See Page 41.)
- Charles Augustus Hackett.** Born Feb. 7, 1839; served twenty-two months, most of the time as cook. Before his death was blind several years, and had lived to bury all his near relatives. A brother, George, served with him in Co. K.
- George Washington Hackett.** Born May 10, 1837; his brother Charles in same company; reënlisted in the field; was a Corp.; taken prisoner May 16, 1864. (See Page 44.)
- Samuel Heseltine.** Served three years. (See Page 48.)
- George B. Johnson.** (See Page 54.)
- John G. Johnson.** Reënlisted in the field; taken prisoner and died in prison. (See Page 54.)
- Joseph Horace Knowlton.** Served one year. (See Page 58.)
- George Lawson.** Served two years. Brother William in Co. K. (See Page 60.)
- William Lawson.** Reënlisted in the field; wounded; served four years. Brother of George, same company. (See Page 60.)
- Frederick W. Lougee.** Served three years. (See Page 62.)

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- George Washington Mace.** Served three years. A brother of Samuel B., same company. Resident, 1911, Arlington, N. J. (See Page 63.)
- Samuel Blake Mace.** Born Feb. 12, 1839; reënlisted in the field; served four years. (See Page 63.)
- Henry Harvell Manning.** Born Dec. 15, 1840; served one year; brother a Lieut., Ruel Manning, 10 N. H. (See Page 64.)
- Lemuel Marden.** Born Dec. 12, 1843; served three years. Died April 16, 1912, Fitchburg, Mass. (See Page 64.)
- Isaac W. Martin.** Reënlisted in the field; killed front of Petersburg. (See Page 65.)
- James M. McConihe.** Born April 13, 1845; reënlisted in the field; was a Sergt.; served four years. Brother of George H. of Co. K, who died in the service. Resident, 1911, De Kalb, Ill. (See Page 67.)
- Samuel McDole.** Born Nov. 15, 1839; reënlisted in the field; wounded May 16, 1864; was a Corp. Resident, 1911, Manchester.
- Calvin Merrill.** Born June 15, 1835; lost leg Morris Island. Resident, 1911, Concord. (See Page 69.)
- Edward P. Moore.** Reënlisted in the field; wounded; was a Sergt.; died of wounds. (See Page 72.)
- Moses M. Myrick.** Reënlisted in the field; killed Aug. 16, 1864. (See Page 74.)
- Sylvester W. Nelson.** Served three years. (See Page 74.)
- Stephen A. Nichols.** Died early after the war. (See Page 75.)
- William King Norton.** Was assigned to Co. K in 1861 but never served a day in the company; was in the Qr. Dept. and was promoted outside Co. K; was for many years after the war sheriff of Merrimack county and died at his residence at the county buildings. A true man, lovable comrade, once a friend always a friend.
- Patrick O'Conner.** (See Page 76.)
- Albert G. Ormsby.** Reënlisted in the field; was a Corp.; served four years. (See Page 77.)
- Horace Hutchinson Parker.** Served three years. (See Page 78.)
- William Henry Harrison Perkins.** Born Nov. 21, 1817; one of the oldest men in 4 N. H.; served one year. (See Page 79.)
- Benjamin Franklin Pettengill.** Born Feb. 10, 1844; wounded severely and taken prisoner May 16, 1864; discharged on account of wounds; loss of right eye, shot out, has always troubled him since. Resident, 1911, Derry. (See Page 80.)
- Nelson J. Pierce.** Killed at Cold Harbor. (See Page 81.)
- Warren G. Pike.** Wounded severely Oct. 22, 1862; discharged on account of wounds. (See Page 81.)
- Thomas B. Platts.** Reënlisted in the field; served four years. (See Page 81.)
- Samuel Putnam.** Served one year. (See Page 83.)
- Enos S. Rowell.** In Mexican war. (See Page 87.)
- William H. Sanborn.** Reënlisted in the field; served four years. Died Oct. 11, 1911, Chicago, Ill. (See Page 89.)

- William Sherer.** The oldest man in Co. K; died on the "Baltic" on ocean on the way to Port Royal; funeral on the "Baltic" quarterdeck; burial at sea with all the honors possible; to a thousand men the first burial at sea was witnessed with all its solemn impressiveness. (See Page 91.)
- Benjamin Shipley.** One of the old men; reënlisted in the field. (See Page 91.)
- David Corning Stevens.** Reënlisted in the field; served four years. Died; date unknown. (See Page 96.)
- Horatio N. Stevens.** One of the old men; served in 2, 4, 5 N. H.; died in the service. (See Page 96.)
- Monroe Stevens.** Reënlisted in the field; served four years. (See Page 96.)
- Harlan Simmons Streeter.** Born Dec. 23, 1841; was a Corp.; died in the service. (See Page 97.)
- Henry D. Tompkins.** Born April 2, 1829; served three years. (See Page 101.)
- Joshua Balden Webster.** Born Oct. 13, 1838; served three years. Resident, 1911, Crawford, Neb.
- George W. Wells.** Served three months, 1 N. H.; wounded Aug. 16, 1864; lost a leg. (See Page 105.)
- Lorenzo Wight.** Died after one year's service. (See Page 108.)
- Charles H. Williams.** Reënlisted in the field; served four years. (See Page 109.)
- Almon Wood.** Reënlisted in the field; served four years; was in the hospital department all his time; was one of the oldest men. (See Page 112.)
- Albert Brown Woodward.** Born Feb. 22, 1840; born Washington's birthday; wounded and discharged on account of wounds received at Pocotaligo, S. C., Oct. 22, 1862. Resident, 1911, Laconia. (See Page 112.)
- Joseph A. Wyckoff.** Killed in our first battle. (See Page 113.)
- George Wyman.** Served three years. Brother of James, same company. (See Page 113.)
- James Wyman.** Reënlisted in the field. Brother of George. (See Page 113.)
- Alemander Young.** Reënlisted in the field; wounded twice; served four years. (See Page 113.)
- Israel W. Young.** One of the old men. (See Page 114.)
- Richard Young.** Born at Parsonsfield, Me.; reënlisted in the field; taken prisoner May 16, 1864; escaped; discharged Aug. 15, 1865, Raleigh, N. C. Died April 26, 1880, Haverhill, Mass. Next to last name in alphabetical roster of the whole regiment.

RECRUITS CO. K, FOURTH N. H. VOLUNTEERS.

During the war sixty-eight men were added to the original company: fifteen of them deserted, four had been transferred to navy and deserted—Joseph Anderson, Peter Anderson, John Brown,

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Craver, Darrell, Dickett, Dubois, Gorman, Charles Hall, Horen, William Johnson, Leonard, McNab, James Miller, Charles Williams.

The following are unknown since the war: John F. Bennett, Henry E. Bidwell, Joseph Brown, Lewis Chaney, William Chester, James Clark, Patrick Colbert, Joseph Green, F. W. Guenther, William Harriman, G. L. Harrington, William Harrison, Thomas Jewell, James Johnson, John T. Johnson, James Kelley, Eugene Lacroix, Lucius Little, Cecil McGee, John H. Parker, Alfred Penault, Charles Smith, George Statwood, Albert Tanney, Horace Taylor, Benjamin Welch, David Wheeler, James Wilson, William Wilson, William Wright. For the above forty-five, see alphabetical roster.

Horace F. Abbott. Brother of Joseph C., same company; was recruit 1864. (See Page 3.)

John Alfred Berg. Born April 12, 1846; recruit 1865; Corp. Resident, 1911, Soldiers' Home, Wisconsin. (See Page 9.)

Joel Blackman. Old man; born Dec. 21, 1810; recruit 1862. (See Page 10.)

Francis Decoene. Recruit 1865. (See Page 27.)

John Dillon. Recruit 1863. There was a John Dillon in Co. D who deserted but not the one in Co. K. Comrade Dillon was taken prisoner May 16, 1864; in prison nearly a year; was made a Corp. and was mustered out with the regiment and resided in Manchester till his sudden death, April 29, 1899. He was conducting a large life insurance business. He was active in the militia and became Col. of the 1 N. H. Regt.; had been commander of Louis Bell Post, G. A. R., and president of the 4 N. H. Veteran association. Funeral at Universalist church and burial at Pine Grove cemetery, Manchester. (See Page 28.)

James Fitzsimmons. Recruit 1864. Last man killed in the regiment by accident on railroad while returning home after the war. (See Page 34.)

Thomas Flynn. Recruit 1865. (See Page 36.)

James E. Hanscom. Drafted recruit 1865; died in the service. (See Page 45.)

Beletson Hoffman. Recruit 1863; died of wounds. (See Page 49.)

Charles Hunter. Recruit 1863; taken prisoner; died. (See Page 51.)

Frank Jones. Drafted recruit 1865. Resident, 1911, Soldiers' Home, Tilton. (See Page 55.)

Ham Tean Kan. Recruit 1865; died in the service. (See Page 55.)

James M. Kidder. Born Aug. 27, 1822; drafted recruit 1865. (See Page 57.)

Gilman L. Lang. Born Christmas, 1825; recruit 1862. (See Page 59.)

James S. Manlove. Recruit 1863; taken prisoner and died. (See Page 64.)

- Alfred Marland.** Recruit 1863; correct name John M. Cooley; the only recruit to receive a commission; he became 1 Lieut. last part of the war; mustered out with the regiment; came to Manchester; married Harriet Lord, a school teacher; returned to his native state, Maryland, and took up his profession as a professor in an academy at Darlington, Md., where he lived till his death in 1878. He was a highly educated gentleman. (See Pages 64, 126.)
- Nathaniel Mason, Jr.** Drafted recruit 1865; died in the service. (See Page 65.)
- George Peno.** Correct name George Pinard. Recruit 1865; mustered out with the regiment. Resident, 1911, Manchester. (See Page 79.)
- Charles Richards.** Recruit 1863. (See Page 85.)
- James C. Salisbury.** Recruit 1863; taken prisoner and died. (See Page 88.)
- Charles Stone.** Correct name Charles Sawtelle. Recruit 1864; was a Corp. (See Page 97.)
- Theodore T. Ward.** Recruit 1861; was the second recruit to enlist for the regiment; served three years; nothing known of him since the war. (See Page 104.)
- Perley S. Young.** Recruit 1862; reported as died of wounds May 4, 1864; not known where wounded. (See Page 114.)

ORIGINAL MEN OF THE FOURTH REGIMENT WHO REENLISTED IN THE FIELD FOR THREE YEARS OR DURING THE WAR.

(The highest rank is given, also date of reenlistment.)

COMPANY A.

Jacob E. W. Aspinwall. Feb. 15, 1864. Died since the war.
 Stephen E. Babb. Feb. 20, 1864; wounded. Died since the war.
 Levi Bean. Corp.; Feb. 16, 1864; wounded twice. Alive 1911.
 James L. Boyle. Feb. 15, 1864; wounded. Alive 1911.
 Charles H. Clay. Feb. 18, 1864. Died since the war.
 Horatio G. Cloutman. Feb. 24, 1864; deserted April 7, 1864. Dead.
 Jeremiah H. Colbath. Feb. 16, 1864; wounded. Died since the war.
 Andrew Comore. Feb. 24, 1864; deserted April 7, 1864. Dead.
 Rufus Curtis. Feb. 25, 1864; Corp. Died since the war.
 Charles L. Fuller. Feb. 20, 1864; prisoner of war. Alive 1911.
 Geo. F. Goodwin. Corp.; Feb. 20, 1864; prisoner. Died since war.
 Stephen T. Hall. 1 Sergt.; Feb. 20, 1864. Died since the war.
 Charles B. Hanson. Feb. 15, 1864. Died since the war.
 Franklin Hayes. Sergt.; Jan. 1, 1864. Died since the war.
 Charles Hurd. Feb. 16, 1864. Died since the war.
 George W. Hurd. Corp.; Feb. 24, 1864. Alive 1911.
 Louis McD. Hussey. Capt.; Jan. 1, 1864. Died since the war.
 John H. Jackson. Corp.; Feb. 15, 1864. Died prisoner of war.
 Samuel F. Johnson. Sergt.; Feb. 15, 1864. Died since the war.
 Joseph Lane. Feb. 28, 1864; deserted March 27, 1864. Dead.
 John D. Mahoney. Corp.; Feb. 20, 1864; prisoner of war. Dead.
 Geo. H. Meserve. Sergt.; Feb. 15, 1864; prisoner war. Alive 1911.
 Eben H. Pierce. Corp.; Feb. 15, 1864. Alive 1911.
 John Q. Pinkham. Feb. 28, 1864; prisoner war. Killed since war.
 John W. Quimby. Feb. 20, 1864; des. April. 7, 1864. Died since war.
 Stephen H. Rogers. Feb. 18, 1864. Died in the war.
 John T. Rollins. Feb. 25, 1864. Died prisoner of war.
 John S. Runnals. Corp.; Feb. 15, 1864; wounded. Died since war.
 Eldrick Senacal. Feb. 24, 1864; deserted April 7, 1864. Dead.
 Dennis Sullivan. Corp.; Feb. 18, 1864. Died since the war.
 William W. Whitney. Sergt.; Feb. 15, 1864. Alive 1911.
 Bartholomew Willey. Feb. 15, 1864; wounded. Alive 1911.
 Joseph Wingate. 1 Lt.; Feb. 15, 1864; wounded twice. Alive 1911.
 David A. Witham. Feb. 19, 1864. Died since the war.
 James H. Ham.* Feb. 16, 1864; deserted. Suicide after the war.

Company A—35. Dead, 26; alive, 9.

*Ham was an early recruit, 1862. Right name Augustus H. Buckman.

COMPANY B.

Albert C. Berry. 1 Sergt.; Feb. 20, 1864; prisoner. Burned to death.
Charles R. Brackett. Drummer; Feb. 16, 1864. Alive 1911.
Patrick Doyle. Corp.; Feb. 20, 1864. Died since the war.
Alonzo Gay. Feb. 24, 1864. Alive 1911.
Leonard O. Gay. 1 Lieut.; wounded. Alive 1911.
John Gray. Feb. 24, 1864. Died since the war.
John Harrington. Feb. 21, 1864; deserted April 8, 1864. Unknown.
William W. Hawkins. Feb. 16, 1864. Died since the war.
George D. Jones. Sergt.; Feb. 20, 1864. Alive 1911.
Samuel Knox. Feb. 20, 1864. Died of wounds.
William Lamereen. Feb. 24, 1864; wounded; deserted. Dead.
Hosea B. Lary. Sergt.; Feb. 20, 1864; wounded. Alive 1911.
Henry C. Lund. Corp.; Feb. 16, 1864. Killed in the war.
George A. Marden. Feb. 15, 1864. Died since the war.
Stephen H. Meader. 1 Sergt.; Feb. 25, 1864. Died of wounds.
Francis W. Montgomery. Feb. 21, 1864; prisoner of war. Dead.
John F. Nichols. Sergt.; Feb. 15, 1864; des. Aug. 9, 1864. Drowned.
George W. Parseley. Feb. 16, 1864. Drowned in the war.
Charles H. Perkins. Corp.; Feb. 15, 1864. Died since the war.
David F. Perkins. Feb. 16, 1864. Killed in the war.
George H. Perkins. Feb. 16, 1864. Alive 1911.
David Sarchfield. Feb. 20, 1864. Died since the war.
F. H. Saunders. Sergt.; Feb. 20, 1864; wounded twice. Alive 1911.
Hollis W. Tinker. Corp.; Feb. 20, 1864. Died since the war.
Joseph L. Winn. Feb. 20, 1864. Died of wounds.
John L. Thompson.* Feb. 16, 1864. Alive 1911.

Company B—26. Dead, 17; alive, 8; unknown, 1.

* Was a Southern soldier, deserted; came into our lines. Enlisted in Co. B early in 1862.

COMPANY C.

John Balch, Jr. Feb. 20, 1864; wounded. Died since the war.
 Alanson W. Barney. Feb. 15, 1864. Killed in the war.
 George P. Brown. Feb. 28, 1864. Died since the war.
 David H. Burge. Feb. 24, 1864. Alive 1911.
 William G. Burke. Feb. 18, 1864. Died since the war.
 Charles E. Colcord. Color Sergt.; Feb. 17, 1864. Died of wounds.
 Michael Connolly. Feb. 16, 1864. Died prisoner of war.
 Charles E. Cook. Com. Sergt.; Feb. 18, 1864; prisoner. Alive 1911.
 Orrin T. Dodge. Feb. 18, 1864. Alive 1911.
 Jackson Duston. Feb. 18, 1864. Died since the war.
 Albert O. Fisher. Corp.; Feb. 18, 1864. Died prisoner of war.
 Horace Forsaith. Corp.; Jan. 1, 1864; prisoner of war. Alive 1911.
 Jonas C. French. Sergt.; Feb. 17, 1864; died prisoner of war.
 Joseph Giline. Feb. 24, 1864; deserted April 7, 1864. Unknown.
 Henry C. Griffin. Corp.; Feb. 18, 1864. Died prisoner of war.
 Abel F. Gutterson. Feb. 20, 1864; 1 Sergt. Alive 1911.
 Henry A. Haskell. Feb. 24, 1864. Killed in the war.
 Charles Joslyn. Feb. 18, 1864. Alive 1911.
 George M. Kidder. Corp.; Feb. 24, 1864; prisoner of war. Dead.
 Daniel W. Knox. Corp.; Feb. 28, 1864. Killed in the war.
 Edwin F. Lund. Feb. 20, 1864. Died of wounds.
 Alfred F. Lynch. Feb. 16, 1864. Killed in war.
 Geo. H. Mallard. Sergt.; Feb. 18, 1864; prisoner of war. Alive 1911.
 John Martin. Feb. 20, 1864; deserted April 7, 1864.
 William H. Martin. Feb. 18, 1864. Died since the war.
 Ward Messer. Corp.; Feb. 28, 1864; wounded. Died since the war.
 Joseph L. C. Miller. Feb. 20, 1864; prisoner of war. Dead.
 Dearborn S. Moody. Sergt.; wounded. Died since the war.
 Patrick O'Brien. Feb. 19, 1864. Died since the war.
 David C. Owen. Feb. 19, 1864. Died since the war.
 Cornelius E. Parker. Jan. 30, 1864. Died since the war.
 Henry M. Potter. Feb. 16, 1864. Killed in the war.
 Perley B. Rand. Sergt.; Feb. 20, 1864; prisoner of war. Dead.
 Eleazor L. Sarsons. Capt.; Feb. 16, 1864; prisoner war. Alive 1911.
 Amos F. Spaulding. Feb. 25, 1864. Alive 1911.
 George D. Stiles. Feb. 20, 1864. Died since the war.
 George S. Tuck. Corp.; Feb. 21, 1864. Died in the war.
 William O. Woodbridge. Feb. 18, 1864. Died of wounds.
 John Worthley. Feb. 20, 1864. Died in the war.
 William A. Levi.* Drummer; Feb. 25, 1864. Alive 1911.

Company C—40. Dead, 29; alive, 10; unknown, 1.

Was an early 1862 recruit.

COMPANY D.

Moses Ash. Feb. 14, 1864. Died of wounds.
Walter R. Billings. Corp.; Feb. 17, 1864. Killed since the war.
George F. Brown. Feb. 17, 1864. Killed in the war.
Lewis H. Cheney. Com. Sergt.; Feb. 15, 1864; wounded. Dead.
Andrew B. Cutler. Jan. 1, 1864. Died prisoner of war.
Dewitt D. Dolley. Feb. 20, 1864; prisoner of war. Died since war.
James Ellis. Feb. 17, 1864; wounded. Alive 1911.
Israel C. Hall. Feb. 17, 1864; wounded; prisoner war. Alive 1911.
Ezra Ham. Feb. 18, 1864. Died of wounds.
Benjamin F. Hannaford. Dec. 25, 1863. Died in the war.
Charles P. Hobbs. Feb. 14, 1864. Died of wounds.
Charles E. Hurd. Corp.; Feb. 17, 1864. Died since the war.
John H. Jackson. Corp.; Feb. 15, 1864. Died prisoner of war.
Abner L. Knowlton. Capt.; Jan. 1, 1864. Died since the war.
Jackson H. Lawrence. Jan. 1, 1864; wounded three times. Dead.
Solomon N. Leavitt. Feb. 18, 1864; wd.; prisoner war. Alive 1911.
John G. Lovejoy. Feb. 17, 1864; wounded. Alive 1911.
Robert McKissock. Feb. 17, 1864. Died of wounds.
Augustus Miller. Feb. 17, 1864. Died since the war.
James Miller. Bugler. Feb. 17, 1864. Died since the war.
Daniel S. Millet. 1 Sergt.; Feb. 24, 1864. Died since the war.
John H. Moses. Feb. 17, 1864. Died since the war.
Albert F. Paige. Sergt.; Feb. 15, 1864; wounded. Alive 1911.
Asa F. Paige. Corp.; Feb. 15, 1864. Alive 1911.
Addison A. Parker. Feb. 17, 1864. Died since the war.
Frank Pickering. Feb. 16, 1864; prisoner of war. Died since war.
Sylvester Pickering. Feb. 16, 1864; wounded. Burned to death.
Samuel H. Prescott. Feb. 18, 1864; 1 Lieut. Alive 1911.
Albert S. Randall. Sergt.; Feb. 17, 1864. Alive 1911.
Alphonso Rollins. Corp.; Feb. 17, 1864. Alive 1911.
Patrick H. Rowen. Feb. 14, 1864. Died since the war.
George Rumsey. Feb. 15, 1864. Killed in the war.
Alonzo J. Sargent. Sergt.; Feb. 18, 1864. Killed in the war.
Orrin G. Seward. Corp.; Feb. 21, 1864. Died since the war.
Augustus M. Smith. Corp.; Jan. 1, 1864; wounded twice. Dead.
Lucien Smith. Feb. 18, 1864. Killed in the war.
William E. Smith. Sergt.; Feb. 14, 1864. Alive 1911.
Daniel Sullivan. Corp.; Feb. 14, 1864; wounded. Alive 1911.
Lyman M. Wade. Dec. 25, 1863; wounded. Died since the war.
William F. Harmon.* Drummer; Feb. 28, 1864. Died since war

Company D—40. Dead, 29; alive, 11.

* Was an early 1862 recruit.

COMPANY E.

Francis A. Allen. Feb. 15, 1864; wounded. Died since the war.
 Horatio N. Bickford. Feb. 20, 1864; wounded; prisoner war. Dead.
 Charles J. Brackett. Feb. 28, 1864; wounded; prisoner war. Dead.
 Thomas S. Burns. Sergt.; Feb. 19, 1864; wounded. Alive 1911.
 John T. Buzzell. Dec. 25, 1863. Died since the war.
 Willard K. Cobb. Sergt.; Jan. 30, 1864; wounded. Killed in war.
 Isaac K. Colby. Feb. 17, 1864. Killed in the war.
 Owen Corrigan. Feb. 21, 1864. Died since the war.
 Michael Cuddy. Feb. 26, 1864; prisoner of war. Died since war.
 George F. Davis. Feb. 20, 1864. Died prisoner of war.
 Jas. M. Dickey. Corp.; Feb. 28, 1864; wounded 3 times. Alive 1911.
 John Fallon. Feb. 21, 1864; wounded. Died since the war.
 Charles H. Fullerton. Corp.; Jan. 1, 1864. Wounded. Dead.
 Herman Greager. Bugler. Feb. 18, 1864. Alive 1911.
 Aaron Y. Hackett. Jan. 1, 1864. Died since the war.
 Geo. W. Heath. Feb. 25, 1864; wounded; prisoner war. Alive 1911.
 Horace G. Heath. Feb. 15, 1864. Died since the war.
 Edward O. Hill. Corp.; Feb. 28, 1864; prisoner of war. Alive 1911.
 Robert Hume. Sergt.; Feb. 28, 1864; prisoner of war. Dead.
 John G. Hutchinson. First Sergt.; Feb. 20, 1864; wd. Alive 1911.
 John M. Jenness. Feb. 28, 1864; prisoner of war. Died since war.
 John Lynch. Corp.; Feb. 28, 1864; wounded. Died since the war.
 John L. Mack. Feb. 28, 1864; wounded. Died since the war.
 John Malone. Feb. 28, 1864; died of wounds; prisoner of war.
 Frank Matthews. Corp.; Feb. 20, 1864. Alive 1911.
 Rollins D. Moore. Jan. 1, 1864; wounded. Died since the war.
 Charles A. Newton. Drummer. Feb. 18, 1864. Alive 1911.
 Henry C. Osgood. Corp.; wounded. Feb. 21, 1864. Dead.
 Oscar Perkins. Feb. 20, 1864; wounded; prisoner war. Alive 1911.
 Charles H. Plumer. Sergt.; Feb. 21, 1864; wounded. Dead.
 Carleton C. Richardson. Corp.; Jan. 1, 1864; prisoner war. Dead.
 William H. Webster. Corp.; Feb. 22, 1864; wounded. Dead.
 Edwin Whitford. Capt.; Feb. 28, 1864. Killed by horse since war.
 Charles M. Whiting. 1 Lieut.; Feb. 15, 1864; wounded. Dead.
 Charles H. Williams. Sergt.; Feb. 20, 1864; wounded. Dead.
 George W. Williams. Corp.; Feb. 20, 1864. Died since the war.
 Edson Wyman. Corp.; Feb. 15, 1864; wounded. Died since war.
 Emery Wyman. Corp.; Feb. 20, 1864; wounded twice. Alive 1911.
 Lyman Wyman. Feb. 20, 1864. Died since the war.
 Woodbury Wyman. Feb. 15, 1864. Died since the war.

Company E—40. Dead, 30; alive, 10.

COMPANY F.

Michael Ball. Feb. 16, 1864; deserted June 12, 1864. Dead.
Charles A. Brown. Feb. 20, 1864; prisoner of war. Died since war.
Noah S. Brown. Drummer; Feb. 18, 1864; prisoner of war. Dead.
Clarence L. Chapman. Capt.; Feb. 18, 1864; wounded. Alive 1911.
William H. Clement. Corp.; Feb. 20, 1864; wounded. Dead.
William H. Colomy. Corp.; Feb. 25, 1864. Alive 1911.
James M. Goodwin. Sergt.; Feb. 20, 1864; wounded; then killed.
Ezra B. Gordon. Feb. 24, 1864. Died since the war.
Anson E. Hall. Feb. 15, 1864. Alive 1911.
John Hanson. Corp.; Feb. 20, 1864. Alive 1911.
Samuel Hilliard. Corp.; Jan. 1, 1864; wounded. Died since war.
Augustus E. Hodges. Corp.; Feb. 20, 1864; wounded. Dead.
Lorenzo D. Huntress. 1 Lieut.; Feb. 17, 1864; wd. Alive 1911.
Hiram Hurd. 1 Sgt.; Feb. 17, 1864; wounded. Alive 1911.
Alonzo C. Johnson. Feb. 18, 1864. Killed on railroad since war.
Samuel F. Jones. Feb. 20, 1864. Killed in the war.
Albert F. Kent. Prin. Musc.; Feb. 18, 1864. Died since the war.
Alonzo Knox. Feb. 17, 1864. Alive 1911.
George J. Lord. Feb. 18, 1864. Alive 1911.
Lewis Lovejoy. Jan. 1, 1864. Died prisoner of war.
Ambrose Madden. Feb. 16, 1864; wounded. Unknown.
Eustis Mellen. Sergt.; Feb. 20, 1864. Died since the war.
Charles E. Miller. Sergt.; Feb. 17, 1864; wounded. Alive 1911.
George A. Miner. Corp.; Feb. 18, 1864; wounded. Died in war.
Andrew Morrison. Corp.; Feb. 28, 1864; wounded. Alive 1911.
Solomon B. G. Parsons. Sergt.; Feb. 17, 1864. Alive 1911.
James S. Perkins. Corp.; Feb. 18, 1864. Died since the war.
George W. Pierce. Feb. 17, 1864; deserted April 16, 1864. Dead.
Charles O. Rankin. Feb. 17, 1864; wounded. Died since the war.
John B. Remick. Feb. 24, 1864. Alive 1911; oldest survivor, 87.
Charles F. Richards. Feb. 18, 1864. Died since the war.
Jos. B. Richards. Feb. 15, 1864; prisoner of war. Died since war.
Charles E. Robinson. Feb. 17, 1864. Died since the war.
George H. Robinson. Corp.; Feb. 17, 1864. Died since the war.
George W. Rowe. Jan. 1, 1864; wounded. Died since the war.
William G. Short. Feb. 20, 1864. Died since the war.
Lowell Simons. Jan. 1, 1864; deserted. Died since the war.
Henry A. Spencer. Corp.; Jan. 1, 1864. Alive 1911.
Geo. W. Tibbetts. Corp.; Feb. 18, 1864; prisoner war. Alive 1911.
Thomas W. Torrey. Sergt.; Jan. 1, 1864. Died since the war.
Jacob Wentworth. Sergt.; Feb. 20, 1864. Alive 1911.
Samuel L. Willey. Sergt.; Feb. 24, 1864. Died of wounds.

Company F—42. Dead, 27; alive, 15; unknown, 1.

COMPANY G.

Zebina N. Annis. Sergt.; Feb. 15, 1864; wounded twice. Alive 1911.
 Richard W. Bateman. Feb. 19, 1864. Died of wounds.
 William Beede. Corp.; wounded. Died in the war.
 Jonathan Boyce. Feb. 15, 1864. Killed in the war.
 Patrick Broderick. Feb. 17, 1864. Died since the war.
 Wm. H. Brooks. Feb. 16, 1864; wd.; afterward died prisoner war.
 Amos W. Brown. Feb. 20, 1864. Died after the war.
 Patrick Conway. Corp.; Feb. 20, 1864; wounded. Alive 1911.
 Patrick Dowd. 2 Lieut.; Feb. 16, 1864; wounded. Alive 1911.
 Edward Fields. Color Sergt.; Feb. 18, 1864; wd; killed in war.
 George E. Fitch. Feb. 28, 1864; prisoner of war. Died since war.
 James M. Fogg. Feb. 16, 1864; prisoner of war. Died since war.
 Benjamin F. Fogg. 2 Lieut.; Feb. 18, 1864. Died since the war.
 Maurice Foley. Feb. 20, 1864; wounded. Died since the war.
 Terrance Frawley. Feb. 19, 1864. Died since the war.
 Thomas J. Galvin. Musician; Feb. 18, 1864. Died since the war.
 John Gardner. Feb. 16, 1864; wounded; afterwards killed.
 John E. Gerry. Corp.; Feb. 16, 1864. Killed in the war.
 Charles P. Gleason. Corp.; Feb. 20, 1864. Died since the war.
 William Guniston. Feb. 19, 1864. Killed in the war.
 Laurence Hern. Feb. 24, 1864. Died since the war.
 Lyford Hunt. Sergt.; Feb. 15, 1864. Died since the war.
 Dennis Hynes. Corp.; Feb. 16, 1864; wounded. Died since war.
 Jeremiah Kelliher. Feb. 19, 1864. Died prisoner of war.
 Lucian B. Legg, Jr. Feb. 24, 1864; wounded. Died since the war.
 Michael Madden. Feb. 16, 1864; wounded twice. Died since war.
 Charles T. Marden. 1 Sergt.; Feb. 16, 1864; wounded. Alive 1911.
 Charles C. Marsh. Feb. 16, 1864. Died since the war.
 Joseph McDaid. Feb. 19, 1864. Died of wounds.
 Michael McHugh. Feb. 24, 1864; des. April 13, 1864. Alive 1911.
 James Merron. Feb. 20, 1864; prisoner of war. Died since war.
 Frederick D. Moore. Feb. 20, 1864. Killed in the war.
 John Mullen. Feb. 16, 1864. Died of wounds.
 Peter O'Brien. Sergt.; Feb. 16, 1864; prisoner war. Died since war.
 John Pickett. Feb. 19, 1864. Died since the war.
 Nelson Richards. Sergt. Feb. 20, 1864; wd. Burned to death.
 Dana Runnals. Feb. 16, 1864. Died since the war.
 Michael Shaughnessy. Corp.; Feb. 16, 1864; prisoner war. Dead.
 John Smith. Sergt.; Feb. 24, 1864; des. as Col. Sergt. Dead.
 Richard Smith. Corp.; Feb. 24, 1864; prisoner war. Died since war.
 Jeremiah Spelan. Feb. 20, 1864; wd.; afterward prisoner war; died.
 George H. Stuart. Feb. 20, 1864; died wounds while prisoner war.
 Cornelius C. Sullivan. Feb. 16, 1864; des. April 16, 1864. Dead.
 Daniel Sullivan. Feb. 16, 1864; wounded. Dead.
 William Sullivan. Feb. 16, 1864. Killed in the war.
 Owen Tully. Feb. 16, 1864; wounded 1862; prisoner 1864. Dead.
 Dennis Walsh. Feb. 15, 1864; wd.; afterward prisoner. Alive 1911.
 James Welch. Feb. 24, 1864; wounded; afterward prisoner. Dead.
 John A. Wentworth. Feb. 24, 1864; prisoner war. Died since war.
 George W. Whitehouse. Feb. 24, 1864. Died since the war.

Company G—50. Dead, 44; alive, 6.

COMPANY H.

John E. Austin. 1 Sergt.; Feb. 20, 1864. Died since the war.
Wayland Ballou. Sergt.; Feb. 18, 1864; wounded. Died since war.
George S. Bixby. Sergt.; prisoner of war. Alive 1911.
Christopher A. Bodwell. Corp.; Jan. 1, 1864. Killed in the war.
William J. Bodwell. Feb. 26, 1864. Alive 1911.
William Brannon. Feb. 16, 1864; wounded. Died since the war.
John Bresnahan. Sergt.; Feb. 20, 1864; wounded. Died since war.
Frank Brigham. Sergt.; Feb. 20, 1864; wounded. Alive 1911.
Edwin S. Brown. Feb. 28, 1864. Died prisoner of war.
Solomon C. Bumford. Corp.; Jan. 1, 1864; prisoner of war. Dead.
George W. Clark. Feb. 20, 1864. Alive 1911.
George W. Collins. Corp.; Feb. 25, 1864. Died prisoner of war.
Patrick Conlon. Corp.; Feb. 20, 1864. Died since the war.
Daniel Davis, Jr. Feb. 28, 1864; wounded twice. Died since war.
Gilbert F. Dow. Feb. 18, 1864. Died prisoner of war.
William M. Edmunds. Jan. 1, 1864. Died of wounds.
George H. Emerson. Feb. 18, 1864; wounded. Died since the war.
Charles C. Foster. Corp.; Feb. 21, 1864. Died since the war.
Hiram B. Foster. Corp.; Feb. 21, 1864. Died since the war.
John H. Goodhue. Corp.; Feb. 20, 1864; wd.; afterwards killed.
George H. Hoyt. Feb. 20, 1864. Died wounds while prisoner war.
Samuel D. Marckries. Corp.; Feb. 28, 1864. Killed on railroad.
James McDermott. Feb. 20, 1864. Died since the war.
Edmund F. McNeil. 1 Sergt.; Jan. 1, 1864. Killed in the war.
Michael Mitchell. Feb. 20, 1864; wounded. Died since the war.
Charles H. Moore. 1 Lieut.; Feb. 20, 1864; wounded. Dead.
John H. Nudd. Corp.; Feb. 19, 1864. Killed in the war.
George F. Quimby. Capt.; Feb. 24, 1864. Alive 1911.
Kimball W. Rollins. March 10, 1864; wounded. Died since war.
Arthur L. Smith. Feb. 20, 1864. Alive 1911.
John C. Smith. Sergt.; Feb. 24, 1864; wounded. Died since war.
Nelson P. Stinehour. Sergt.; Feb. 19, 1864. Died of wounds.

Company H—32. Dead, 26; alive, 6.

COMPANY I.

John W. Beamis. 1 Sergt.; Feb. 15, 1864. Died since the war.
 Clarence L. Bryer. Corp.; Feb. 15, 1864. Alive 1911.
 Frank A. Buzzell. 1 Sergt.; Feb. 9, 1864; wounded. Alive 1911.
 Alonzo Chase. Corp.; Feb. 14, 1864. Died of wounds.
 Theodore Clark. Jan. 1, 1864; wounded. Alive 1911.
 Alvin R. Corliss. Feb. 15, 1864; wounded. Died since the war.
 David Cross. Feb. 15, 1864. Killed in the war.
 Timothy A. Dunham. Feb. 18, 1864. Died since the war.
 Albert D. W. Emerson. Corp.; Jan. 1, 1864. Died since the war.
 Marcus M. Emerson. Corp.; Feb. 15, 1864. Alive 1911.
 Albion K. Goodwin. Feb. 15, 1864; wounded; lost arm. Dead.
 Charles D. Hall. Feb. 15, 1864. Killed in the war.
 Edward P. Hall. Com. Sergt.; Feb. 15, 1864. Alive 1911.
 Alfred T. Hardy. Dec. 25, 1863. Died since the war.
 Leander Harris... Feb. 11, 1864. Died since the war.
 George W. Harvey. Jan. 1, 1864. Died in the war.
 John L. Harvey. Dec. 25, 1863. Alive 1911.
 Joseph Johnson. Feb. 15, 1864; wounded. Died since the war.
 John S. Loverin. Feb. 11, 1864; wounded. Alive 1911.
 George H. Lyman. Dec. 25, 1863. Died in the war.
 Henry A. Mann. 1 Lieut.; Feb. 15, 1864; wounded twice. Dead.
 John D. McConnell. Feb. 15, 1864. Killed in the war.
 Oren F. Morey. Jan. 1, 1864. Killed in the war.
 Ira W. Morrison. Feb. 24, 1864. Died since the war.
 John C. Nutting. Sergt.; Feb. 21, 1864. Died since the war.
 Charles M. Ordway. Feb. 15, 1864. Died since the war.
 Peter Perron. Feb. 14, 1864; wounded. Died since the war.
 Stedman W. Piper. Jan. 1, 1864; deserted June 5, 1864. Dead.
 William Smith. Sgt.-Maj.; Feb. 15, 1864; prisoner of war. Alive 1911.
 Charles W. Spaulding. Dec. 25, 1863; deserted. Died since war.
 George W. Stevens. Drummer. Feb. 15, 1864. Died since war.
 David H. Tewksbury. Corp.; Feb. 15, 1864. Died since the war.
 Horace Tilton. Sergt.; Feb. 15, 1864; wounded twice. Alive 1911.
 James F. Tilton. 1 Sergt.; Jan. 1, 1864. Died since the war.
 Erastus B. Tucker. Feb. 15, 1864. Died since the war.
 Moses G. Tucker. Sergt.; Feb. 24, 1864; wounded. Died since war.
 Hiram Varney. Corp.; Jan. 1, 1864. Killed in the war.
 John T. Walcott. Sergt.; Feb. 11, 1864; wounded. Alive 1911.
 Joseph Warren. Corp.; Feb. 2, 1864. Died since the war.
 Aaron D. Webster. Sergt.; Feb. 15, 1864; wd. twice. Alive 1911.
 Eben Weed. 2 Lieut.; Feb. 11, 1864. Died since the war.
 Thomas C. Weeks. Feb. 15, 1864. Died of wounds.
 Charles I. Wheeler. Jan. 1, 1864; wd.; prisoner of war. Alive 1911.
 Dearborn J. Wheeler. Sergt. Feb. 14, 1864. Died since the war.
 Norris C. Wiggin. Sergt.; Feb. 15, 1864; wounded. Died since war.
 Caleb G. Wiley. Jan. 1, 1864. Died since the war.
 James Wilson. Corp.; Feb. 28, 1864. Alive 1911.
 William H. H. Young. Corp.; Feb. 24, 1864. Killed in the war.

COMPANY I—48. Dead, 35; alive, 13.

COMPANY K.

Albert Atwood. Feb. 26, 1864. Killed in the war.
William S. Barker. Capt.; Feb. 15, 1864. Died since the war.
John Bartlett. Sergt.; Feb. 20, 1864; wounded twice. Alive 1911.
Samuel Clark. Feb. 24, 1864; prisoner of war. Alive 1911.
Robert Clayton. Feb. 15, 1864. Died prisoner of war.
Charles G. Colby. Drummer; Feb. 16, 1864; deserted. Dead.
John F. Davis. Feb. 28, 1864; deserted April 12, 1864. Unknown.
Charles E. Estey. Feb. 16, 1864; died wounds while prisoner war.
Horace P. Estey. Feb. 24, 1864. Died in the war.
John C. Estey. 1 Sergt.; Feb. 15, 1864; wounded. Alive 1911.
Joseph R. Everett. Feb. 15, 1864. Died of wounds.
Clinton Farley. Feb. 28, 1864. Died since the war.
John Fullerton. 2 Lieut.; Feb. 15, 1864. Died since the war.
Isaac N. Gale. Feb. 20, 1864. Died since the war.
Stickney S. Gale. Corp.; Feb. 16, 1864; prisoner of war. Dead.
Daniel Goodwin. Corp.; Feb. 15, 1864. Killed in the war.
George W. Hackett. Corp.; Feb. 16, 1864; prisoner of war. Dead.
John P. Hodgman. Sergt.; Feb. 15, 1864; wounded. Dead.
John G. Johnson. Feb. 8, 1864. Died prisoner of war.
Wesley B. Knight. Sergt.; Feb. 16, 1864. Died prisoner of war.
William Lawson. Feb. 15, 1864; wounded. Died since the war.
Samuel B. Mace. Feb. 24, 1864. Died since the war.
Isaac W. Martin. Feb. 16, 1864. Killed in the war.
James M. McConihe. Sergt.; Feb. 24, 1864. Alive 1911.
Samuel McDole. Corp.; Feb. 15, 1864; wounded. Alive 1911.
Edward P. Moore. Sergt.; Feb. 24, 1864. Died of wounds.
Charles H. Morrison. Corp.; Feb. 16, 1864. Died prisoner of war.
Moses M. Myrick. Feb. 16, 1864. Killed in the war.
William K. Norton. 1 Lieut.; Feb. 20, 1864. Died since the war.
Albert G. Ormsby. Corp.; Feb. 24, 1864. Died since the war.
Thomas B. Platts. Feb. 17, 1864. Died since the war.
William H. Sanborn. Feb. 15, 1864. Died since the war.
Benjamin Shipley. Feb. 16, 1864. Died in the war.
David C. Stevens. Feb. 16, 1864. Died since the war.
Munroe Stevens. Feb. 16, 1864. Died since the war.
Charles H. Williams. Feb. 15, 1864. Died since the war.
Almon Wood. Feb. 17, 1864. Died since the war.
James Wyman. Feb. 24, 1864. Died since the war.
Alemander Young. Feb. 16, 1864; wounded twice. Dead.
Richard Young. Feb. 15, 1864; prisoner of war. Died since war.

COMPANY K—40. Dead, 34; alive, 5; unknown 1.

OFFICERS

who were officers before the men reënlisted and who served more than three years. Eight of them served four years: **Lt.-Col. Francis W. Parker, Major George F. Towle, Adj. Timothy W. Challis, Surg. David P. Dearborn; Captains John H. Roberts, George W. Huckins, Matthew Adams; Second Lieut. James F. Gilpatrick.** All are now dead.

Col. Louis Bell killed in command of his brigade.

Qr. Albert K. Tilton, Surg. George P. Greeley; Captains Isaac W. Hobbs, Frederick A. Kendall, True Sanborn; Lieutenants Amos L. Colburn, Daniel Gile, Harvey F. Wiggin, Benjamin R. Wheeler. The last nine resigned after more than three years' service.

Only four of these eighteen officers are now alive: **Captains Hobbs and Sanborn, Lieutenants Colburn and Wheeler.**

WAITING FOR THE BUGLE.

We wait for the bugle; the night-dews are cold,
 The limbs of the soldiers feel jaded and old;
 The field of our bivouac is windy and bare,
 There is lead in our joints, there is frost in our hair;
 The future is veiled and its fortunes unknown
 As we lie with hushed breath till the bugle is blown.
 At the sound of the bugle each comrade shall spring
 Like an arrow released from the strain of a string;
 The courage, the impulse of youth shall come back
 To banish the chill of the drear bivouac;
 And sorrows and losses and cares fade away
 When that life-giving signal proclaims the new day.
 Though the bivouac of age may put ice in our veins,
 And no fibre of steel in our sinew remains;
 Though the comrades of yesterday's march are not here,
 And the sunlight seems pale and the branches are sere,
 Though the sound of our cheering dies down to a moan—
 We shall find our lost youth when the bugle is blown.

—Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

KILLED OR DIED OF WOUNDS.

Louis Bell. Colonel. January 16, 1865.
Charles W. Sawyer. Major. June 22, 1864.
Frank B. Hutchinson. Lieutenant. May 16, 1864.
Stephen J. Wentworth. Lieutenant. August 15, 1864.

COMPANY A.

Thomas Mack. First Sergeant. September 16, 1863.
David C. Hayes. Sergeant. November 12, 1862.
Alvah E. Moody. Private. August 30, 1864.
Louis Brier.* Private. June 7, 1864.

COMPANY B.

Stephen H. Meader. First Sergeant. April 16, 1865.
Henry C. Lund. Corporal. September 3, 1864.
Bradford A. Hurd. Private. June 21, 1863.
Samuel Knox. Private. October 5, 1864.
David F. Perkins. Private. July 26, 1864.
Joseph L. Winn. Private. August 8, 1864.
Peter Murtaha.* Private. October 2, 1864.
Frank Sadowski.* Private. July 8, 1864.
John Williams.* Private. August 16, 1864.
John H. Williams.* Private. July 19, 1864.

COMPANY C.

Charles E. Colcord. Color Sergeant. June 26, 1864.
Thomas L. Gilpatrick. Corporal. August 27, 1864.
Daniel W. Knox. Corporal. August 16, 1864.
Alanson W. Barney. Private. May 15, 1864.
George W. Cook. Private. June 7, 1864.
Henry C. Griffin. Corporal. Sept. 10, 1864.
Henry A. Haskell. Private. September 29, 1864.
Edwin F. Lund. Private. August 23, 1864.
Alfred F. Lynch. Private. May 16, 1864.
Henry M. Potter. Private. May 16, 1864.
Josiah P. Wheeler. Private. September 13, 1864.
William O. Woodbridge. Private. June 25, 1864.
Joseph Champagne.* Private. May 16, 1864.

* Recruits.

Charles Jones.* Private. May 16, 1864.
Thomas Whelston.* Private. August 8, 1864.

COMPANY D.

Darius A. Drake. Sergeant. August 22, 1863.
Alonzo J. Sargent. Sergeant. September 29, 1864.
Albert R. Hull.* Corporal. March 17, 1865.
Oscar F. Washburn.* Corporal. August 13, 1864.
Joseph Appleyard. Private. August 16, 1864.
Moses Ash. Private. November 14, 1864.
George F. Brown. Private. August 16, 1864.
Andrew B. Cutler. Private. Dec. 22, 1864.
Henry S. Hamlett. Private. Nov. 12, 1864.
Ezra Ham. Private. August 10, 1864.
Charles P. Hobbs. Private. October 19, 1864.
Alfred Jackson. Private. September 4, 1864.
John H. Jackson. Private. Nov. 12, 1864.
Robert McKissock. Private. October 14, 1864.
Frank L. Potter. Private. July 8, 1864.
George Rumsey. Private. June 28, 1864.
Lucien Smith. Private. July 30, 1864.
Asa E. Howe.* Private. September 29, 1864.
Winthrop L. Presby.* Private. July 27, 1864.

COMPANY E.

Willard K. Cobb. Sergeant. September 29, 1864.
Isaac K. Colby. Private. May 16, 1864.
Amos Cressy. Private. June 6, 1864.
Lucius Leavitt. Private. August 2, 1864.
David G. Lillis. Private. Dec. 4, 1862.
John Malone. Private. May 18, 1864.
Henry K. Richardson. Private. May 16, 1864.
Benjamin F. Allen.* Private. November 21, 1864.
William Cash.* Private. February 11, 1864.
Henry Gray.* Private. August 22, 1864.

COMPANY F.

James M. Goodwin. First Sergeant. July 30, 1864.
Samuel L. Willey. Sergeant. January 17, 1864.
Newcomb J. Jennings. Corporal. May 16, 1864.
Richard O. Davis. Private. June 26, 1864.
Samuel F. Jones. Private. May 16, 1864.
John McDonald.* Private. March 14, 1865.
Charles H. Smith. Private. June 4, 1864.

* Recruits.

John H. Whitehouse. Private. January 1, 1862.
William F. Wingate. Private. October 22, 1862.

COMPANY G.

John E. Gerry. Corporal. January 16, 1864.
Richard W. Bateman. Private. June 26, 1864.
Jonathan Boyce. Private. May 16, 1864.
John Gardner. Private. January 16, 1864.
William Gunston. Private. May 16, 1864.
Joseph McDaid. Private. July 26, 1864.
Frederick D. Moore. Private. May 16, 1864.
John Mullen. Private. July 29, 1864.
Martin J. Stanton. Private. March 16, 1862.
George H. Stuart. Private. September 11, 1864.
William Sullivan. Private. May 16, 1864.
Francis B. Willey. Private. Feb. 20, 1864.
Thomas Mooney.* Private. May 16, 1864.

COMPANY H.

Edmund F. McNeil. First Sergeant. August 16, 1864.
Christopher A. Bodwell. Corporal. May 16, 1864.
John H. Goodhue. Corporal. August 16, 1864.
Joseph Hibbert. Corporal. May 16, 1864.
John H. Nudd. Corporal. July 30, 1864.
Nelson P. Stinehour. Corporal. July 10, 1864.
Elbridge G. Towle. Corporal. August 9, 1864.
William M. Edmunds. Corporal. July 6, 1864.
George W. A. Goldsmith. Corporal. March 25, 1864.
Byron Howard. Corporal. July 25, 1864.
George H. Hoyt. Corporal. January 9, 1865.
Sumner J. Sweatt. Corporal. August 16, 1864.
William Bussius.* Corporal. August 16, 1864.
Henry F. Edgerly.* Corporal. August 2, 1864.
Orange Fisk.* Corporal. June 30, 1864.
Herman Karnoff.* Corporal. September 4, 1864.
Franklin L. Tandy.* Corporal. July 30, 1864.

COMPANY I.

Hiram Varney. Corporal. June 5, 1864.
William H. H. Young. Corporal. July 30, 1864.
Alonzo Chase. Private. August 24, 1864.
David Cross. Private. July 6, 1864.
James M. Danforth. Private. August 16, 1864.
George W. Greenleaf. Private. May 24, 1864.
Charles D. Hall. Private. July 2, 1864.

* Recruits.

John D. McConnell. Private. July 30, 1864.
 Oren F. Morey. Private. May 16, 1864.
 Thomas C. Weeks. Private. September 25, 1864.
 George Wilding. Private. July 24, 1864.
 John Hilton.* Private. July 30, 1864.
 Charles Williams.* Private. January 15, 1865.
 Henry W. Winkley.* Private. April 13, 1864.

COMPANY K.

Edward P. Moore. Sergeant. August 16, 1864.
 Albert Atwood. Private. June 30, 1864.
 Jonathan J. Bagley. Private. July 5, 1864.
 John W. Barker. Private. July 28, 1864.
 Charles E. Estey. Private. August 10, 1864.
 Joseph R. Everett. Private. July 30, 1864.
 Daniel Goodwin. Private. June 25, 1864.
 Isaac W. Martin. Private. September 4, 1864.
 Moses M. Myrick. Private. August 16, 1864.
 Nelson J. Pierce. Private. June 5, 1864.
 Joseph A. Wyckoff. Private. October 22, 1862.
 James Fitzsimmons.* Private. August 25, 1865.
 Beletson Hoffman.* Private. August 7, 1864.
 Perley S. Young.* Private. May 4, 1864.

* Recruits.

OFFICERS AND MEN WOUNDED.

(From 1861-1865)

Some were afterwards killed or taken prisoners and died while prisoners of war. The list is not complete as many were slightly wounded who never went to hospitals; so long since the war and so few survivors, it is impossible to learn of all who were wounded.

Colonel Louis Bell*

Lt.-Col. F. W. Parker*

Adjt. T. W. Challis*

Captains.

Joseph M. Clough

Jasper G. Wallace*

John H. Roberts*

Isaac W Hobbs

William W. Mayne*

Matthew Adams*

Clarence L. Chapman

* Dead.

First Lieutenants.

| | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Charles M. Currier* | Andrew J. Edgerly* |
| A. H. C. Jewett* | Amos L. Coburn |
| Charles M. Whiting* | Henry A. Mann* |
| Joseph Wingate | Leonard A. Gay |
| Lorenzo D. Huntress | Samuel H. Prescott |
| | Charles H. Moore* |

Second Lieutenants.

| | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| John W. Brewster* | Benj. R. Wheeler |
| Wm. D. Stearns | Francis H. Davis* |
| | Patrick Dowd |

Hospital Steward.

William H. Piper*

Colonel Bell was wounded twice before he was killed.

Captains Wallace and Mayne were each wounded twice, the first time at Pocotaligo, S. C., by the same bullet.

Colonel Parker was wounded Aug. 16, '64; was in command of the Regt.

Captain Clough was in command of the Regt. when wounded July 30, '64.

Captain Roberts was in command of the Regt. when wounded Jan. 15, '65.

Lieutenants Wingate, Mann, Brewster, and Dowd were each wounded twice.

Lieutenant Moore was the last man wounded in the Regt., April 9, 1865.

COMPANY A.

Sergeants.

| | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| Saml. H. Runnels* | Saml. F. Johnson* |
| | Michael Lynch* |

Corporals.

| | |
|-----------|------------------|
| Levi Bean | John S. Runnels* |
|-----------|------------------|

Musician.

George W. Durgin*

* Dead.

Privates.

| | |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| Jacob E. W. Aspinwall* | Andrew J. Bolo* |
| Stephen E. Babb* | J. H. Colbath* |
| James L. Boyle | A. E. Hayes* |
| Conrad Geissler | Thomas Kerr |
| George W. Horne* | John A. Lord* |
| Daniel Thomson | Jacob C. Meserve* |
| Michael McCarty | George Shackley* |
| Joseph F. Rose* | Joseph M. Wiggin* |
| George W. Tibbetts* | Bartholomew Willey |

Captains Wallace and Lieutenant Wingate, among the list of officers wounded, were original members of Company A.

Corporal Bean was wounded twice.

Andrew J. Bolo was wounded twice.

Sergeant Runnels was the first color bearer known as "Lally Washington."

COMPANY B.

Sergeants.

| | |
|-----------------------|---------------|
| John R. Kimball | Hosea B. Lary |
| Frederick H. Saunders | |

Musician.

Charles R. Brackett

Privates.

| | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| Fred G. Clifford* | Jeremiah Cochran* |
| Granville D. Darling* | Patrick Doyle* |
| John Henderson* | John D. Hobbs |
| Franklin Kane* | Alexander W. Kidder* |
| William Lamereen* | Joseph Larough |
| Edward Lavery | James Murphy |
| John Murray | James A. Philbrick |
| George Pierce | William S. Wyman* |

Sergeant Saunders was color bearer at Fort Fisher after Sergeant Plummer was wounded.

Jeremiah Cochran lost his arm by accident.

Lieutenants Gay and Brewster, among the list of officers wounded, were original members of Company B.

* Dead.

COMPANY C.

Principal Musician.

Elias A. Bryant.

Sergeant.

Dearborn S. Moody*

Corporals.

Ward Messer*

William H. Cook
Charles Wilson*

Drummer.

William A. Levi

Privates.

John Balch, Jr.*
William Johnson
Alvah G. Tinker
John A. Stiles

Charles M. Fisher*
Charles Joslyn
Charles P. Nutting*
Alexander Winthrop
Wm. D. Baker*

Lieutenants Stearns and Wheeler, among the list of officers wounded, were original members of Company C.

Elias A. Bryant lost his right leg at the battle of the mine, July 30, 1864. He was previously slightly wounded by a spent ball June 5, '64.

Alexander Winthrop joined the Regt in 1863, was wounded at Fort Fisher, had previously served in 20 Mass. Regt., where he was also wounded.

Alvah G. Tinker was wounded at Pocotaligo. Lost his arm.

COMPANY D.

Commissary Sergeant.

Lewis H. Cheney*

First Sergeant.

Daniel S. Millit*

Sergeants.

Jackson H. Lawrence*

Albert F. Paige

* Dead.

222 *Fourth Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers.*

Corporals.

Augustus M. Smith*
John W. Sanborn

Daniel Sullivan
John H. Powers
Asa F. Paige

Privates.

David G. Allen*
Charles M. Boreman*
Henry S. Corey*
Richard Dearborn*
William H. Ellis*
Israel C. Hall
Benj. F. Hannaford*
John G. Lovejoy
Augustine Patnode
Addison A. Parker*
Frank J. Thurston
Joseph Appleyard*
Chas. W. Barton*
Daniel Brieley

Charles B. Dascomb*
James Ellis
Edwin A. Fessenden*
Edward E. Lawrence*
Asbrah P. Howe*
Solomon N. Leavitt
Thomas Moore
Benjamin F. Morse*
John H. Moses*
Frank Pickering*
Sylvester Pickering*
James S. Thompson*
Lyman M. Wade*
John Wonsor

Adjutant Challis, Lieutenants Jewett, Prescottt, and Davis, among the officers wounded, were original members of Company D.

Sergeant Lawrence was wounded three times.

Joseph Appleyard was wounded July 30, '64, and killed Aug. 16, 1864.

Corporal Augustus M. Smith was wounded twice.

David G. Allen was wounded twice.

Sergeant Paige was Colonel Bell's private orderly at Fort Fisher.

Sergeants Paige and Corporal Paige were brothers; both wounded.

COMPANY E.

Quartermaster Sergeant.

Volney Piper

First Sergeant.

John G. Hutchinson

Sergeants.

Walter Clark*
Joseph C. Dennett*
Charles H. Williams*

Williard K. Cobb*
Charles H. Plumer*
Thomas S. Burns

* Dead.

Corporals.

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------------|
| Henry C. Osgood* | Thomas Law* |
| Edson Wyman* | Emery Wyman |
| Charles H. Fullerton* | James M. Dickey |
| John Lynch* | Eli Sturgeon |

Privates.

| | |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| Benjamin F. Allen* | Francis A. Allen* |
| Wm. H. H. Austin* | George W. Bean |
| Horatio N. Bickford* | Charles J. Brackett* |
| Harvey E. Buxton* | John Collins* |
| Charles A. Cressy | John Fallon* |
| William Gammell* | John Hackett* |
| George W. Heath | Charles C. Livingston* |
| John Lovett | John L. Mack* |
| Lewis S. Merrill* | James Mokler* |
| Rollins D. Moore* | Oscar Perkins |
| Charles E. Philbrick | Larkin Sargent* |
| Alonzo Steele | |

Lieut.-Colonel Parker, Lieutenants Edgerly and Whiting, among the list of officers wounded, were original members of Company E.

James M. Dickey was wounded three times.

Sergeant Cobb was wounded May 16, '64. Killed Sept. 29, 1864.

Benj. F. Allen was wounded May 22, '64; again wounded Aug. 16, '64; taken prisoner and died of wounds.

Sergeant Dennett was wounded Oct. 22, '62; afterwards died of disease.

Sergeant Plummer carried the colors at Fort Fisher, where he was severely wounded.

COMPANY F.

First Sergeants.

| | |
|-------------------|------------|
| James M. Goodwin* | Hiram Hurd |
|-------------------|------------|

Sergeants.

| | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| George A. Drew | Daniel Davis* |
| Charles E. Miller | Thomas J. Burns* |

* Dead.

Corporals.

| | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| William H. Clement* | Samuel Hilliard* |
| George A. Miner* | Andrew Morrison |
| William Rich | Augustus E. Hodges* |

Privates.

| | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| Charles W. Ayer* | Louis P. Engel |
| Warren W. Hamlett* | George Mullen* |
| George Randall* | Charles O. Rankin* |
| George W. Rowe* | Thomas O'Shaughnessy |

Captains Hobbs, Chapman, and Lieutenant Huntress, among the officers wounded, were original members of Company F.

Corporal Morrison was color corporal at Drury's Bluff, and was terribly wounded in the head. Corporal Rich was blown up by a torpedo on Morris Island and lost a leg.

Sergeant Goodwin was wounded and afterward killed.

Corporal Miner was wounded, afterwards died of disease.

COMPANY G.

First Sergeants.

| | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| George A. Runnals* | Charles T. Marden |
|--------------------|-------------------|

Sergeants.

| | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| Zebina N. Annis | Edward Fields* |
|-----------------|----------------|

Nelson Richards*

Corporals.

| | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| William Beede* | Patrick Conway |
| Dennis Hynes* | Dennis Mahoney* |
| John McCarthy | John E. Gerry* |

Privates.

| | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| William H. Brooks* | Daniel Sullivan |
| Maurice Foley* | George Dumore |
| John Gardner* | Charles H. Fuller |
| John E. Gerry* | John King |
| Lucien B. Legg* | Michael Madden* |
| James Mulaskey | Thomas Nolan |
| Robert Richard | John Shea* |
| Jeremiah Spelan* | Ashael Stoddard* |
| Dennis Welch | James Welch* |

* Dead.

Fourth Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers. 225

Captain Mayne and Lieutenant Dowd, among the wounded officers, were original members of Company G.

Sergeant Runnals was fourth color bearer and was terribly wounded July 30, '64.

Sergeant Annis was twice wounded, also Michael Madden.

Corporal Gerry was badly wounded, then killed.

Ashael Stoddard lost a leg and Robert Richards an arm.

John Gardner was wounded and afterwards killed.

Sergeant Fields was wounded Aug. 16, '64, while carrying the colors, afterwards promoted to lieutenant, Colored Regt., and killed Feb. 11, '65.

Corporal Beede was wounded, afterwards died prisoner of war.

COMPANY H.

First Sergeant.

John E. Austin*

Sergeants.

Wayland Ballou*

John C. Smith*

John Bresnahan*

Frank Brigham

George S. Bixby

Corporals.

John H. Goodhue*

John Eaton*

Privates.

Lapoet Ammond

Weston Ballou

William Brannon*

Daniel Davis, Jr.*

Richard E. Davis*

George H. Emerson*

Hermon Karnoff

John McCauley

Francis Miller

Michael Mitchell*

Kimball W. Rollins*

Josiah Tandy

Henry Williams

Charles Wright

Captains Clough, Adams, and Lieutenant Moore, among the officers wounded, were original members of Company H.

Francis Miller was wounded three times.

Hermon Karnoff and Daniel Davis were wounded twice.

COMPANY I.

First Sergeant.

Frank A. Buzzell

*Dead.

Sergeants.

| | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| Horace Tilton | Moses G. Tucker* |
| John T. Walcott | Aaron D. Webster |
| | Norris C. Wiggin* |

Privates.

| | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| Alexander Benar | Theodore Clark |
| George Clayton* | Alvin R. Corliss* |
| Albion K. Goodwin* | Joseph Johnson* |
| John S Loverin | Amos H. McGregor* |
| Joseph Nichols | Peter Perron* |
| Charles Walter | Charles I. Wheeler |

Lieutenants Colburn and Mann, among the officers wounded, were original members of Company I.

Albion K. Goodwin lost his arm. Sergeant Tilton and John S. Loverin was wounded twice.

COMPANY K.

First Sergeant.

John C. Estey

Sergeants.

| | |
|------------------|------------------|
| John D. Buckham* | John Bartlett* |
| | John P. Hodgman* |

Corporal.

Samuel McDole

Privates.

| | |
|------------------------|------------------|
| Henry E. Bidwell* | William Lawson* |
| John McNab | Calvin Merrill |
| Benjamin F. Pettengill | Warren G. Pike* |
| George Statwood | George W. Wells* |
| Albert B. Woodward | Alemanda Young* |

Richard Young*

Lieutenant Currier, among the wounded officers, was an original member of the Regt. going to war as principal musician.

Calvin Merrill and George W. Wells each lost a leg.

Sergeant Bartlett was wounded twice, also Alemander Young.

B. F. Pettengill had one eye shot out and was taken prisoner.

Captain Sanborn, in command of Co. K, was wounded in the shoulder his birthday, July 30, 1864.

Newman Lyons of Co. B was wounded in shoulder.

* Dead.

LIST OF OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE FOURTH REGIMENT WHO DIED IN THE WAR, NOT INCLUDING THOSE WHO WERE KILLED OR DIED OF WOUNDS OR DIED OF DISEASE IN PRISON.

Gilman E. Sleeper. Lieutenant-Colonel. Oct. 22, 1864. Salem.
David L. M. Comings. Assistant Surgeon. Aug. 1, 1863, Swanzey.
Ephraim C. Currier. Captain. Aug. 12, 1862, Beaufort, S. C.
Israel L. Drew. First Lieutenant. Nov. 6, 1861, Annapolis, Md.
Hiram C. Tuttle. First Lieutenant. Feb. 7, 1863, Concord.
Charles L. Brown. Second Lieut. June 3, 1863, Folly Island, S. C.
John C. Dickerman. Com. Sergt. Aug. 1, 1863, Folly Island, S. C.
Eugene Kincaid Foss. Band. Oct. 5, 1862, Manchester.

COMPANY A.

David S. Bean. Jan. 23, 1862, Hilton Head, S. C.
James Brown. Jan. 27, 1862, Hilton Head, S. C.
Thomas J. Brown. Dec. 13, 1861, Hilton Head, S. C.
George E. Hartford. Feb. 2, 1862, Hilton Head, S. C.
Robert L. Holbrook. Jan. 15, 1862, Hilton Head, S. C.
Ira B. Horne.* Nov. 11, 1863, Hilton Head, S. C.
George W. Jones. April 1, 1864, Hilton Head, S. C.
Lorenzo D. Lane. Sept. 11, 1863, Hilton Head, S. C.
Daniel Linnean. Oct. 3, 1862, Beaufort, S. C.
Michael McDermott.* May 8, 1864, Beaufort, S. C.
Frank E. Pray. Nov., 1863, Hilton Head, S. C.
Stephen H. Rogers. Jan. 13, 1865, Point of Rocks, Va.
George H. Willey. Oct. 23, 1863, Beaufort, S. C.

COMPANY B.

Simon Baslow.* Feb. 17, 1864, Morris Island, S. C.
Stephen E. Danforth. Nov. 21, 1861, Fort Monroe, Va.
Daniel Gleason.* Feb. 17, 1865, Manchester.
Charles A. Gray. Sergeant. April 4, 1865.
Luther Harmon. Corporal. Dec. 23, 1863, Morris Island, S. C.
Charles A. Harris. Sergeant. March 13, 1865, Lunenburg, Mass.
Perley I. Jewett. Dec. 3, 1863, Morris Island, S. C.
William P. Kendall. Oct. 19, 1862, Beaufort, S. C.
George W. Parseley. June 8, 1865. Drowned at sea.
James W. Patterson. Oct. 21, 1861, Fort Monroe, Va.
George E. Schelling. Dec. 12, 1861, Hilton Head, S. C.
Charles H. Stephens.* Oct. 5, 1864, Jones' Landing, Va.
Jeriah Tufts. Sept. 1, 1863, Morris Island, S. C.

*Recruit.

COMPANY C.

Charles Brown. Corporal. Sept. 25, 1863, Morris Island, S. C.
 Ephraim Crandall. June 23, 1863, Folly Island, S. C.
 James Devine.* May 10, 1865, Raleigh, N. C.
 Addison S. Dodge. Oct. 1, 1863, Morris Island, S. C.
 Charles M. Fisher. Dec. 10, 1861, New York City.
 David W. Gordon. Sept. 24, 1863, Morris Island, S. C.
 Charles Hill.* Aug. 16, 1864, Point of Rocks, Va.
 George N. Kenney.* Feb. 11, 1866, Nashua.
 George M. Kidder. March 31, 1865, Worcester, Mass.
 George F. Lancey. Sept. 24, 1863, Morris Island, S. C.
 Henry S. Ober. Dec. 7, 1861, Hilton Head, S. C.
 Charles L. Seavey. Nov. 25, 1861, Hilton Head, S. C.
 Aaron W. Simonds. Oct. 21, 1863, Morris Island, S. C.
 Stephen A. Spaulding.* Nov. 12, 1863, Hilton Head, S. C.
 George S. Tuck. Corporal. April 1, 1865, Milford.
 John Worthley. Sept. 5, 1864, Fort Monroe, Va.

COMPANY D.

George Bailey.* Sept. 8, 1863, Morris Island, S. C.
 Alexander Carr. July 3, 1863, Folly Island, S. C.
 Charles H. Dearborn. July 20, 1863, Hilton Head, S. C.
 Benjamin Fairfield. Feb. 12, 1862, Fort Monroe, Va.
 Albert L. Fitzgerald. Corporal. Feb. 7, 1864, Sanbornton.
 Albert S. Flint.* Aug. 8, 1863, Beaufort, S. C.
 Benjamin F. Hannaford. March 18, 1864, Beaufort, S. C.
 Paul Herrick.* June 13, 1863, Folly Island, S. C.
 John B. Hutchins. April 13, 1862, St. Augustine, Fla.
 Henry H. Jackson. Nov. 5, 1861, Laconia.
 Adoniram J. Jones. First Sergt. Sept. 16, 1863, Morris Island S. C.
 James A. Jones. Feb. 1, 1862, Hilton Head, S. C.
 Josiah S. Place. Dec. 6, 1861, Hilton Head, S. C.
 Russell W. Powell.* Sept. 15, 1864, David's Island, N. Y. harbor.
 Abiel E. Putnam.* Aug., 1864, on hospital boat en route to Fort
 Monroe, Va.
 William B. Runnals. Dec. 14, 1863, St. Augustine, Fla.
 Edward A. Wetherbee.* March, 1863, Beaufort, S. C.
 Chas. C. Cofran. Corp. Drowned June 13, 1862, St. Augustine, Fla.
 John Lamay. Drowned June 13, 1862, St. Augustine, Fla.
 Luther L. Libbey. Drowned June 13, 1862, St. Augustine, Fla.

*Recruit.

COMPANY E.

Charles T. Batchelder. March 27, 1862, Pittsfield.
Joseph C. Dennett. Corporal. Jan. 16, 1864, Hilton Head, S. C.
Cyrus H. Hubbard. Sergeant. July 16, 1862, St. Augustine, Fla.
David G. Lillis. Dec. 4, 1862, Beaufort, S. C.
Thomas McGloughlin.* May 2, 1865, David's Island, N. Y. harbor.
Moses W. Pillsbury. Nov. 9, 1863, Concord.
Benjamin F. Quinley. Jan. 1, 1864, Hilton Head, S. C.
John P. Smith. Corporal. Dec. 30, 1861, Hilton Head, S. C.
Frank P. Stanley.* June 1, 1865, Raleigh, N. C.

COMPANY F.

Jarius C. Abbott. Dec. 5, 1863, Morris Island, S. C.
Joseph E. Adams.* Aug. 8, 1865, Raleigh, N. C.
Samuel Chapman.* May 24, 1864, Bermuda Hundred, Va.
Mark H. Cowell. First Sergeant. Sept. 17, 1862, Somersworth.
Loren H. Dorr. May 1, 1862, St. Augustine, Fla.
Alonzo S. Elkins. July 6, 1863, Folly Island, S. C.
Orra H. Hardy.* Nov. 20, 1863, Beaufort, S. C.
James McDonough.* April 9, 1865, Manchester.
George A. Miner.* May 10, 1865, Wilmington, N. C.
Edmund H. Whitehouse. Oct. 21, 1862, Somersworth.

COMPANY G.

James M. Allen. Nov. 25, 1861, Hilton Head, S. C.
Charles Beede.* March 14, 1865, Wilmington, N. C.
Francis McDowell.* Jan. 25, 1865, New York City.
Abram S. Sanborn. Sept. 3, 1862, St. Augustine, Fla.
Arbhibald Sims. Drowned June 6, 1864.
Jerome Blaisdell. August 16, 1864, Swanton, Vt.

COMPANY H.

Charles H. Bartlett. Oct. 5, 1862, Beaufort, S. C.
Andrew J. Collins. April 28, 1865, South Kingston.
George W. Davis. Dec. 13, 1863, Morris Island, S. C.
Israel L. Drew. First Lieutenant. Nov. 6, 1861, Annapolis, Md.
Samuel J. Fulton.* Oct. 1, 1864, Fort Monroe, Va.
Andrew J. Johnson. Dec. 4, 1861, Hilton Head, S. C.
John S. C. Kelley. Corp. Oct. 31, 1861, steamer "Baltic," Atl. Oce.
Levi Martin. Nov. 21, 1862, Portsmouth Grove hospital, R. I.
George H. McConihe. Corporal. Feb. 7, 1862, Hilton Head, S. C.
Richard N. Pettee. Sept. 19, 1862, Beaufort, S. C.
Walter B. Rowell. Corporal. Oct. 9, 1862, Salem.
Daniel B. Sanborn. Sept. 12, 1862, Fernandina, Fla.
Daniel F. Sanborn. Jan. 22, 1862, on steamer "Atlantic," Atl. Oce.
Blaisdell Sweatt. March 22, 1864, Beaufort, S. C.
Hiram C. Tuttle. First Lieutenant. Feb. 7, 1863, Concord.

*Recruit.

COMPANY I.

Charles S. Annis.* June 7, 1865, Alexandria, Va.
 Walter G. Brown. First Sergt. Sept. 16, 1863, Morris Island, S. C.
 George W. Harvey. May 27, 1864, Bermuda Hundred, Va.
 Walter S. Johnson. Sept. 26, 1863, Morris Island, S. C.
 George H. Lyman. April 17, 1865, City Point, Va.
 Joseph Raney. Sept. 28, 1863, Beaufort, S. C.
 James O. Sanborn. Corporal. Nov. 12, 1863, Hilton Head, S. C.
 John B. Shattuck. Aug. 9, 1863, Morris Island, S. C.

COMPANY K.

Joseph C. Abbott. June 11, 1863, Folly Island, S. C.
 Joseph W. Bailey. Aug. 4, 1862, Beaufort, S. C.
 Edward Dalton. Dec. 4, 1861, Hilton Head, S. C.
 Thomas Dissmore. Aug. 11, 1863, Morris Island, S. C.
 Horace P. Estey. Jan. 24, 1865, Point of Rocks, Va.
 George Evans. March 2, 1862, on steamer "Empire City," Florida.
 Frank A. Garland. June 4, 1862, Fernandina, Fla.
 Ham Tean Kan.* Aug. 7, 1865, Raleigh, N. C.
 Nathaniel Mason, Jr.* May 7, 1865, Raleigh, N. C.
 William Sherer. Nov. 5, 1861, on steamer "Baltic," South Carolina.
 Benjamin Shipley. June 7, 1865, on steamer "Ben Deford."
 Harlan S. Streeter. Corporal. June 24, 1862, Beaufort, S. C.
 Alfred Taylor.* April 22, 1865, Wilmington, N. C.
 Harvey M. Weed. Jan. 20, 1862, Manchester.
 Lorenzo Wight. Aug. 19, 1862, St. Augustine, Fla.

DIED PRISONERS OF WAR.

Those who died of wounds in prison are also accounted for among the killed and died of wounds, including some who died in parole camp, Annapolis, Md.

COMPANY A.

Louis Brier.* June 7, 1864, Libby prison, Richmond, Va.
 Harrison Hartford. Sept. 5, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
 John H. Jackson. Nov. 20, 1864, Libby prison, Richmond, Va.
 John T. Rollins. Dec. 21, 1864, Libby prison, Richmond, Va.

COMPANY B.

John Williams.

*Recruit.

COMPANY C.

Irvin Colburn. Corporal. Feb. 7, 1865, Florence, S. C.
Michael Connolly. Sept. 12, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
George W. Cook.* June 7, 1864, Richmond, Va.
Samuel Eady.* Dec. 14, 1864, Summerville, S. C.
Albert O. Fisher. Corporal. Sept. 17, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Jonas C. French. Sergeant. Dec. 5, 1864, Salisbury, N. C.
Alvin Gardner. Sept. 24, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Henry C. Griffin. Corporal. Sept. 10, 1864, Richmond, Va.
Joe Matha.* Sept. 6, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Josiah P. Wheeler. Sept. 13, 1864, on railroad in Georgia.

COMPANY D.

Andrew B. Cutler. Dec. 22, 1864, Salisbury, N. C.
Henry S. Hamblett.* Corporal. Nov. 12, 1864, Millen, Ga.
John H. Jackson. Nov. 12, 1864, Salisbury, N. C.

COMPANY E.

Benjamin F. Allen.* Nov. 21, 1864, Salisbury, N. C.
Amos Cressy. June 6, 1864, Richmond, Va.
George F. Davis. Dec. 30, 1864, Annapolis, Md.
Henry Gray.* Aug. 22, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Frank Mosier.* Sept., 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
John Stewart. Nov. 22, 1864, Florence, S. C.

COMPANY F.

James H. German.* June 1, 1864, Petersburg, Va.
Benager Horn. Dec., 1864, Salisbury, N. C.
Lewis Lovejoy. Nov. 24, 1864, Salisbury, N. C.
Barney S. Merwin. Oct. 29, 1864, Salisbury, N. C.
William Wilson.* July 1, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.

COMPANY G.

William Beede. Corporal. Jan. 30, 1864, Salisbury, N. C.
William H. Brooks. Nov. 14, 1864, Salisbury, N. C.
Jeremiah Kelliher. After Oct. 9, 1864, Salisbury, N. C.
John Nolan. Dec. 28, 1864, Salisbury, N. C.
Timothy Reardon. May 1, 1865, Columbia, Ga.
Jeremiah Spelan. March 16, 1865, Annapolis, Md., parole camp.

*Recruit.

COMPANY H.

William Baker.* Aug. 7, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
 August Bowers.* Dec. 1, 1864, Petersburg, Va.
 Edwin S. Brown. Feb. 19, 1865, Salisbury, N. C.
 Orin Bush.* July 16, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
 George W. Collins. Corporal. Dec. 24, 1864, Salisbury, N. C.
 Gilbert F. Dow. Dec. 20, 1864, Annapolis, Md., parole camp.
 George H. Hoyt. June 9, 1865, Salisbury, N. C.
 Andrew G. Libby.* Sept. 6, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.

COMPANY I.

Joseph Cowen.* Sept. 17, 1864. Place unknown.
 Thomas Flood.* Between Sept. 16 and Nov. 25, 1864, Millen, Ga.
 Matthias Greiser.* Date unknown; Andersonville, Ga.

COMPANY K.

Robert Clayton. Feb. 5, 1865, Danville, Va.
 Charles Hunter.* Aug. 19, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
 John G. Johnson. Nov. 24, 1864, Florence, S. C.
 Wesley B. Knight. Oct. 20, 1864, Florence, S. C.
 James S. Manlove.* June 20, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
 Charles H. Morrison. Dec. 22, 1864, Salisbury, N. C.
 James C. Salesbury.* Aug. 12, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
 Fernando C. Spaulding. Nov. 7, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.

OFFICERS AND MEN TAKEN PRISONERS DURING THE WAR.

| | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Lieut.-Col. Francis W. Parker | Lieut. Daniel Gile |
| Adjutant Timothy W. Challis | Lieut. Charles H. Moore |
| Capt. Eleazor L. Sarsons | Qr.-Sergt. Charles J. Kelley |
| Sergt.-Major William Smith | Hospl. Stew. William H. Piper |

COMPANY A.

| | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Louis Briar* | Robert T. Burnham |
| Lionel B. Colbath | Charles L. Fuller |
| George F. Goodwin | Harrison Hartford* |
| John H. Jackson* | Thomas Kerr |
| John D. Mahoney | Michael McCarty |
| Patrick McLee | George H. Meserve |
| Alexander Nicholson | John Q. Pinkham |
| | John T. Rollins* |

*Recruit.

†Died prisoner of war.

COMPANY B.

| | |
|-----------------|-----------------------|
| Albert C. Berry | Henry Buckley |
| Patrick Hester | John R. Kimball |
| Samuel Loudon | Francis W. Montgomery |
| Peter Murtaha | Henry Tilburn |
| | John Williams* |

COMPANY C.

| | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| Irvin Colburn* | Edward Tracey |
| Charles E. Cook | Michael Connolly* |
| William H. Cook | George W. Cook* |
| Samuel Eady* | Albert H. Currier |
| Albert O. Fisher | Horace Forsaith |
| Jonas C. French* | Alvin Gardner |
| Peter Green | Henry C. Griffin* |
| George M. Kidder* | George H. Mallard |
| Joe Matha* | Joseph L. C. Miller |
| Byron Putnam | Perley B. Rand |
| Daniel W. Rollins | Perley A. Smith |
| | Josiah P. Wheeler* |

COMPANY D.

| | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| George F. Boynton | George E. Cotton |
| Andrew B. Cutler* | Richard Dearborn |
| DeWitt D. Dolley | Israel C. Hall |
| John H. Jackson* | Henry S. Hamlett* |
| Thomas J. Moore | Solomon N. Leavitt |
| Charles H. Thompson | Frank Pickering |
| James S. Thompson | George Thompson |
| John Burns | John Wonson |

COMPANY E.

| | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| Benjamin F. Allen* | Jonas T. Thompson |
| Horatio N. Bickford | George Behm |
| Harvey E. Buxton | Charles J. Brackett |
| Michael Cuddy | Amos Cressy* |
| Henry Gray* | George F. Davis* |
| Edward O. Hill | George W. Heath |
| John M. Jenness | Robert Hume |
| Charles Moore | John Malone* |
| Oscar Perkins | Frank Mosier* |
| Carlton C. Richardson | Michael Poquet |
| | John Stewart* |

*Died prisoner of war.

COMPANY F.

Charles A. Brown
James H. German*
Lewis Lovejoy*
Barney S. Merwin*
George W. Tibbetts

Noah S. Brown
Benager Horn*
James McDonough
Joseph B. Richards
William Wilson*

COMPANY G.

William Beede*
George E. Fitch
James M. Fogg
Jeremiah Kelliher*
John Nolan*
Timothy Reardon*
John Smith
Jeremiah Spelan*
Owen Tulley
James Welch

William H. Brooks*
Thomas J. Flemming
Thomas Follon
James Merron
Peter O'Brien
Michael Shaughnessy
Richard Smith
George H. Stuart*
Dennis Walsh
John A. Wentworth

COMPANY H.

William Baker*
Eben S. Boely
Edwin S. Brown*
George W. Collins*
George H. Hoyt*
Rufus Knapp
Wallace E. Woodworth

George S. Bixby
August Bowers*
Solomon C. Bumford
Orin Bush*
Gilbert F. Dow*
Charles Klines
Andrew G. Libby*

Levi Martin*

COMPANY I.

James H. Cliggott
James Coyne
Thomas Flood*
Peter Kelley

Joseph Cowen*
John Cutter
Matthias Greiser*
Francis Murphy
Charles I. Wheeler

COMPANY K.

Henry E. Bidwell
Robert Clayton*
Charles E. Estey*
George W. Hackett
John G. Johnson*
James S. Manlove*
Benjamin F. Pettengill
Fernando C. Spaulding*

Samuel Clark
John Dillon
Stickney S. Gale
Charles Hunter*
Wesley B. Knight*
Charles H. Morrison*
James C. Salesbury*
Richard Young

*Died prisoner of war.

OFFICERS AND MEN 4TH REGIMENT N. H. VOLS.

Who Lost Their Lives in the War—A Few Were Connected with Other Organizations at the Time They Were Killed or Died.

Col. Louis Bell. Lt. Col. G. E. Sleeper. Major C. W. Sawyer.
Captain E. C. Currier. Lieut. I. L. Drew. Lieut. H. C. Tuttle.
Lieut. F. B. Hutchinson. Lieut. S. J. Wentworth.
Lieut. C. L. Brown. Dr. D. L. M. Comings.—10.
Band—E. K. Foss. H. A. Simons.—2.

COMPANY A—25

D. S. Bean. Louis Briar. James Brown.
T. J. Brown. C. A. Carter. James Collins.
G. F. Gage. G. E. Hartford. Harrison Hartford.
D. C. Hayes. R. L. Holbrook. L. B. Horne.
J. H. Jackson. G. W. Jones. L. D. Lane.
Daniel Linnean. Thomas Mack. Michael McDermott.
J. M. Meader. A. E. Moody. J. H. Plummer.
F. E. Pray. S. H. Rogers. J. T. Rollins. G. H. Willey.

COMPANY B—24.

Simon Baslaw. Jeremiah Cole. S. E. Danforth.
Daniel Gleason. C. A. Gray. Luther Harmon.
C. A. Harris. W. R. Harris. B. A. Hurd.
P. I. Jewett. W. P. Kendall. Samuel Knox.
H. C. Lund. S. H. Meader. Peter Murtaha.
G. W. Parseley. J. W. Patterson. D. F. Perkins.
Frank Sadouski. G. E. Schelleng. C. H. Stephens.
Jeriah Tufts. John Williams. J. H. Williams.

COMPANY C—38.

A. W. Barney. Charles Brown. Joseph Champagne
Irvin Colburn. C. E. Colcord. Michael Connolly.
G. W. Cook. Ephraim Crandall. L. G. Crosby.
A. S. Dodge. Samuel Eady. A. O. Fisher.
C. M. Fisher. J. C. French. Alvin Gardner.
T. L. Gilpatrick. Antonio Goddard. D. W. Gordon.
H. C. Griffin. H. A. Haskell. Charles Hill.
G. N. Kenny. G. M. Kidder. D. W. Knox.
G. F. Lancey. E. F. Lund. A. F. Lynch.
Joe Matha. H. S. Ober. H. M. Potter.
C. L. Seavey. A. W. Simonds. C. H. Smith.
Albert Spaulding. G. S. Tuck. J. P. Wheeler.
W. O. Woodbridge. John Worthley.

COMPANY D—42.

Joseph Appleyard. Moses Ash. George Bailey.
 E. G. Blackey. G. F. Brown. Alexander Carr.
 B. L. Carr. C. C. Cofran. A. B. Cutler.
 C. H. Dearborn. D. A. Drake. Benj. Fairfield.
 G. L. Fisher. A. L. Fitzgerald. A. S. Flint.
 J. E. Ham. H. S. Hamblett. B. F. Hanaford.
 Paul Herrick. C. P. Hobbs. A. E. Howe.
 A. R. Hull. J. B. Hutchins. Alfred Jackson.
 H. H. Jackson. J. H. Jackson. A. J. Jones.
 J. A. Jones. John Lamay. L. L. Libby.
 Robert McKissock. J. S. Place. F. L. Potter.
 R. W. Powell. W. L. Presby. A. E. Putnam.
 George Rumsey. A. J. Sargent. Lucien Smith.
 Alfred Taylor. O. F. Washburn. E. A. Wetherbee.

COMPANY E—22.

B. F. Allen. C. L. Batchelder. William Cash.
 W. K. Cobb. I. K. Colby. Amos Cressy.
 J. L. Dame. G. F. Davis. J. C. Dennett
 Henry Gray. C. H. Hubbard. Lucius Leavitt.
 D. G. Lillis. John Malone. Thos. McGloughlin.
 Frank Mosier. M. W. Pillsbury. B. F. Quinley.
 H. K. Richardson. J. P. Smith. F. P. Stanley.
 John Stewart.

COMPANY F—24.

J. C. Abbott. J. E. Adams. Samuel Chapman.
 M. H. Cowell. R. O. Davis. L. H. Dorr.
 A. S. Elkins. J. H. German. J. M. Goodwin.
 O. H. Hardy. Benager Horn. N. J. Jennings.
 S. F. Jones. Lewis Lovejoy. John McDonald.
 James McDonough. B. S. Merwin. G. A. Miner.
 C. H. Smith. J. H. Whitehouse. W. H. Whitehouse.
 S. L. Willey. William Wilson. W. F. Wingate.

COMPANY G—28

J. M. Allen. R. W. Bateman. Charles Beede.
 William Beede. John Blair. W. H. Brooks.
 Jonathan Boyce. Edward Field. John Gardner.
 J. E. Gerry. William Gunston. Jeremiah Kelliher.
 John King. Joseph McDaid. Thomas Mooney.
 F. D. Moore. John Mullen. John Nolan.
 J. D. Paul. Timothy Reardon. A. S. Sanborn.
 John Shea. Archibald Sims. Jeremiah Spelan.
 M. J. Stanton. G. H. Stuart. William Sullivan.
 F. B. Willey.

COMPANY H—39.

William Baker. C. H. Bartlett. C. A. Bodwell.
August Bowers. E. S. Brown. Orin Bush.
William Bussius. A. J. Collins. G. W. Collins.
James R. Colomy. G. W. Davis. G. F. Dow.
H. F. Edgerly. W. M. Edmunds. Orange Fisk.
S. J. Fulton. G. W. A. Goldsmith. J. H. Goodhue.
Joseph Hibbert. Byron Howard. G. H. Hoyt.
A. J. Johnson. Herman Karnoff. J. S. C. Kelley.
John Kimball. A. G. Libby. Levi Martin.
E. F. McNeil. J. H. Nudd. R. N. Pettee.
E. S. Rowell. D. B. Sanborn. D. F. Sanborn.
L. W. Simonds. N. P. Stuehour. Blaisdell Sweatt.
S. J. Sweatt. F. L. Tandy. E. G. Towle.

COMPANY I—26.

C. S. Annis. W. G. Brown. Alonzo Chase.
Joseph Cowen. David Cross. J. M. Danforth.
Thomas Flood. G. W. Greenleaf. Matthais Greiser.
C. D. Hall. G. W. Harvey. John Hilton.
G. H. Lyman. J. D. McConnell. O. F. Morey.
Francis McDowell. Joseph Raney. J. O. Sanborn.
Hiram Varney. T. C. Weeks. Marshall Wells.
J. F. Wheeler. George Wilding. Charles Williams.
H. W. Winkley. W. H. H. Young.

COMPANY K—36.

J. C. Abbott. Albert Atwood. J. J. Bagley.
J. W. Bailey. J. W. Barker. Robert Clayton.
Thos. Dissmore. C. E. Estey. H. P. Estey.
George Evans. J. R. Everett. James Fitzsimmons.
F. A. Garland. Daniel Goodwin. J. E. Hanscom.
Beletson Hoffman. Charles Hunter. J. G. Johnson.
H. T. Kan. W. B. Knight. J. S. Manlove.
I. W. Martin. Nathaniel Mason. G. H. McCombe.
E. P. Moore. C. H. Morrison. M. M. Myrick.
N. J. Pierce. J. C. Salesbury. William Sherer.
Benj. Shipley. H. S. Streeter. H. M. Weed.
Lorenzo Wight. J. A. Wyckoff. Parley S. Young.

**TWO HUNDRED AND TWO OFFICERS AND MEN WHO
SERVED IN THE FOURTH REGIMENT THROUGH
ITS ENTIRE HISTORY.**

(Arranged by Companies, Each Man in His Original Company
With Highest Rank Held While in the Service.)

COMPANY A.

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| John H. Roberts, Captain. | Eben H. Pierce, Corpl. |
| Louis McD. Hussey, Captain. | John S. Runnals, Corpl. |
| Joseph Wingate, 1st Lieut. | Dennis Sullivan, Corpl. |
| Stephen T. Hall, 1st Sergt. | James L. Boyle, Private. |
| Jacob E. W. Aspinwall, | Charles H. Clay, Private. |
| Franklin Hayes, Sergt. | Jeremiah H. Colbath, Private. |
| George H. Meserve, Sergt. | Charles B. Hanson, Private. |
| Levi Bean, Corpl. | Charles Hurd, Private. |
| George W. Hurd, Corpl. | Bartholomew Willey, Private. |
| John D. Mahoney, Corpl. | David A. Witham, Private. |

Thirteen of the twenty are dead. Wingate, Meserve, Bean, Hurd, Pierce, Boyle, and Willey survive.

COMPANY B.

| | |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| George F. Towle, Major. | Patrick Doyle, Corpl. |
| Leonard A. Gay, 1st Lieut. | Charles R. Brackett, Musc. |
| Hosea B. Lary, Sergt. | John Gray, Private. |
| George D. Jones, Sergt. | William W. Hawkins, Private. |
| Charles H. Perkins, Corpl. | George A. Marden, Private. |
| Hollis W. Tinker, Corpl. | David Sarchfield, Private. |

Eight of the twelve are dead. Gay, Lary, Jones, and Brackett survive.

COMPANY C.

| | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Eleazor L. Sarsons, Captain. | David H. Burge, Private. |
| Abel F. Gutterson, 1st Sergt. | William G. Burke, Private. |
| William H. Martin, Corpl. | Orin T. Dodge, Private. |
| Jackson Dustin, Corpl. | Charles Joselyn, Private. |
| John Balch, Private. | Patrick O'Brien, Private. |
| George P. Brown, Private. | David C. Owen, Private. |
| Amos F. Spaulding, Private. | |

Nine of the thirteen are dead. Sarsons, Gutterson, Burge and Dodge survive.

COMPANY D.

| | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Abner L. Knowlton, Captain. | Orrin G. Seward, Corpl. |
| Timothy W. Challis, Adjutant. | Augustus M. Smith, Corpl. |
| Samuel H. Prescott, 1st Lieut. | Daniel Sullivan, Corpl. |
| Lewis H. Cheney, Com. Sergt. | James Ellis, Private. |
| Daniel S. Millet, 1st Sergt. | Solomon N. Leavitt, Private. |
| Jackson H. Lawrence, Sergt. | John G. Lovejoy, Private. |
| Albert F. Paige, Sergt. | Augustus Miller, Private. |
| Albert S. Randall, Sergt. | James Miller, Private. |
| William E. Smith, Sergt. | John H. Moses, Private. |
| Walter R. Billings, Corpl. | Addison A. Parker, Private. |
| Charles E. Hurd, Corpl. | Frank Pickering, Private. |
| Asa F. Paige, Corpl. | Sylvester Pickering, Private. |
| Alphonso Rollins, Corpl. | Patrick H. Rowen, Private. |

Sixteen of the 26 are dead. Prescott, Paige, Randall, Smith, Paige, Rollins, Sullivan, Ellis, Leavitt, and Lovejoy survive.

COMPANY E.

| | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Francis W. Parker, Lieut.-Col. | George W. Williams, Corpl. |
| Edwin Whitford, Captain. | John Lynch, Corpl. |
| Charles M. Whiting, 1st Lieut. | Frank Matthews, Corpl. |
| John G. Hutchinson, 1st Sergt. | James M. Dickey, Corpl. |
| Robert Hume, Sergt. | Charles A. Newton, Musc. |
| Charles H. Williams, Sergt. | Owen Corrigan, Private. |
| Thomas S. Burns, Sergt. | John Fallon, Private. |
| Edward O. Hill, Corpl. | Herman Greager, Private. |
| Charles H. Fullerton, Corpl. | Aaron Y. Hackett, Private. |
| William H. Webster, Corpl. | Horace G. Heath, Private. |
| Emery Wyman, Corpl. | Lyman Wyman, Private. |
| Woodbury Wyman, Private. | |

Fifteen of the twenty-three are dead. Hutchinson, Burns, Hill, Wyman, Matthews, Dickey, Newton, and Greager survive.

COMPANY F.

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| David P. Dearborn, Surgeon. | James S. Perkins, Corpl. |
| Lorenzo D. Huntress, 1st Lieut. | George H. Robinson, Corpl. |
| Hiram Hurd, 1st Sergt. | Henry A. Spencer, Corpl. |
| Albert F. Kent, Prin. Musc. | Anson E. Hall, Private. |
| Eustus Mellen, Sergt. | Alonzo C. Johnson, Private. |
| Solomon B. G. Parsons, Sergt. | Alonzo Knox, Private. |
| Thomas W. Torrey, Sergt. | George J. Lord, Private. |

240 *Fourth Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers.*

| | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Jacob Wentworth, Sergt. | Ambrose Madden, Private. |
| William H. Colomy, Corpl. | John B. Remick, Private. |
| John Hanson, Corpl. | Charles F. Richards, Private. |
| Samuel Hillard, Corpl. | Joseph B. Richards, Private. |
| Augustus E. Hodges, Corpl. | Charles E. Robinson, Private. |
| William G. Short, Private. | |

Fourteen of the twenty-five are dead. Huntress, Hurd, Parsons, Wentworth, Colomy, Hanson, Spencer, Hall, Knox, Lord, and Remick survive. The last named the oldest survivor of the Regiment.

COMPANY G.

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Patrick Dowd, 2d Lieut. | Patrick Broderick, Private. |
| Benjamin F. Fogg, 2d Lieut. | Amos W. Brown, Private. |
| Charles T. Marden, 1st Sergt. | Terrance Frawley, Private. |
| Zebina N. Annis, Sergt. | Lawrence Hern, Private. |
| Lyford Hunt, Sergt. | Lucius B. Legg, Private. |
| Nelson Richards, Sergt. | Michael Madden, Private. |
| Charles P. Gleason, Corpl. | Charles C. Marsh, Private. |
| Richard Smith, Corpl. | John Pickett, Private. |
| Patrick Conway, Corpl. | Dana Runnals, Private. |
| Thomas J. Galvin, Musc. | Daniel Sullivan, Private. |
| George W. Whitehouse, Private. | |

Seventeen of the twenty-one are dead. Dowd, Marden, Annis, and Conway survive.

COMPANY H.

| | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------|
| George F. Quimby, Captain. | Hiram B. Foster, Corpl. |
| Matthew Adams, Captain. | Samuel D. Mackries, Corpl. |
| James F. Gilpatrick, 2d Lieut. | William J. Bodwell, Private. |
| John E. Austin, 1st Sergt. | William Brannon, Private. |
| John Bresnahan, Sergt. | Solomon C. Bumford, Private. |
| Frank Brigham, Sergt. | Daniel Davis, Private. |
| John C. Smith, Sergt. | George H. Emerson, Private. |
| Charles C. Foster, Corpl. | James McDermott, Private. |
| Arthur L. Smith, Private. | |

Fourteen of the seventeen are dead. Brigham, Bodwell and Smith survive.

PART III.

FROM MUSTER-OUT TO FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

INCLUDING DIARIES OF COMRADES, LETTERS, REMINISCENCES,
REUNIONS, ETC.

Thank God the bloody days are past,
Our patient hopes are crowned at last,
And sounds of bugle, drum, and fife
But lead our heroes home from strife!

Thank God there beams o'er land and sea
Our blazing Star of Victory;
And everywhere, from main to main,
The old flag flies and rules again!

Thank God, O dark and trodden race,
Your Lord no longer veils His face,
But through the clouds and woes of fight
Shines on your souls a brighter light!

Thank God we see, on every hand,
Breast-high the rip'ning grain-crops stand;
The orchards bend, the herds increase,
But O, thank God! thank God for Peace!

—George H. Boker.

FROM MUSTER-OUT TO FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

September 3, 1865, was the first full day after the disbandment of the Fourth Regiment as a military organization that all its members had become citizens by general order of the war department. The coat of blue had been exchanged for the citizens' garb, comrades had scattered to their homes, some to make new homes in the Far West. Never again was its entire membership to be together. Forty-six years have passed away, and one by one, as the years roll on, our numbers have grown less, and many times we have been called together in spirit, if not in person, to pay our last tribute of respect to our comrades of the war. "The present, full of the cares and pleasures of civil life, fades away, and we look back to the time when, shoulder to shoulder on bloody battlefields, we fought for the dear old flag"; and now we realize that only a remnant of the boys are left to enjoy our reunions. As we trace the way from our muster-out to our fiftieth anniversary, September 27, 1911, we shall tarry to record the names of the departed comrades and interesting events that have occurred. Papers will be given by different comrades; many will be omitted that have been lost or mislaid.

September 14, 1865, the New Hampshire Historical Society held a memorial service in honor of Col. Louis Bell, who was killed in battle. An address was made by John Bell Bouton, which was published in full and is republished here to do honor to one of our fallen heroes who richly deserves the best we can do to honor his memory.

A MEMOIR OF COLONEL LOUIS BELL.

BY THE LATE JOHN BELL BOUTON.

"Into the Silent Land,
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls, the Future's pledge and band!
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

"O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted!
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

The death of General Louis Bell, one of the youngest and most promising members of the New Hampshire Historical Society, is an event which may properly be noticed at this annual meeting. On this fair autumn day, when all the air is full of the peace which he died to bring, the Muse of History would be ungrateful if she did not pause to meditate for a brief time upon the teachings of his useful and honorable life. For this work, among the rest, were historical societies ordained; that they might place upon lasting record that story of the past, which is told by brave and noble deeds, as well as by exhumed relics and strangely discovered books and manuscripts. The future historian who shall seek to know, and be proud to tell, of the part which New Hampshire took, and the costly sacrifices which she made, in defending her birthright in the union of these states, should not be left to grope blindly among our archives for the

evidence. The short biographical sketch which is here presented of one of her gallant sons, will, we trust, be followed by other contributions of a similar character, until the memories of all our patriot boys, the last pulsations of whose hearts are now felt in the veins of the revived Union, shall have been enshrined and hallowed here.

Louis Bell was the youngest son of the late Governor Samuel Bell, and his second wife, Lucy, and was born at Chester, N. H., March 8, 1837. Among his elder brothers were the late Dr. Luther V. Bell, who resigned the honors and profits of his profession that he might contribute his unrivaled skill to the care of our sick and wounded soldiers, and died from overwork and exposure in the service; the late Senator James Bell, the eminent lawyer and honest legislator; and ex-Chief Justice Bell (the oldest of the family, and still living), whose learned and upright decisions upon questions of the highest legal import have enriched the jurisprudence of this state for a period of fourteen years. Surrounded by men of such an antique mould of virtue and probity, and watched over by a loving and pious mother, the good natural disposition of the boy early imbibed the loftiest sentiments of religion and honor. To such a youth, reared in such an atmosphere, the love of justice, the fearless assertion and defense of truth, and an uncompromising patriotism, were as much a part of his being as the blood that circulated in his veins, and could be lost only with his life.

In him the adage, "The child is father to the man," was aptly illustrated. Those who studied and played with him at the academies of Derry and Gilford, and who knew him during his precocious career at Brown University, saw in him precisely the same traits of character which, in the flush of his young manhood, won the confidence and love of brigades, and carried the standard of his country to victory whenever victory was possible, or philosophically accepted a reverse whenever that was a part of the providential chastisement and education.

At college, where Louis first came into competition with large numbers of young men, he soon took a high rank in the various branches of study. But it was in the natural sciences, and

specially in chemistry, that he attained a marked excellence. For original chemical investigations he had a decided talent; and among the stores of mementoes which surviving relatives and friends now contemplate with fond regret, is a collection of small vials containing the crystallized results of his enthusiastic researches among the mysteries of nature. Nothing but the most complete analysis satisfied his inquiring mind, and he would spend whole days and nights isolating and recombining the elements by the aid of retort and crucible. Had he followed the calling of a chemist, he would undoubtedly have contributed a large share to the practical benefits which mankind is deriving from the marvelous discoveries of the age. His attainments in chemistry, though not shaping his future career of usefulness, were not wholly lost to the country; for, years afterwards, they rained down upon the city of Charleston in the form of a novel and inextinguishable fire, of which some further account will be given in the proper chronological place. Geology, mineralogy, zoölogy, botany, also received their share of the young student's attention at college, and more practically by the exploration of mountains, forests, and fields during his vacations. There were few persons who had so good a general knowledge of the rocks and the fauna and flora of New Hampshire as Louis Bell before his eighteenth year.

His strong constitution, powerful frame, clear correct eye, and dexterous hand, made all sorts of athletic sports easy to him. Riding horseback, swimming, jumping, fencing, shooting, he excelled in. Things like these, which some men find hard to do, were to him a second nature; and now that we can judge of them by the light of results, are not to be despised as a portion of the education, though not exactly in the regular course, which was fitting him for the part he was to play in the salvation of his country.

He had an innate taste for military life, not because of the inglorious ease which it promised, at a time when the nation was happily at peace with itself and all the world, but because it offered to him the future possibility of a sphere for his peculiar combination of talents. Before he went to college he wished

to go to West Point, and importuned, without success, the aid of several persons influential with the government. After he left college and entered upon the study of the law, with a view to following it as a profession, his boyish love for the army rose in rebellion, and he applied to President Pierce for a commission in a new regiment in which it was understood that some of the appointments would be made from civil life. Hoping and expecting to receive a lieutenant's commission, he devoted much study to military subjects, and laid away a mass of knowledge which stood him in good service in unexpected times and places. But his age (nineteen years) was deemed an objection, and the coveted prize was not obtained, a disappointment which Louis felt keenly at the time, and was accustomed to allude to regretfully when, in after years, he thought that he saw how much more skill he might have brought to the service of his country. Making up his mind that the army was not to be his sphere of usefulness, he betook himself to the law with zeal and ardor. Opening an office in Farmington, N. H., in 1857, he soon began to make his mark as a counselor and advocate. In 1859 he was appointed justice of the police court for that town, and, in 1861, solicitor for the county of Strafford; and during that time held the office of brigade judge advocate, with the rank of major. His revival of the old action of detinue, which had generally been regarded as obsolete, and its confirmation by the highest court in the state, furnished an illustration of his original and independent turn of thought. He was held in high esteem by all his professional brethren with whom he came in contact.

On the 8th of June, 1859, he was married to Miss Mary Anne P. Bouton, third daughter of Rev. Dr. Bouton, of Concord.

President Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand volunteers, in April, 1861, roused Louis Bell from a dream of domestic happiness. To him, as to many another chivalric young man, the honor and glory of his country were more than home, fortune, wife, life itself. He hastened to offer his services in any capacity to Governor Goodwin, and was appointed captain of Company A of the First New Hampshire Regiment of Infantry. The regiment was rapidly organized, admirably equipped, and left

Concord, amid the blessings and Godspeeds of the people, May 25, 1861, arriving three days after at the capital, which was then threatened by a powerful force of rebels. After remaining a short time at Washington, the regiment was placed in a brigade with the First District of Columbia and a New York regiment, and put under command of Col. Charles P. Stone, U. S. A. (now Brigadier-General Stone, U. S. V.), for the purpose of picketing the left bank of the Potomac, and connecting the army of McDowell at Washington with that of Patterson at Harper's Ferry. The First New Hampshire occupied the middle of the line, and Company A was stationed most of the time at Coonrod's Ferry. The enemy had a few troops, with two six-pounders, on the Virginia side, and occasionally sent an iron compliment across the river, which was always cordially responded to by a sharp musketry fire. Captain Bell, for the protection and comfort of his men, built a small field work, which was afterward enlarged, and was occupied as late as 1864, and then known by the official name of Fort Bell.

The First New Hampshire returned to Concord August 5, having been engaged in no important action during its three months' term. A new regiment, the Fourth, was at once raised (at Manchester), of which Thomas J. Whipple was made colonel, and Louis Bell lieutenant colonel.

While the regiment was in barracks at Manchester an incident occurred worthy of record, as illustrating Bell's remarkable presence of mind and resources in difficulties. In company with Mrs. J. G. Cilley, of Manchester, and Miss Sarah C. Bouton, of Concord (sisters of his wife), he made an excursion to Massabesic lake. A sail on the smooth water was a pastime that naturally suggested itself, and one in which the ladies felt perfectly safe, trusting to Bell's nautical skill. In the midst of their pleasant cruise, when about half a mile from the shore, a treacherous flaw of wind peculiar to Massabesic struck the little craft and capsized it, throwing the voyagers into the water. The accident, frightful and unexpected, did not find Bell unprepared. His wits were always at his fingers' ends. His first attention was to his companions, whom he caught as they were going down the second

time, and placed their hands upon the edge of the boat which lay upon its side partly filled with water. Confident that he could save them, they were not much alarmed and clung tightly to the boat. He then succeeded in cutting away the rigging, righted the boat, and placed the ladies in it. The boat was nearly filled with water, and there were no sufficient means of bailing it out. The wind was still high, and the waves were dashing their spray over the gunwale. No relief was in sight. Bell saw that his only hope of safety was in swimming at the stern and pushing the boat to the shore. Handing to one of the ladies his knife, he told her to cut his coat off from him, as that hindered the freedom of his movements. This was quickly done, and Bell then commenced to perform his novel part of propeller. Steadily, though slowly, he pushed the boat along, laughing and joking the while, as if it were the best sport of the day, until his feet touched bottom—a moment which he often spoke of as one of the happiest of his life. This is but one example out of many which his friends could narrate of his entire self-poise and mastery in scenes of danger.

The Fourth Regiment left Manchester September 27, 1861, and sailed in the expedition against Hilton Head and Beaufort, S. C., near the close of October, and was stationed at Beaufort during the winter. Lieutenant-Colonel Bell's abilities as an executive officer soon won the recognition of Gen. T. W. Sherman, then conducting the operations against Charleston. Bell was surprised one morning by a summons from the general (with whom he had no acquaintance), and the appointment of inspector general and chief of Sherman's staff. During his stay at that post he filled the office to the complete satisfaction of the general and of all the troops in the department.

In December, 1861, General Sherman placed him in command of a small light-draught steamboat belonging to the quartermaster's department, and sent him on a water scout around Port Royal Island, upon which Beaufort is situated. The rebels at that time held the shore of the "river," as it was called. The steamboat carried twenty-five or thirty men and one fieldpiece. As they neared Port Royal Ferry, where the river is not more

than a quarter of a mile wide, a squad of rebels jumped up from a concealed work, rapidly shoveled the earth out of the embrasures of a masked battery, and opened fire on the boat. Their aim was poor, for they hulled the boat only once, wounding two men, of whom Louis was one, he having his leg cut by a splinter. The boat soon got out of range and returned to Beaufort. In his report of the affair to General Sherman, Bell remarked that one of the rebel guns was an eight-inch Columbiad, as he inferred from the sound of the shot. The general pooh-poohed at this, such guns not being supposed to be in possession of the rebels in that department. But when the little earthwork was captured, a week or two afterwards, sure enough an eight-inch Columbiad was found among its armament.

Upon the resignation of Colonel Whipple, Bell succeeded to the command of the Fourth New Hampshire, and was commissioned as colonel, March 18, 1862.

In April of that year the government sent a naval expedition, with Colonel Bell and his regiment, to occupy the fortified town of St. Augustine, Fla. The expedition was a success, no resistance being offered by the enemy, and the inhabitants apparently acquiescing in the presence of the National troops. Colonel Bell was placed in command of the post. Anticipating an attack upon the principal fort, he at once put it in a thorough state of defense. Among other means employed was a kind of hand-grenade of his own invention, made of a heavy shell, loaded and arranged so that when thrown from the ramparts it would explode near the ground. The explosion was effected by a string of the proper length, one end of which was attached to the top of the ramparts and the other to a friction primer wedged into the fuse-hole of the shell. Being thrown over, the weight of the shell would draw the primer as it is ordinarily done in firing a cannon, and explode it. He exercised the garrison in the use of heavy guns, and was himself very skillful in pointing them. On one occasion he cut off the mast of a rebel schooner at the distance of two thousand yards with a single thirty-two-pound shot, firing at that part particularly. He organized and equipped one company of his regiment as cavalry, and patrolled the neighbor-

hood of the town to keep off guerrillas and bushwhackers. Colonel Bell's administration, firm yet mild, was so satisfactory to the people of St. Augustine that when he was recalled from the post by order of General Hunter (who succeeded Sherman), a number of the most respectable and influential inhabitants united in sending him a letter expressive of their gratification at the manner in which he had performed his arduous duties, and their regret at his unexpected departure.

Colonel Bell was relieved from his command for an alleged violation of one of the government's numerous orders, then beginning to be issued, on the slavery question. An examination of all the facts of the case—for which space could not be afforded here—shows that the colonel was entirely innocent of any breach of the order, either in letter or spirit; and that General Hunter acted in the matter upon insufficient information, and without that reflection and judgment the exercise of which in this and other weightier affairs would probably have saved himself from the humiliation of a recall by the government in September, 1862. General Brannan, a skillful and judicious officer, succeeded Hunter, and immediately restored Colonel Bell to the regiment which had lamented his absence and enthusiastically hailed his return.

Colonel Bell's regiment took part in the expedition to Pocatigo, near the head of Broad river, in October, 1862, designed to cut the railroad from Savannah to Charleston. The enemy were met in great force, and, after a short contest, the patriot troops were compelled to retire. The Fourth New Hampshire lost about thirty men, killed and wounded. On their retreat to the gunboats they acted as the rear guard. In this fight, which was the first pitched battle that the regiment as an organization had been engaged in, Bell received a severe bruise from a splinter knocked off a tree by a cannon ball.

Both in personal appearance and manners, and in his relations to his men, Colonel Bell was the *beau ideal* of a general officer. Standing six feet two inches in height, perfectly straight, strongly and compactly built, full of power and grace, he looked like one born to command. His dignified and manly port was

entirely natural to him. The vice of affectation he profoundly detested. False pretence, or any form of lie, was impossible to him. His standard of military proficiency was high, and he insisted that the men of his regiment, and of his brigade, when he came to command one, should excel in every thing that becomes a soldier. His regulations were strict, but at the same time reasonable. But as he was always prepared to sacrifice all things to discipline and duty, he expected his soldiers to do the same.

His attitude to the men of the Fourth New Hampshire was solicitous, affectionate, almost paternal. While he would not swerve an inch from the line of duty, his sense of justice was strong within him, and no man was condemned without a fair hearing. To cases of suffering and sorrow his heart was as tender as a woman's. He not only forgave readily out of the fulness of his compassion, but was liberal in his bounty to those whose follies or graver faults would have received chastisement from a sterner commander. He often supplied them with money from his private means, when the regiment was not regularly paid off. He also conducted an extensive correspondence with the relatives and friends of his soldiers, and was ever prompt to give all the information in his power about the death, wounding, or capture of the men. From respecting him at first, the soldiers came to love him afterwards. His judgment they trusted in like children; and wherever he was willing to lead them for the glory of the flag, they were eager to follow. They knew that he was one who looked before leaping, uniting to a wonderful degree a careful appreciation of difficulties to be overcome, with an indomitable energy and an iron will to grapple with them at the most favorable moment and in the best way.

When a battle was expected, he was perfectly cool, giving his orders with the same calmness and precision as when on drill. When the battle was over, and his men were wearied, his first thought was to bivouac them where they would be least exposed to the enemy, and most comfortable. For this as for other reasons, he ever had their love and confidence.

His exile from his wife, amid the trials and perplexities of the

camp, was made endurable by the streams of letters which passed between them. Every mail, back and forth, carried the written, most secret thoughts of those loving, entirely sympathetic natures. On the march or in the camp, mounted or on foot, at noonday or at midnight, at all times and in all places, when he felt an impulse to talk to his absent one, out came his writing materials, and a letter, freighted with love, was hastily dashed off for the next mail. His wife, seated in her home, at a window looking toward the South, was, at the same time, perhaps, writing to him upon whom her thoughts continually centered, filling page after page with that gossip of the heart of which the heart that beats in unison with it can never grow weary. This practice of constant correspondence with his wife was kept up by Louis Bell to the last, and contributed more than anything else to reconcile both of them to the pangs of separation. Carefully preserved for the eyes of those who are privileged to look upon them, are these evidences of untiring solicitude and unutterable love. From them only could be obtained a clear idea of the abundant goodness and gentleness of that nature which was always shy of exhibiting itself to the world.

Another bond always brought him into close communication with his wife, however far they were apart. When he first went to the war, she presented him with a pocket copy of the Psalms, containing the following inscription:

October 8, 1861.

MY OWN PRECIOUS LOUIS:—May God bless and preserve you, give you victory over all evil, and save your precious life, and keep you for your child and Mollie, your wife.

He, in turn, presented her with a duplicate copy of the little book, inscribed as follows:

May all God's best blessings and promises be given to my own blessed wife. May God support her in all trials, and be ever her guide and protector, and make our child forever a blessing to us, as my wife has been to me, will be the daily prayer of

LOUIS.

It was agreed that he was to carry the precious volume in his breast pocket, and to read from it six verses every night

before retiring, and she was to read the same selection at the same hour. This beautiful contract was religiously fulfilled by Bell; and often did his fellow officers and soldiers vainly guess what treasured book it was that their colonel held in his hand and perused so seriously by the smoldering campfire or by the dim candle light in his tent.

Although connected with no church organization, Bell was a man of deep religious feelings. The aversion which he always entertained to the disclosure of his interior thoughts and emotions in the presence of strangers, and not any want of faith in Christianity, explains his reluctance to join the visible church. Under all circumstances his voice and example were on the side of religion and morals. The influence of a commanding officer upon those who are under him is great, either for good or evil. In him the soldiers found no excuse for profanity, gambling, or any of the vices which are the besetting sins of camp-life. So far as the army rules permitted him, he exacted from his men a scrupulous observance of the laws of morality. But in this matter, as in all others, he achieved results less by words than by acts.

In the winter and spring of 1863, Colonel Bell occupied at Beaufort, as his regimental headquarters, a fine old mansion, last owned by one of the Rhetts. It faced the sea and had pleasant garniture of trees and flowers. To this bower, deserted by secessionists, he brought his wife and little daughter Marian and his cousin, Miss Eliza Nesmith, of Lowell, Mass., and revived something of the old graces of homelife which had once sanctified the dwelling. The wives of other officers were also imported from their northern homes into that temperate climate, and quite a New Englandish air soon pervaded the lazy old village of Beauport. It was a strange episode of the war—the transplanting of the domesticities and refinements of the North into the very midst of the Southern tempest. But there were true hearts and strong arms ready to shelter and protect those whose presence was a delightful reminder to all the soldiers of other loving circles far away. Serenades, excursions, picnics, were among the orders of the day, so long as ladies were permitted to gladden the grim Department of the South. Finally, one day

when a course of more active operations was determined upon, an order came that broke up these extemporized households, and sent home the fairer and tenderer portion of them amidst the general regrets of the soldiers, rank and file.

During his brief vacation in New Hampshire, in 1861; the colonel had made many additions to his little store of military books, and took with him to South Carolina a valuable, though compact, library. Before him in his new field of labor were many interesting unsolved problems in the art of war, which his ambition, no less than his patriotism, impelled him to master. As fast as spare funds accumulated in his hands, he would send to New York for treatises (sometimes the rarest and the costliest) in that sphere of knowledge; and it was not long before he took a just pride in saying that he had the finest private collection of standard military authors in that department. A diligent study of these works, combined with his natural aptitude and daily practice and experience in the actual operations of war, fitted him, in the opinion of those who knew him best, for a position of much higher responsibility than fortune allotted to his share. Most of the volunteer officers confined themselves to learning the duties of their particular arm of the service; but Bell was familiar with the details of cavalry, artillery, and engineering, as well as those of infantry. At different times, as occasion demanded, he displayed his proficiency in those widely distinct branches of military attainment.

Colonel Bell was placed in command of a brigade consisting of the Third and Fourth New Hampshire and Ninth and Eleventh Maine regiments—superb fighting material—and took a conspicuous part in the heavy operations on Folly and Morris Islands, including the siege of Fort Wagner and the bombardment of Fort Sumter and Charleston. His brigade were almost constantly under the enemy's fire, and suffered severely. A portion of the time he directed the bombardment of Charleston with a vigor and effect to which the refugees who nightly came within our lines bore witness. There were neither facilities nor ingredients at hand to test the colonel's skill in the concoction of a substitute for "Greek Fire" (so called), which had been a

failure up to that time. But with such rude apparatus as he could command, and such combustible and explosive substances as he could gather from ordnance and quartermaster's stores, he succeeded in accomplishing his object. The result of his experiments was a solid substance, capable of burning for several minutes with an intense heat, throwing out large tongues of flame, and inextinguishable by water. This was filled into small cylinders of wood or brass, open at one end, and several dozens of them were enclosed in bombshells which were dropped from their high curving flight into the Palmetto city. The explosion of the shells scattered the terrible little firebrands in every direction, and never failed (unless the shell exploded prematurely or did not burst) to start a lively conflagration. The feasibility of burning the lower part of Charleston, had that been seriously desired, was now demonstrated; but it soon became evident that such was not the earnest wish of the government, and "Greek Fire" was abandoned. His mechanical talent, no less than his chemical skill, came into play. While at Beaufort, he experimented extensively with a mortar upon a new combination shell fuse, which was designed to overcome several difficulties hitherto unsurmounted in shell practice. With fuses made by himself, with the assistance of the regimental blacksmith, in a coarse, inaccurate way, as he had not the necessary tools to work with, he attained a good degree of success. He intended to resume his experiments under more favorable auspices at some future time, which never came.

The colonel's wife and several of his relatives were anxious that he should wear breastplates, or an armor of some description, when engaged in battle or exposed to imminent dangers. He laughed at the proposition, but his wife quietly caused the purchase in New York of a steel cuirass made of small closely-knitted rings, and fitting to the person like an undershirt, and also a steel-plated vest, which was at that time worn by many officers and privates in the army. The latter was manufactured expressly for the colonel, none of the ready-made sizes being large enough for his ample chest. These were sent, carefully packed, to Beaufort, with the most emphatic admonition that

he should wear one or both of them on occasions of peril. The colonel might perhaps have been persuaded to put on the cuirass, or the vest, out of regard to the feelings of his friends, had he believed that either of them would turn a minie ball, which was the missile most dreaded in the army. Nothing but proof satisfied his analytical mind; and so he set up the armor on a lay figure near his tent and tested it with poniard, bayonet, and pistol ball (all of which it "turned"), and finally with the minie, which passed through the chains and plates as if they had been woolen fabrics. These experiments were tried at short range, and did not do justice to either of the inventions, the excellence of which (especially of the breastplate) is certified to by many army officers of distinction. Minie balls striking the plate at an acute angle, even when delivered at short range, were almost sure to glance from it. To this fact Bell opposed the assertion, which was corroborated by evidence that he had gathered, that the ball was apt to glance upward through the chin, or downward into the abdomen, inflicting a worse wound than it might have made if it had gone through some other portion of the body. For these reasons, and because of his heroic indifference to danger, he put the armor into his cabinet of curiosities.

Bell had a taste for historical researches, and an interest in collecting and preserving whatever was valuable in that line. In the multitude of his labors he did not forget, as most of our New Hampshire officers have done, the fact that there was an historical society in his native state, and room on its shelves for relics of the great rebellion. With an eye to the enrichment of the society's collection of interesting objects, he took pains to procure and forward the following articles as presents to the society, in 1863:

1. A swivel, part of the armament of the old Fort San Marco in St. Augustine.
2. A "wall piece" used on a pirate ship.
3. A sabre captured from a rebel captain of artillery in the expedition against Pocotaligo.
4. A pair of shackles taken from an escaped slave who came into Colonel Bell's camp at St. Augustine and received his protection and bounty.

5. The flag raised over the old United States forts (Forts Clinch, Fernandina, Florida, and Fort Marion, St. Augustine).

6. Planking from the United States gunboat "Western World," showing the ravages made by the teredo in live-oak timber in twelve months in southern waters.

Subsequently, Bell deposited in the society's rooms:

7. The flag of surrender on Fort Walker, Port Royal, South Carolina, November 7, 1861.

8. Specimens of his improved "Greek Fire."

9. Two picks from Fort Wagner, Morris Island, South Carolina, used by the rebels in defending the ditch of the fort.

10. A fine collection of rifled shells and other missiles.

These articles have not only an historical but a pecuniary value; and are among the most important contributions made to the society by any one person since its organization. Had the colonel lived to return from the war, he would have largely increased his donations. One of the gifts that he was intending to make was a complete suit of private's uniform, including regulation clothing, shoes, cap, and all the multitude of things that a soldier carries about him when fully equipped and laden.

Previous to the general movement of the armies in May, 1864,—that sublime swoop with which the American eagle pounced upon the rebellion, and tore its life out—most of the old Tenth Corps, originally taken to South Carolina by T. W. Sherman, including Bell's Brigade, went to Fortress Monroe; and when Grant commenced his grand overland march against Richmond, the Tenth Corps and other troops under command of General Butler moved up the James river to Bermuda. There they soon found plenty of fighting. On the 9th of May, Bell's Brigade took part in a battle north of Petersburg; on the 15th, in a severe engagement near Drewry's Bluff, on which occasion he temporarily commanded a division; on the 17th, in the repulse of Beauregard's desperate attack on our intrenched lines; on the 20th and 21st, in repelling similar assaults of the enemy. These onslaughts were made in strong force, with marvelous intrepidity and a perfect recklessness as to losses, for the purpose of crushing Butler before Grant could effect a junction with him, but

failed, owing to the superior courage and endurance of the National troops.

When Grant crossed the Pamunkey river, a part of Butler's command, including Bell's Brigade, went by water to the head of York river, and marched overland to join the Army of the Potomac, taking McClellan's old route. The movement was successful, and on the 30th of May, Grant's army, thus reënforced, fought the terrible battle of Cold Harbor, in which Bell's Brigade held the left of the line, and was handled with great coolness. A month of desultory skirmishing followed, when, about the last of May, Grant made another of his famous left flank movements (this time upon Petersburg). The Tenth Army Corps was the first to arrive opposite the Cockade City; and to Bell's Brigade was entrusted the task of carrying two forts by assault. This was done in a magnificent manner, the colonel, as usual, leading his men, and being among the first to jump into the rebel enclosure. A colored brigade, with great gallantry, captured a third fort, near by, at the same time. The rebel inmates had surrendered to the negroes, when the latter, remembering the Fort Pillow massacre (which had, indeed, been in their thoughts and on their lips all that day), were about to retaliate upon their captives, when Bell mercifully interposed and placed a guard of his own men over the prisoners of war for their protection.

Bell's Brigade was also engaged in the stupid and unfortunate "Mine" assault upon the outer fortifications of Petersburg, July 30, forming the second line of attack. While the first line was advancing to the dreadful work, through a storm of canister and rifle balls, his brigade were lying flat upon the ground, in the position assigned to them, ready to follow up the assault at a signal. During this time his men were exposed to ricochetting shot from the enemy's batteries and rifle pits, and a number were wounded. The first line, after the advanced portion had gained a foothold in the crater of the mine, fell back, and it was in that retreat that one of the most sickening slaughters of the war occurred. The rebel artillerists and sharpshooters poured death into the terrified and confused masses of men. Bell's Brigade,

not having yet received orders to advance or retreat, kept their places on the ground, and suffered but little. The panic-stricken mob broke through his line, and carried it backward as on the crest of a wave. Bell did his best to check the stampede at that point and rally the men, but he might as well have tried to stop a tornado. The word then came for him to retreat, which he did rapidly, but in good order, until his men were out of range. It is worthy of record, that Colonel Bell was one of the few of the higher commanders, on that occasion, who were not in any way censured by the board appointed to investigate the causes of the failure.

We next find him stationed near the Appomattox, in front of Petersburg, forming with his brigade an arc in the grand cordon which was gradually to be tightened about that city. Sharp-shooting and shell practice were constantly kept up on both sides, and no place in the neighborhood was safe. The daily number of casualties in our army was large. Bell, in the performance of his duties, necessarily often exposed himself to the enemy's fire, and was once struck by a spent ball glancing from a tree, and also received several bullets through loose parts of his clothing.

Butler's troops recrossed the James river, and Bell's Brigade were engaged in most of the fights, gallant but unsuccessful, which there took place for the object of enticing the bulk of Lee's army from the front of Petersburg, and dashing into Richmond if the chance offered. How and why all these efforts failed the country now knows.

On the afternoon of the 29th of September, when the lines were first established along the north side of the James—the enemy having been driven back in the early part of the day—it was decided to push forward the advantage thus gained, and Bell's Brigade were ordered to charge a heavy and important rebel work, known as Fort Gilmer. In front of the fort, strewn over a space of nearly half a mile, was fallen timber. Behind this bristled two lines of abatis; on either side were formidable batteries. Of all these perils the brigade knew nothing, or, if they did know them, did not shrink from their duty. On pressed the colonel and his brave men, picking their way over the pros-

trate trees, their numbers fast thinning out under a galling fire, until they reached the abatis, when it became evident that to proceed further would involve the slaughter of the entire brigade. He then promptly gave the order to retreat, and brought back the remnant of his command to their starting point. The colonel's own good judgment had been against this movement as incurring an unnecessary waste of life, and as he remarked the gaps in his ranks his eyes filled with tears. After this affair the brigade of four regiments actually numbered less than one full regiment.

On the 27th of October an important demonstration was made against the enemy's right. In this Bell's Brigade participated. The colonel placed all his old soldiers in the skirmish line, and held his undisciplined troops in reserve. During the afternoon an order came to advance his lines; and the colonel, after a careful reconnoissance of the enemy's works in person, returned word to General Terry that if he would send him a few old soldiers as a reserve, to be substituted for the untrained men, he (the colonel) would rout the enemy and hold his advance. The veterans were promptly supplied, and the colonel made good his promise in a few minutes of sharp fighting. After the engagement Bell was warmly complimented for his good judgment and courage by the commanding general.

Then came the expedition against Wilmington, and the disheartening failure of the first attack on Fort Fisher, the humiliation of which was keenly felt by Colonel Bell. In vain had he asked permission to assault the fort with his single brigade, confident that he could have carried it. Information received by the commanding officer of the expedition, after the withdrawal of the troops, proved that Bell was right. Had his gallant offer been accepted, there is little doubt that the fort could have been taken with a slight loss, and we might have shaken our brother by the hand at this anniversary meeting instead of uniting in a tribute to his memory. The following extracts from a letter to his wife, written about this time, exhibit the degree of courage which he would have carried into the fight, and also reveal the exalted sentiments of patriotism which habitually animated him. He wrote:

. . . . God knows I will not shrink from any necessary danger. If I live through the conflict I will live far more for my wife and children than for myself. If I die, do not forget, my own precious wife, that I die in defense of our country. Teach our children to die for it, if need be, and to regard death *with* it as far beyond life without it, be that life surrounded with however many blessings. Teach our children, darling Mollie, that liberty and freedom are first freedom for all, and that for it we are bound to lay down our lives. Should I be killed, do not mourn me, precious wife. Let me be as one absent, soon to return, and while away gaining a history that will be remembered while history lives. Let me be buried near my father, and have carved on the north-easterly side of my father's monument a broken sword and this inscription: (My name and title), "killed in battle" (date and place), "aged" (— years), "fighting for the union of his country." Let me be buried in uniform with my sabre resting on my breast. My last thought will be for the future of our children, and for the happiness of my own precious, darling wife, my own loved Mollie.

LOUIS.

Alas! that these mournful presentiments should have come true at last.

In a letter relative to the failure, Bell calls it the "Great Wilmington Fizzle," and says, with trenchant sarcasm, "My brigade and one other, Curtis's, were the only troops landed, and we *to k a look* at Fort Fisher, and reëmbarked. Our whole loss was fourteen men wounded—not one of them mortally."

The army and the people shared in the view of the first Wilmington expedition so curtly expressed in the colonel's epithet. When the order came for the second expedition, and the same troops were chosen for the redemption of their own and the country's honor, they responded with cheerful alacrity. Bell was lifted by the order out of the slough of despondency into which he had fallen. Always happy at the prospect of active service, he was peculiarly delighted at this opportunity of wiping out a stigma on a brigade which had never before smarted under disgrace.

It is not the purpose of this brief memoir to give anything like a detailed history of movements and battles, except so far as they serve as a background for the man whose death we

lament. Passing over, therefore, the story of the second expedition, from the time of its departure to that of the landing of the troops (Saturday, January 14) on the beach, about half a mile north of Fort Fisher, under the cover of a heavy bombardment from our gunboats, we find Colonel Bell, cool, cheerful, setting a good example of courage and patience to his men, as he always did. He knew that he was to be among the foremost, a tall wide-breasted mark for the rebel sharpshooters, and that the enemy, having now been reënforced, would make a desperate resistance. But this thought did not drive the habitual smile from his lips or give a gloomy seasoning to his conversation. As he stepped upon the sandy beach, his eye, always on the alert for natural curiosities, espied a beautiful piece of white coral. He picked it up and dropped it into his pocket, saying to his adjutant, Lieutenant Sandford, "This will do for my little daughter."

That night the troops rested on the sand, behind hastily-constructed breastworks, forming a line across the narrow peninsula. To veteran soldiers like those, there was nothing terrible in the prospect of the death grapple which was to take place on the following day. Officers and men talked as gayly and slept as sweetly as ever. Many of them, not unthoughtful of the possibilities of the morrow, scrawled brief letters to mother, wife, sister—words that death might render forever precious, because they were their last. Colonel Bell, sitting on the beach that night, with no tent to cover him, undistinguishable, except by the eagles upon his shoulders, from the thousands of gallant fellows who reclined upon the sand, smoking their pipes and chatting low and pleasantly, pencilled upon his knee, by the light of the campfire, a note to his wife. Such a note, so overrunning with love, so full of the deepest heart-thoughts of the doating husband and father, it would be almost a profanation for others to read. There is no shade of anxiety in it, nor any allusion to the perils that were overhanging him. Love, home, and a happy future were its only topics.

The assault, which had been preluded by a bombardment of thirty-six hours from the gunboats, was made about 3 p. m. on

the 15th. The storming column of marines and sailors, as brave men as ever rushed into the jaws of death, had been beaten back with dreadful losses from the sea front. With the troops of Ames's Division of the old Tenth Corps rested the fate of the fortress and the honors of the day. The disposition of the assaulting force was as follows: Bell's Brigade, then consisting of the Fourth New Hampshire, One Hundred and Fifteenth New York, Thirteenth Indiana, and One Hundred and Sixty-ninth New York, were marching by the right flank from the sea-side to the road or causeway leading from the fort; Pennypacker's Brigade were on their right in advance, in motion; and Curtis's Brigade on the extreme right, also in motion, enjoying the advantages of slight irregularities of ground. Abbot's Brigade constituted the reserve.

Bell's Brigade formed the third line of attack, and were not to move except upon a signal from General Ames, as agreed upon at a consultation between Terry, Ames, and Bell. The colonel, with a ramrod in his hand as a walking stick, had led his brigade to battle from their camping ground, and after reaching the position assigned him, awaited the signal. The advance troops were already heavily engaged. General Ames had ridden close up to the fort, and was obscured from view by the artillery smoke. No signal from him could be visible. But soon, above the battle clouds, appeared the stars and stripes floating from the second traverse of the fort. Seeing this, Bell turned to General Terry, and asked if he should not move to the attack. The general assented.

"Forward! Double-quick!"

The soldiers advanced with close front rapidly, bearing their regimental colors aloft, exposed to a terrible fire from the sharpshooters who lined the parapets of the fort. Colonel Bell, as was his wont in making charges, was in advance of his men. His eye was watchful along the column, to detect any faltering or flagging. At one moment, owing to some inequality of the ground, a small portion of the line, he thought, had fallen a little behind, and he despatched an aid to have it straightened out. This done, his face glowed with pride, and he said to one of his

staff officers, "How well the brigade are coming on under so severe a fire!"

As the brigade, pressing on with resistless valor, neared the fort, and were about to cross the slight bridge which covered the ditch in front of it, the colonel, who was at that moment on the bridge, received his fatal bullet from a sharpshooter who lay crouching on the top of the embankment, which rose at a sharp angle fifty feet in height before them. The shot was a plunging one, striking the colonel in the left breast, and passing out in the lower part of the back. He fell to the ground, saying as he did so to his adjutant, Lieutenant Sandford, who was at his elbow, "My arm is broken." But that officer, who had heard the bullet as it struck, was confident that it had passed through the colonel's body, and a glance at the prostrate form discovered the rent in his coat. Several officers and privates immediately left the ranks to attend to their fallen commander. The others cast back looks of sympathy and pity for the man whom they so deeply loved, and then rushed on to victory—their colonel's eyes following them with hope and pride, forgetful of himself.

As the men gathered about him to raise him from the ground, he said, "Lift me up a little, if you please," with the same courtesy which he always used in addressing others. He was then borne slowly to the rear, and laid down on the grass until a stretcher could be procured.

Dr. Dearborn, surgeon of the Fourth New Hampshire, was by the colonel's side as soon as possible after he fell. The coat, stiff with blood, was tenderly cut away, and the surgeon looked at the ghastly rent in that athletic frame. "Is the wound mortal?" calmly asked Bell. "I am fearful it is, colonel." "Well, I thought as much myself." As through life, so in death—calm, patient, undemonstrative.

Before he was carried off the field, three of the traverses had been taken, and the glorious victory of the National troops assured. Half raising himself on the stretcher when this news came to him, he said, "I want to see *my* colors on the parapet." The next moment, as if in obedience to the dying man's wish, the

flag was planted there. He looked at it, a smile of contentment playing upon his pale lips, and said, "I am satisfied!"

Everything that skill and affection could suggest was done to make him comfortable; and it is a consolation to know that the sacrifice which he that day offered up for his country did not involve any protracted or acute physical agony. He sank into his last sleep gently, peacefully, as he might have glided into a grateful slumber after a hard day's work.

All night, until the gray morning hour, when the stars and stripes began to show proudly above the rebel works, the colonel lay dying in his tent, watched over and cared for by loving friends. From about the time that the surgeon had pronounced his wound mortal, his mind had wandered. The booming of the cannon, the rattle of the musketry, the shouts of the victors, sometimes almost brought him back to consciousness. He would murmur broken phrases about his "Brigade," "the sea," "the beach," "the fort," and several times asked, "Is the fort taken?" With these were mingled expressions of love for his mother, wife, and children; and finally, his lips forming their last faltering articulation, pronounced the name of his wife; and, with that thought in his heart and upon his tongue, he died.

The death of the colonel caused a feeling of profound sorrow throughout the whole division, dampening the exultation which followed the great victory. The commanding officers of the higher grades mourned the loss of one who had ever been to them an able and trustworthy coadjutor and a beloved friend. But his untimely fate was to the officers and men of his immediate command a real personal affliction. To lose a commander who has been for four years distinguished for his bravery, his skill, his high honor, his perfect justice, his liberality and kindness to his men, is like losing a father or a mother. It is a deprivation which is acutely felt through all the ranks. Could Bell's Brigade have had their choice, they would not have purchased the victory at such a price.

Secretary Stanton, General Terry, and General Ames, in their official bulletins and reports of the affair, paid just tributes to the memory of the gifted soldier. The secretary of war, who

arrived at the fort the day after its capture, conferred, by direction of the president, upon Colonel Bell the brevet of brigadier-general, to date from the 15th of January, the day upon which he received his fatal wound. For him it was but an empty honor, tardily bestowed. But, although it came too late for his earthly advantage, it is none the less prized by his surviving relatives, and those who were his intimate friends when living, as a mark of appreciation from the government which he had served so well.

Many obituary notices published in papers throughout the country testified to the general esteem in which the fallen hero was held.

To the peaceful home where his mother and wife were waiting for his return, the dreadful tidings came like the crashing of a thunderbolt through the roof. The venerable mother had, within a few years, lost two of the staffs of her declining age—Dr. Charles Bell, of Concord, and George Bell, Esq., of Cleveland, Ohio, young men of high promise in their respective professions. Of her two remaining sons, Louis and John—the latter a surgeon in the United States Army,—one was now taken away, and under circumstances painful and aggravating in the extreme. The colonel had been expecting to come home after the defeat of the first Wilmington expedition, and wife and mother had prepared everything for his reception. Louis's wishes, Louis's tastes, were all consulted and gratified in anticipation. A note written to his wife on the eve of sailing from Fortress Monroe, had informed her that another expedition was under way. He did not tell its destination, but she was under the belief that it was some unimportant movement that would occupy but a few days, when the troops would return to their old camping-ground north of the James, leaving her husband free to come back to her. This impression was so strong upon her mind that she was looking for him on the very day that Secretary Stanton's dispatch announcing the "fall of Fort Fisher," and "Colonel Bell dangerously wounded," reached her.

The shock was terrible to both those waiting hearts! But Louis had a strong constitution, prodigious vital energy; and

what might be considered dangerous to a weaker man might not be so to him. His wife, buoyed up by faith and love, which could not admit the possibility of his death, immediately set about preparing to go to him. All night long she sat up, packing her trunk and cheating her fond heart with the thought that she would soon be at his side. How or when she was to get there she had not planned. Next day she would have started for Derry on her long journey, and had her bonnet and cloak on ready to leave, when the door opened and her father stood before her.

One glance at his face divined the sad mission upon which he had come. Her heart had heard the story before it could be told to her ear. She fell, in a paroxysm of grief and anguish, into her parent's arms. The mother, entering the room, was the next to receive the terrible news. Upon the scenes that followed—such as have been witnessed in many a household since 1861—the curtain must be dropped.

The broken heart is a sacred thing!

On the twenty-seventh day of January, 1865, Louis Bell was at home again. The promised visit, so fondly hoped for, was made at last. The son, the husband, the father, had returned to those he loved. He was clad in the full-dress uniform which was so becoming to his noble figure. The sword, never unsheathed save in a righteous cause, rested by his side. Upon his breast was a cross of flowers, whose perfume filled the air. His face was pale, and his eyes were closed as if with weariness; but upon his lips was the same smile which he had always brought into that house. His mother, his wife, his children, and many relatives and friends from far and near, were gathered there, not to welcome the hero covered with glory, but to mourn his early death, and bear him to the portals of the Silent Land.

And, yet, could he have spoken to them out of that coffin, would he not have bidden them not to weep, but rather to rejoice that it had been permitted to him to lay down his life for his country, for union, for liberty? Would he not have said that the ambition he had felt from childhood to achieve an honorable fame had been satisfied? Looking upon earthly things,

not as we survey them, but through immortal eyes, would he not have gently upbraided the mourners, saying:

"I am not lost to you, but only absent for a time. In the land where I am there are no sighs nor tears. Mourn not, but rather envy me that I am here, away from the temptations and troubles of earth. To me, the bodily life which you drag slowly along day by day, seems but a little span. Tomorrow we shall be a reunited family in Heaven. Weep not, therefore, for beyond the night that looks so dark is the sunshine of God's eternity. So live that you may be prepared to enter upon that perfect day."

But the words of hope and cheer which it was forbidden to those cold lips to utter, were spoken with none the less truth and emphasis from the Holy Book by God's ministers. Whatever balm was that day poured out for the mourners came from that source alone, which still yields its gracious healing long after the fountain of tears has been wept dry.

One of the most touching incidents of the melancholy occasion was the solemn baptism of little Louis Bell in the presence of his dead father, who, living, had never seen him. It was the consecration of the child by the side of that coffin, as by an altar, to the high purposes of religion and virtue. May the pledge and the promise of that sacred baptismal rite be redeemed hereafter! May the child live to be like his father in moral excellence and intellectual graces, and recall to the eyes of those who are to watch over and protect him, the brother and friend whom they have lost!

To the bereaved wife, that day, the whole sad ceremony seemed but a dream. Long reluctant to believe that her husband was dead, until his remains had been seen and identified by her beyond the hope of a mistake, she appeared to regard the funeral as a phantasm of the brain, in which she and all else were only shadows. By the natural reaction from a long-continued and excessive grief, her sensibilities had happily become torpid, and she was enabled to go through the trying ordeal with a calmness and patience which, to those who knew her not, promised well for her ultimate resignation to widowhood.

But could the dark veil have been lifted from the future, that day, the spectacle would have been revealed of another grave close by the one that was to receive her husband, to which an irrepressible sorrow had carried another victim. To her, of all living beings, was it given alone to foresee, as she did with confident and marvelous prescience, the fate which was the only thing left for her to covet.

Under the snow, in the frozen ground, was placed all that is mortal of Louis Bell. He was laid in the spot of his own choosing, next to the shaft which marks the grave of his honored father. In the same quiet churchyard are sepulchered others of his kindred. Separated in life, dying in various parts of the country, some in distant lands, here they have come together again, many of them, as they sometimes met when living around the hospitable hearth. It is a painful story, that of the almost blotting-out of those two families, the ornaments and pride of the little village of Chester. Their children's children will come, sometimes, it is hoped, on pilgrimages to their ancestral homes, and gather lessons of wisdom and virtue from those graves. And above the resting-place of Louis Bell, may they vow in their hearts renewed fidelity to the Union and to the sacred cause of human liberty, for which he cheerfully laid down his life in the fulness of its blossom and fragrance.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest.
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

"By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

In the month of May, when nature was instinct with new life, and the spring flowers were rehearsing the mystery of the resurrection, almost the same group of mourning friends had assembled in the same place to attend another funeral. It seemed harshly out of place in the midst of all that verdure and music of the birds. But the death which so jarred upon the fitness of the season, had come a not unwelcome guest to the solitary chamber of the inconsolable widow. The weary load of unspoken sorrow which she had carried for four months was now laid down forever. Her broken heart had found its cure in death. She had gone to her other and shining home, on the further side of the dark river—the only home in which her spirit seemed to have lived and moved since the joy of her life on this hither shore had been extinguished.

The day before her death she had visited her husband's grave, as she was wont to do every fair day, and had planted a white rose bush in the green sod, little thinking, and scarcely daring to hope, how soon the emblematic flower would be shedding its perfume above their united beds. The next day, after breakfast, she remarked to her mother-in-law that she would go out to the fields behind the house and pick a few wild flowers, also for the decoration of that sacred spot. She put on her hood and cloak, and, as the elder Mrs. Bell supposed, left the house for that purpose. She had been absent about two hours, and Mrs. Bell began to be alarmed, fearing that her beloved daughter might have been seized with a fainting fit, such as she had been subject to, while in the fields. Search was immediately made for her out of doors, but without success. Her own room was then looked into, but she was not there. It was then thought that she might have picked the flowers and gone directly to the churchyard with them, nearly half a mile away, without passing through the house as she usually did on those errands. But all conjecture was, unhappily, put to rest when little Marian Bell, who had been up-stairs, came down and said innocently to her grandmother, "Mamma's hood and cloak are on the bed in the front room, but mamma is not in them."

Her grandmother hurried up stairs, and lo! on the bed was the

inanimate form of the missing one. The artless remark of the little child was true. Her tender, loving mamma was not there. She had gone to join her husband and her first little Louis, and the long procession of her relatives and friends. Gone from our earthly gaze forever, but leaving behind her the imperishable memory of her virtues and of her consistent Christian example.

A physician was instantly sent for, and every attempt made to rekindle the extinct spark of life. Alas! it is probable that she had been dead nearly two hours when found. All the external symptoms, as well as the history of her case, disclosed in previous attacks, proved that she had died of an affection of the heart, hastened, and brought to its crisis, as that disease always is, by an agony of grief which could not be allayed. It is supposed that she had been taken with a fainting turn while upstairs in that room for a moment, and had thrown herself hastily across the bed, and died without one shock of pain—summoned away and escorted into the unseen world by we know not what angelic messengers; passing in a single moment from a state of sorrow to one of bliss, exchanging the martyr's cross for the crown, the white robes, and the palm!

She had made every preparation for her death, not only in her heart and soul, but in the details of her life. When loving friends came to look through the trunks, the chest of drawers, and other places where her little treasures were kept, they found the saddest evidence of her forethought. Every relic of her happy wedded life was packed away with care. All the presents, the letters, the minutest tangible reminiscences of her husband were preserved and labeled for delivery to her children when they should be old enough to appreciate them. Woman's love enwrapped and suffused everything. Upon the last letter which she had received from Louis, written on the night before the fatal day (and which did not reach her till some days after the tidings of his death), were inscribed those two terrible words, "THE LAST!" A note was discovered, addressed to one of her surviving sisters, Mrs. Noyes, commencing with the remarkable expression, "The life of my life is gone!" speaking confidently of her own approaching death, and naming the guardians of her

children, whom she desired to be brought up in the fear of God, in the light of whose Word she had always walked.

The services at the house were beautifully appropriate. Rev. Mr. Tomlinson, the pastor of the village church, in a few well-chosen remarks bore his testimony to the Christian life and the many social graces of the deceased, and skillfully applied such consolation as it was possible to administer to the roomful of weeping kindred. Two voices, fitly attuned, from the church choir, sang this sweet pæan of victory and trust:

LOVE, REST, AND HOME.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home—
Sweet hope!
Oh, how sweet it will be there to meet
The dear ones all at home!

Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home—
Sweet hope!
Oh, how sweet it will be there to meet
The dear ones all at home!

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Hearts fainting now, and now high-beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home—
Sweet hope!
Oh, how sweet it will be there to meet
The loved ones all at home!

Then the coffin was borne from the house, out upon the piazza which the living feet of the two dear ones had often pressed, through the green garden where they had together tended the flowers and interpreted their meaning, and down the long hill to the churchyard, over the same road which they had traveled many a time in the old days of peace and love.

The procession paused not till it stopped opposite a grave nestling close to that where Louis Bell was sleeping. There the casket that held so much that was precious was laid away, and upon it were dropped, from faltering hands, wreaths of flowers, typical, to the spiritual eye, of the fadeless beauty of the two lives which death had not long divided.

And, through the calm evening air, heavy with the odors of spring, came, like a voice from the skies, these chanted words:

There is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast:
'Tis found alone in heaven!

MARY ANNE BELL.

By E. N.

The story of Louis Bell's life would be incomplete without a character sketch of the true, sweet woman who was his dearly beloved wife, the strength of his strength, and his hope and consolation.

Well may the poet say, for her own nature brings it home:

Heroic males the country bears,
But daughters give up more than sons.

The man takes his life in his hand to rush undaunted to the field. It is a grand sacrifice of self, but he finds often a certain zest in the excitement of peril—sometimes even a frantic joy in the tumult of battle. But the woman left behind is left to brood upon her loss in quiet dreariness—to waste away in feverish alternations of wild anxiety and deathly dread. Easier—were it not?—to “flash the soul out with the guns” at once, than thus to sicken slowly with a long suspense, with a fierce, hopeless hunger that ever seems denied.

When the Lord reckons up His jewels—the rare and dazzling deeds of earth—to place within His crown of light, close beside, perhaps above, the burning rubies that were blood-drops once poured for liberty, will there not be a diamond radiance of transfigured tears? Such tears as once from woman's eyes dripped in their bitterness, checked oft, wrung from the mere sore weakness of flesh; while yet the will, unfaltering, held its offering forth for freedom and for God! And in the stern wrestling for our country's destiny, that has but just now closed in triumph, all honored be the hero who flung his early manhood into the strife—proud to be worthy of a soldier's death! But let *her* still not be forgotten—the delicate young wife and mother,

who from afar had ever cheered him on, and held him up with her unwavering love!

She fell as really in the cause as he. The bullet that struck him to earth pierced her heart as well.

A most remarkable affection united Colonel and Mrs. Bell. Companions from early youth, love had come to them combined with the tenderest and most enduring friendship. It had grown with their growth and deepened with every thought of maturer years, until they had each become in truth a part of the other's being. Heart, mind, and soul attuned to perfect unison!

To all who knew them their mutual devotion was a delight, as an embodiment of real love; as an example of the true marriage, that marriage which has been chosen to symbolize many spiritual mysteries—type among the rest of the Redeemer's union with His church.

The first two years of Mrs. Bell's married life passed in almost cloudless peace. Then broke the thunders of civil war; the land was astir; and foremost among the first her husband rushed to arms. She would not hold him back, though it was as if he bore away with him her vital air. The three months of that first campaign were worse to bear than all his after absence—so she often said. It was the freshness of the trial that was so keen. She was "perfectly miserable"; and to one who knew her naturally sanguine disposition and customary serene content, that confession told of intense suffering.

But he returned. "Nothing shall induce me to consent to his going again," she had written beforehand; and he would not have gone against her will, but he felt his duty not yet done, and was most eager for a longer service. And how could she oppose that wish? She, in whom the sense of right was so much stronger than her own desires, yielded, gave him up, this time for years.

Then followed health and sickness; joy and sorrow crossing in light and shade the path of the wide-parted, undivided pair. Continual correspondence, and an occasional brief reunion, eased somewhat the burden of their separation. And one great boon—a winter passed together at Beaufort—was granted them. It

was a tranquil, happy season, giving them almost their longed-for home again, although beneath the brighter sun, amid the richer bloom of the South.

But through all the loneliness and distress, through all the weary watching Mrs. Bell was called upon to undergo, there was heard from her no weak repining, no vain lamentation. The cry of craving love there might be, but it "unnerved him to hear her grieve," so even *that* she strove to restrain. But she gleaned every bit of interest and pleasure from a rather monotonous existence, to relate to him, to amuse, and to enliven.

Her letters were charming always. The most lively fancy, delicate thought, and tender sentiment flowing along in a style as clear and sparkling as a New England brook. Think what they must have been to her husband, amid the toil and turmoil of an army life! A refreshing, reviving draught, proffered by the most dear of hands! In her letters her soul was seen. Oh, that only time and space would allow her thus to tell her own story! To show the winning kindness, buoyant cheerfulness, and steadfast principle that formed her character!

All fascinating gleams of mirth played in her above a serious undercurrent of reflection, relieving and enhancing an earnest reverence for all things pure and holy. Humor was one of her striking traits. She had the keenest discernment of the ludicrous. But hers was no biting wit, nor hard sarcasm, only the gentlest "fun," warmth and cheer to herself, entertainment and gratification to her associates.

Mrs. Bell was thus eminently fitted for society, as also by her easy address, genial temper, ready tact, and cordial bearing. She possessed, however, a wonderful power of adaptation to circumstances; and since her life was for the most part passed in comparative seclusion, she turned the gay sportiveness, whereby she could have shone in liveliest scenes, with just as bright enchantment, into the narrower channel of her daily cares, touching with glamour the common things around her, until one marveled at their strange allurements. So would she have suited herself to every station in life, making alike a lofty or a lowly place subservient to her interior grace and dignity.

She was born to be popular; full of good-natured consideration for others; a world within herself of companionship and sympathy; the sunshine of every household into which she entered, and, from a certain vividness and force of her individuality, the center of the small circle of kinsfolk in which she habitually moved. Much tendance of the aged fell to her lot in life, and much ministering to the wants of children. She was a faithful daughter to a revered grandparent, and an affectionate guardian to little ones who claimed her charge. As a mother she was rarely equaled, wisely and lovingly ruling and caressing. God be thanked that her orphan children are yet too young to realize their irreparable loss!

Mrs. Bell owned many gifts both of person and of intellect. The soft brown hair, the beautiful blue eyes, the refined, elevated expression of the fair face—who that has ever seen them can soon forget? She possessed a strong and particularly well-balanced mind; its groundwork practical good sense and sound judgment, the solid counterpoise to the more brilliant talents wherewith she captivated admiration. But in her personally, as in her noticeable letters, the ability was lost sight of in the animating spirit. Her mental qualities were rounded to one excellent attribute, leaving one chief impression, that of pervading womanliness. She had real and appreciative love for music and poetry. Sadly her friends must long recall the silver voice, sounding even of old not all unmeet for Paradise; and among the hymns and pleasant rhymes of which she was so fond, one latest favorite, for its plaintive aspiration, sung as her cold, still form was laid away, leaves a most grateful memory. Oh, bliss to know that now at last, “Love, Rest, and Home” are hers for evermore!

So much has been said of Mrs. Bell’s amiability, that one almost fears justice has not been done to the strength which underlay her sweetness. She was a person of uncommon fortitude for enduring bodily or mental pain. She possessed courage, energy, and a resolute, vigorous will. If she showed a peculiarly gentle courtesy of speech, it was quite as much the result of her constant endeavor to adjust to daily walk and con-

versation the Christian law of charity, as of her inborn kindness of thought. For her life was governed by a calm, religious faith, without one particle of bigotry or intolerance. So had it been from girlhood's opening; and from that youthful consecration to God's work, a blessing surely came, the promised one, to help her through the struggles of her riper years.

In view of the religious element in Mrs. Bell, and also of the elasticity which appeared a component part of her being, it was once remarked, in an affectionate half terror, how well she was fitted to be tried through great affliction. But it proved scarcely so, not enough allowance having been made for her frail physique, and especially for the extreme sensitiveness of her nervous organization. And when terrible trouble *came*, it fell with the most appalling violence, stunning and paralyzing, crushing with fearful suddenness the gladdest and most ardent anticipations. What wonder that the subtle fibres of her nerves were wrenched at once, and torn! In a mind less evenly regulated madness must certainly have ensued; as it was, dreadful mental struggles, temptations, the horrors of thick darkness, overwhelmed her, coming between intervals of worse torture still, states of torpor when she said "she could not feel"; times of apathy, when she declared that she was "*dead*," "her heart was ashes." But it was the delicate human frame that was amiss; not the nobility within. In her direst agony the meek submission, ingrained by years of trust, was touchingly manifest. To no furious raving, nor bitter rebellion, did her lips give utterance. Stricken though she was, the seal of God was on her still. Hers was the prayer of faith through all her torment; for peace must come she knew, but she "*must wait*" she said. How patiently she tried to wait! striving to breathe some savor into every task, some salt of love, from utter disregard of self. Already was the dark hour lifting, and they who loved her were rejoicing, hoping that even here below some measure of repose, if never more of joy, would be her own. But it was ordered otherwise—and better!

The strain had been too great; as the tension on the nerves relaxed, strength came not to meet reaction. The poor heart, wrung and aching, broke!

Was it not permitted him, with whom, she said, had gone the "life of her life," and whose spiritual presence had been continually impressed upon her since his death—no barriers of sense sufficing, it would seem, to keep apart the two who loved each other so—was it not allowed to him to enter the lonely chamber where she lay, weeping those last tears, and to draw her up in his strong arms above? We cannot tell. But, in the solemn trust that they are now together in the Lord, we cannot mourn, we can but render praise, for memories of lives and deaths like theirs are sacred to our gratitude.

Romance must pale before this real history, the plain narration of whose beautiful experiences is beyond all poetry.

One word has been chosen to best express the soul of her of whom we have discoursed,—*Harmonious*.

She was an instrument of music, attuned by nature to most exquisite vibrations. The fingers of destiny swept over the chords, now rippling them in merriment, now soothing to a melodious lullaby. Again striking the strings to exulting notes, to soaring bursts of praise:

But discord on the music fell
And darkness on the glory.

With cruel force Death flung away the lyre! It broke, unstrung, lay dumb—. But heavenly skill can bring new wires and set it fresh in tune, and heavenly masters touch the chords, most rapturous tones to tell!

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF LOUIS BELL.

BY LIEUT. COL. F. W. PARKER, FOURTH REGIMENT N. H. VOLS.

Early in the war was assigned to Colonel Bell, as to many others, the arduous task of molding into disciplined soldiers a thousand sterling citizens, whose very natures revolted at the idea of perfect obedience to officers composed of their former fellow-townsmen, who had little, if any, more military experience than themselves. That comparatively few regimental commanders who grappled with these difficulties succeeded, the records of the volunteer army will abundantly testify. Indeed, one of the highest encomiums I can bestow on Colonel Bell is, that he overcame these obstacles, falling at the dawn of peace universally beloved and lamented by the noble brigade he had so long commanded.

Through the spring and summer of 1862 he commanded the post of St. Augustine, Fla. Just at that time the policy of the government underwent a change in respect to slavery, and the rendition of those who came within our lines to their former masters. It was a difficult matter for the commandant of a distant post to steer clear of the changing notions of department commanders, urged on by the sticklers for an extreme system of philanthropy. Thus, an act for the better police of the city was construed as hostile to freedom, and the burden of being a pro-slavery man was wrongfully put upon Colonel Bell, when I personally know that he was among the first advocates of emancipation. His regiment understood his position, and were his ardent supporters. Many officers, wanting his cool judgment and undaunted patriotism, would have thrown up their commissions in disgust. He fearlessly stood the test and came out victorious.

The skirmish at Pocotaligo, which we then thought a battle,

and the siege of Charleston, constitute some of the principal events in the history of the Fourth Regiment. The latter was one of the most protracted severe duties we ever performed—harder even, in many respects, than the last eventful year of the war; on a narrow strip of sand, environed by marsh and ocean, flanked and fronted by numberless batteries pouring upon us an incessant fire of every missile known in warfare, scorched and blinded by a South Carolina sun, our feet parboiled by the warm tide that filled the trenches—the hot days rendered more disagreeable from the fact that even a hand above the light sand protections was a mark for the enemy's vigilant sharpshooters, the cooler nights lighted by the constant glare of bursting shells and meteor-like whizzing fuses!

Under such adverse circumstances we toiled on.

In the fierce excitement of a fight it is comparatively easy to face death; but to advance upon the enemy's impregnable works, slowly, by a series of parallels and saps which require weeks to build, is a kind of lingering torture that demands the firmest nerves to withstand. Disease, also, fastening upon hundreds, mingled its horrors with those of shot and shell, and added to the already long line of graves that stretched along the sandy beach, almost beneath the shadow of Fort Sumter. Through all these arduous and perilous duties Colonel Bell bore a conspicuous and active part, urging his men to sustain fatigue and brave danger, sharing all their trials with them.

Passing over many important events, we come to the last terrible year of the war. A glance at the thinned ranks of the Fourth Regiment, and a thought of what it was one year ago, adds force to the phrase, "The last terrible year of the war!" Drewry's Bluff was the opening scene. In the consequent confusion of a retreat after a hard-fought battle, Colonel Bell took command, rallied the brigade, and covered the retreat in a masterly manner. Our numbers were lessened by one hundred and forty-two men. Here the genial, noble face of Major Sawyer faded from our sight forever.

The retreat to Bermuda Hundred, and the indecisive bloody skirmishes that ensued, the battle of Cold Harbor, the success-

ful charge upon Petersburg Heights, followed by the long siege, form an important part of the work of the eventful year. Colonel Bell's Brigade held one of the most important positions on the whole line from Deep Bottom to the Weldon road. His headquarters were within pistol-shot of the enemy's works, and subjected to a heavy fire. To illustrate the danger of his position: It was his custom each Sabbath to have divine service at his headquarters. I remember once during the solemn exercises a shell came whizzing through the air and fell close to the little congregation. The preacher paused, and all involuntarily bowed to the messenger of death. Those were dark days for us, and as one by one from our already shattered regiment was carried away bleeding and dying, the sad feelings that filled our hearts could only be overcome by the strongest will and a firm reliance on Him "who doeth all things well."

Colonel Bell was always active and vigilant. Already within a few yards of the enemy's lines, he managed to get still nearer. Ever guarding against surprise, he was cautious, never exposing himself carelessly, and always where there was need.

The 30th of July changed the scene from the steady siege to the disastrous Battle of the Mine, a fight ever to be remembered and regretted. It was my lot to mark the colonel's gallant bearing, his cool and determined action, on that occasion. Rallying his brigade, under most demoralizing circumstances, he held the line. It is in *defeat* that true soldierly qualities shine the brightest. Deep Bottom, Chapin's Farm, came in quick succession. Under the stern tutorship of continued fighting and the guidance of its honored leader, the Third Brigade became noted for its veteran bravery, fitly prepared for the last terrible fight and glorious victory at Fort Fisher.

Notwithstanding a mortifying failure, General Grant had determined to take that Malakoff of the rebellion, and he carefully selected from out the vast army of veterans the Second Division of the old Tenth Army Corps, twenty-five hundred strong (commanded by the gallant General Ames), including Colonel Bell's Brigade, which consisted of the Fourth New Hampshire, Thirteenth Indiana, One Hundred and Fifteenth and One Hundred

and Sixty-ninth New York Regiments. The long-continued roar of more than five hundred cannon rendered the sturdy veterans almost insensible to sound. Landing amidst the fierce surging breakers, they silently formed on the low sandy beach. In the rear lay Hoke's Division, their old antagonists, ready to pounce upon them when they advanced. Before them, where the iron storm was pouring, was a fort upon which the wealth of England and the engineering skill of West Point had been expended, stronger than the Malakoff, defended by confident and determined men—a place which an able engineer (Weitzel) had decided could not be taken by assault; and, indeed, the awful precedents of Fort Wagner, Port Hudson, and Fort Gilmer were strong vouchers to the truth of his decision.

Well may the cheeks of that noble division blanch as slowly they move forward over the sandhills, with their eyes fixed upon the deadly work before them. With sinews stiffened, lips compressed, and teeth clenched, first suffering a prayer for the darlings at home to escape them, they advance over the mounds partially obscuring the fort from their sight. Now, now is the moment on which hangs the destiny of great hopes! They must gain the gate; that gate is the key to the fort, and the fort the key to Wilmington and the whole of North Carolina. Between them and the gate is a narrow road and a broken bridge, enfiladed and crossed by a murderous fire. At the head of his brigade, Colonel Bell dashes on, almost gaining the bridge, when a shot strikes him, and he falls—falls in the *arms of victory*, for the next moment the colors of his own regiment, which he had loved so well, and under which he had fought so long, are planted on the first mound of the fort!

Thus fell our leader, dearly loved and deeply mourned by his brigade. Indeed I do not know of any brigade commander who had so entirely won the respect of his men. Dignified yet genial, brave yet cautious, never sacrificing lives uselessly when he could avoid it, ever ready to share danger and hardship with his men, no influence or peril could deter him from doing his duty or shake a resolution once formed.

FORT FISHER, February 12, 1865.

At a meeting held by the officers of the Fourth New Hampshire Infantry this day (February 12, 1865, Fort Fisher, N. C.), the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Our noble leader, Col. Louis Bell, Fourth New Hampshire Infantry, commanding Third Brigade, Second Division, Tenth Army Corps, has fallen in battle, thereby bringing profound grief to many hearts; therefore

Resolved, That we, the officers of his regiment, avail ourselves of the sad privilege of expressing our love for him as a soldier, and respect for him as a commander.

Resolved, That in the loss of Colonel Bell we are deprived of a brave leader, a noble man, and a beloved comrade. He fell, at the very dawn of peace, *leading* his brigade in a terrible charge, which resulted in a glorious victory, a martyr to the holy cause of "Liberty and Union."

Resolved, That his memory shall live with us so long as our lives shall last, inspiring us to noble thoughts and heroic acts; and when time with us shall fade away, may we meet him above.

Resolved, That we respectfully tender to his friends, and especially his mourning widow and orphans, our unfeigned sympathy in this their irreparable loss. May God sustain them through this agonizing trial.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to his widow, and to his biographer for publication.

(Signed) F. W. PARKER,

Lt. Col. Fourth N. H. Vols.,

Comd'g Regt.,

President.

WM. R. NORTON,

First Lieut., Co. C, Fourth N. H. V.,

Secretary.

FOURTH REGIMENT NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

(FOUR YEARS)

BY FRANCIS W. PARKER, LATE LIEUTENANT COLONEL FOURTH REGIMENT
NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEER INFANTRY, BREVET COLONEL
UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

Nearly two hundred men were left over in organizing the Third Regiment, and they were ordered from Concord to Manchester, to form the nucleus of the Fourth Regiment. The regiment consisted mostly of natives of New Hampshire, with the exception of Company G, in which was a large number of stout-hearted Irishmen. It is said that the majority of the regiment were Democrats, politically. Quite a number of the officers had been officers in the New Hampshire militia, notably Major Drew, Captains Sleeper, Greenleaf, Newell, Bagley, Burleigh, and Badger. The first colonel, Thomas J. Whipple of Laconia, was a veteran of the Mexican war. Four lieutenants came from Dartmouth College,—Fuller, Hobbs, Carleton, and Kendall; one lieutenant, Parker, was a schoolteacher from Illinois; the lieutenant colonel, Bell, was a young lawyer. Company A enlisted at Dover; Company B, at Nashua; Company D, at Laconia; Company F, at Great Falls; Company H, at Salem; Company I, at Derry; Companies C, E, G, and K were mostly Manchester men. A few of Company E were enlisted at Pittsfield. Company I were recruited about Derry.

The regiment was mustered into service at Manchester the 18th of September, just two weeks after the Third had left the state. The regiment left Manchester for Washington the 27th of September. There it remained until the 9th of October, when it joined, at Annapolis, Gen. T. W. Sher-

man's expedition to Port Royal, S. C. It embarked on one of the great ships of the fleet, the "Baltic," a side-wheel steamer, suffered a terrible storm of three days off Hatteras, and a severe fright in striking on Frying Pan Shoals; arrived at Port Royal November 7, and saw from the ship's masts the attack upon Port Royal, the demolition of Fort Walker and the capture of Hilton Head.

Here upon the sands on the beach of Hilton Head, close to the roaring surf, the regiment remained for three months, varying the monotony of camp life by an expedition to Tybee Island on the 3d of December. On the 26th of January the regiment embarked on ships, and started for the expedition on the Southern coast. It took part in the capture of Fernandina, Jacksonville, and St. Augustine, Fla. Seven companies garrisoned at St. Augustine, while the other three companies did duty on James Island and Beaufort, S. C.

In September the regiment was ordered to Beaufort, S. C., and General Mitchell assumed command of the department. Active operations began which resulted in the battle of Pocotaligo, on the 22d of October, 1862. The regiment went into winter quarters at Beaufort. The monthly return of the regiment for September, 1862, after a year's service, shows six hundred and thirty men and twenty-one officers present for duty, the actual loss for the year being one hundred and eighty-nine, or nearly one fifth of the active number.

The spring of 1863 opened with an attack upon Morris Island, then followed the siege of Charleston. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore commanded the expedition. The division in which the Fourth New Hampshire found itself was commanded by Gen. A. H. Terry. The Fourth brigaded with the Third New Hampshire, Sixth Connecticut, and a battalion of sharpshooters. This brigade was commanded by Col. Louis Bell of the Fourth. Two long sandbar islands on the coast just south of Charleston harbor formed the basis of an attack upon Charleston. Folly Island was captured with very little resistance. The Fourth New Hampshire worked twenty-one nights in building batteries to attack Morris Island, which is separated from Folly Island by

a narrow creek. On the 10th of July the Fourth participated in an attack on Morris Island. The successive charges on Fort Wagner were repulsed by the enemy. On the 23d of July the Fourth dug the first trench and planted the first *chevaux-de-frise*, for the long siege of Fort Wagner. From the 23d of July to the 7th of September may be looked upon as one continued battle under the blazing sun of South Carolina,—digging trenches, advancing lines, repelling attacks and doing severe outpost duty.

The morning of September 7, when the line was formed for the final charge, the news came that the fort was evacuated. The capture of Fort Wagner resulted in the immediate capture of the whole island. Then from the 7th of September until the 11th of February, 1864, when we were sent to Beaufort, S. C., the regiment took part in the siege of Charleston.

Here three hundred and eighty-eight men reënlisted for three years, or during the war. The enlisting officer was Capt. F. W. Parker. The regiment was afterwards ordered to Jacksonville, Fla., to support General Seymour, who had been repulsed at Olustee. Once more the regiment was returned to Beaufort.

In the spring of 1864 the reënlisted veterans, under command of Colonel Bell, were furloughed. On the 12th of April, the remaining detachment, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Drew, was ordered to report to Major General Butler, commanding the Department of Virginia and North Carolina. It landed on Gloucester Point, York river, where the furloughed veterans joined them. Gen. Adelbert M. Ames commanded the division.

On the 4th of May, the Army of the James sailed by the James river, for an attack upon Bermuda Hundred, the famous "bottle," or neck of land south of Richmond. Bermuda Hundred was taken and immediately fortified. The first advance movement was made upon the enemy on the 9th of May. General Ames's division tore up several miles of the Richmond & Petersburg Railroad, and then, by a hasty march, joined the Eighteenth Corps at Swift Creek, where the enemy was attacked, and after a sharp fight driven to the defenses of Petersburg, on the Appomattox. At night the rebels, in turn, charged

upon our lines, but were severely repulsed. While preparing to renew the advance in the morning, heavy firing was heard in the direction of General Terry's command, which had been stationed at Lempster Hill, to repel any advance from Richmond. General Ames's division immediately joined General Terry's command, and the whole Army of the James moved "on to Richmond."

The two armies met at Drewry's Bluff. There on the 14th, 15th, and 16th of May, the Fourth New Hampshire was in action. On the 16th, the regiment formed part of a line of advanced skirmishers. In the morning of that day, the enemy broke through our lines, doubled them up, and the Fourth Regiment was left alone, a thin line of skirmishers in the advance without flankers. A brigade suddenly appeared on the right of the line, and the regiment was to all intents and purposes captured, but in their innocence of capture they suddenly retreated. The loss at Drewry's Bluff was great. Company E went in with forty-two men, and lost twenty-eight killed, wounded, or missing. Lieut. Frank B. Hutchinson fell while firing his revolver within a few feet of the enemy; Maj. Charles W. Sawyer received a wound which caused his death. General Butler was driven back from Bermuda Hundred again and "bottled up." Several ineffective attempts were made to break the Confederate line.

On the 28th of May, the division under General Ames was ordered to report to Gen. W. F. Smith, of the Eighteenth Corps. The corps was ordered to report to General Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac. It was taken by transports to the White House on the Pamunkey river, and took part in the battle of Cold Harbor on the 3d of June. Eight days of living and fighting in trenches followed, and on the 12th, it marched with the army in its change of position to the right bank of the James river.

On the morning of the 16th of June, the attack on Petersburg commenced. The regiment was engaged in the first attack upon Petersburg. Colonel Bell's brigade took 125 prisoners and several pieces of artillery. Then began the siege of Petersburg.

The siege of Charleston had prepared the Fourth Regiment for the duties of trench and fortification work. For thirty-six days Colonel Bell's brigade remained in one position—on the left of Fort Stedman and joining the right of the Ninth Corps. The picket line of the brigade was within twenty feet of the Confederate outpost. The regiment lost fifty men killed or wounded while performing ordinary trench duty.

The Fourth New Hampshire was again brigaded under command of Colonel Bell with the Thirteenth Indiana, Ninth Maine, One Hundred and Fifteenth New York, and Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania. The division was commanded by General Turner.

On the 30th of July, the regiment was in the Crater Fight, or the "Battle of the Mine." For hours it held the line on the right of the exploded fort close to the ravine, across which came a terrible enfilading fire from a battery. The regiment was quite small—two hundred men—and out of this number fifty men were killed or wounded. Captain Clough was severely wounded, and Captain Parker took command of the regiment. In the fight the flagstaff was cut off twice, and fifty-five bullets and shells put through the flag. That night, what was left of the regiment marched back to Bermuda Hundred.

On the 13th of August, a movement was made under Gen. W. S. Hancock north of the James river. The Tenth Corps crossed the river and began a series of skirmishes which culminated on the 16th of August in a severe battle, with Gen. Robert E. Lee in our front. The battle is called, generally, the battle of Deep Bottom. Deep Bottom is situated at the rear of Malvern Hill. Three commanders of the brigade were wounded in succession—first, Colonel Osborne, of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, then Major Walrath, of the One Hundred and Fifteenth New York, followed by Captain Parker, of the Fourth, who received a very severe wound in the neck. Captain Hobbs, of Company A, took command of the regiment, and the Tenth Corps withdrew to Bermuda Hundred. A captain was in command of the brigade, and only one captain was left for duty in the Fourth.

On the 18th of September, 174 men, who had not reënlisted, left for New Hampshire, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Drew. In the spring of 1864, the regiment was nearly one thousand strong. At the charge of Fort Gilmer (or New Market Heights), only forty men could be mustered for the fight. Sergt. Willard K. Cobb, of Company E, who had just recovered from a severe wound, was killed. The Fourth was under the command of Capt. L. W. Hobbs.

The regiment was in the two expeditions against Fort Fisher—the first under General Butler, and the second under Gen. A. H. Terry. In the second and successful attack on Fort Fisher, the Fourth Regiment did some brave fighting. Colonel Bell, commanding the brigade, was killed on the corduroy road leading to the gate of the fort. In the long struggle in the fort under command of General Ames, the flag of the Fourth New Hampshire was locked with the Confederate flag on the top of a mound. Capt. John H. Roberts was in command of the regiment during the fight. The night of the victory, a number of the Fourth New Hampshire were killed by the explosion of a magazine.

The regiment remained at Fort Fisher until the 11th of February. Captain Parker was commissioned lieutenant colonel, returned from the hospital and took command. The Army of the Ohio, under General Schofield, advanced upon Wilmington and captured it. General Sherman was steadily advancing from Savannah. The Army of the Ohio and Sherman's Army joined at Cox's Bridge, near Goldsborough. The Fourth New Hampshire was ordered to guard the railroad between Wilmington and Little Washington, in order to forward supplies to Sherman's Army. After this duty was done, the regiment was ordered to rendezvous at Magnolia. Colonel Parker and Adjutant Challis were captured near Magnolia, and spent the rest of their time with the Army of General Johnston in its retreat to Greensborough. The regiment was quartered at Raleigh, N. C., until ordered home. They arrived in Concord and were mustered out on the 23d of August.

This is a brief compendium of the history of the regiment—

so brief that no personal mention can be made of bravery and endurance on the part of many heroes of the old Fourth still living, and of those, the larger number, who await us at the final roll-call beyond the lines of earth.

The Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers was attached to, and a part of, Sherman's Expeditionary Corps, October 28, 1861, to March 31, 1862; at various stations in Department of the South, March 31, 1862, to April, 1864; First Brigade, Third Division, Tenth Army Corps, April 25 to June 19, 1864; Third Brigade, Second Division, Tenth Army Corps, June 19 to December 3, 1864; Third Brigade, Second Division, Twenty-fourth Army Corps, December 3, 1864, to April 2, 1865; Third Brigade, Second Division, Tenth Army Corps, April 2 to July 13, 1865; First Brigade, Second Division, Tenth Army Corps, July 13 to August, 1865.

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| Port Royal, S. C. | Nov. 7, 1861 |
| James Island, S. C. | June 10, 1862 |
| Pocotaligo, S. C. | Oct. 22, 1862 |
| Siege of Fort Wagner, Morris Island, S. C., | |
| | July 10 to Sept. 6, 1863 |
| Siege of Fort Sumter, S. C., | Sept. 7, 1863, to Feb. 11, 1864 |
| Swift Creek (or Arrowfield Church), Va. | May 9, 1864 |
| Drewry's Bluff, Va. | May 14-16, 20, 1864 |
| Near Bermuda Hundred, Va. | May 17-19, 21-28, 1864 |
| Cold Harbor, Va. | June 4-12, 1864 |
| Petersburg, Va. | June 16, 1864 |
| Siege of Petersburg, Va. | June 23 to July 29, 1864 |
| Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va. | July 30, 1864 |
| Deep Bottom, Va. | Aug. 14-16, 1864 |
| New Market Heights (Fort Gilmer), Va. | Sept. 29, 1864 |
| Fort Fisher, N. C. | Jan. 15, 1865 |
| Fort Anderson, N. C. | Feb. 18, 1865 |

A RUNNING SKETCH OF SCENES THROUGH WHICH I PASSED WITH THE BOYS IN BLUE.

BY MARTIN VAN BUREN RICHARDSON, FIRST LIEUTENANT COMPANY C.

At the organization of the Fourth New Hampshire many of the returned members of the old First New Hampshire, which came home from the upper Potomac, August 9, 1861, having served three months, reënlisted, and a number of them became officers in this three-year organization.

The Second Regiment had already been heard from at the battle of Bull Run, and the Third Regiment was about ready to leave its encampment at Concord, and its surplus recruits had been sent to help fill the Fourth Regiment, some two hundred men, and recruiting went briskly on at Manchester, Nashua, and the smaller towns surrounding Manchester. In two weeks the whole number was filled and the regimental organization completed.

Many of the boys after a few weeks at home were anxious to return to the front. The country was under a terrible excitement, and the idea of remaining at home after a "smell of the battle from afar," and allowing the war to be ended and not take a hand in it, was not to be thought of for a moment. The city of Manchester was in a white heat of excitement. Bounties were not a consideration then; pure patriotism was the incentive; and every hall and armory in the city was the scene of work and preparatory drill of the raw recruits by the "war-worn" veterans who had returned from the front where experience was invaluable.

After the quota had been filled and the companies had been officered for the most part, there began that *squabble* for shoulder straps which was so detrimental to the efficiency of the service later on.

After some delays our regiment had its official head announced, and September 27, 1861, took up our line of march down Elm street to the station, passing through a throng of anxious and loving ones, whose vision was bedimmed with tears, and whose lips trembled as they uttered the parting words to the husband, father, son, or brother. And though our most excellent regimental band, under the leadership of Prof. Walter Dignam, was playing its finest quicksteps, yet in the hearts of the thousands who stood about the depot on that memorable day a dirge would have seemed more in keeping with the feelings. How different unto the soldier! Although his heart was ready to give way in the relief of tears, yet he put on the most cheerful look, and tried to assure the dear ones that he would come out all safe and soon return to them again.

Then the last clasp of the hand, the parting look, and the train moved slowly from the station, carrying with it heavy hearts in manly bosoms of men, some of whom instinctively felt that they gazed upon their friends and the familiar scenes of home for the last time.

The regiment passed through Nashua and Worcester to the Norwich line of steamers, making brief stops at the two points named, reaching Philadelphia the next day, and was supplied with a hearty meal at the Cooper shop, all having a chance to wash and rest before proceeding farther on their journey. This institution was started by Mr. Cooper, a Philadelphian of wealth, who, by the way, carried on the cooperage business, and the shop was at the foot of Washington avenue, where now stand the warehouses and elevators of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for grain shipments. Mr. Cooper commenced to aid the soldiers by soliciting as well as providing coffee and sandwiches for the passing regiments, and the necessities soon became so great that he cleared his large building of lumber and tools and converted it into a dining hall. The sidewalks he covered, and there placed bowls, towel-racks, and soap, with plenty of running water, so that the regiment could perform ablutions in a short time and then partake of an excellent breakfast, dinner, or supper, as the case might be. This was free to *all* soldiers,

and was maintained to the very end of the war, and until the last squad of soldiers had passed through the Quaker City on their way home. The tables were waited upon by the fairest ladies of the city, who were untiring in their devotion to the work of feeding our hungry and tired soldiers.

The journey to Washington was accomplished without special incident. The rebels of that "city of monuments" had become convinced that the experiment of storming loyal troops was a costly one, and they kept at a respectful distance. We arrived at Washington on the 30th, and went into camp at Bladensburg, some two miles from the Capitol, northeast or north, and near us was the Ninth Maine. While here we received visits from the Second boys, who were recruiting and resting after their severe campaign of the July before. We remember meeting Captain Platt and others, who gave us graphic accounts of the Bull Run battle. Captain Platt remarked, "We are in for a long and tough war," and the poor man was truly a prophet. He gave up his life in the struggle which he foresaw was to be a hard one.

Our time was occupied in drill and routine work until the 7th, when we received our arms, the Belgian rifle, which was one one-hundredth too small in bore for our regulation cartridges, and after three or four discharges needed wiping out, and in fact was almost useless for active service. On the 9th of October we started for Annapolis, on box and platform cars, amid one of the hardest rains I ever experienced. We remember with gratitude the kindness of the Seventh Connecticut, who, being quartered in buildings at the academy, volunteered to pitch their tents for us for that night until we could pitch our tents and lay out our own camp.

We were finally organized as a brigade, under Brig. Gen. Horatio G. Wright, Sixth and Seventh Connecticut, Ninth Maine, and Fourth New Hampshire. Col. John L. Chatfield commanded the Sixth, Col. Alfred H. Terry the Seventh, Col. Richworth Rich the Ninth, and Col. Thomas Whipple the Fourth, and a better set of regimental commanders could not be found in any brigade.

Ten days of active drill and preparation were followed by a grand review by Brig. Gen. T. W. Sherman, known in the regular army as "Old Tim," who commanded the famous Sherman's Battery in Mexico and on the plains before our late war, and who was a martinet in military matters.

General Sherman was put in charge of a secret expedition down the coast, the point of attack remaining a profound secret to all except the department and the general in charge.

On the 19th the Fourth embarked on board the ocean steamer "Baltic," Captain Comstock, and with us was General Wright and staff, Maj. Z. K. Pangborn, and a detachment of engineers and signal corps officers and men. The whole number was about 1,150 men on board; besides, the hold was filled with army stores, and, forward, the ten-inch Columbiads, horses (in stalls), and heavy mortars, and the steerage was filled with our troops. This load caused the steamer to draw nearly one foot more water by the bow than by the stern, which later proved to be the salvation of all on board, as I shall try to describe later on. The stevedore stored, although faultily, "better than he knew."

After remaining on board at Annapolis, Md., two days, we steamed for Fort Monroe, where we met a large fleet consisting of war ships and transports and vessels loaded with supplies for the expedition when it should reach its destination. For one week we laid at anchor, with no special duty on board except to see that the men were well cared for, and to talk of the probable point of destination. Occasionally the monotony would be broken through the day by some one calling out, "There comes a rebel ram around Sewell's Point!" when all hands would rush to see a possible dreaded monster coming to crush and sink us. But our navy was well in hand, and the determination was to run down and sink any rebel boat that came in range.

We had now become tolerably well accustomed to our quarters on board the "Baltic," and had learned the names of the civilians on board, and the leisure hours passed pleasantly, for a soldier soon learns not to *borrow* trouble, because

it will come soon enough without calling. Among the notables on board was the veteran sea captain, Jack Eldridge, of Cape Cod, certainly the most thorough-going old sea-dog ever seen, a perfect ideal sailor, who acted as sort of assistant master of the steamer, under Captain Comstock, who was another splendid specimen of a real sea captain. We made a sketch of Captain Jack, which, proving to be a good likeness, was presented to him, and he was very much pleased, saying, "I'll send it to Mrs. Eldridge, who will have it framed." We learned that he kept his word, and after the war met him in Boston and received a most hearty grip from the honest old tar. Next was a correspondent named Edge, who represented the London *Star*, and who had been to the Crimea as correspondent. He was a genial fellow and a good artist, too, but had a tendency to belittle and underrate anything American, "you know." We remember being in the smoking room, aft, one evening, and the jolly Maj. Z. K. Pangborn had been treating the company to some of his well-told stories, when the conversation turned upon ordnance; and, in fact, a very large gun had been *planted* near Fortress Monroe. Mr. E. heard them through and remarked that they had much larger guns in England, giving the bore and calibre, etc., when an officer of the Fourth New Hampshire said, "Oh, that's nothing! When we left New Hampshire, they were casting a gun at the foundry of the Amoskeag machine shop that would outweigh anything of the kind in the world." "How large is it?" asked the Englishman. "Well," replied the lieutenant, "I don't exactly remember the weight of the whole gun, but the touch-hole weighs four tons." Which reply completely settled poor Edge, and the crowd fairly howled with laughter. Edge settled, like a man, and became a pretty good Yankee later.

On the 29th of October we finally got under weigh and steamed seaward, and as we got outside, the fleet came into double column, the inside being led by the "Wabash," which ship set the course for the rest of the fleet by signals daily.

The 30th of October the wind began to breeze up from the southeast, and the sea began to be rough, and at evening our staunch ship passed through the rough cross currents off Cape Hatteras, and the smaller crafts had a hard time of it. For instance, a little river boat from the Kennebec river was loaded down to her guard rail with the Eighth Maine Regiment, and she was in danger of swamping. The sea grew more and more boisterous, and at half past twelve, midnight, October 31, one of the pilots came aft to take his "watch below," when the writer heard him remark, "D—n this steering by other men's compasses," meaning that Dupont had set their course the afternoon before, which was too near in shore, and an experienced sailor well knew the water was shallow from the short, choppy seas running. At 2.30 A. M., the vessel struck, and as the writer was officer of the guard on deck, and having had experience at sea as a sailor, instinctively knew what to do, he at once seized an axe and cut the starboard hawser which towed the big bark, "Ocean Express," while the first mate did the same by the port hawser, each calling loudly to the look-out watch on the "Ocean Express" to "hard aport," which was answered promptly by an, "Aye, aye, sir!"

All the while, as the sea would settle from under the "Baltic," she would come down with a tremendous thump upon the hard, sandy shoal, known as the "Frying Pan." There was the utmost terror and confusion below, and fearing the men would rush upon the deck panic-stricken, and not only impede the working of the ship, but possibly jump overboard to certain destruction, we put the guards at each companion way, and fairly held the men at bay, until the vessel was finally backed off the shoal, and then calmed the men below by the assurance that we were all right and safe.

We went below as soon as the vessel was free from danger and assured the passengers in the saloon that they could again retire, for they were terribly alarmed, for the gale now began in earnest.

There were two other lieutenants besides the writer who had been seamen, Lieutenants Charles H. Drummer and Charles W. Hurd, and we three were called upon to stand alternate watches on deck in charge of the guard, which relieved Captain Comstock of much anxiety regarding his live freight and passengers.

We had, as I before remarked, so much more weight forward than aft that the vessel drew nearly twenty-two feet forward and only twenty-one feet aft. Had it been trimmed as is usually the case, more aft than forward, we should have run upon the shoal with such force as to have rendered it impossible to get off, and the "Baltic" would have been a wreck, with a probable great loss of life. So the hurry and imperfect loading of our ship proved to be our salvation.

November 1 was a rough day. The "Ocean Express," which had been picked up after we cleared the shoals, now was laboring hard. Our steamer was making just turns enough to keep steerage-way, and finally, the strain being too great, the ten-inch hawsers parted at about the same hour, and the "Express" had to make sail to clear us. The fleet sought safety in separating as much as possible to avoid collision. During the gale the ship took fire, but it was quickly subdued and the soldiers knew nothing of it.

The transport "Governor," having on board a battalion of marines in command of Major Reynolds, was found to be in a sinking condition, and the gunboat, "Isaac Smith," threw her gun overboard and went to her assistance, and every man was brought safely from the "Governor" by the whip and hawser just before the ill-fated vessel went down. The "Commodore Perry" was also lost, and the transport "Illinois" lost her upper deck railings, smokestack, etc., and was leaking badly when she reached the port.

On the 4th of November the fleet assembled at Port Royal bar, amidst one of the finest sunsets ever seen. The "Baltic" was ordered out to search for the missing bark, "Ocean Express." It returned next day, after an unsuccessful trip, and

later the bark came in. The steamer "Union" went ashore on the North Carolina coast, and Quartermaster Sergeant Kelly, with a squad of men and crew, were made prisoners.

The morning of the 7th of November, 1861, was as sweet and calm as a northern June morning. Nature seemed to bear the peculiar hush which precedes a terrible storm or tornado. The movements upon the war ships and transports were so quietly performed that one would suppose it was a Sabbath day. The ocean was as smooth as glass. The tide (9 A. M.) was beginning to ebb, and the position of the transports was just inside the bar and about half a mile from the east shore of the island of Hilton Head. The fleet under Dupont was anchored ahead of the transports, and about two miles southeast of Fort Walker on the left, and Beauregard on the right. The Broad river is three miles wide between the two forts, and our position was at the apex of the triangle. All hands were agog for the first movement of the fleet, and the writer took a position on the port side of the foresail yard-arm, where he could take a close observation of all that took place.

Presently the signal at the fore of the "Wabash" was set, ordering the fleet to clear away for action. The shrill whistle of the boatswain was heard even at our distance, and in a short time the "Pawnee" took the lead, with the men on the fore chains heaving the lead, and the men on the fore-castle looking out for obstructions, torpedoes, etc. The "Sabine" next was put into line and then the "Wabash," followed by the "Pembina," "Ottawa," and all the smaller vessels. The vessels followed, each in single file, bearing to the right so as to go near Fort Beauregard on Bay Point, and then make a turn to the left and get an enfilading and later a broadside and raking fire at Fort Walker, and so on, making an oval-shaped course up and down Broad river, paying its compliments to each fort on their return.

By and by a *boom* came to us, followed by a puff of smoke emanating from the port of the "Pawnee," then as the sand

flew on the works of Fort Beauregard another and another shot followed in quick succession, until each in turn put in their solid shots and shell, firing by detail, pouring a constant stream of iron into the doomed works. Beauregard replied with a good deal of vigor, and soon the location of the fort from our point of view was lost in smoke. Away beyond and to the left sat the "Mosquito" fleet of the rebels, in command of Admiral Tatnal, and as our boats made the turn on the upper end of the course, they sent a shot or two at the Johnnies, who at once put back and around the rear of the island through Skull creek, thence to Savannah, badly demoralized, and it was the last part they took in the battle. They had previously taken ladies on board some of the boats, that they might see the Yanks "blowed out of the water."

Dupont came down the first turn training his guns in order on Walker, which had kept up a regular fire, and the men in the works manned the guns nobly, but the combined fire of the whole fleet was too much for such a force to longer contend with, and it was simply a matter of time for its surrender to be announced. As the engagement was drawing to a close, Lieutenant Budd of the navy, commanding the little tug boat "Mercury," mounting one howitzer and one Parrot, ran a boat in shore directly under the guns of Walker and where they could not depress enough to hit him, and there he plugged away at the fort, and in one case hit the gun "Jeff Davis" squarely in the muzzle, breaking off both trunnions and smashing the carriage into kindling wood, the infantry in and around the fort popping away at the tug boat; but, nothing daunted, Lieutenant Budd kept up his fire until about 3 P. M. The rebels were seen kilting across the open space in rear of the fort, towards Seabrook and Pope's plantation, where they could retreat to the mainland.

During the battle the troops watched the proceedings with great interest and were impatient to get ashore. Captain Comstock of the "Baltic" became so absorbed in the scene that, with his hand on the pilot bell, he caused the engineer to

steam ahead, so that we came within easy range of the fire of the forts; and General Wright sent back word to the captain to drop down nearer the buoy, out of range. But we did not do so, for at that time some of the navy had landed, and as the rebels had failed to strike their colors, the sailors first ran up a white flag to cause the fleet to cease firing, and then soon after hoisted the Union flag, amid shouts and cheers from the entire fleet. The smoke clearing away, the war vessels came in view, one by one, looking like full-blooded race horses just after a heat, and the little boats, tugs, and tenders were dodging here and there to take men and orders from ship to ship, and to prepare for debarking the troops.

The Fourth New Hampshire got on board the "Isaac Smith," which took us up to a point just in the rear of the Pope residence, at the north of the fort, where she ran in as close as she could. There being no wharf, our men jumped overboard into the water, from three to four feet deep, wading ashore, but keeping good care of their guns and cartridges. The regiments were marched to the rear of the works and formed into their respective brigades, and pickets established; also scouting parties sent out to see what force yet remained on the island. Fort Beauregard was silenced first, then Walker, and troops and marines were landed to take charge of the guns. Walker mounted seventeen guns, and had a redoubt south of the regular work mounting two more guns, thirty-two-pounders. Walker had eight ten-inch Columbiads and nine thirty-two-pounders, with a reserve of several field pieces.

As soon as our regiment had battled for a bivouac for the night, some of our officers went to inspect the work. We found it to be a bastion sand work, with moat in front and sides north and south, with deep ditch in rear and sally port covered by two guns, and traverses two feet projection by eight feet wide and eight feet high between each embrasure. At each corner of the work northeast and southeast were galleries leading down to the bomb proof, one of which was

crushed in by a ten-inch shell from our fleet, burying one assistant surgeon and several poor fellows who had been taken below for treatment. At each of the sea angles were rifle pits, and in rear of center of the fort was the magazine. Most of the heavy guns were more or less injured by our fire, and the work badly ploughed up, but was soon after put in order by refilling the sand bags and using the spade freely.

The trenches and moat were literally filled with killed and wounded. As fast as their gunners were killed their comrades would throw them over the parapet into the ditch, and the sight presented was rather revolting to one who had not become excited by an active part in the carnage. The troops finally took coffee and then made their beds upon the bare ground, and were soon lost in sleep.

Early on the morning of the 8th the Fourth was ordered forward, and the Companies C and D were sent out as skirmishers. As we passed along the road leading to the Pope plantation and ferry at the northwestern end of the island, we found the way strewn with the rebel dead, mangled in a terrible manner in most cases. About a mile in the rear of the fort we came to a deserted residence, which was partly used as a storehouse for cotton, and here we found five wounded men. One poor fellow was just inside the first room. Never shall I forget the incident. As I stooped down to raise his head and put the canteen to his lips, he gasped the words, "Doctor, water!" and almost immediately expired, and placing his body ready for burial, I proceeded to inspect the others. One man underwent amputation in a rear room at the hands of Doctor Eastman of the Fourth and Doctor Richardson of the Eighth Maine. One lad, fourteen years old, had a fracture of the skull and was wild at times. Another had a leg badly shattered by a shell, but he looked up smiling as I went to him and said, "Wall, ef ye can git this thing off easy, I'll go home." His leg was amputated at the third section (near the thigh), but he died the same night and went *home*. As this was the first experience I had had of

real results of war, it made a sad and lasting impression on my memory.

The rear guard of the rebels were covering their retreat from the island and they kept up the desultory firing with us all day. We gathered fifty or sixty wounded and as many dead, and had General Sherman sent forward a sufficient force, we could have bagged a greater part of the rebel garrison before it could have left the island.

The troops were finally assigned their ground for camping, and were in brigade order. We found acres of sweet potatoes, and the poultry houses and the yards of the planters were soon despoiled of their stock. Our boys ate with a greedy relish the good things found ashore, having been fed on salt pork and split pea soup for nearly a month on ship-board.

On the 10th details were called for to unload the supply ships and for building fortifications, covering approaches to our position from all sides, south, west, and north; and the work was very fatiguing and incessant for the first three months. Men were compelled to work waist deep in the water unloading lighters, and that with the deadly malaria arising nightly from the decaying vegetable matter in and upon the ground caused terrible sickness, and our ranks were being depleted fast.

Each evening, from each regiment, could be seen a firing party and funeral cortege wending their way to the newly consecrated graveyards, bearing the remains of some noble soldier who had become a willing sacrifice upon the altar of liberty.

The brigade under Brig. Gen. H. G. Wright remained unchanged as to regiments, which were: The Sixth Connecticut on the right, Seventh Connecticut next, Fourth New Hampshire, Ninth Maine on the left. Our camps were located on the beach, south of the Head proper nearly half a mile, and the ground being perfectly level and well cleared of roots and vegetation, soon made a good parade ground.

South of our position was a deep wood of oak and palmetto, and west of us were farm lands for about a mile, roads leading west and south to Braddock's Point, on Calabogue Sound. We were called upon for many details daily, including picket duty, work on trenches and fortifications, and for the quartermaster's department, so that the men were on fatigue duty every other day.

One day, at inspection of arms, Colonel Whipple reproved one man for having a rusty gun. The soldier replied: "I know my gun is dirty, but I've got the brightest *shovel* you ever saw, Colonel!" The soldier's wit was duly appreciated by the colonel.

The terrible ravages of malarial fever made sad inroads upon our ranks, and as a consequence many became quite serious as to their religious convictions. Quite a revival was reported in one of the regiments, and word reached our colonel that a dozen men in the Eighth Maine had been baptized the morning before; upon which Colonel "Tom" is reported to have called the chaplain, who, on reaching headquarters, was ordered to have twenty men *detailed* for baptism the next morning, as he (the colonel) "would be d—d if the Fourth New Hampshire was to be outdone by any other regiment on the island."

I remember the suddenness with which death followed the symptoms of the disease which carried away so many of our good boys. One Henry S. Ober, of Company C, had just come in from company drill one forenoon, and, after reaching his tent, sent word for me to call on him. I did so at once, and saw that he was much flushed, and I called the attention of Surgeon Greeley to his case. Ober was conveyed to the hospital tent, and in an hour he was dead. He was one of our best boys, and we felt the loss keenly. Some were sick twelve to twenty-four hours, when death would ensue.

It was noticed that as soon as the grounds had become thoroughly policed and freed from the decaying vegetable matter, the fever subsided, and Hilton Head was one of the healthiest spots on the southern coast; and later one of the

large general department hospitals was erected on the same site formerly occupied by our brigade.

There was something to relieve the hardship of too much fatigue duty occasionally, and various amusing things occurred. Among them was an affair of honor, which, at the last moment, flashed in the pan. One of the captains of the Fourth—who, when a boy, was an enlisted pontonier at West Point, and who always claimed he graduated—was prone to remark that “We did not do so at West Point.” At last, one of our old reliable captains, who had seen much service in the state militia, lost his patience, and said, “Oh, go to h—l with your West Point!” which remark was deemed an insult which nothing but blood could wipe out. So the West Pointer intimated through a friend that an apology would be accepted or pistols for two would be demanded. The genial captain of Company — was alert, urged matters on. Captain No. 1 would not apologize, and Captain No. 2 insisted on pistols. So matters wagged until nearly midnight, each party’s *friends* working the thing secretly to a white heat. When it became certain that Captain No. 1 *would* shoot, Captain No. 2 (the West Pointer) began to weaken, and urged his friends to take charge of his body, personal effects, etc., and was in a high state of excitement, counting the moments in which he could gaze upon things mundane, when, at midnight, the officers interested, having had enough fun, urged Captain No. 1 to send the desired apology, and thus stop matters where they were. So Captain No. 1 went to his desk and wrote the letter, and the writer was with Captain No. 2 when it was received; the effect of which was to cause No. 2 to jump and yell with delight at thus being relieved of the possibility of taking the scalp of Captain —. The reaction was fearful to behold. The letter received, which healed the wounded honor of No. 2, read as follows:

HILTON HEAD, S. C., ———, 1862.

Captain ———; Dear Sir,—I hereby take back the offensive words spoken today. As Paul the Apostle says: “None of us are perfect—no, not one.”

Yours truly,

—————,
Co. Q, Fourth N. H. V.

Never was a country more calm after a terrible earthquake than was the Fourth Regiment after the letter had been fully digested, and we all returned to peaceful dreams. Many are still living who knew the facts of the above, but the regiment was kept in ignorance of the matter. We remained at Hilton Head till March, meantime going to the front picket line for a week at a time, leaving our camp in charge of sick and disabled officers and men.

I remember one Sunday, at Pope's plantation, we heard singing in the chapel near by, and Colonel Bell and Major Emery of the Ninth Maine, and several others, proposed to attend the meeting of the colored people. We went in and were politely tendered seats upon benches. Colonel Bell was asked to read selections from the Scriptures, which he cheerfully complied with. The meeting was full of Methodist enthusiasm, peculiar to the colored South, and after much praying and singing, exhortations and remarks were in order. Finally, an old gray-headed patriarch, blind with age, rose to his feet, and having been informed who it was who had taken part in the meeting, spoke as follows: "May de Lord *bress de d—d Yankees*. When did we ever befo' have de white bredden come in 'to join us in praisin' de Lord?" We understood the good old darky perfectly; and as he had never heard the Yankees alluded to by any other prefix except d—d, he thought it the proper title, and we accorded to him the right so to allude to us there.

The 3d of December, 1861, Major Drew, with six companies from the different regiments, went to Tybee Island, some twenty miles south. The object of the expedition was to make a reconnoissance to see if the rebels were upon the island in force; also to see if a fort could be erected to play upon Fort Pulaski. No troops were found upon the island. Captain Gilmore decided that Pulaski could be reduced by a work constructed upon Tybee Island, and so reported.

Early in January, 1862, Chaplain Martin W. Willis resigned on account of ill health. On the 21st of January, 1862, the Fourth, with other regiments, sailed from Hilton Head down

the coast. The Fourth embarked on board the steamer "Delaware," and on the 26th came to an anchorage in Warsaw Sound, Ga. The troops were landed on Warsaw Island, a marshy, unhealthy spot, and remained there and on board, awaiting the arrival of the navy, until the 28th of February, when the expedition started again, and the next day arrived to within twelve miles of Fernandina.

Saturday, March 1, at 10 A. M., the navy crossed the bar and passed around Fort Clinch on the left, and the gunboat "Mohican," leading, saw a train filled with troops leaving the town across a railroad bridge on the Tallahassee Railroad, when she sent an eight-inch shell into the departing train. The transport then commenced crossing the bar on the 2d of March. The side-wheel steamer "Belvidere," whose captain and mates were too much loaded with commissary "B," succeeded in running on the bar at the point nearest Fort Clinch. One sailor in the fore-chains was swinging the lead line as they were running in, when he called out: "By the mark! by the mark! ground, by G--d!" when, thump, they went down on the shoal, and all around the boat. The strain parted the hog-beams and the vessel had to go into dock later. We went ashore next day and encamped. On the 8th of March Companies E and F, under command of Captain Towle, were left at Fernandina, where the balance of the regiment embarked on board the steamer "Boston," and, in company with six gunboats, proceeded down the coast and anchored for the night. I forgot to mention that the Fourth Regiment was on board the old New Orleans packet, "Empire City."

One afternoon, as Quartermaster Kelly was issuing whiskey to the men, he had the barrel "hossed" up, and with a faucet at the front end, he was issuing the "fluid" as each man presented his dipper. Presently he tumbled to the fact that men were getting chipper who had not been to him for grog, and also to the astonishing fact that the barrel was getting low, and on looking around found Luce Legg and others drawing from the other end of the "bar'l." "Uncle John" gave one of his smiles, which is the same whether it pre-

cedes a blessing or a blast. The joke was too good; the barrel was plugged up and rations stopped.

On the 9th of March the Fourth Regiment was distributed among the gunboats as sharpshooters. On the flood tide the first boat crossed the bar, and the battery at Mayport Mills was found to be deserted, as also the fort at Yellow Bull. On the 11th of March all the fleet had got inside the bar, and on the morning of the 12th of March the fleet steamed away, up the river St. John's, and on either side of the river every sawmill and lumber yard was in flames. We passed very near Yellow Bluff, on which the rebels had mounted four large guns; but they feared a flank movement by land forces and skedaddled before we got there. We reached Jacksonville at about noon and at once landed our troops, who were deployed so as to surround the town. The best hotel in town then, the "Judson Hendson," was in flames, and all property owned by Yankee capital was destroyed.

As soon as possible after landing our infantry and artillery, skirmishers were sent out to the different approaches to the town on the north and west, and the boat howitzers from the navy, manned by soldiers, were put in position on Bay street, so as to be ready to dispatch to any point needed. The rebels fired a few parting shots at us, but soon put a good distance between themselves and our forces. The non-combatants seemed to welcome our arrival most heartily. I remember a Mr. Remington, formerly of Connecticut, who was almost beside himself with delight as he came down to the wharf, exclaiming, "The d—d rebels have skedaddled towards Baldwin's, and have cleaned us Yankees out pretty thoroughly." There were two rebel gunboats nearly completed just above Jacksonville, which the rebels fired before leaving. Every deserted house in town showed signs of the most precipitate rush, leaving their goods, and even tables spread for their last meal, which they did not partake of for fear of the dreaded "Yanks." The day was employed in putting troops in quarters, and sending Company C to Mayport Mills to gar-

rison the fort at the entrance of St. John's river. This fort, or six-gun battery, was commanded by and named after a Captain Steele, a renegade from Lowell, Mass., who, years before, cut up some shine that compelled him to flee to parts unknown, and we heard of him as a Confederate officer whose back weakened as soon as he saw the gallant sons of his own part of the country coming to reclaim what had been stolen from the nation. He was one of those who flee when no man pursueth, but he could not escape his conscience, which made a coward of him—Bert Idegress.

The second day Company H, commanded by Captain Clough, was ordered out to establish the picket line, supported by Company K and a squad of sailors with howitzers, the line taking in the whole town radius from the river on the west around to the river on the east of us, describing a half circle, with the railroad running to Baldwin and Tallahassee departing from a northwesterly direction, and the "King's road" (plank) running nearly parallel towards the north. We had word that a force was coming down to retake the town. The report was heeded to the extent of placing a strong force as reserve at various points on the picket line, and the gunboats were put in position on the river so as to drop shell into any advancing column that might come, signals, meantime, being arranged so as to get prompt response in case of need. I remember being ordered out to the post between the railroad and King's road one night, and Company G was lying down on their arms just in my front, with companies to the right and left. As there was no occasion for alarm, and being weary with marching, we were soon asleep—except, of course, the picket. There was a quaint genius in Company G, who had a son also in the company. He and his son were of the Canadian type, large, muscular, and bony, with voices like the screech of a steam whistle or a Whitworth shell. The old man imagined he saw some one creeping towards a building just in front of our position, when he gave one of his howls mingled with a screech, and

away went his gun and back he came into the reserve line, wild with fear, exclaiming, "The rebels are upon us and we are all in hell in a minute. Where's my John?" Of course, the excitement for a few moments was intense, but it soon subsided. The writer was detailed as signal officer and it was his duty to let off a Roman candle to let the fleet know of danger and get ready for action. Never shall I forget how long it took me to strike a light to touch off said candle. If it had been attached to a wheel revolving six hundred times a minute I could have lighted it easily, but the candle being still and my hand slightly unsteady, it took a long time to average the motion. It is needless to say that the second candle, which would cause the fleet to fire, was not needed. Peace and quietness reigned the rest of the night.

A few nights later at the post near the railroad, known as the brick-yard station, there was a deserted chapel with a door at the east and west side of it and a huge fireplace at the north end. The picket post was ten rods to the east, down a slight declivity, on which was posted Private James Blaisdell. At a little after midnight Lieutenant Paddock, with a company of rebel infantry, approached this building from the grove in the rear, one platoon coming around in front and the other in the rear, and as they reached the doors they fired upon the inmates without a word of warning or a command to surrender, killing two, wounding three, and taking away four more. One man's head was blown completely off, the muzzle of the gun being placed so near as to burn the clothing of the victim. The picket on the railroad fired on the party, and, it is said, wounded Lieutenant Paddock, who died of his wounds later. The rebels retreated at once, leaving the dead and wounded in the building. We buried our dead and cared for our wounded the following morning. One of the wounded being shot through the body—the ball entering the right side and coming out at the left just above the hips—was thought to be mortally wounded, inasmuch as his bowels had been cut, but by the best of care and surgical treatment at

the hands of Surgeon Eastman he finally recovered, and the last I knew of him he was at work in M. This case was regarded as one of the most wonderful in the annals of surgery. Captain Clough, with Company H, made a march of five miles into the country, but returned without meeting with any force.

The pass system was rather loose, and men whom I was certain were rebels came in and out daily on the passes issued by General Wright, and of course they kept the rebels posted as to our strength and position. At last General Wright issued an order to challenge and fire, and not to be too particular about challenging first, as we had lost some good men, and the feeling prevailed that we were betrayed by some of the men having passes. One night the men on King's road were concealed by bushes, and about 2 A. M. they heard and finally saw through the gloom two crouching objects moving towards them. They fired, then challenged, and lo! two poor darkies who were trying to escape into our lines were killed. Although this was not what we intended, yet it had a wholesome effect upon the rebel creepers who used to come in under cover of night, and it put a stop to their prowlings.

Capt. R. A. Greenleaf was appointed provost marshal, and he had a very delicate and responsible position to fill, and I believe that he, as well as all survivors of that campaign, will never forget the uniting of Companies G and A. The wonderful instinct of the boys for ferreting out the "crathur" is proverbial, and the rebels before leaving had stowed away underneath the building and wharves sundry demijohns of whiskey, gin, and brandy where they supposed no eye would ever search; but the boys were on the lookout for game, and while some were in a boat they espied the demijohns hanging by their handles to pegs under the floors of the wharf and store-sheds. They kept the matter quiet from the officers, and by evening they were drunk as lords and much more turbulent. The officer of the day went to the quarters of Company G, and commanded them to keep quiet, which was replied to by oaths and defiance. Captain Clough took in the

situation at a glance and ordered out all the quarter guard, and then trouble commenced.

Some of Company A were in the next building, and they, too, were "high." When the guard arrived the men were again commanded to keep quiet, which they refused to do. The guard were then ordered to fire into the building, which they did, and just at this time Private Martin Stanton, who had been asleep in the rear room, arose to a sitting posture, and was shot through the heart by a stray ball. Captain Bankhead of the gunboat "Pembina," came ashore with irons, and the men were seized one at a time and ironed and taken to the calaboose up town. In the *melée* Captain M. O'Flynn was wounded in the leg by a bayonet-thrust from one of his men. The men in some cases were wild and crazy from drink, and it is a wonder that so few were hurt. The guardhouse contained over one hundred of the boys, who, the next morning, felt sore and badly enough over their folly. In a few days order was completely restored.

Among the notable men found in Jacksonville was the noted Colonel Titus who figured in the border ruffian war in Kansas in 1858, 1859, and 1860. This Colonel Titus was of singular appearance. He was short in limb, but very long and muscular of body. His face was handsome—almost as fine as a woman's—hair long and black, eye as bright as an eagle's, and just a slight pink to his complexion. His teeth were white and even, and his smile easy and assuring—to a verdant. He protested that he was loyal, but we had a feeling that he was a fraud and a spy, yet he was protected by a passport from General Wright, which had to be honored. One day he rode alongside of me as I was visiting the picket line, and gave me an urgent invitation to go deer-hunting just outside the lines. I assured him I came South for a different purpose, and would leave the deer for him. I remembered his record in Missouri and Kansas and knew him to be a cut-throat, and had a sketch of his crimes, later on, which occurred while I was at Mayport Mills.

On the 17th of March Colonel Whipple tendered his resignation. The causes which led to it were of a personal and private nature, and when it became certain that the colonel was really to leave us a deep feeling of regret was felt by a large majority of the command, which was shared by General Wright and his staff, who regarded him as one of the best commanders in the service.

The duties at Jacksonville were arduous. On the 8th of April, General Hunter, assuming the command of the Department of the South, ordered the evacuation of Jacksonville, and Colonel Bell, with seven companies, was ordered to St. Augustine, while Companies B, H, and K, commanded by Major Drew, were sent to Fort Clinch, near Fernandina, and on the 8th of June were ordered to James Island, S. C., on their arrival at which place they were temporarily attached to the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel Welch commanding, and were in the skirmishes and engagements with Brig. Gen. H. W. Benham, without loss.

On the 12th of June the detachment, under the command of Major J. D. Drew, was sent to Beaufort, S. C., and remained as part of the garrison there until joined by the balance of the regiment later in September.

While Company C was stationed at Mayport Mills, Capt. G. E. Sleeper in command, the writer was ordered to join the company. One day a voice was heard in the palmettoes back of the creek which separated the fort from the mainland, and some of our boys went over the causeway and found a negro with shackles on his ankles, which forced him to take very short steps. Our boys brought him inside the works and broke off the irons, and the freed man was overjoyed at the kindness of the soldiers, who, to a man, felt a deep interest in the runaway. The negro had been with us a few days, when one afternoon up rode Colonel Titus, demanding to know if his "nigger" was with us. I met his question with the reply that I did not know such to be the case. He replied that he knew the "nigger" was here, and had an order for his delivery to him signed by Captain Sleeper. I demanded to

see the order, when, lo and behold! I saw Sleeper's note requesting me to aid in the delivery of the negro in our custody. I protested, but was advised to obey the order—which, had I then the experience that I later gained, I would not have done. So the man was called from his concealment, and as Titus got near him he took a rope or lariat, and making it fast around the negro's neck and waist, hitched the other end to the ring of his saddle, and, mounting, started off over the causeway towards his plantation, some twelve miles distant, saying to the negro as he started, "Come along, you black ——! I'll teach you to run away from me." The sight of such brutality fairly made the boys' blood boil, and some of them sprang for their guns, and would have fired but for a word from me.

When Captain Sleeper returned from his visit to some of the natives I asked him what he meant by sending a slave to his master, and pointed out to him the meanness of his act. The captain replied by saying that Titus took him by surprise, and, displaying a pistol, ordered him to sign an order on me for the delivery of the slave to him. Had Sleeper been at his post, as he ought to have been, he would not have been weakened by the bulldozing of the ruffian Titus. We learned that later the negro escaped to Fernandina, and Titus got some one to call the man outside the town, when Titus deliberately killed him with a bar of iron. Titus had scars on his arms and hands, which were disfigured by knife-cuts in battles which he had fought, and a brother of his was shot and killed in Jacksonville by the sheriff in 1860. This same Titus has since figured as a Democratic bulldozer in Florida. The fact that General Wright gave him a pass to go anywhere in the department caused Wright's defeat as a major-general for more than a year after the appointment was made.

The companies under Lieutenant Colonel Bell arrived at St. Augustine April 10, and at once took possession of Fort St. Marke (old name), or Fort Marion, as now called, and part of the command was quartered at the barracks in the south part of the town. The fort was in a badly dilapidated

condition, but under the direction of Lieutenant Tardy, of the engineers, it was soon put in good condition for defense—guns being mounted and destroyed forts restored; we soon had a comfortable and safe defense against all comers.

The able-bodied natives of the male gender were in the rebel service, and only a few old men remained behind to care for the women and children. I remember an old man, who had been clerk of the United States District Court, but who, since the war began and our company was dependent upon "Uncle Sam's" quartermaster for provisions to eat, felt as proud as ever, and his family shared the same feeling and were bitter secessionists.

One of our captains celebrated his birthday by a little social gathering at his headquarters, and he invited a few of the citizens to join in the good time. Old Mr. D. was on hand, and during the evening imbibed freely of the "punch," and when the party broke up two of the officers offered to escort the old gentleman home. On the way the old gent got the impression that he was being robbed—which was superlatively ridiculous, from the fact that he had not seen a cent for months, and the status of the officers with him would preclude the entertainment of such an idea for a moment. But the old man bore down heavily upon his friends, and as they neared his home he straightened up, and, with a mighty effort, exclaimed, "I'm for the Constitution unimpaired—otherwise I'm a rebel, by ——!"

It was the most comically ludicrous scene ever witnessed, and the boys fairly roared at the old man's sentiment. The fair daughters came to the gate and took charge of their patriotic sire, and as the group disappeared into the house we could hear the old man exclaiming, "I'm for the Constitution unimpaired, by ——!" Then came silence, which, let us hope, brought needed sleep, and on the morrow better ideas of his duty as a citizen of his grand republic.

The vacancy caused by the resignation of Colonel Whipple was filled by the promotion of Lieutenant Colonel Bell to colonel, and G. E. Sleeper to lieutenant colonel, and Capt. J. G. Wallace of Company A to the captaincy of Company C.

The routine of picket and guard duty was not too hard. The weather was very warm, but each day from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. we were sure of good trade-winds from the southeast which offered great comfort, especially while under an awning. Each morning guard mount, and evening, dress-parade. One time during the change of department chief quartermaster we were left for six weeks without communication with Hilton, and our forage and stores giving out, we were obliged to live on short rations for several days. A launch was rigged and a crew sent to Fernandina for supplies and mail, but two days later the welcome call from the tower on the fort announced the arrival off the bar of a steamer with Union colors; then there was joy in the camp.

The boys will remember Mr. Carr, who kept a drugstore and a general variety of goods besides. Mr. Carr was very deaf, and he answered accordingly; so one of the boys called in one morning and said, "Mr. Carr, you are as deaf as h—l!" Carr replied, smilingly, "Oh, yes, thank you; the same to you and all your family." Colonel Buffington kept the Magnolia House. He had lost one son at the first Bull Run battle, and his eldest son commanded a rebel battery—but the colonel was loyal and kept a good house, at which many of the officers took their meals.

Some of the natives, in applying for their weekly allowance of grits, beans, pork, or beef, used to have some queer experiences. "Uncle John" was quartermaster, and he knew his business, too. If a poor, faded, clay-eating native came up and wanted rice, Uncle John would say, "No, you can't have any rice, by ——!" "Well then, can't I have some grits (corn meal)?" "No, you can't have any grits—you can have some rice," and so it would go through the whole string of waiting paupers. Uncle John was not going to be told what he should issue.

The only accident that happened while there was that to Lieutenant Edgerly, who, as an officer of the day, was riding to the picket posts, and in passing a narrow lane a cow came

out and ran directly in front of his horse, causing a collision in which horse, rider, and cow were piled into a heap. The lieutenant sustained a dislocated arm, and soon after went home on recruiting service, and never rejoined the regiment again.

In September Gen. O. B. Mitchell took General Hunter's place in command of the department. The Seventh New Hampshire Volunteers arrived, and a few days later we embarked for Beaufort, S. C., where we were joined by three companies under Major Drew, and were sent out to Pigeon Point—one of the most detestable places ever assigned for a site to encamp upon, and it was rumored that our captain was the cause of such a selection. We made such a vigorous protest that we were finally given a nice spot of ground in a field northwest from the town, with good soil and a nice grove in the rear for shelter. It was not long before General Mitchell made plans for inland excursions, and on the morning of the 21st of October the Fourth went on board a steamer and sailed for Hilton Head, during which day part of the regiment was put on board the double-ender gunboat "Connemaw." The expedition got in line and steamed up Broad river, the object being, as understood, to break the railroad connection between Charleston and Savannah. The following regiments were in our division of the expedition, under the command of Brig. Gen. John M. Brennan: Sixth and Seventh Connecticut, Eighth and Ninth Maine, Forty-seventh and Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania, Thirteenth Indiana, and Third and Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers, altogether about seven thousand infantry, and one section of the First United States Artillery (Guy V. Henry commanding), also two boat howitzers, under the command of Midshipman Porter. We arrived off McKay's Point at about 11 P. M. and dropped anchor for the night.

The landing of our forces who went to operate against the main forces of the enemy in the vicinity of Pocotaligo took place at about four o'clock in the morning of the 22d of October, 1862. The debarkation occupied a little over an hour, and as soon as the artillery was ashore the regiment formed

into brigades and advanced north and westerly and soon came upon the rebel pickets. It transpired that our plan had been discovered in time for the enemy to intrench himself at different points along our line of advance. During our landing a part of the expedition, under Colonel Barton, Forty-eighth New York Volunteers, proceeded farther up Broad river and made a landing, and soon after—before opposition could be offered—marched to the Charleston & Savannah Railroad, tore up and destroyed several sections of the road, blew up culverts and demolished several bridges and trestle-works, and then returned to their transports, receiving a fire from the enemy during their retreat, but without material loss on our side.

Our column advanced some four or five miles inland to McKay's Point—where we landed and the base of our supplies—till we came to Frampton. Our flankers and videttes reported a force of the enemy in front in the woods near Frampton bridge. In front of the woods which skirted the creek they had dug a trench, which was used as a rifle-pit and was filled with the Fourteenth South Carolina Infantry. General Terry came to the front and at once ordered the Forty-seventh New York to deploy forward on the first company, the right resting on the road through the cotton field, while the Fourth New Hampshire was ordered to file right and face to the front, the left company resting upon the road, with Henry's Battery in the center, assisted by two boat howitzers manned by sailors under the command of a midshipman. While thus forming, the rebels opened on us from the rifle-pit, which was only a hundred yards in our front, and they cut our lines badly for ten or fifteen minutes. Lieutenant Henry meantime opened with his Parrots and howitzers at the rate of four shots each per minute, and he did most effective work until a case-shot from the enemy, exploding directly in front of one section of his battery, killed four and wounded three of his men, which for a few minutes caused him to pause in his firing until new details could be made. The guns were soon at it again, and the Forty-seventh were ordered to charge, which

they did in fine style, and the rebels dusted out of the rifle-pits and skedaddled across the bridge in their rear. While we were standing in line of battle we were getting the case-shot altogether too plentifully for comfort, and our men were impatient for the word "Forward." But our colonel stood leaning upon his saber and seemed to be dazed by the onslaught. Finally General Terry came up and ordered us forward, and the men rushed to the woods to the right of the bridge, and remained there in a somewhat mixed condition until other troops had come up and the bridge had been rebuilt or planked.

While under the galling fire of the enemy at Frampton an incident occurred that raised a laugh, notwithstanding the serious aspect things were taking on. Our men had been impressed with the idea that if they lost their guns or they got destroyed by their carelessness, they would be charged to their account and be deducted from their next pay. So while waiting for the order to charge forward a shell burst over our line, and a fragment hit Private Tinker in the head, and another fragment hit the barrel of Private Hall's gun (Company C), and the blow was so hard that it not only doubled the gun-barrel into a siphon, slivering the stock, etc., but knocked young Hall flat upon the ground. He scrambled to his feet again in an instant, and asked, "Shall I be charged for this gun?" The idea was so comical that we had to laugh, while admiring his solicitude for the safety of his gun rather than his person.

As the engineers were relaying the planks, General Brennan ordered the Fourth New Hampshire to cross diagonally the marsh and creek to the right to cut off a rebel gun which was in the road to the left in our front—which road was a few rods farther west—to a right-angle to the north, and by thus getting to their rear we could capture the gun. Our colonel hesitated, as did some of his newly appointed and promoted officers, and yet the men were eager to go ahead. Finally the first lieutenant of Company C offered to lead the charge, and was told to go ahead, which he did, jumping into the

marsh and wading the creek (the tide being at low ebb), followed by a host of the boys of several companies, who got to the road in season to capture a caisson and several prisoners, and just then Henry had crossed the bridge and was sending shot after shot into the ranks of the retreating rebels. The writer was put in command of the right line of skirmishers to support the battery, which he did to the end of the engagement.

The Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers sustained quite a loss at Frampton, and the Forty-seventh New York was cut up by the first fire. Our troops hastened on the road through the woods, which were remarkably free from underbrush, and every few minutes would halt and fire and then resume their march. Our men suffered severely from the want of water, and the only supply was at a well at Frampton, where only a few could get a drink, as the men were crowded forward with all haste. Captains Sawyer and Parker came up with reserves and continued to the right of the road to Pocotaligo creek, where the regiment was deployed to the right and left of the road, which was the center of the line of battle. The firing continued, with slight intervals, from noon to 5 P. M. Pocotaligo Creek is in the middle of a wide marsh from three hundred to four hundred feet in width, and the route crossed over a causeway, high and narrow, covering which, on the rebel side, were nine heavy guns, supported by two brigades of infantry and several field-pieces, under the command of Brigadier-General Walker, who commanded the forces between Charleston and Savannah. It soon became evident to our general commanding that to cross that causeway under a concentrated fire of a dozen guns hurling grape and canister would be a useless and terrible sacrifice of men, and that all we could do would be to keep up the engagement until evening, thus holding the enemy there while the other part of our expedition was cutting the railroad up Broad river, as already described.

Our casualties were many in killed and wounded. The Seventh Connecticut, under Colonel Hawley, were lying down

in line of battle just in the rear of our skirmish line, and as the color sergeant was partly up to support the colors erect, a solid shot whizzed by my post, and as my eyes followed its direction I saw it take off the head of the color sergeant, while the poor fellow's brains were strewn in the faces of his comrades. It was a sickening sight, but, being surrounded by so many wounded and killed, it was almost impossible to realize the horrors of the scene. Captains Wallace and Mann were hit by the same minie-ball, and after it was extracted from the wound of Captain Wallace it was divided and each kept half. Private George W. Cook, of Company C, brother of Ex-mayor Cook of Nashua (who was also a member of the same company), was wounded in the neck, the ball passing directly through to the left of the windpipe. He pluckily walked the whole distance back to McKay's Point—ten miles—and afterward came out all right. Colonel Bell was hit in the leg by a piece of bark splintered from a tree near which he stood, which caused him to limp and feel uncomfortable for a few weeks. The Sixth and Seventh Connecticut got many wounded men by being under fire, and yet not having a chance to return fire. A corporal strayed away from his regiment, the Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania, which was down in our rear half a mile, and came up and joined our skirmishers, and was in the act of loading for the second or third time when, standing with his side towards the enemy, he was wounded through both knees, which finally proved fatal.

General Brennan ordered up the several regiments, to give them a chance at the Johnnies, who would rise up every little while and give their peculiar yell, when our boys would let drive a volley and down they would go.

Henry was one of the best artillery fighters the war produced, and his discipline was perfect. He did great execution, right in the face of the hottest kind of artillery fire. At 4 P. M. the rebels received reinforcements, and as the time approached we could see them hustle out and rush down into the works. Our fire was directed to picking off the gunners, and we succeeded in keeping the fire down to the minimum.

At 5 P. M. General Brennan ordered the retreat, which was the hardest part of the expedition, as the men were short of rations and dying from thirst, and then the wounded must be transported the whole distance upon stretchers made from poles and blankets, and almost every man was needed by the rear regiments to carry either the wounded and many of the dead, or else to carry extra guns.

It fell upon the Fourth New Hampshire to cover the retreat, destroy all extra ammunition, take up bridges and otherwise obstruct the advance of any force in pursuit. General Terry in this engagement evinced qualities which portended an able as well as a brave and cool general, and our troops had the utmost confidence in his skill and judgment.

The entire night was consumed in getting back to the landing, where, as we appeared in sight of the Point, we could see bonfires which had been built by those reaching there first, for the night was bitter cold, and a rousing fire felt grateful. The scene at the Point was what usually follows a battle. There was only one house, which was used by the surgeons for an amputation room, probing and dressing of wounds, etc. Rows of soldiers were lying outside who had been or were to be attended to, and many a spirit took its flight ere the morning sun arose, leaving behind a mangled body which had fearlessly gone forth to battle for liberty.

I remember one poor comrade of the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, whose entire lower jaw, tongue, and tip of nose had been carried away by a shell, and yet he was in possession of his senses, and would answer our inquiries by a movement of his eyes or hands. He was cheerful, shaking his head when asked if he feared death, which was inevitable, and in a day or two at the farthest. A wide bandage was drawn over his mutilated face, concealing the ghastliness of his wound. He inspired feelings of mingled sorrow and admiration in the hearts of all who saw him. This being our first real engagement, I dwell more upon certain details. Our weary soldiers lay down upon the ground to gain the much needed rest before embarking for a return to our respective posts.

The preparations and details for an expedition were left almost wholly uncared for, except to get the men 'there and back. Hardly a man had sufficient rations for a three days' trip, and there was only one single-horse ambulance for the whole expedition of six thousand men, and two horses were driven to death in carrying the wounded to the rear. Chaplain Billings made himself useful in attending to the wounded. The Fourth lost three killed and twenty-five wounded, and the casualties were three hundred and sixty, all told, in the expedition. Some of our dead were necessarily left in the hands of the enemy for burial.

The expedition is regarded by some as a failure. Certainly the object accomplished was not worth the expenditure of men involved. We reached our headquarters at Beaufort, S. C., where we went into winter quarters, and routine duty occupied our time for the next five months.

During the fall and winter of 1862-63 our regiment had its full share of picket and quarter guard details, as well as furnishing details of men for provost duty down town (Beaufort), and those not on guard duty were called upon for squad, company, and regimental drill five days in the week, so that the time was well used up and the men fitted nicely for the more rugged duties that were in store for them on the coming ing of the new year, 1863.

Our regiment was nicely provided with comfortable cook-houses and dining-halls. Each company had its pavilion, large enough to cover the dining-room, 20x50 feet in size, and from our company savings we provided plates, cups, knives and forks, brushes and blacking, white gloves and polishing materials; so that when inspection day came we looked as bright and clean as do regulars in barrack life. There was plenty of fun going on during the hours of recreation, and all of the boys remember the jolly George Harris of Company E, and Sergeant Smith, also the queer genius Gay of Company B, who became famous for catching opossums and 'coons and taming them. If there was a 'possum within ten miles of our camp, Gay would smell him out and capture him.

Our company had for a pet a Cochin China rooster, which was plucked of all his feathers except a tuft to protect his oil-sack. The boys would sometimes throw upon the ground an old forage-cap, when the rooster would jump at and fight it by the half-hour, much to the amusement of the spectators. It was a funny sight indeed.

The marshes abounded in curlew, plover, and marsh chickens—all very palatable—and the creeks were full of oysters, so our boys could get a good dinner by taking the trouble to go for it. We had an occasional tour of picket duty of ten days' duration at Port Royal Ferry at the north-west end of the island, guarding the approaches from Charleston by the old shell road, and it took a full regiment to keep the line good. And it was on these tours of duty that we liked to go, for while we could see and oftentimes converse with the rebels, there was hardly ever any firing by either side. All the islands between us and Charleston were picketed by our troops, backed by the gunboats and patrols.

On one occasion the Fourth New Hampshire acted in connection with the First South Carolina, colored troops, Col. T. W. Higginson commanding; also with our two regiments was Henry's Battery, and we used the Barnevell residence for our headquarters. The house was large and square, walls skim-finished, and each room had its open fireplace, and in ante-bellum days the owner must have taken solid comfort in his home, surrounded by the most beautiful natural scenery—stately elms, festooned with southern moss drooping almost to the ground, while flowers of seemingly endless variety grew in profusion, and the air was filled with sweet perfume. All cooking was done in the cook-house outside, and thus the house proper was kept free from any disagreeable odors and smoke arising from the pitchy wood used. One day Colonel Higginson suggested to me that we decorate the walls of our lodge room with curtains illustrating the cause and progress of the war for the Union. We heartily agreed, and entered upon the work in our spare moments as a diversion, which was a more rational way than putting our time to a more profitless

use. The colonel insisted that it was well done, and covered the ground graphically.

Several runaways with dark skins came across from the mainland under cover of night, and we gave them their liberty, which seemed to be a boon that they could hardly realize at first.

One day while at Chimney Point we sent over the creek for a man whom our boys had heard calling for quite a long time. The darky had eluded the rebel pickets to his left, and made one grand appeal to us for help, which was answered by several members of Company C, who took a barge and pulled around the bayous and got close enough for the negro to get alongside and into the boat, when he got as low into the bottom of the barge as possible and begged our men to "Pull fo' de shore quick, fo' de love of God!" Our boys needed no urging, for the rebels had made a rush for that point and sent a few shots at our retreating boat, but without harm. The man had irons on his ankles, made so as to afford a step of perhaps eighteen inches, and he said he had traveled nights, concealing himself days, for a week, and had come from a point forty miles inland. He was willing to do anything for the boys who had delivered him.

We had all heard of the blackbird-pie, "four and twenty, fit for a king," and Lieutenant Carleton and Captain G. invited the writer to join them in a day's hunt on an adjacent island, where they were doing picket duty. So we took our boat and crew, with the colored boy "Primus" (who had a good shot-gun), and sailed around the island to the hunting grounds. We bagged a few quail and curlew, when along flew a flock of what appeared to be blackbirds. Said I to my companions, "Now, let's bag a lot of these birds and have a pie fit for a king or any other good fellow." In fact, while thinking of it our mouths fairly watered, as it were. Our party divided, each taking a side of the field, and driving the flock from side to side, we bagged a couple of dozen or so, which we thought would be ample. I noticed on looking round that my servant "Primus" was grinning to himself, but said

nothing. At last we assembled at Captain G.'s headquarters, where he had a good cook and plenty to do with, and when the work of plucking the birds was over, and while the baking was going on, other preparations for the feast were being forwarded. Meantime a drop of "suthin" was esteemed indispensable to brace us up for the charge upon our viands. When all was ready I was called upon to do the honors of the table, and while we had "snapped crabs," oyster patties, sweet potatoes, and nice bread and fixings, we all waited with bated breath for the grand dish of all. Never shall I forget the big yellow dish in which it was baked. The crust was thick and faultless in appearance, and the cook had just laid himself out in his art. After sharpening the knife we put the point into the pie so as to divide the crust into six equal parts, when, lo! mother of saints! such an odor as greeted the sense of smell was enough to knock down a horse; and then "Primus" ventured to remark that it was "de fuss time he ever knowed crows was good to eat." We had bagged two dozen of the carrion crows (a little larger than our robins), and it is needless to say that we abandoned the pot-pie and fell back upon the more natural repast spread before us.

The army had its followers both in the ranks and outside, as, for instance, in the quartermaster's department civilians were employed ostensibly as teamsters or forage men, hostlers, etc., but who proved to be regular experts at cards and who laid low for "flats" and "suckers." Nor were civilians the only ones who were sharp, but soldiers and officers took a quarter-a-corner occasionally.

One of our lieutenants had a faculty for getting picked up by every sharper that came along. He thought he was smart, but that's what beat him. He had drawn four months' pay, and instead of reimbursing his brother officers for money borrowed, he thought he would take a hand at "draw" and add to his "stake." He fell among the Philistines and was completely "strapped." He came into camp "dead broke" and demoralized. He was soundly berated for his folly, and got no pity from his friends for the time. Next day, pitying the

fellow and feeling for his friends at home, we concocted a way to get back his money from these same sharpers, first getting his promise never to gamble again, but to avoid all such companions. We took into our confidence a private of Company —, who was one of the best card players in the country, furnished him with one of our dress coats and caps, and, getting leave from his commander, took him down to meet the gentlemen who had fleeced our friend, to endeavor to get the money back. The private in officer's coat and cap excited no suspicion, and after a few preliminaries the game commenced. No great stakes were made during the first hour. Our friend was as cool as a cucumber, and listlessly put down his ante, passed the buck, saw it, and went one, two, three, or more better, as the case might be. Finally the party began to hedge and cross bets, but it did no good. Their pile was going sure and fast. Bluff was no good against his nerve and his hand (cards), which he generally did hold in case of a "call," and by 1 o'clock, P. M., had in his front pocket \$500 in crisp notes as his winnings for the evening. Said he, quietly, when appealed to play still longer, "No, not tonight; will call again tomorrow night." And so, being clear of them, we returned to camp, and he restored the lost money to the lieutenant, who was more than grateful, and who kept his promise not to play for money, so far as I know.

The foregoing is no fancy sketch. The private has long since been called to his last account, and I hope that his generous deeds more than outweighed his shortcomings in the judgment of the all-wise and just God.

The spring of 1863 opened with a grand naval expedition against the defenses of Charleston, which was mainly the work of the navy, and was unsuccessful.

On the 4th day of April the Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers received marching orders, and, having embarked on transports, proceeded to Hilton Head, where it was brigaded with the Third and five companies of the Seventh New Hampshire and Sixth Connecticut (Colonel Chatfield). This brigade was commanded by Colonel Putnam, of the Seventh, and the division by Gen. Alfred H. Terry.

The next day the troops sailed from Hilton Head for Stono Outlet, which was reached at night, and where they lay aboard the transports awaiting the results of the bombardment of Fort Sumter by the navy. In this position they remained for six days, when, on the 7th of April, the expedition having proved a failure and the navy not having succeeded in making any effective impression upon the walls of Sumter, the troops were carried back to Hilton Head, and the brigade organized having been discontinued, the regiment went into camp.

On the 17th a new brigade was organized, consisting of the Third and Fourth New Hampshire, the Sixth Connecticut, and a battalion of sharpshooters, all under command of Col. Louis Bell of the Fourth, and assigned to General Terry's division. The next day marching orders were received, and another expedition against Charleston was inaugurated, under General Gilmore, who had succeeded Gen. David Hunter in command of the department.

On the 19th the transport arrived at North Edisto river, and the troops had another season on shipboard awaiting the arrival of the navy, until the 28th, when, it having been decided to abandon the expedition, both land and naval forces set sail for Stono river, and the brigade was again broken up. The next day the Fourth arrived at Stono Inlet and disembarked on the south end of Folly Island and reported direct to General Vogdes, commanding the United States forces on Folly Island.

Folly Island is a long, narrow strip of sandy, undulated land, covered with pine, scrub oak, and palmetto, which, with Morris Island, separated from it by a narrow inlet called Lighthouse Inlet, naturally forms the outworks of the defenses of Charleston. General Gilmore took advantage of the enemy's neglect to fortify the island, and prepared to advance on Charleston by this route. Stono river passed up by the south side of James Island, and Legreeville on the left and Secessionville on the right were familiar places to many of our troops forming this expedition, especially the boys of the Third New Hampshire.

90 *Fourth Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers.*

The Fourth encamped about two miles from the north point of Folly Island, and, with other regiments, was called upon daily to furnish details for digging earthworks. Just across the Lighthouse Inlet were the southern defenses of Morris Island. Our camp was located in a growth of pines, from the tops of which Charleston harbor, with its surrounding forts, could be plainly seen. Active operations were delayed for several weeks, during which time our boys were kept very hard at work building fortifications and picketing the northern extremity of Folly Island, which brought our pickets within about fifty yards of the rebel pickets across the inlet on Morris Island. The pickets politely agreed not to fire on each other, and employed the time in a far pleasanter manner by exchanging tobacco, coffee, and newspapers, sent across in miniature boats.

The ladies of Charleston occasionally came down to look at the "Yanks," and no doubt with their fine glasses discerned that this class of the species was in all essential respects very like those they had been accustomed to associate with.

The rebels at this time did not dream of our having any considerable force upon Folly Island, and all our movements were made under cover of darkness. On the 1st of June the rebels, to save the cargo of a blockade-runner which had grounded just off Lighthouse Inlet, midway between the two islands, opened a heavy fire upon our pickets, who, to protect themselves, built "splinter-proofs" and "gopher halls" in the sandy hillocks that line the shore of the inlet, covered with thick bushes. In the background an excellent position was afforded for building our masked batteries; and it may be well to remark that the rebels opposite, supposing all the sand-works they could see were merely protection for pickets instead of batteries, as they really were, had neglected to strengthen their fortifications, which might have been made impregnable to any direct assault by our forces. Thus the attempt to save the blockade-runners' cargo led to the capture of the island.

At night, while the surf was quiet enough, the boys would

steal quietly down to the wreck and get a lot of the goods and return to their posts, but the rebels got most of the cargo, as to have sent a force large enough to cover the wreck would have disclosed our strength too much.

It was on the night of June 17 that Company B, of the Fourth, commenced building the first work in the last long siege of Charleston, and during that night one man was killed. For twenty-one nights and nearly as many days the regiment constructed masked batteries, working in silence, no one being allowed to speak above a whisper. On the morning of the 8th of July the works were completed. Forty-four guns and mortars were in position, the magazines filled, and the trees in front of the embrasures "girdled," ready to let fall when all should be ready for the assault. Severe labor and want of sleep had so exhausted the men that they were obliged to relinquish the work they had so faithfully commenced to fresh troops drilled for the purpose.

The Fourth joined General Terry's command and participated in a diversion upon James Island. It must be remembered that during all this time of building batteries we were upon one of the most God-abandoned places in the known world. The water was brackish to the extreme point of nauseating the drinkers, and the men were stricken down by hundreds from its use, and those who survived death were made fit subjects for skeleton regiments, so glibly talked about since the rebel brigadiers have got into Congress. We had upon our regimental rolls about seven hundred men, and at one time there were only one hundred and seventy-five fit for duty; and had we remained much longer we should have all left our bones upon the sea isles.

The boys will remember with a crawling sensation the wood-tick, which wanted to form an intimate relation with them—even to boring into their very flesh; and then, sand-fleas, midgets, gnats, etc., with a liberal supply of mosquitoes, made up the complement of the comfort of the island. It is not to be wondered at that the rebels did not apprehend any force staying on the island long enough to build works, inas-

much as the cussedness of its natural inhabitants was a good ally, sufficient to keep away any less determined men than the loyal sons in blue.

When all was in readiness on our side, troops were moved to the north end of Folly Island on the 9th of July, and on the morning of the 10th, at early dawn, the signal was given, and each embrasure was cleared by felling the trees in its front, and the batteries opened all along the line, the forty odd guns belching forth a deadly fire upon the rebel lines and camps, who were taken completely by surprise. A rebel officer, while surveying our pickets through a glass, suddenly exclaimed, "By ——! the Yanks have mounted guns over there!" at the very moment the forty-four "peacemakers" rained iron around him. The chivalrous son of the South doubtless left for safer quarters, as he lived to tell the story.

The charge across Lighthouse Inlet was soon ordered, and was stoutly resisted by the rebels, who were in rifle-pits near the shore on either bank of the inlet. At last our boats and launches were filled with men, who crossed over and soon routed the rebels, and the latter fell back upon Wagner later in the forenoon. We made several captures, among which was a rebel lieutenant of artillery, who was taken before he could complete his toilet, and was in light marching order when he surrendered, but, through the courtesy of his captors, soon put on his "trousers," and felt more at ease in our select company. The Fourth did not participate in this charge, but was ordered up to the inlet the same day, and crossed over the next night with camp equipage.

Early in the morning, after the first assault upon the lower part of Morris Island, Major Dan Rodman, of the Sixth Connecticut, made a rapid march upon Wagner with three hundred men and with promised support to follow quickly on after him. He gained a point near enough to cover the gunners of Wagner, and could have taken the fort at that time had his support come as agreed upon, because the garrison of Wagner had only three hundred men, which was not a corporal's guard to the force required to hold it against a good

assault, such as we might have given it at the time. Major Rodman kept his men well in hand for nearly an hour, and even though wounded through the thigh, was reluctant to retreat, and urgently appealed by messenger for more troops to hurry up before enforcements could be sent to Wagner from Charleston. But no! our general was so elated with a small success that he could not follow it up by a greater one within his grasp, and so, as a consequence, we had a long and terrible campaign before us.

Major Rodman and his command fell back, and General Gilmore advanced his lines to a point within about one and a half miles south of Wagner and commenced operations for a grand attack, to be supported by the navy.

After the terrible assault upon Wagner on the evening of the 18th of July, the Fourth was ordered to report to Major Brooks of the engineers, of General Gilmore's staff, and in charge of the siege works. The approaches, consisting of five parallels connected by covered ways, or "zig-zags," were carried for five hundred yards over a sandy strip of land not three fourths as wide as Fort Wagner, and bounded on the east by the ocean and west by the marsh. At spring tide the surf filled the trenches. In front were Forts Wagner, Sumter, and Gregg. A little to the right, in line, lay Fort Moultrie, across Charleston harbor; and more to the left, Fort Johnson; and a long line of batteries on James Island, designated by the men after their respective characters, as "Bull of the Woods," "Mud-Digger," "Peanut Battery," etc. The combined fire of these batteries was concentrated on this narrow compass, the workshops of thousands, upon which Columbiads, Blakeleys, Armstrongs, Brooks, and Whitworths, and shells of every caliber and kind—from the 13-inch mortar to the vindictive Whitworth—unceasingly fell. Shout "Cover!" to any survivor of the terrible siege, and he will unwittingly look in the air for a coming shell. This storm of iron was attended by a continual "zeeb" of bullets from Fort Wagner.

The Fourth did not take an active part in the bloody assault of the 18th, but were held as reserves, although at the council

of war Colonel Bell offered his regiment to lead in the assault, but the offer was declined.

Well do I remember the column as it passed up the beach on the evening of the assault. I remember Lieut. Virgil Cate, of the Seventh New Hampshire, who was leading his horse, and he remarked that the horse was tired and ought to have a rest. Cate was a good and true man, with kindly feelings even for the brute creation. As Acting Assistant Adjutant General Libby, on Strong's staff, passed by, he called out: "Good-by, 'Rich,' there'll be music in the air before we get through."

The navy had been pouring in a terrible fire most all day, for the purpose of displacing guns on Wagner and to prevent reënforcements from landing, and General Seymour had decided that the fort could be carried by storm, although Putnam had protested; but Putnam was ready for the ordeal.

Many a soldier can remember the fact of some comrade who had a presentiment of coming death in some special case or fight. On the afternoon of the 17th Lieut. S. S. Stearns, acting assistant adjutant general, with brigade headquarters, Colonel Chatfield commanding, called at my tent, and I noticed he had become shorn of his moustache, which was one of his marked features, as it was very heavy and long, and I remarked upon it. He replied, "I'm going into the charge and am not coming out alive, and I want to go clean shaved!" at the same time handing me a package of papers to send to a friend in Connecticut in case he should fall, which trust I accepted, but assured him that he stood as good a chance as any to survive the charge on the enemy. On the 18th, during the belching of grape and canister, poor Stearns was shot through the heart, and his little roan horse, turning broadside to the fire, lost his tail close to the crupper, then, turning to the rear, bore the body of the lieutenant within our lines. Thus, it proved that the lieutenant's presentiment was real and verified.

The description of the battle is graphically described in the record of the Seventh New Hampshire, and when the his-

torian of that regiment comes to these pages he can do it more justice than I can, for he was on that seething work during an eternity of time to those who were there without the needed help that Seymour had promised to have at hand promptly. Seymour was unfortunate, and, although an old soldier, he seemed to lack the ordinary judgment so necessary to win at the critical moment. He was wounded in the foot, but not until Putnam was killed. As Seymour was in charge of the storming column, it was his duty to know who was on the right, also to know, without *being called upon*, that it was important to give Strong and Putnam all the men possible and at once, and had he done so, Wagner would have fallen into our hands and saved us a forty days' siege later and a useless sacrifice of lives.

The loss among the officers was very great, showing that they did not skulk or leave their men. This was especially true of the white troops, but not so with all the officers of the colored troops, some of whom turned back and left their men to get out the best they could. One of the Beacon-street kid-glove "fellers," whom the noble John Albion Andrew had placed so much confidence in as to give him a commission, turned back, and was confronted by a colored sergeant, who clubbed his musket upon the officer and threatened to brain him if he did not return to his post of duty.

The colored troops were on the marsh side of the narrow strip of land, while the white troops were on the ocean side, and it was well up to the ditch that the noble and gallant Colonel Shaw fell and was buried by rebels in a trench beneath a mass of his colored troops who had fallen in the terrible hailstorm of iron. One can imagine how slim were the chances from destruction when it is known that on the south face of Wagner twelve 42-pound colonnades were sending grape and canister at the rate of four shots each per minute; besides, several howitzers, Parrots, and other guns were playing away from embrasures and *en barbette*, the whole being flanked by infantry, who fired with great regularity. It is a

wonder that a soul escaped who got within range of their fire. Among those killed were Adjutant Libby, of the Third, acting assistant adjutant general; Sergeant McPherson, of the Seventh; Lieutenant Cate, formerly of Manchester, of the Seventh; Captain Brown, of the Seventh; Col. John Chatfield, Sixth Connecticut, mortally wounded; Gen. George C. Strong, mortally wounded—and he was one of the noblest officers in the service.

The scenes of that night will never be effaced from the memories of the men who took part in the struggle. The brutality of the Southern rebels was something appalling. They had planted torpedoes along the island in the path to be taken by our men, and one torpedo was concealed beneath the corpse of a negro, who lay stretched on his face, entirely nude of clothing and partially covered by the drifting sand. Underneath the body was a plank, the slightest movement of which would release the strip of paper which held the plug of the torpedo in place—and then an explosion. But our men were cautious, and a party to collect unexploded shells, under charge of an ordnance sergeant, went near the decoy, all lying flat upon the sand. They took a long pole, touched the body, and away went the torpedo, causing a great explosion and making a great hole in the sand, but without injury to any one. A rebel sergeant, who had placed, or knew where most of the torpedoes were planted, was ordered to point out their location, and in some cases was made to dig them up, much to his discomfort.

Around the ditch or moat of the fort were placed pointed sticks and iron pikes, known as the "John Brown" pike, made at Harper's Ferry. These were put at an angle of forty-five degrees, and were intended to impale the Union troops as they came down to cross the ditch in the dark. But our boys pushed them aside or pulled them out altogether and passed through the cordon of pikes.

Then the treatment of prisoners was cruel. While their men in our hands were treated kindly, they put all of our generals, field and line officers, in a building in Charleston

under the fire of our guns. As soon as our general heard of it he had built a stockade on Morris Island, in range of their guns, and placed a lot of their officers inside. He then sent word to Beauregard to fire away, that two could play at that game. The result was that our men were put in a place of safety from our fire, and we in turn put their men in places out of range. Had this policy been inaugurated by all our department or navy commanders, the hellishness of Wirtz could not have been vented upon the poor victims at Andersonville. And when I think of the chief rebel, Davis, living in peace under a government he spurns, who was the responsible head of these cruelties, it makes—well, let us keep cool.

After the failure to capture Wagner by storm, it was decided to reduce it by regular siege and approaches—constructing batteries at each available spot on the way, mounting guns at intervals so as not to cover the range by those in the rear, and details were called for working parties, day and night, and these men constructed covers and bomb-proofs at easy distances, where they might take cover from the shot and shell of the many points of fire. It soon became a familiar cry of the lookout pickets, "Cover, Johnson!" "Cover, Sumter!" "Cover, Gregg!" "Cover, Moultrie!" "Cover, Wagner!" and "All down, quick!"

Sometimes a ball, say an eight-inch shell, would seem to be nearly spent in force and would be rolling across the island in the direction of the hard beach towards the surf. One day, as two soldiers were walking up the beach, they saw one of these slow-moving balls rolling along, and one of the men essayed to push it aside from its course with one foot, when, to his horror, his foot and ankle were smashed badly, causing amputation. Casualties were of daily occurrence in the trenches and "zig-zags," and the boys dreaded the detail, but met it manfully for over forty days.

It must be borne in mind that the constant discharge of projectiles of all sizes from our guns was effecting great damage to the rebels' forts, and as we "slumbered not nor

slept," the lost in men and works was more than the rebels could readily repair between times. That formidable work from the channel front, Sumter, was reduced to a pile of brick and mortar *débris*—an indefensible pile of brick-dust.

The "Swamp Angel" has been constructed on the marshes at a point in the rear of the fort, in a position where the first projectors of the work never for a moment anticipated that a foe could make a lodgment to harm them, of course. We, as a nation, had only to prepare for a foe from abroad; but as the men who had the construction and completion of the fort were educated in our own army and were on the Union side, we had an advantage of their knowledge of all the salient points, and so, when the time came for reducing the work from its weak sides, no better engineer than Gen. Q. A. Gilmore could have been selected for that purpose. The marshes between Morris Island and James Island had several islands which afforded more or less footing for the establishment of the sand-bag works, provided enough sand could be forwarded to make a solid *terra firma*. Surveys were made and the estimates duly submitted as to sand (in bags), lumber, etc., and here I must relate an incident. A lieutenant under Colonel Sorrel, of the New York Engineers, was ordered to make a survey and estimates as to men and material sufficient to complete the work at the proposed point of the battery. The lieutenant reported that it would take one lieutenant and ten men eighteen feet tall to reach bottom or hardpan, and so much sand and plank to afford a cover, etc. This joke cost the lieutenant a suspension for a few weeks, when he was restored to duty as being an invaluable man for the work.

This lieutenant was of the Miles O'Reilly (Charles G. Halpline) stamp—full of wit and practical good sense—and he saw the chance to admonish the department commander that while it was practical to build a work at the point designated, yet the work was hardly commensurate with the probable outlay of men and material. This foregoing experience will strike many as being true to their observations during the war.

Well, as good luck would have it, the "Swamp Angel" did good work in thumping Sumter in the rear, and where the projectiles came from was for a long time a mystery. Our gunners would select a foggy morning for their work, and, having gained the range and distance, could plant their projectiles into the work at night as well as day, and occasionally would change range and send compliments into Charleston, much to the discomfiture of the Charlestonians.

On the morning of the 7th of September the lines were formed for a final charge upon Wagner, and it was determined to take the work now at all hazards. Some one, more venturesome than the rest, crept up to the work and found it deserted, except by a few sick and wounded. The news spread rapidly, and the column, which had entertained such grave apprehensions of what was to come, went joyously up the beach and marched into the works, finding there quite a number of rebels who had been left, and who offered no resistance to the occupation of the works.

One quite smart fellow, who had a broken arm, said, "We heard your shovels under our works, and feared you would mine us and blow us up; so our folks skedaddled." For once the shovel triumphed over the bayonet.

Fort Gregg shared the fate of Wagner, and both were soon afterwards rebuilt and named after General Strong and Colonel Putnam, who fell in the process of their reduction.

The cool autumn air brought renewed health, and the winter was passed on the ordinary routine of garrison and fatigue duty in the various forts, and on picket duty on the island. About the middle of January, 1864, the Fourth was ordered to Beaufort, S. C., where it was on garrison duty. It was here that under the call for three hundred thousand more men, men were reënlisted for three years, or during the war.

While the work of enlistment was going on the Fourth received orders to report to Hilton Head. This was on the 20th of February, 1864. The next day they proceeded on transport up the Savannah river to a point on Whitmarsh Island, seven miles east of Savannah, for the purpose of cap-

turing a number of negroes engaged under the direction of the rebel troops in erecting fortifications to defend the approaches to the city. The forces consisted of the Fourth New Hampshire, Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, under command of Col. Joshua B. Howells of the latter regiment, and a finer disciplinarian and a more faithful officer and gentleman the army never saw. The expedition did not carry out its designs, owing to a lack of coöperation from the department commanders, and after a skirmish the command reembarked, when a dispatch was received from department headquarters ordering the Fourth New Hampshire to proceed at once to Jacksonville, Fla.

On their arrival there they soon learned that the Union troops had been badly beaten on the field of Olustee, and were then falling back upon the defenses of Jacksonville, where they expected another attack. The troops were badly mixed up and demoralized as they came in by squads, each cursing the man who was so absurdly foolish as to march a column into the enemy's country without as much as a flanker vidette, or skirmish line in advance.

The fact was that a captain with a company of the Seventh Connecticut, armed with Henry repeating rifles, had been as far as Olustee and had made a defense behind a lot of cotton bales on the public square for more than an hour against a superior force, finally driving them back towards their army under Gen. Mike Finnigan, the Henry rifle proving too quick a shooter against the muzzle-loaders. After this engagement the captain with his company fell back to our lines, and then it was that General Seymour ordered his column to advance.

As those familiar with that country will remember, most of the roads are for most of the way between towns very narrow and sandy, and flanked on each side by an almost impenetrable thicket of scrub oaks and palmetto, and our men marched single column of fours, infantry on the right, and occasionally a section of artillery and a few cavalry to give variety. Generals Finnegan and Walker well knew every rod of the way, and deployed their men in ambush on either flank

of our column, and so let us pass quietly, until by accident some of our stragglers ran into a group of rebels, and then commenced the popping of muskets. There was a part of the route where there were no roads running parallel, and at this point our troops got in just the position where the rebels could "paste them in good shape." As a matter of course, General Seymour was at the rear, where fancy paper-generals of the Halleck stripe are supposed to be located, so as not to see at once the ever-changing needs of their commands.

The Third, Seventh, and Thirteenth Regiments will long remember the tight spot they found themselves in. Our regiments were badly cut up, confusion reigned, and a good army soon became a mob, so far as that battle was concerned, and only for the coolness of the individuals in the leading regiments, and especially of Capt. Jack Hamilton of the Third United States Artillery, who, although badly wounded in the arm, stemmed the tide of battle and reformed broken lines till something like order once more prevailed, the disorder would have been worse.

General Seymour had made his second serious mistake and failed to fill the bill, and, although a very fine man, seemed to overlook the most important matters as being of too trivial a nature, inasmuch as they did not originate under the cap of a West Point cadet. How many thousand men were wasted through just such folly as was in this case so sadly depicted!

The Fourth were assigned to the brigade under General R. S. Foster, who found plenty of work for them to do—with the familiar spade—building forts and defenses against the expected rebel attacks. As the enemy did not appear, the regiment, being no longer needed, received orders on the 26th to return to Beaufort, S. C., which point was reached after a sail of twenty-four hours.

Meanwhile, the list of veterans had increased to three hundred and eighty-eight men, the largest number reënlisted in any New Hampshire regiment. The reënlisted were now entitled to a furlough of thirty days, and were anxious to

reach home in season to vote at the March election, and under Colonel Bell reached home on the 7th of March, 1864.

Besides the government bounty, the veterans received \$100 from the state and \$100 from the town, and later from \$500 to \$1,000 was paid for substitutes, most of the money in many cases falling into the hands of the land-sharks, who made a regular business of gulling the government, state, town, and soldier. Many a poor white has found himself in barracks—not knowing how he came there—stupefied from drugs, without a penny, and in a terrible fever of apprehension; but the “bounty-broker” knew how he got there, and had drugged the man, enlisted him, got the bounty, and pocketed the whole, which of course could not be successfully carried out without some “understanding” with men supposed to be strictly honorable in high positions. I could tell of some very crooked transactions, but as it could do no good at this late day, I’ll let it pass, because, should another occasion require similar methods to raise men for service, fools and dupes would not be lacking to feed these hungry, unscrupulous hounds, who are ever on the alert for a “simple sucker” from the rural districts.

After disposing of the Fourth Regiment and seeing it off for New Hampshire, we who remained at Hilton Head were very busy getting other regiments home, and never did Port Royal harbor present a livelier appearance than during March and April, 1864.

Those who did not reënlist were placed under command of Lieut.-Col. J. D. Drew, who still remained at Beaufort until April 12, when this detachment sailed for Fortress Monroe, with orders to report to General Butler, commanding the Department of Virginia and North Carolina. They arrived at their destination three days later, and were ordered to Gloucester Point, York river, where they encamped for the night.

During the month the veterans returned, and the Fourth was brigaded with the Eighth Maine, Fifty-fifth and Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, under Col. Richard White,

of the Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania, Gen. Adelbert Ames commanding the division.

On the 15th of April, 1864, the detachment of the Fourth arrived at Fortress Monroe, and were ordered to Gloucester Point, York river, where they encamped for the night, being the first troops of the Tenth Corps to land. Later in the month the veterans returned, and the Fourth was brigaded with the Eighth Maine, Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania, and Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania, under command of Col. Richard White, of the Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania, Gen. Adelbert Ames commanding the division. The Army of the James, of which the Tenth Army Corps formed a part, started for Bermuda Hundred on the 4th of May, on transports up the James river, where it landed on the 6th.

A line of works extending from the Appomattox to the James (west), about six miles from the Bermuda Hundred, was immediately thrown up. The first advanced movement was made on the 9th of May. Ames's division tore up several miles of the Petersburg & Richmond Railroad, and then, by a hasty march, joined the Eighteenth Corps at Swift creek, where the enemy in force were attacked, and after a sharp fight were driven to the defenses of Petersburg, on the Appomattox. At night the rebels in turn charged our lines, but were severely repulsed.

While preparing to renew the advance in the morning, heavy firing was heard in the direction of General Terry's command, which had been stationed at Lemster Hill to repel any advance from Richmond. Without a moment's delay, though the heat was intense, Ames's division hurried to the scene of action, but only arrived just as the enemy in heavy force had been handsomely repulsed. One day's rest, and the Army of the James started "on to Richmond." Slight skirmishing occurred on the first day. At night a heavy rain set in, and our troops lay down to rest, in the mud, where the rebel General Hoke had encamped the night before.

The next day the Fourth advanced along the railroad, the Eighteenth Corps having the right and the Tenth Corps the

left. A few hours brought them to the first line of the defenses of Richmond. Skirmishing at once commenced. Two pieces of artillery were brought up on a car and were opened on a fort directly on our front. A rattling fire was kept up until nearly five o'clock in the afternoon, when General Terry's division, having made a detour, came upon the enemy's flank, and the Third New Hampshire, supported by the Seventh, made a desperate and bloody charge. The Fourth received orders to charge the work in front. Forward they rushed, over fences and ditches, and planted the flag on the ramparts which the enemy had hastily left. General Gilmore now rode up, amid repeated cheers. The Eighteenth Corps captured the right of the line the same evening; thus the outer line of defenses was secured.

The storm had not ceased, and now reopened with increased fury. News was received that a cavalry force was advancing on our line of communication to cut off our supplies, and through the deepest of Virginia mud, over swollen and almost impassable creeks, and through thicker than Egyptian darkness, wet to the skin by the drenching rain, the Fourth hurried to guard against this threatened danger. At Chesterfield Court House, five miles from the starting point, while busy pulling their tired limbs out of the "sacred soil," a volley from the enemy's carbines brought them to "attention." Two companies were quickly thrown out as skirmishers, and the regiment was formed in a hollow square to receive cavalry, and there, having reached the point to be guarded, they remained all night, with strict orders to keep awake, orders which the cool night air made it comparatively easy to obey. In the early morning, before coffee could be made or a little mutton or poultry, which had "offered" itself to the men, could be cooked, the regiment was ordered back without delay to assist in taking the second line of rebel works on Drewry's Bluff, which is near the James river.

All day May the 14th the Fourth supported a battery, under a provoking fire, and at night relieved a portion of the skirmish line on the right or north side of the railroad. In

front, between them and the rebel lines, for a distance of five hundred yards, was a thick growth of underbrush, affording a fine cover for the enemy. The next day, which was Sunday, was passed in continual sharpshooting, and at night a breastwork was thrown up. On the morning of the 16th, which was to prove an eventful day, a dense fog covered the earth. The rapid rolling of a heavy fire of musketry was heard on the right. Some of the videttes reported the enemy advancing in force on our front, and every rifle was laid over the rails.

While our men calmly awaited the coming of the foe, suddenly a line of graybacks sprang out of the mist, as if by magic, within three rods of the Union lines; but they quickly disappeared, for every rifle was emptied with deadly aim and bayonets were fixed for close work. The enemy rallied by their officers, whose voices could be distinctly heard, advanced, and again retreated, with ranks shattered by another volley.

The Federal troops were formed in one line, with intervals, and had there been the least flinching, the line would have been lost. Besides this, the cartridges were nearly exhausted. The fire on our right grew heavier and nearer every moment, and seemed to break to rear. An order from General Butler for the whole line to charge put the troops in good spirits, they vainly supposing that affairs were prosperous, when, suddenly, the troops on the right of the Fourth retreated in disorder. The brigade, however, advanced to charge, and were quickly met by a counter-charge, the enemy appearing in overwhelming numbers in front and in the rear of our left flank, within a few yards, virtually making prisoners of a portion of the regiment; but the men could not be made to understand it in that light, and after doing all that men could, they retreated under a perfect hail of bullets, coming from the right, left, and rear. Many fired at the enemy within a few feet, and ran out from under their bayonets. Corporal Plummer shot a rebel color-bearer ten paces off. A bullet pierced Captain Clough's hat, and when he took it off

a shell took the crown out, which was pretty close work for the captain, and the air was literally filled with the missiles of death. Col. R. White, of the Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania, commanding the brigade, was taken prisoner, when Colonel Bell rallied the men and held the enemy in check so as to cover the retreat.

The firing heard in the morning was the surprise and capture of Heckman's brigade. The line was now broken and could not be retaken. The order from General Butler was issued the night before and did not reach them till all was lost. The Fourth lost one hundred and forty-two men in the action in killed, wounded, and missing.

It was during this engagement that the gallant Major Charles W. Sawyer, of the Fourth, was wounded in the shoulder, of which he died later at the residence of his brother at Concord, N. H. He was a brave and courteous officer, beloved and respected by all who knew him. He went out in the First New Hampshire Volunteers, as first lieutenant, in Captain Kenny's company, from Dover. His memory will ever be revered by his surviving comrades and acquaintances.

Lieut. Frank B. Hutchinson was last seen firing his revolver within a few feet of the enemy. He was a soldier that never showed fear and never flinched from his duty. He formerly resided in Manchester, and was for many years a clerk with John Truesdale, Esq.

Captain Jasper G. Wallace, of Company C, was again severely wounded, his first wound being received at the battle of Pocotaligo in October, 1862.

Sadly, with diminished ranks, we marched back to our old position at Bermuda Hundred. But the rebels did not allow us a moment's rest. The works were strengthened and a heavy abattis built. On the 18th the enemy appeared in force, attacked and took the picket line, which was lost and retaken several times, making a series of sharp engagements.

On the 21st occurred a sharp engagement, in which Lieutenants Brewster and Stearns were badly wounded, also

several enlisted men wounded, and about twenty lost in prisoners.

On the 28th of May the division left Bermuda Hundred with orders to report to W. F. Smith (Baldy), commanding the Eighteenth Corps. The corps was ordered to report to General Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac, landed at the White House, on the Pamunkey river, and thence marched to Cold Harbor on the 3d of June, where they arrived on the morning after the great battle, in time to throw up a line of breastworks before daylight. Eight days of living and fighting in the trenches followed, when, on the 12th of June, it having been decided by General Grant to make a further change in position to the south of the James river, the Eighteenth Corps was ordered back to the White House again, and the next day left that place on boats down the Pamunkey and York rivers and up the James to Bermuda Hundred.

On the morning of the 16th of June the corps crossed the Appomattox at Broadway Landing and marched directly to the defenses of Petersburg. The outworks were gallantly taken by colored troops, and a heavy line of earthworks developed, extending from the river over an interval (Petersburg race-course and fair grounds), and along the hill two miles from the city. The corps formed in line, the colored troops on the left, and the division commanded temporarily by General Brooks next. It lay under fire until 5 o'clock P. M., then made a charge in fine style and captured the works. Colonel Bell's brigade took one hundred and twenty-five prisoners and several pieces of artillery. Gen. Baldy Smith rode up and complimented the men for their gallantry.

The lines before Petersburg will long remain as historic grounds. From the 16th of June until the surrender of Lee in April of the succeeding year, Grant's shattered but unflinching army, stretching along from the Appomattox to a point beyond the Weldon Railroad, fought many bloody battles and endured more than pen can describe.

The brigade returned to Bermuda Hundred on the 18th, but hardly got comfortably into camp before it was ordered

back before the lines in front of Petersburg, where it arrived on the 23d, and the Fourth relieved a regiment of Michigan riflemen.

For thirty-six days Colonel Bell's brigade remained in one position, on the left of Fort Steadman (afterwards so named) and joining the right of the Ninth Corps. By careful use of the spade, the advance or picket trench was within two rods of the enemy, the main line being a short distance in the rear.

An attempt to capture the enemy's advance trench was made on the 30th of June. Colonel Bell opened a furious fire from the picket line, while another brigade was to charge. Some one blundered, and it resulted in a heavy loss and nothing gained. The Fourth lost fifty men in killed and wounded while performing ordinary trench duty. The men met death or suffered from terrible wounds with patient fortitude.

This, indeed, was one of the darkest hours during the rebellion; thousands of noble men lost and not a complete victory gained. Only once during this particular term did firing cease. One morning the Yanks and Johnnies simultaneously dropped their rifles, and in a minute were good-naturedly swapping coffee for tobacco, as though war was an unheard-of thing.

During this time the Fourth was brigaded under the command of Colonel Bell with the Thirteenth Indiana, Ninth Maine, One Hundred and Seventh New York, and Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania. The division (Second) was commanded by General Turner, formerly chief of artillery on General Gilmore's staff. The First Division, Tenth Corps, was commanded by General Terry, and the Third Division by Gen. O. S. Ferry, senator from Connecticut.

On the 30th of July the regiment took part in the famous Battle of the Mine. The previous night the division was quietly withdrawn from the front and massed in rear of and near the covered way or gallery leading to the mine, which had been the trench-talk for weeks. And here let me add, by way of parenthesis, that in almost every large city in the

country we can find an engineer who claims that *he* had charge of the construction of that particular mine, and of course he sports the title of "general."

About four o'clock in the morning the earth was shaken by the explosion, and the artillery immediately opened. It was truly a grand commencement, and seemed, as a man jocosely remarked, "like forty-four Fourths of July rolled into one." The crater of the blown-up part was quickly taken by a portion of the Ninth Corps, in which were the Sixth, Ninth, and Eleventh New Hampshire. Colonel Bell's brigade advanced on the right and took a position under a terrible enfilading fire from a battery just across a ravine, on a knoll. Men were literally mowed down, and lay dead as if in ranks. A sharp fire partially demoralized them, and they were huddled together with little order on the reverse of the captured work, for they had never been under a heavy fire, and acted like most raw troops. The plan was to charge immediately, but something was wrong, and the troops suffered for the blunder.

And here a little of the inside history will come into play. General Burnside had been put in charge of this whole mine business, so far as the deployment of troops and general plan of battle were concerned, and knew more about it than anybody else; and after every division, brigade, and regimental commander had been instructed in orders what was to be done and how and when it was to be accomplished, up rode Gen. George G. Meade, and after a hasty survey of the plans of Burnside, condemned the whole thing as arranged (because it did not have his impress upon it), and without giving Burnside time to notify all his commanders of the proposed change, insisted that the assault should be made early the next morning and according to his plans, as to placing of forces, etc., and the result was confusion. No one cared to assume the responsibility of leading off or taking advantage of any favorable turn in battle, and a victory was lost by sheer default. Burnside (like the noble soul he always was, God bless him!) took the entire blame and responsibility upon himself rather than put it where it belonged.

Meade, as chief of Grant's staff, and nominally commander of the Army of the Potomac, was an extra wheel that might have been dispensed with in the field. As an officer general, like Halleck, he could be of little harm at Washington. His knowledge of the theories of handling armies, etc., and the quantity of supplies for 100,000 for six months was ample; but for real field service—noting constant changes in the situation, and having the nerve to act in time to break the enemy—he was totally lacking, and Sheridan had the tact in abundance. But rank did as much to defeat as to promote our cause; as, for instance, when Vicksburg was just ready to surrender to Grant, and the garrison had been living for weeks on mule meat, Halleck, chief of the President's staff, sent an order to Grant to raise the siege, and when General Grant had read it he handed it to his adjutant, with the quiet remark that “after Vicksburg had capitulated he would consider the matter of raising the siege.” Halleck did not and could not know the situation at Vicksburg as well as did Grant, who was there in person. And that mistaken idea was never overcome until Grant was put at the head of all the armies. Meade was useful in many directions, but was very jealous of all junior officers, and in this instance interfered in a matter the details of which he did not know at all.

The heat of the day of the explosion was intense, and many men fell from sunstroke. Suddenly there was a cessation of firing, when some demoralized hero sang out, “The rebels are coming in to give themselves up!” This brought every man to his feet. Sure enough they were coming in, but with arms at a trail. At this sight the negroes became panic-stricken, and, instead of instantly retreating, mixed up in awful confusion. They formed a living breastwork for the rebels, for to fire was to hit them, and to advance was impossible. It seemed an easy thing to beat back the rebels if the negroes had been out of the way. This delay gave the rebels the advantage, and so the Fourth retreated to their intrenched line. Even this was in great danger of being captured, for the flying negroes defied every effort to stop them. Colonel

Bell re-formed his brigade, planted the colors on the earth-works, and held the line until relieved by General Stevens's brigade, when, tired and almost disheartened, they withdrew.

The regiment lost fifty men killed and wounded. Capt. Joseph M. Clough commanded the regiment when the retreat commenced. The flag standard was cut off twice, and a bullet put through the pike, and fifty-five bullets and a shell put through the flag. That night the regiment took its old position in the trenches, and next morning marched to Bermuda Hundred under a burning sun which struck down many a weary soldier. Twelve days' rest followed, every third day on picket, and the picket had a pleasant way of keeping their cartridges for future use.

Another movement was to be made north of the James simultaneously with one on the Weldon Railroad, eighteen miles southeast of our position. The First and Second Divisions of the Tenth Corps crossed the river on the night of the 13th of August, and at daybreak the leading brigade took the outer works of the enemy. In this engagement the colored troops handsomely redeemed their reputation, which had suffered some damage at the mine, by making a successful charge.

The Fourth was engaged all day in skirmishing. The next day a movement was made to get in the rear of the enemy's lines at Malvern Hill, which was accomplished by Grant's well-known flanking operations. One brigade was kept closely skirmishing with the enemy, while another moved around to our right, turning their left.

A somewhat sorry accident closed the incidents of the day. Tim Riordan, a tall Milesian of Company G, mistaking the position of our forces, rode into the enemy's lines with sixteen canteens of whiskey, which he had just procured of the commissary, thus rendering a drop of aid and comfort to the enemy, but a sad mistake for poor Tim and his dry comrades. The horse on which Tim was mounted belonged to one of the noncommissioned staff, and, of course, it went with the whiskey.

During the night the regiment was ordered to relieve a portion of Gregg's cavalry on one of the main thoroughfares leading into Richmond. The enemy's videttes appeared in a thick wood, and a sharp encounter ensued, in which Lieut. Stephen Wentworth, a brave and promising officer, was killed while leading his company forward as skirmishers.

On the morning of the 16th of August Terry's division, in a gallant manner, took a strong line of works in the rear of Malvern Hill. The Third Brigade was quickly advanced over the works to feel the enemy's line. The men rushed over the works, crowded with the wounded and dead of the fight, and pressed forward into the open field beyond, and only halted to find the enemy advancing on both flanks in an attempt to recapture the line. The situation was critical. To advance was almost certain capture or destruction. An order was soon issued to withdraw behind the breastworks, which was done slowly and carefully, but with great loss, for we had to contend with fresh troops, under the brave and able rebel general, A. P. Hill. The enemy followed quickly and charged fiercely on our line of works, but were repulsed severely and sent back with broken ranks. Colonel Osborne, temporarily in command of the brigade, was wounded at the first onset. Major Walworth, of the One Hundred and Fifteenth New York, succeeded him, but received a ball in the leg soon after. Capt. F. W. Parker, of the Fourth New Hampshire, then took command, and while the forward movement was being made directed the change of position, but in his turn was disabled by a severe wound in the neck just as the enemy were repulsed. A second charge was made by the rebels with more success. The Fourth lost in this action forty-five men killed and wounded. Captain Hobbs took command of the regiment, and the Tenth Corps shortly after removed to Bermuda Hundred. A captain was in command of the brigade, and only one captain was left for duty in the Fourth New Hampshire.

A few days of rest and comparative comfort followed, when the Second Division was again moved to the front of Peters-

burg, and took its position under the constant dropping of lead and iron from the rebel lines.

I will here endeavor to sketch a scene of the field hospital as I saw it and helped to prepare it for the work that was to be done on the 16th of August. As my division, the Third of the Tenth Army Corps, did not go on this expedition to the north of the James, but remained in charge of the defenses in front of Petersburg, from the Dunn House hill to right, and being anxious to join the other two divisions of the corps, I was assigned as aide to Gen. David B. Birney, commanding the Tenth Corps, and served under him during the expedition. On the evening of the 16th General Birney ordered me to report to Surgeon-General Clark, who, after selecting a site for a field hospital, directed me to take charge of the pioneers and clear away the brush, erect six or more tables for amputation purposes, and start a lot of fires in the grove to illuminate as well as to drive away the chill, damp air. The grove was in a ravine, amphitheater in shape, the sides rising gradually to the general level of the fields on each side, and removed about three quarters of a mile in rear of the line of battle. At the north side of this grove or ravine were a planter's house and outbuildings, and it was there that I caused boards and materials enough to be taken to construct the tables for the surgeons to operate upon. No sooner had we got the ground prepared than the ambulances and stretchers began to arrive with the wounded, and in course of an hour over two hundred had been brought to the grounds. There were eight surgeons and twelve to fifteen assistant surgeons, besides hospital attendants, on hand to attend to the cases as brought to them, and each poor unfortunate, as he was placed upon the table, would seem to resign himself to the fate that awaited him with all the heroism of a martyr. Some of the men had wounds that needed probing, which was, in some cases, a dreadful torture, while in other cases a bone had been shattered by bullet or shell, and the time elapsing since the wound was received having been several hours, and perhaps since early in the day, inflammation was very

great and mortification threatened, so that the judgment of three or more of the surgeons was rendered that the hand, foot, arm, or leg must be amputated as the only means of saving life.

I remember well one soldier, a member of Lieut. J. T. Sanger's battery, of the First United States Artillery. He was a large, muscular; curly-headed Irishman, and I happened to be talking with Lieut. S. in the afternoon, just as a shell from the rebel battery hit this man when he was standing at his piece in the act of loading. The shell, or fragment, struck his right hand, tearing it off near the wrist, leaving the bones, cords, and tendons all exposed. In an instant the Irishman looked around to his lieutenant, and, shaking his stump in the air, exclaimed, as though addressing the rebels, "Go it, ye divils. I've got wan good hand left yet!" And not until the lieutenant ordered him to the rear did he leave his position at the piece. That was pluck for you! This same man, when his turn came that night, placed himself upon the table and, refusing anæsthetics, submitted to clipping, stitching, and dressing the stump, and when the work was done, called for a little *spiritus frumenti*, and rejoined the crowd of *slightly* wounded.

Among those brought in was a rebel colonel of a North Carolina regiment. His was a fracture of the bone above the knee, and, after probing, the surgeons decided that the knee must be removed at the section or thigh, and it was enough to melt a heart of stone to hear the poor fellow appeal to them to spare the leg. At last ether was administered and the limb taken off, but the shock was so great that he only survived till the next day. At each of the tables some one was under treatment, and thus it continued all night long, and yet the number waiting for attention seemed not to diminish, though of course it did. During the night I passed along the hillside where the wounded were lying in rows and gave to each some whiskey. I made the rounds twice, and on my second trip found that many of the brave boys had passed beyond the need of earthly help and were rigid in death.

Among those to be mortally wounded was Captain White of the Third New Hampshire. He was shot directly through the lungs, and as I raised him to give him a drink, he could only whisper a few words of a message to his friends at home. As I left him to attend to others I bade him good-by, never expecting to see him again alive. But strange are the freaks of wounds. He recovered under most careful treatment, and is alive and well today, holding an appointment in one of the departments at Washington.

Early on the morning of the 17th the chief surgeon and myself went down to the landing, where the steamers lay moored waiting to carry the wounded to the northern hospitals, and there we found tents erected and surgeons busy at work the same as at the field hospital, and hundreds were lying around in their blankets waiting the attention of surgeons. It was here that I saw Capt. (afterwards Colonel) F. W. Parker, with a wound in the neck, and quite a lot of the Fourth boys were at this point.

Later in the morning we returned to the front, and as the amputations were ended, I caused a trench to be dug, into which the limbs that had been cut off were buried, and this trench, fifteen feet square and three feet deep, was nearly filled with hands and feet, arms and legs, as the result of the night's operations.

The terms of enlistment of those who originally went out in the Fourth having expired on the 18th of September, they were ordered to New Hampshire, under charge of Lieut. M. V. B. Richardson, assistant commissary of musters, and not Colonel Drew, as the Report (A. G. O.) has it, who secured prompt transportation for them, and on reaching Concord had their papers fully approved by Major Whittlesey, and the men paid off and on their way home in forty-eight hours after their arrival in the state. The conduct of these veterans was admirable, and it was with exceeding great joy that they gazed upon old familiar scenes for the first time in three long years, and still greater to clasp their loved ones to their hearts again.

Our reception by the city authorities at Manchester and by state and city officials at Concord was most hearty; but I recall the fact that one nervous patriot, who feared a draft, was very anxious to know how soon we were going back to the army again.

One morning soon after our arrival home, as the writer was going from the depot to Elm street in Manchester, he was overtaken by a certain painter of no mean genius, who inquired when we thought of returning to the army, etc., and further remarked that it was no use to try to whip the South; that our men were dying off like sheep. "In fact," said he, "our northern men can't get *accumulated* to the climate." I assured him that possibly the *climate* might be too much for them, but that they would *accumulate* in numbers sufficient to wipe out the rebels when they moved again. But he did not see the point.

To return to the front again. Of the three hundred and eighty-eight who reënlisted in February, and over seven hundred recruits received, only a small number remained fit for duty, and at the attack on Fort Gilmer, on the 29th of September, only forty men could be mustered for the fight. The attack, which was one of the most bloody in which the Fourth was ever engaged, proved unsuccessful.

The months of October and November, with a part of December, were passed in picket and trench duty north of the James.

Many of the New Hampshire soldiers will remember that noble soldier, Col. Joshua B. Howell, of the Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania, who, while on Morris Island, was crushed under a bomb-proof with Colonel Bell, Lieutenant Cross, and others, receiving at the time an injury that was feared would prove fatal, but by undergoing the operation of trepanning, he recovered and rejoined his command. To freshen the memory of some, I will describe his appearance. He was nearly six feet tall, straight as an arrow, hair and full beard as white as snow, with florid complexion, eye like an eagle's, expression always that of a dignified gentleman, with the most polite

bow of recognition, yet firm and exacting in the requirements of military duty—upon himself as well as those under him. He was in command of the Third Division, Tenth Corps, in September, 1864, and one beautiful moonlight night invited the writer to go with him to visit General Birney at headquarters, but as I had a business appointment that would detain me an hour or more, he departed with others, with the injunction that I should follow on as soon as possible, so as to make the grand rounds of the defenses after the visit to headquarters. At a little past 9 P. M. I rode over to the headquarters, and was surprised to see it so deserted in appearance, so very quiet. I at once inquired of the sergeant of the guard if General Howell had been there. He replied that he had, but had met with a terrible accident, and was probably not alive then. I was terribly shocked, for I loved and respected him very much. It seems that his horse became frightened at something, and, rearing quite erect, caused the general to lose his seat in the saddle and to fall off backwards, his head striking upon a projecting pine stump or knot, crushing in the same old wound or fracture received on Morris Island a year or more before. The glorious old hero never spoke afterwards, but lingered for three days, when death ensued, and I had the honor to accompany the remains to Baltimore and there hand them over to his relatives, who came there to receive them.

General Howell was seventy-two years old at the time of his death, was a lawyer by profession, and took from Pennsylvania one of the best regiments that ever entered the service, composed mostly of young men of business and professional pursuits, and he never forgot the grave responsibility that rested upon him in caring for "his boys" as though they had been of his own kin. Thus passed away one of Nature's noblemen, in whose death, though not in the battle front, was a loss deeply felt by all who had ever known him.

The writer did not rejoin the Fourth Regiment after the original members were mustered out, but remained in New Hampshire during the winter of 1864-65, and early in 1865

was ordered to report to the War Department at Washington for assignment to duty at Camp Stoneman, four miles east of Washington. He will, however, continue to give the rest of the service of the Fourth New Hampshire as taken largely from the Adjutant-General's Reports, to complete the series, and leave the details and incidents to abler hands who remained with the regiment until its final muster-out.

FORT FISHER.

Of the first expedition under General Butler and its utter failure little need be said. The fleet, with the troops on board, left Hampton Roads on the 12th of December, but owing to severe storms and other delays the troops were not landed until the 24th. After a careful survey General Weitzel decided that the fort was impregnable by a direct assault, and the awful precedents of Forts Wagner and Gilmer were strong arguments in proof of his opinion. Sadly mortified by this unexpected result of so much preparation, the expeditionary corps returned to their position to the north of the James, and went into winter quarters near the picket line.

Yankee ingenuity soon transformed the mud and logs of Virginia into comfortable quarters. General Grant was not disposed, however, to acquiesce in the decision in regard to Fort Fisher, and a second expedition was prepared, in which General Terry was to command and General Ames, with the forces selected from his old division, was to do the hard fighting. The regiments chosen were among the best in the army, of large experience and unchallenged bravery, prepared for the work by such battles and assaults as Wagner, Morris Island, Drewry's Bluff, Cold Harbor, and the battle of the mine.

Every man of the Fourth capable of doing duty was brought into the ranks, and the regiment was commanded by Capt. John H. Roberts. It embarked on the good steamer "Baltic," a sad remnant of the full loons and cabins of the same vessel on its original expedition to Port Royal in 1861. Once more

the transports floated before the long line of sandy mounds known as "Fort Fisher."

On Friday, the 13th of January, 1865, the fleet moved into line and opened fire. The troops were landed through a heavy surf, on a hard beach, about five miles north of the fort. General Paine's division landed across the narrow tongue of land which separates Cape Fear river from the ocean, and moved forward about two miles towards the fort, where he threw up a hasty line of works and made a careful reconnoissance. The bombardment by the fleet—which paved Fort Fisher with iron—continued without cessation till three o'clock on the afternoon of the 15th.

The time had come when it was to be decided whether this, perhaps the strongest of the rebel works, on which the wealth of England and the best engineering skill of West Point had been expended, could be taken; and this little veteran division, consisting of men from New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, and Indiana, led by General Ames, had this momentous question entrusted to their hands. Well may the cheeks of the little band blanch, and their teeth set firmly together, as slowly they move over the sand-hills, with their eyes fixed upon the deadly work set before them. A force of marines charged the sea face of the fort, but were repulsed after a gallant fight. Just as the rebel garrison were crowding to the sea face, exultant over their victory and pouring their fire into the retreating marines, General Curtis's brigade dashed forward upon the angle near Cape Fear river, closely followed by Pennypacker's and Bell's brigades. The movement was successful. The gate and one mound were gained, though the road to the former lay over a broken bridge, enfiladed and crossed by a murderous fire. Gallantly leading his brigade, Colonel Bell had almost gained the bridge when a shot struck him and he fell, mortally wounded. A moment later and the colors of his own regiment, which he had loved so long and so well, were planted on the small mound (or traverse) of the fort.

Thus fell the colonel of the Fourth New Hampshire, dearly

beloved and deeply mourned by his brigade. Dignified, yet genial; brave, yet cautious; never sacrificing lives uselessly; ever ready to share hardships and danger with his men, no influence or peril could deter him from doing his duty or shake a resolution once formed.

General Curtis lost an eye, and General Pennypacker received a bad shell wound in the leg, and the casualties among officers was very great.

The one weak point in the "Malakoff" was the gate. The foremost men now gained this, and were speedily reënforced by the remainder of the division, who crept hastily through the stockade while the engineers were at work hewing it down.

The great strength of the fort was in its long succession of huge sand mounds, or traverses, thirty feet high, each forming a redoubt in itself, with magazines and bomb-proofs accessible only over the top or through a narrow entrance.

The gate and captured mound formed the base of operations against the balance of the fort, though to any but iron-nerved men it would have proved but a slender foothold, for the rebels still had the advantage of superior numbers. Twelve mounds to one, and Fort Buchanan below to rake the inside of the work!

Admiral Potter kept up a continued and harassing fire. Now came the tug of war! The dash and first excitement of the assault were over—dogged obstinacy and persistent effort to advance in the face of death were the soldierly qualities now called into play. In the narrow limits where the whole division were now obliged to operate, identity of company, regiment, or brigade was impossible. Each must, and did, act as though success depended on his own right arm.

The fire of the enemy was well directed and incessant. *A hundred dashes to the next traverse would fail, and the next, succeed.* This desperate contest continued until after ten o'clock in the evening, and nine of the traverses were taken.

The men were by this time almost exhausted, and the ranks were fearfully decimated. The enemy's fire had almost

ceased, when General Abbott's forces entered the fort, and the remainder of the rebels soon afterwards surrendered.

The fierce, prolonged struggle was over, and victory was proclaimed by a blaze of rockets from the fleet and the triumphant cheers of the men on shore.

The joy of the Fourth was mingled with sadness at the loss of their beloved commander and a number of tried comrades. A true and impartial record of the great personal bravery and intrepidity of the noble band that won this fierce hand-to-hand struggle against fearful odds can never be written. Nameless heroes, whose deeds required as much patriotism and self-sacrifice as the immortal Jasper, will never be known to the world.

Captain Roberts had been in every battle, siege, and march of the regiment, unceasing in his efforts to keep the men together and move them forward.

Color-Sergeant Plumer, who had planted the flag on the first mound, now, in advance of all, placed the broken standard on the eighth mound, so near the rebel flag that the stars and stripes actually flapped against the southern cross. While pointing to a fresh bullet-hole in the flagstaff near an old fracture, the brave man fell, badly wounded.

Captain Hunkins, of Company K, was specially complimented for his coolness and efficiency while acting upon the staff of General Ames.

That night, as all that were left of the Fourth New Hampshire lay quietly sleeping over a magazine, it suddenly exploded, thus adding to the already long list of casualties.

The regiment remained at Fort Fisher until the 11th of February, when the advance on Wilmington was commenced. Captain Parker, who had been wounded at Deep Bottom, had been commissioned lieutenant-colonel, and, having recovered from his wound, returned to his regiment and assumed command.

The rebel forces, under command of General Hoke, were stationed at "Sugar Loaf" Battery, about two miles from the Union lines. A night expedition, planned to get into their

rear, failed. Ames's division was quickly ordered to Smithfield, on the opposite side of Cape Fear river, where they joined Cox's division of the Twenty-third Corps, and by a rapid movement on the night of the 18th invested Fort Anderson just in time to find it evacuated and the garrison of three thousand men gone. They were speedily pursued, and, being driven from a position where they made a stand, they fled beyond Wilmington, leaving the city in the hands of the Union army.

A period of quiet and refreshing rest followed. On the 10th of March, news having arrived of the arrival of General Sherman at Fayetteville, the Tenth Corps eagerly moved forward to join them. After a rapid march through a country abounding in those good things which delight the stomach of the soldier, the boom of guns at Averysboro' was heard, and, with redoubled energy, the corps moved on to join the great chieftain. Thomas's whole army passed our corps at Cox's bridge, fresh from their last battlefield and victory.

Another short breathing-spell was here allowed, and the Tenth Corps was to open and guard the railroad from Wilmington to Goldsborough. The Fourth was stationed along the road from Wilmington to Little Washington. Supplies having been forwarded to the main army, the whole force once more pushed on to finish the enemy. Lieutenant-Colonel Parker and Adjutant Challis were captured when a short distance outside the picket line by a squad of Wheeler's cavalry, thus being afforded the pleasure of seeing the rebel army collapse when the news came of Lee's surrender.

Through the exertions of Governor Smyth, the Fourth was mustered out and arrived at home on the 27th of August. The city of Manchester gave them a grand reception. Governor Smyth welcomed the regiment in an eloquent manner.

Home again! With arms stacked, the blue coats changed for sober citizens' dress, now no longer a disgrace for young men to wear. The stories of the battles, sieges, and marches, the privations and heroic endurances, so faintly depicted in these pages, will be recounted around the peaceful firesides of

the veterans until they have ripened for the grave, and then bequeathed as a rich legacy to their children, who will probably say: "Our fathers saved the Union at the peril of their lives, freed the slaves, and laid a sure foundation for universal light and liberty."

But the dead, alas!—those who have fallen in the sacred cause—what shall keep their memories alive but our integrity and unalterable determination never to suffer a stain upon the flag, or ignorance or prejudice to uproot the work they gave their lives to promote. Truly the monument to these martyred heroes shall be broad as the land of liberty, and its summit rise to meet the glory of heaven.

Comrades, I have left very much unwritten, and have merely given a running sketch of scenes through which I passed with the boys in blue—an experience we would not part with for untold gold—and while I hope other comrades will be stimulated to write their experiences in the field, and thus fill the "log" with history while it is yet fresh in the memory, I still hope that no comrade will ever for a moment forget the very great sacrifice made by the country's noblest sons on the altar of American liberty, and that you will always keep a sacred watch upon the doings and machinations of the nation's enemies—whether within or without our lines.

(EXTRACT FROM)

NEW HAMPSHIRE IN THE CIVIL WAR, 1861-65

BY MAJOR OTIS F. R. WAITE.

The Fourth Regiment left Manchester for Washington, D. C., on the 27th of September, receiving the customary hospitalities and attentions on the way, and arrived there on the 30th. They went into camp on the Bladensburg road, about a mile and a half from the city, immediately after which they were armed with Belgium rifles, and were at once put to drilling. The regiment remained here until the 9th of October, when they started to join General Sherman's Expeditionary Corps, at Annapolis, Md., where they arrived the same day. The regiment was brigaded with the Sixth and Seventh Connecticut and Ninth Maine, under command of Brig.-Gen. H. G. Wright, who was subsequently the popular commander of the Sixth Army Corps.

On the 19th the regiment embarked on board the steamer "Baltic," and, in company with the rest of the expedition, sailed for Fortress Monroe, where it remained until the 29th, awaiting the preparation of the navy, when the whole land and naval forces sailed under orders, the import of which was known only to the commander of the expedition. The "Baltic" had in tow the ship "Ocean Express," loaded with ammunition and ordnance. On the 30th the wind became strong and the sea rough, which threatened danger to the less stanch vessels of the fleet. About two o'clock the next morning the "Baltic" struck on Frying Pan Shoals with a tremendous crash. For a time there was imminent danger of a complete shipwreck, and the wildest excitement prevailed on board the "Baltic." The steamer was finally relieved from her perilous

condition, when a terrible gale ensued, which continued three days. On arrival at Port Royal, on the 4th of November, where the rest of the fleet had assembled, it was ascertained that the vessels "Commodore Perry" and "Governor" had been lost, though every person on board had been almost miraculously saved. The "Baltic" was ordered to put to sea and cruise about to find the "Ocean Express," which was cut loose from the "Baltic" when she struck upon the Frying Pan Shoals. She returned the next day, after an unsuccessful search. During the storm the steamer "Union" had been driven ashore, and Quartermaster-Sergeant Kelley, of the Fourth, with a squad of men and the crew of the steamer, were made prisoners.

On the morning of the 7th of November the gunboats commenced an attack on the rebel works at Hilton Head, and the "Wabash," "Pawnee," and "Sabine" opened their terrible broadsides on the enemy's batteries. For five hours about one shell per second fell upon each of the forts. Fifteen thousand men clustered in the rigging and around the masts of the transports to witness the grand spectacle. The fleet gradually neared the shore, and the rebel gunners replied but feebly and at intervals. At two o'clock no response was received from the forts. The rebels left their intrenchments, and an hour later the stars and stripes superseded the rebel flag on the parapet, while the troops and sailors rent the air with their cheers. After nineteen days of confinement on ship-board, the Fourth went ashore at Hilton Head. The victory of the navy was complete and glorious, with but very small loss. Nineteen cannon were captured and an important post had been taken.

The Fourth passed three months at Hilton Head, at work on fortifications, erecting wharves, and landing stores, drilling only at intervals. At inspection one day Colonel Whipple rebuked a soldier for having a dirty gun. "I know my gun is dirty," replied the man, "but I've got the brightest shovel you ever saw, colonel." The soldier's wit saved him from punishment. The arduous duties performed, together with

the change of climate, told upon the health of the men, and funerals were of daily occurrence.

Early in January, 1862, the chaplain, M. W. Willis, was discharged on account of ill-health. On the 21st the Fourth, with other regiments, sailed from Hilton Head on an expedition down the coast. They came to an anchorage at Warsaw Sound, Georgia, and the troops were landed on Warsaw Island, a marshy, unhealthy spot, and remained on shore and on board, awaiting the arrival of the navy, until the 28th of February, when the expedition started again, and the next day arrived within twelve miles of Fernandina, Fla. On the 2d of March it was ascertained that the rebels had evacuated the place, and Fernandina and Brunswick were occupied by our troops, the Fourth being encamped in the town.

On the 8th of March the regiment, except Companies E and F, which were left at Fernandina under command of Captain Towle, as a provost guard, embarked on the steamer "Boston," and, in company with six gunboats, proceeded down the coast and anchored for the night. The next morning the soldiers were distributed among the gunboats as sharpshooters. One boat crossed the bar and found that the batteries commanding the entrance to the river, which, with those further up, were very strong, had been evacuated, the enemy leaving their guns and everything in perfect order, without having fired a shot. The fleet proceeded up the St. John's river, and found that the rebels were burning lumber and sawmills along its banks, most of which belonged to northern men. They had also burned two gunboats which were being built at Jacksonville; the inhabitants had left, however, leaving behind, in their hurry, large quantities of furniture and personal baggage, piled up ready for transportation.

On the 13th an advanced picket line was established, which was fired on the next day by scouts in the woods, and, apprehending an attack, the supporters fell back under cover of the gunboats and barricaded the streets. No attack was made, however. On the 15th, Company G, having found a quantity

of rum in the town, imbibed it very freely, got drunk, and mutinied. Companies H and K charged bayonets on them, disarmed and ironed the leaders, and in the *melée* one member of Company G was killed. On the 17th a reconnoissance was made by Company H five miles into the country, but a deserted camp of the enemy was all that was found. About this time, Colonel Whipple having resigned, his resignation was accepted, and he left the regiment, to the regret of almost every officer and man. He was an excellent disciplinarian and an accomplished soldier. Lieutenant-Colonel Bell was promoted to Colonel, and Capt. Gilman E. Sleeper, of Company C, was promoted to lieutenant colonel. While at Jacksonville, the Fourth performed much arduous duty. A skirmish occurred on picket in which the regiment lost two men killed, three wounded, and four taken prisoners.

On the 8th of April General Hunter ordered the place evacuated, and Colonel Bell, with seven companies, was sent to garrison St. Augustine, on the coast. Companies B, H, and K, under command of Major Drew, embarked on the 8th of June for James Island, South Carolina, and were temporarily assigned to the brigade commanded by Colonel Welch, of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania, and took part in several skirmishes and the engagement at James Island, under General Benham, but met with no loss. On the 12th of the same month these three companies were ordered to Beaufort, S. C., and constituted a part of the garrison of the town during the summer. The seven companies stationed at St. Augustine passed the summer there without casualties or incidents worthy of note. Fort Marion was put in good repair and the city in a state of defense. In September they were relieved by the Seventh New Hampshire, and joined the detachment at Beaufort. General Mitchell assumed command of the department, and preparations were made for active movements. The Fourth was brigaded with the Third New Hampshire, the Sixth Connecticut, Forty-seventh New York, and Henry's Battery, commanded by Brigadier-General Brennan. The Fourth participated in the battle of Pocotaligo, an

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account of which is given in the history of the movements of the Third Regiment. The plan was to capture the pickets and surprise the garrison, while a detachment in a light draft boat was to proceed up the river and burn the bridge. This plan was frustrated by a delay on the part of the gunboats, which landed and marched four miles, when the Forty-seventh New York engaged the enemy. Henry's Battery was thrown forward, supported by the Fourth New Hampshire, which came under a heavy artillery fire in a small cotton field, through which ran the road to the bridge. The regiment formed into line of battle and advanced to a marsh two hundred yards wide, on the opposite side of which was a rebel battery, which hastily retreated. A sharp running skirmish of two miles ensued, in which a caisson and several prisoners were captured. The line was met by a raking fire from the defenses of the bridge, four hundred yards distant, across an impassable marsh, and only accessible by a narrow road. Trains loaded with reënforcements were distinctly seen, showing that further advance with the small force was impracticable. A heavy fire of musketry and artillery was opened upon both sides, which lasted until night, when the Union troops were quietly withdrawn, the Fourth taking the rear of the retreat. In this engagement the regiment lost three men killed and twenty-five wounded. Colonel Bell was struck by a splinter of a shell. Captain Wallace and Lieutenant Mayne were both severely wounded by the same ball. Not a man flinched from his duty. For a time Colonel Bell was disabled by his wound, and the regiment was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Sleeper. Before night, however, Colonel Bell returned and resumed command. The expedition failed, and the regiment returned and went into winter quarters at Beaufort, S. C., where they remained for five months, doing picket duty and drilling. Thanksgiving and Christmas were observed in true New England fashion.

During the year that had elapsed since the Fourth left the state, many changes had taken place in its organization. One colonel, two captains, three first lieutenants, and two

second lieutenants had resigned, eleven officers had been promoted, and eight men had been promoted to officers from the ranks. One captain had been dismissed, Captain Currier and Lieutenant Drew and twenty-four men had died of disease, three men had been drowned, one killed by the enemy, and two by accident.

The spring of 1863 opened with a great expedition against Charleston. On the 4th of April the Fourth Regiment received marching orders, embarked on transports, and proceeded to Hilton Head, where it was brigaded with the Third and five companies of the Seventh New Hampshire, and Sixth Connecticut. The brigade was commanded by Col. H. S. Putnam, of the Seventh, and the division by Gen. A. H. Terry. The troops sailed from Hilton Head to Stono Inlet, and remained on board awaiting the result of the bombardment of Fort Sumter by the navy. The navy not having succeeded in taking the fort, the troops were carried back to Hilton Head on the 11th of April. The brigade organization was disbanded and the regiment went into camp.

On the 17th of April a new brigade was organized, consisting of the Third and Fourth New Hampshire, the Sixth Connecticut, and a battalion of sharpshooters, all under the command of Col. Louis Bell, of the Fourth, and assigned to General Terry's division. On the 18th another expedition against Charleston was inaugurated, under General Gilmore, who was in command of the department. The troops on transports arrived at North Edisto river on the 19th, and had another time on shipboard, awaiting the arrival of the navy. On the 28th it was decided to abandon the expedition, and the whole force, both land and naval, sailed for Stono River, and the brigade was again broken up. The next day the Fourth arrived at Stono Inlet, disembarked on Folly Island, and reported to General Vogdes, commanding the United States forces on the island. The regiment encamped within two miles of the enemy's works on Morris Island, in a thick growth of pines, from whose tops Charleston Harbor, with the surrounding forts, could be plainly seen. During several

weeks the time was occupied in building fortifications and picketing the northern extremity of the island, about fifty yards from the rebel pickets, across a little inlet on Morris Island. The pickets agreed not to fire on each other, and had very agreeable intercourse, exchanging tobacco, coffee, and newspapers, sent across the inlet in small boats. The ladies occasionally came down from Charleston to take a look at the "Yanks," and so the time passed until the first of June, when the rebels, to save the cargo of a blockade runner which had been grounded off Lighthouse Inlet, midway between the two islands, opened a heavy fire upon the Union pickets, who built breastworks of such light materials as were at hand, and, screened from the view of the rebels by the thick bushes that lined the shore and a dense thicket in the background, constructed masked batteries, unbeknown to the enemy, who supposed the sandworks they could see were only protections to the pickets, and neglected to strengthen their fortifications, which might have been made impregnable to any direct assault. Thus the attempt to save the cargo of the blockade runner led to the capture of the Island.

On the night of the 17th of June Company B of the Fourth Regiment commenced the first works in the last long siege of Charleston. One man was killed by a piece of shell. For twenty-one nights, and nearly as many days, the regiment constructed masked batteries, working in silence, no one being allowed to speak above a whisper. On the morning of the 8th of July the work was completed. Forty-four guns and mortars were in position, the magazine filled, and the embrasures cleared. Severe labor and want of sleep had so exhausted the men that they were obliged to relinquish the completion of the work they had so faithfully commenced to fresh troops, drilled for the purpose. The Fourth joined General Terry's command and participated in a diversion upon James Island. On the morning of the 10th the batteries opened simultaneously upon the enemy, who were taken completely by surprise. A rebel officer, while surveying our picket through a glass, suddenly exclaimed, "By ——, the Yanks have mounted a gun over there." At that moment forty-four "peacemakers" rained iron

upon him. The advance was halted by the guns of Fort Wagner, and after two desperate and bloody charges it was determined to take that formidable work by regular approaches. On the same day the Fourth Regiment returned from James Island, and a lodgment having been effected by our forces on Morris Island, the Fourth was selected, for its coolness in working under fire, to report to Major Brooks of General Gilmore's staff, and in charge of siege works, for engineer duty.

The approaches, consisting of five parallels connected by "covered" ways, or "zigzags," were carried for five hundred yards over a sandy strip of land not three fourths as wide as Fort Wagner and bounded by marsh and ocean. At spring tide the surf filled the trenches. In front were Forts Wagner, Gregg, and Sumter. A little to the right of Sumter was Fort Moultrie, and to the left Fort Johnson and a long line of batteries on James Island, designated by the men after their respective characters as "Bull of the Woods," "Mud Digger," "Peanut Battery," etc. The fire of all these forts and batteries was concentrated on this narrow compass, the workshop of thousands, upon which mortars, Columbiads, Blakeleys, Armstrongs, Brooks, and Whitworths, and shell of every caliber and kind, from the thirteen-inch mortar to the vindictive Whitworth, unceasingly fell. Shout "Cover" to any survivor of that terrible siege and he will unwittingly look in the air for a coming shell. The storm of iron was attended by a continual "zeeb" of bullets from Fort Wagner. On the night of the 23d of July the Fourth planted *chevaux-de-frise* and dug a trench for the parallel. In this terrible place, on the hot, blistering sand and under the blazing sun of South Carolina, or in the murky darkness of night, lighted by bursting shell, these defenders of the Union toiled unflinchingly for forty-six days. Bodies of the dead and wounded were continually being carried from the trenches. In the fierce excitement of battle it is comparatively easy to face death, but to advance slowly day after day, amid the dead and dying, is far more horrible than charging the cannon's mouth. Constant labor, the intense heat, and brackish water caused disease which disabled more than half the number; and, indeed, those who stoutly re-

sisted and manfully performed their duties became almost ghastly thin.

In the meantime Fort Sumter was rendered a huge, inoffensive pile of brick dust. The "Swamp Angel" tossed shells into the doomed city and a sap was dug from the fifth parallel to the very ditch of Fort Wagner. On the morning of the 7th of September the line was formed for a final charge, when the news came that the fort was evacuated. Fort Gregg shared the same fate, and both were afterward rebuilt and named for General Strong and Colonel Putnam, both of whom fell in process of their reduction. The cool air of autumn brought renewed health, and the winter was passed in the ordinary routine of garrison and fatigue duty in the various forts and on picket duty on the island.

About the middle of January, 1864, the Fourth was ordered to Beaufort, South Carolina, where it was on garrison duty, and where the work of reënlisting commenced under charge of Capt. F. W. Parker. In a week three hundred men enlisted anew for three years, or during the war.

On the 20th of February the regiment embarked on transports and proceeded to Hilton Head and thence to Wilmington Island, up the Savannah river, and landed on Wibmarsh Island, seven or eight miles from Savannah, for the purpose of capturing a large number of negroes, engaged, under the direction of the rebel troops, in erecting fortifications to defend the approaches to the city. The force consisted of the Fourth New Hampshire and Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania, under command of Colonel Howell of the latter regiment. The expedition proved a failure, the troops reëmbarked, and the Fourth was ordered to proceed at once to Jacksonville, Florida, where they arrived on the 23d, and were at once put to work erecting defenses for the city, preparatory for an expected attack from the enemy, which, however, did not come. On the 26th the regiment again embarked and sailed for Beaufort, South Carolina, where they arrived the next day.

The number of reënlisted men had been increased to three hundred and eighty-eight, the largest number reënlisted in any New Hampshire regiment, all of whom received a furlough for

thirty days, and, under command of Colonel Bell, started for New Hampshire and arrived on the 7th of March. The new recruits and the original men of the regiment who did not re-enlist, to the number of over two hundred, remained at Beaufort, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Drew. On the 12th of April this detachment sailed for Fortress Monroe and reported to General Butler, commanding the departments of Virginia and North Carolina. They were ordered to Gloucester Point, York river. During the month the veterans returned and the Fourth was brigaded with the Eighth Maine, Fifty-fifth and Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania, under command of Col. R. White of the Fifty-fifth, General Ames commanding the division, which formed a part of the Tenth Army Corps in the Army of the James.

On the 4th of May this army started on transports for Bermuda Hundred, up the James river, where they arrived on the 6th. A line of works extending from the Appomattox to the James, six miles from Bermuda Hundred, was immediately thrown up. On the 9th an advance was made, and Ames's division tore up several miles of the Richmond & Petersburg Railroad, and then, by a hasty march, joined the Eighteenth Corps at Swift Creek, where the enemy in force were attacked and after a sharp fight driven to the defenses of Petersburg on the Appomattox. At night the rebels made a charge but were severely repulsed. Next morning heavy firing was heard in the direction of General Terry's command, stationed at Lempster Hill, to repel any advance from Richmond. Ames's division hurried to the scene of action but did not arrive until after the enemy had been handsomely repulsed. After one day's rest the Army of the James started "on to Richmond." Slight skirmishing occurred on the first day. At night a heavy rain set in and the troops lay down to rest upon ground where the rebel General Hoke had encamped the night before. The next day the Fourth advanced along the railroad, the Eighteenth Corps having the right and the Tenth Corps the left. A few hours brought them to the first line of the defenses of Richmond, when skirmishing at once commenced. A rattling fire was kept up until nearly

night, when Terry's division, having made a detour, came upon the rebel flank and the Third New Hampshire, supported by the Seventh, made a desperate and bloody charge. The Fourth was ordered to charge the works in front, and forward they went with a rush, over fences and ditches, and planted the flag on the ramparts which the enemy had hastily left. General Gilmore now rode up amid repeated cheers. The Eighteenth Corps captured the right of the line the same evening, and thus the outer line of defenses was secured. The storm, which had not ceased, raged with greater fury than ever, when news came that a large cavalry force was advancing on the Union line of communication to cut off their supplies, so through a drenching rain, deep mud, and intense darkness, the Fourth hurried to guard against this threatened attack. At Chesterfield court house, five miles from the starting point, they were met by a volley from the enemy's carbines. Two companies were thrown out as skirmishers and the regiment was formed in hollow square to receive cavalry, and there, having reached the point to be guarded, they remained all night. Early next morning the regiment was ordered back to aid in taking the second line of the enemy's works on Drewry's Bluffs.

On the 14th day of May the Fourth supported a battery, under a provoking fire, and at night relieved a portion of the skirmish line on the right of the railroad. In front, between them and the rebel lines, for a distance of five hundred yards, was a thick growth of underbrush, affording fine cover for the enemy. The 15th was passed in continual sharpshooting, and at night a light breastwork was thrown up. On the morning of the 16th a dense fog covered the earth. The rapid rolling of a heavy fire of musketry was heard on the right. The enemy was reported to be advancing in front and the men put themselves in a position of defense and calmly awaited the foe. Suddenly a line of rebels sprang out of the mist, as if by magic, within three rods of the Union line; but they as quickly disappeared, for every rifle was emptied with deadly aim and bayonets were fixed for close work. The enemy, rallied by their officers, whose voices could be distinctly heard, advanced and again retreated, with ranks

fearfully shattered by another volley. The Union troops were formed in one line, with intervals of three paces, and had there been the least flinching, the line would have been lost. Besides this the cartridges were nearly expended. The fire on the right grew heavier and nearer every moment and seemed to break to the rear. An order from General Butler for the whole line to charge put the troops in good spirits, they vainly supposing that affairs were prosperous, when, suddenly, the troops on the right of the Fourth retreated in disorder. The brigade, however, advanced to charge, and were quickly met by a counter charge, the enemy appearing in overwhelming numbers in front and in rear of the right flank, within a few yards, virtually making prisoners of a portion of the regiment; but the men could not understand it in that light, and after doing all that men could do, they retreated under a perfect hail of bullets from the right, left, and front. Many fired at the enemy within a few feet and ran from under their bayonets. Corporal Plumer of Company E shot a rebel color bearer ten paces off. A bullet pierced Captain Clough's hat and when he took it off a shell took the crown out. The air seem filled with missiles of death. Colonel White, commanding the brigade, was taken prisoner, when Colonel Bell rallied the men and held the enemy in check until a line could be formed sufficient to cover the retreat.

The Fourth lost one hundred and forty-two men in this action **in killed, wounded, and missing.** Major Sawyer received a bullet wound in the shoulder, of which he died at home on the 23d of June. He was a brave officer and a worthy man, respected and beloved by all who knew him. Lieut. Frank B. Hutchinson of Company E was last seen firing his revolver within a few feet of the enemy. He knew no fear and shirked no duty. Captain Wallace of Company C was again severely wounded. The regiment marched back to Bermuda Hundred with sadly diminished ranks. On the 21st a severe skirmish took place, in which Lieutenants Brewster of Company B and Stearns of Company C were badly wounded. Several enlisted men were also more or less severely wounded and twenty were taken prisoners.

On the 28th of May the division left Bermuda Hundred on transports, with orders to report to Gen. W. F. Smith, commanding the Eighteenth Corps, which was ordered to report to General Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac. They landed at White House, on the Pamunkey river, and there marched to Cold Harbor, on the 3d of June, where they arrived the morning after the battle. Eight days of living and fighting in the trenches followed, when on the 12th the Eighteenth Corps was ordered back to White House and the next day went on boats down the Pamunkey and York rivers and up the James to Bermuda Hundred.

On the 16th of June the corps crossed the Appomattox at Broadway Landing and marched directly to the defenses of Petersburg. The outworks were handsomely taken by colored troops and a heavy line of earthworks developed, extending from the river over an interval and along the bluff, two miles from the city. The corps was formed in line, the colored troops on the left and the division temporarily commanded by General Brooks next. It lay under fire until five o'clock in the afternoon, then made a charge and captured the works. Colonel Bell's brigade took one hundred and twenty-five prisoners and several pieces of artillery. General Smith rode up and complimented the men for their gallantry. From the 16th of June until the surrender of Lee in April of the succeeding year, General Grant's shattered but unflinching army, stretching along from the Appomattox to a point beyond the Weldon Railroad, fought many bloody battles and endured untold hardships.

The brigade returned to Bermuda Hundred on the 18th but was ordered back to the lines before Petersburg, arriving there on the 23d. For thirty-six days Colonel Bell's brigade remained in one position, on the left of what was afterward named Fort Steadman, and joined the Ninth Corps. The advance picket trench was within two rods of the enemy, the main line being a short distance in the rear. An attempt to capture the enemy's advance trench was made on the 30th of June. Colonel Bell opened a furious fire from the picket line, while another brigade was to charge. There was a blunder somewhere and the result

was a heavy loss and nothing gained. The regiment lost fifty men in killed and wounded while performing ordinary trench duty. This was one of the darkest times during the rebellion—thousands of noble men lost and not a complete victory gained. Only once was there a cessation of fire. One morning the “Yanks” and “Johnnies” simultaneously dropped their rifles, and in a minute were together, swapping coffee for tobacco, and pleasantly chatting together.

The regiment took part in the famous Battle of the Mine on the 30th of July. The previous night the division, under command of General Turner, was quietly withdrawn from the front and massed in rear of and near the covered way leading to the mine. About half past four o'clock in the morning the earth was shaken by the explosion, and the artillery immediately opened. It was a grand commencement and seemed, as a man remarked, “like forty-four Fourths of July rolled into one.” The crater of the blown-up fort was quickly taken by a part of the Ninth Corps, in which were the Sixth, Ninth, and Eleventh New Hampshire. Colonel Bell's brigade advanced on the right and took a position under a terrible enfilading fire from a battery just across a ravine, on a knoll. Men were literally mowed down, and lay dead as if in ranks. A sharp fire upon the rebel gunners saved them from greater loss. A division of colored troops was ordered up, but they had never been under a heavy fire before and acted very much like other raw troops. The plan was to charge immediately, but something was wrong and the troops suffered the blunder. The air seemed filled with bursting shells, the hiss of canister, and the shriek of raking grape. The heat was intense and many men fell from sunstroke. The rebels made an advance in strong force. The negroes became panic-stricken and instead of retreating mixed up in awful confusion. They formed a breastwork for the rebels, for to fire was to hit them, and to advance was impossible. It seemed an easy thing to beat back the rebels if the negroes had been out of the way. This delay gave the enemy the advantage, and so the Fourth retreated to the intrenched line. Colonel Bell reformed his brigade, planted the colors on the earthworks, and

held the line until relieved at four o'clock in the afternoon by General Stevens's brigade. The regiment lost fifty out of two hundred men in killed and wounded. Captain Clough, commanding the regiment, was wounded when the retreat commenced, and Captain Parker took command. That night the regiment took its old position in the trench, and the next day marched to Bermuda Hundred, under a burning sun, from which the tired soldiers suffered very much. Here the regiment had twelve days of rest, except their turn on picket.

Another movement was to be made north of the James simultaneously with one on the Weldon Railroad. The Tenth Corps crossed the river in the night of the 13th of August and at break of day the leading brigade took the enemy's outer line of works. The negroes handsomely redeemed their reputation, which had suffered at the mine, by making a successful charge. The Fourth was engaged all day in skirmishing. The next day a movement was made to get in rear of the enemy's line at Malvern Hill, which was accomplished by Grant's well-known flanking operations. One brigade was kept closely skirmishing with the enemy, while another moved around to the right. A sorry accident closed the incidents of the day. Tim Reardon, a tall Milesian of Company G, mistaking the position of our forces, rode into the enemy's lines with sixteen canteens of whiskey, "a drop of comfort" for the Johnnies, but a sad mistake for poor Tim and his expectant comrades. During the night, while guarding one of the main thoroughfares leading to Richmond, Lieut. Stephen J. Wentworth of Company K, a brave young officer, fell while leading his company forward as skirmishers, in a sharp encounter with the enemy, who made their appearance in a thick wood.

On the morning of the 16th General Terry's division, in a gallant charge, took a strong line of works in the rear of Malvern Hill. The enemy advanced in strong force and attempted to recapture the line. The division slowly withdrew behind the breastworks, but with heavy loss. The enemy closely followed and charged fiercely on the line of works, but were sent quickly back with broken ranks. Several officers in command of the

brigade were wounded, and Captain Parker of the Fourth succeeded to the command and while the forward movement was being made directed the change of position, but in his turn was disabled by a severe wound in the neck, just as the enemy were repulsed. A second charge was made by the rebels with more success. The Fourth lost in the action forty-five men killed and wounded. Captain Hobbs of Company A took command of the regiment and the Tenth Corps shortly withdrew to Bermuda Hundred. A captain was in command of the brigade and only one captain was left for duty in the Fourth Regiment.

After a few days of rest the second division was again moved to the front of Petersburg, and took position under the constant dropping of iron and lead from the rebel lines. The time of enlistment of the original men expired on the 18th of September, when Lieutenant-Colonel Drew, several other officers, and one hundred and seventy-four enlisted men took their departure for New Hampshire. Of the three hundred and eighty-eight who reenlisted in February, and over seven hundred recruits, only a small number remained fit for duty, and at the attack on Fort Gilmer, on the 29th of September, only forty men could be mustered for the fight. This was one of the bloodiest battles in which the regiment was ever engaged. Until near the middle of December the Fourth was engaged in picket and trench duty north of the James.

On the 12th of December, an expedition against Fort Fisher having been planned, a fleet with a large number of troops on board left Hampton Roads, and landed on the 24th. After a careful survey General Weitzel decided that the fort was impregnable by direct assault, and the expeditionary corps returned to their former position north of the James, and went into winter quarters near the picket line. A second expeditionary corps against Fort Fisher was organized, in which General Terry was to command and General Ames was to do the hard fighting, composed of troops who had shown valor under the most trying circumstances. Every man of the Fourth Regiment capable of doing duty was brought into the ranks, and the regiment was commanded by Capt. John H. Roberts. On the 13th of January,

1865, the fleet moved into line and opened fire. The troops were landed through a heavy surf on a hard beach, about five miles north of the fort. General Paine's division and General Abbott's brigade were sent to prevent an advance from the enemy above. General Ames formed his division across the narrow tongue of land which separates Cape Fear river from the ocean, and moved forward about two miles toward the fort, where he threw up a hasty line of works and made a careful reconnoissance. The bombardment, scarcely paralleled in history, which paved Fort Fisher with iron, continued without cessation till three o'clock on the afternoon of the 15th. This was one of the very strongest of the rebel works, and it was to be determined whether or not it could be taken; and this little veteran division, consisting of men from New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, and Indiana, led by General Ames, had this momentous question entrusted to their hands. It was a duty to make the stoutest heart quail. A force of marines at first charged the sea-face of the fort and were repulsed after a gallant fight. Just at the instant when the rebel garrison were crowding to the sea-face, exultant with their victory, and pouring their fire into the retreating marines, General Curtis's brigade dashed forward upon the angle near Cape Fear river, closely followed by Pennypacker's and Bell's brigades. The movement was successful. The gate and one mound were gained, though the road to the former lay over a broken bridge, enfiladed and crossed by a murderous fire. Gallantly leading his brigade, Colonel Bell had almost gained the bridge, when a shot struck him, and he fell, mortally wounded. A moment later and the tattered colors of his regiment were planted on the first mound of the fort. Thus fell the colonel of the Fourth New Hampshire, dearly beloved and deeply mourned by his brigade. Dignified, yet genial; brave, yet cautious; never sacrificing lives uselessly; ever ready to share danger and hardship with his men; no influence or peril could deter him from doing his duty, or shake a resolution once formed.

The gate and capture mound formed the base of operations against the rest of the fort, though to any but iron-nerved men

it would have proved but a slender foothold, for the rebels still had the advantage of superior numbers—twelve mounds to one, and Fort Buchanan below, to rake the inside of the work. Admiral Porter kept up a continued and harassing fire. The division fought with the greatest desperation. The fire of the enemy was well directed and incessant. The contest continued till after ten o'clock in the evening, and nine of the traverses were taken. The men were almost exhausted and the ranks were fearfully decimated. The enemy's fire had almost ceased when General Abbott's brigade entered the fort, and the remainder of the rebels soon after surrendered. The fierce and prolonged struggle was over and victory was proclaimed by a blaze of rockets from the fleet and the triumphant cheers of the men on shore. Instances of individual gallantry in the Fourth Regiment were numerous, and many of them will never be known to the world. Captain Roberts, who had been in every battle, siege, and march of the regiment, was very active and efficient throughout the fight. Adjutant Challis was disabled in the first of the fight by a piece of shell, but recovered in time to assist in taking the fifth traverse, in which were rallied the colors of seven different regiments within the space of a few feet. There was a terrible conflict to gain the seventh, and quite a number of attempts had failed, when Adjutant Challis collected thirty-five men from the several regiments of the division and charged directly upon the rebel garrison. The fight was short, desperate, and successful. Color-Sergeant Plumer, who had planted the flag on the first mound, now, in advance of all, placed the broken standard on the eighth mound so near the rebel flag that the stars and stripes actually flapped against the southern cross. About this time he fell, badly wounded. Captain Huckins of Company K was specially complimented for his coolness and efficiency while acting upon the staff of General Ames, who was the leader and guide of every movement of the contest. That night, as all that were left of the Fourth New Hampshire were sleeping over a magazine, it suddenly exploded, thus adding to the already long list of casualties.

The regiment remained at Fort Fisher until the 11th of Feb-

ruary, when the advance on Wilmington was commenced. Captain Parker, who had been wounded at Deep Bottom, had been commissioned lieutenant colonel, and having recovered from his wound, returned to the regiment and assumed command. The rebel forces under General Hoke were stationed at Sugar Loaf Battery, about two miles from the picket line. A night expedition, planned to get into their rear, failed. Ames's division was ordered to Smithfield, on the opposite side of Cape Fear river, where they joined General Cox's division of the Twenty-third Corps, and by a rapid movement on the night of the 18th invested Fort Anderson just in time to find it evacuated, and pursued and fled beyond Wilmington, leaving the city in the possession of the Union army. Here the regiment had a period of needed rest. On the 10th of March the Tenth Army Corps marched to join General Sherman, on information that he had arrived at Fayetteville. Sherman's whole army passed the corps at Cox's bridge, fresh from their battle and victory at Averysboro. After a short rest the Tenth Corps was detailed to open and guard the railroad from Wilmington to Goldsborough. The Fourth was stationed along the road between Wilmington and Little Washington. Supplies having been forwarded to the main army, the whole force once more pushed on to finish the enemy. Lieutenant-Colonel Parker and Adjutant Challis were captured a short distance outside the picket line by a squad of Wheeler's cavalry, thus being afforded the pleasure of seeing the rebel army collapse when the news was received of Lee's surrender.

Through the exertions of Gov. Frederick Smyth, the Fourth was mustered out and arrived home on the 30th of August. The city of Manchester gave them a grand reception. Governor Smyth welcomed the regiment in an eloquent speech.

One hundred and forty veterans returned with the regiment. Fifty were mustered out in hospitals. During the four years 1,610 men were members of the Fourth. Of these, 282 were killed in action or died of disease; 340 were discharged for disability occasioned by wounds or disease, and 57 died in rebel prisons. Thus, after four years of arduous and honorable service, the Fourth Regiment ceased to exist as an organization and its members returned to their peaceful avocations.

SKETCHES AND POEMS

BY CHARLES A. CRESSEY, COMPANY E, FOURTH REGIMENT N. H. VOLS.

I have been asked to furnish some data for this history, and it is with the greatest pleasure that I contribute some incidents which I recorded in my daily journal, kept through my entire service.

I was born in Newbury, N. H., January 10, 1843. I lived for the most part of my early life in Manchester, and was there when the war broke out. I was then eighteen years of age. I enlisted in Captain Kelley's Company C of the First New Hampshire Regiment—three months' men.

I served to the end of this term and was discharged, but re-enlisted in the Fourth Regiment in Capt. T. L. Newell's Company E. Captain Newell afterward resigned and the command of the company passed to Capt. F. W. Parker. I was with the regiment until the battle of Drewry's Bluff, Va., where I was wounded in May, 1864, and went to the Chestnut Hill hospital in Germantown, Pa., near Philadelphia. I remained there until the expiration of my term of service and was discharged in October, 1864.

I entered the Methodist ministry in 1869, after a course of study in Tilton Seminary, Tilton, N. H., and became a member of the New Hampshire Conference, serving various charges in the state until 1882, when I removed to Minnesota, becoming a member of the Minnesota Conference, in which relation I have remained until the present time. When the Spanish-American War was called I was appointed by Governor Clough of Minnesota to the chaplaincy of the Thirteenth Regiment, Minnesota Volunteer Infantry, and served with the regiment in Manila during its entire service there.

Last fall (in 1909) I was retired from the active work of the ministry, having served thirty-five years in the "effective relation."

In 1869 I was married to Lizzie Allton of Tilton, N. H., my present wife. Three children have been born to us,—Lucy (now Mrs. L. M. Haight of Minneapolis, Minn.); Alice, who died in 1900 at St. Paul Park, Minn., in the twenty-sixth year of her age. The third child was Joseph, who married Lettie Leyde. (The family are now living in Newport, Minn.) About four years ago I built a cottage in Newport, where I now reside, within two blocks of the Mississippi river, on which stream I have had many a delightful paddle in my light canoe, which now lies under the porch of the cottage ready for still other trips in the spring. My health is fairly good for a man of my years and experiences. If I *am* baldheaded and wrinkled, the wisest men of the ages have been such, and I am in good company.

A severe, and almost fatal, sunstroke received in battle in the Philippine Islands in 1899 (at the battle of Mariquina) still affects me somewhat, though in other respects I am pretty nearly as good as ever, and ready for another war should Uncle Sam need my services.

I have the most vivid recollections of the thousand-and-one incidents of those days of service in the dear old Fourth, and, from my journal, could produce many that the living comrades would recognize. The "old soldier" can never forget those days. The new generation little realize what we "boys of the '60's" went through. I have had a chance to compare the experiences of the Civil War with those of the Spanish War, in both of which I served, and all that we went through in the latter service was "a picnic" compared with the stern realities of the former. I was in two of the battles near Manila, but they hardly measured up to some of the skirmishes that have not found mention on the pages of the Civil War. The long marches, the fatigue duties, the hazardous picket duty, and the terrible battles of the Civil War can never be exaggerated.

We went to Hilton Head in the famous expedition of the fall of 1861. We saw the battle between the naval vessels and Forts

Walker and Beauregard, and were among the first troops to land after the forts were reduced. I remember that "seventh day of November, '61," when we landed after the battle, and the first night we spent on shore, having waded ashore from the surf-boats, and how we lay that night in battle-line, no fires being allowed.

We were set to work at once building batteries upon the island. It was hard work. We were at it continuously all winter. In that trying climate it was attended with a good deal of sickness and many of our regiment were off duty. The continuous digging in the sand, throwing up fortifications, left us little time to prepare for the "Sunday inspections" that Colonel Whipple insisted on. He was a disciplinarian, with every letter of the word emphasized. He could not tolerate a soldier who was not in apple-pie order at the inspections. I remember a soldier who appeared one Sunday morning at inspection with a gun that looked as though it had never been cleaned. As he passed it to Colonel Whipple, the latter, taking it into his hands, gave the soldier a look calculated to wither him and said, "What do you mean, sir, to appear on inspection with such a gun as that? You are a disgrace to your company and to the regiment!" The soldier saluted the colonel and replied, "I'm sorry, Colonel, that the gun is in no better condition; in fact, I am ashamed of it myself, but, Colonel, if you will come down to my tent I'll show you the brightest-looking shovel you ever saw!" The colonel saw the point and passed on without another word to the soldier.

Tom Whipple was dearly loved by the men of the regiment. He was kind to the men, while he expected every man to do his duty faithfully.

Some trouble broke out on the steamer "Baltic," the transport that took us to Hilton Head. The ship's stores had been broken into one night and, my bunk being near the scene of the trouble, I could not help seeing things. When the court-martial was called in the case of the prisoners I was summoned as one of the witnesses. I had resolved (according to the "unwritten law" among comrades) not to know anything about the

trouble, in which I had had no hand whatever, or tell any more than I was compelled to. I was shown into the cabin by the sergeant and saw the colonel sitting there at the table writing. I stood at "attention" until he looked up, and then, putting his pen behind his ear, he leaned back in his chair and looked at me. No one who ever saw Tom Whipple can forget those coal-black, piercing eyes, that, with eagle-like glance, seemed to *shoot* the beholder through and through. Tom looked at me with those eyes. It seemed to me at the time that if I had anything in my boots that I was trying to conceal from him those eyes would discover it. I can feel even now that searching glance that he gave me. It seemed to me that he was trying to read my innermost thought and purpose concerning my knowledge of the case on trial. I thought he looked at me about five minutes,—probably it was not a half minute. Then he said, "Soldier, you will tell me all that you know about this case."

Well, I told it, without "any evasion of mind whatever." When I ceased he asked the only question that came from his lips, "Is that all that you know about this case?"

"That is all, Colonel."

"You may go to your quarters. You are a very good witness."

Colonel Whipple was beloved by his men, and he loved his men, and took every opportunity, when occasion required, to emphasize that love. I heard him ask once, at an officers' meeting (I was on guard at the tent where the meeting was held), "Whom do you gentlemen suppose I care the most for, my officers or my men? My men, of course; *they* are the bulk and staff of the regiment!"

While he was with us he was a constant visitor at the hospital, and often carried in little delicacies to the sick and wounded, bought with his own money.

Any living comrade of the Fourth Regiment will confirm what I am saying of our beloved Col. Thomas J. Whipple.

Col. Louis Bell, who took command after Whipple's resignation, was a brave, true-hearted officer. He immediately won the confidence and respect of his men. I remember when we

made the successful charge on the enemy's outer works at Drewry's Bluff, Va. Colonel Bell placed himself three paces in front of the colors, and, turning to the regiment, he said, "Boys, I am going to lead you. I want every man to follow me!" And all along the line there was the response, "You bet we will!" And we did. He did not get above three paces from us in that charge. That was our first charge. We went through an old stubble pasture, then through an orchard, over two fences, and into the enemy's works, without the loss of a man!

In the loss of Colonel Bell, who was fatally wounded at Fort Fisher, the regiment and the service lost one of its best and bravest men. I could say much of other officers of the regiment in praise of their manly and soldierly qualities, but this will be said by others in better language than mine. The grand old Fourth was served by as good and as brave a set of officers and men as any regiment that went from the state. I was personally acquainted with every man of our Company E. They were as good a set of men as I ever knew, take them all in all.

In my "journal," the keeping of which was a daily duty through the entire service, I have the names of the original men of the company and can—even now—repeat those names as the sergeant (Tobie) used to call them at the morning and evening roll-calls. I look them over sometimes, and the very reading of them brings back a host of memories, almost too precious for words to describe. Dear boys! I learned to love them all. Many of them have taken "the long march" and are now camped somewhere, and it is the fervent hope of the writer that he may see them all again in the Peaceful Camp, where no call "to arms" shall ever break upon our ears.

Our sojourn at St. Augustine was a very pleasant one. The duties were light and the recuperation of the entire regiment, after our labors at Hilton Head, was wonderful. When we went to Florida many in the regiment were off duty on account of illness, but when we left there, in the early fall of 1862, there was reported only one man sick in the hospital, and he was doing well.

We were first quartered in the old barracks where General Scott had his headquarters during the Florida trouble, in his early days. We were then ordered to the fort, which we helped to repair, and afterward made our camp on the sand-patch back of the fort. This was a pleasant camp. Many interesting experiences are remembered by the surviving comrades.

I wonder if any of them now living remember the night we were all turned out in a hurry by the "long roll" in the midnight hours, and how the echoes were awakened by the booming of a big gun in the fort as a shell went screeching out into the country, while we were skirmishing in battle-line for an hour or so for the enemy, who did not materialize? When we got back to camp three of our comrades came out of the tent, rubbing their eyes and asking what the trouble was all about. They had not heard the alarm (?), but it leaked out, in the course of a day or two, that these fellows had been out stealing watermelons and were challenged by a picket, and, not responding, were fired upon, and this started the alarm.

I was on picket at the old sawmill one night and before going out to my post I had incidently remarked to my chum, E. O. Hill, that there was a fine watermelon patch near my post and that he had better come up after roll-call and get some of them. He promised to do so; but I forgot all about what I had said to him and about eleven o'clock, as I was watching down a long orange-tree-bordered road for any who might be inclined to run the pickets that night and get out into the country, I saw a shadowy form creeping along under the shade of the trees, and it looked suspicious. I waited until the fellow was near enough to make sure of my aim, if I had to fire, and challenged him. "Halt!" But he didn't halt. I raised the rifle. "Halt! or I fire!" Instantly a low voice replied, "Cressy, for God's sake, don't fire!" I recognized the voice of my chum, Hill! He had eluded all the guards and had come up to get the watermelons! But I had come within a second of pulling trigger on him! Without a thought of his narrow escape, he said, "Where's the melons?" How vividly all this comes back to me now. I can almost taste the delicious flavor of those melons (two big ones)

that Ed brought over from the patch to the old mill, while we sat there and discussed them. Hearing "the grand rounds" down at the next post, at the bridge, he said, "I must get back to camp." Does Ed remember all this?

We were unloading some big guns from a ship that had pulled alongside the rickety old wharf in the river, and I was on detail. There were forty of us. We had got a gun on rollers about half way from the ship to the end of the wharf when a rest was called, and I, with my "bunkie," Jim Mokler, had gone across the street and sat down in the shade on the steps at the postoffice. The day was hot, the work was hard, and we were glad of a moment's rest. When the order "Fall in!" was given I said to Jim, "Sit still! There's enough there to trundle the gun, and let's take it easy until we are missed." The rest of the detail got to work and had not moved the gun three feet when the wharf broke down, and gun, men, and all went through to the water and mud below! The roll was instantly called to find out how many were killed or injured, when it was found that only one man was seriously hurt. That was the only time in my service when my laziness saved me. Possibly it was "providential(?)."

We built batteries enough on Folly Island, at the upper end of it, and in close proximity to Morris Island, to mount forty guns, including mortars. They were masked batteries and we built them all under cover of the night, going up to our work in the darkness and leaving before the dawn. I recall the fact that I worked at the job seven nights in succession, getting what sleep I could get under the shade of the trees in camp. We worked in as perfect silence as we could maintain, no talking being allowed.

The night before we opened fire from these batteries on the defenses across the narrow ship-channel, at the lower end of Morris Island, we were looking for an attack from the enemy. It seems that the officer in command of the forces across the channel had advised the attack after what he deemed a very careful examination of the ground on which our batteries were being built. He reported that we evidently had no defenses

there, and advised that two or three hundred men should cross the narrow channel after nightfall and drive in our pickets. For some reason this plan was not carried out, but, had it been, we could have buried up the attacking party with our shovels, without firing a shot. We had between four and five thousand men at work on the batteries that night.

At sunrise the next morning we opened fire from those forty guns and the capture of the lower end of Morris Island resulted. The enemy were chased by our flying columns into the walls of Fort Wagner, and, after two unsuccessful charges by our forces upon the work, we commenced the siege which resulted in the capture of the fort and the adjoining batteries. I need not describe the final occupation of Fort Wagner. It was one of the strongest earthworks in the confederacy, it was said.

In the early morning following the night of its capture, as we were advancing on Battery Gregg at the extreme end of the island, under the impression that the enemy would make a desperate stand there, as we were making our way slowly along the edge of the marsh, an amusing incident occurred. The James Island batteries were throwing mortar shells over in our direction. Most of them fell short, dropping into the marsh at our left. A shot fell pretty near the line of troops, and a soldier of one of the companies just ahead of ours, after the shell had exploded, leaving a pretty good-sized hole in the mud, ran out of the ranks and, jumping into the hole, swung his cap toward James Island and exclaimed, "Fire away, Johnnie, you can't hit twice in the same spot!" Almost immediately another shell dropped within a few feet of him and exploded, blowing out about a cartload of mud and nearly covering the soldier, when he added, with but a few seconds' interruption, "No, but you come so 'gol darned' near it that there's no fun in it!"

We had a battery out in the marsh at the left of the island, and pretty near to James Island, known as "The Swamp Angel." It was built for the purpose of throwing shells from it into Charleston, a little over three miles distant. About thirty shells had been thrown, when the breech of the gun blew off and

the gun leaped from its carriage and lay upon the parapet. I have had my head and shoulders in the breech of that gun a dozen times to dodge the shells from the James Island batteries.

The going out there to do picket duty was not a pleasant job. We had to walk out along a narrow plank footbridge, across the marsh, and the place was damp and there was no shelter of any kind. The mosquitoes were terrible. If a fellow could get out of going there honorably he was not squeamish about it.

While we had to guard this point a disease known as "moon-blindness" broke out and spread with alarming rapidity. (The rapid spread of the disease was, perhaps, owing to the fact that a soldier had obtained his discharge on account of "moon-blindness.") One or two of our company caught the disease. I remember an Irish soldier of our company, whom we used to call "Daddy ——," who caught it, and had it bad. One night he was detailed to go out to the "Swamp Angel," but he complained that he could not see and tried to get excused from duty. The captain had no faith in his complaint and ordered him into line with the rest of us.

He protested, "Sure, Cap'n, I can't see a thing after dark an' I'll be fallin' off the walk, sure I will."

The captain told him to shut up and get into his place. "Daddy ——" took his place in line, and we started off. He stumbled along, fell down several times, and had to be helped up, and when we got well out into the marsh the fellow actually walked off the walk and fell about four or five feet into the soft mud of the marsh below. The tide was in and there was nearly two feet of water on the surface of the marsh.

The captain ordered two men down to fish him out and then sent him back to camp. But the captain was not satisfied that it *was* a clear case of "moon-blindness" and sent a detective to watch him, and the next night "Daddy" was caught playing "seven-up" behind a blanket screen that he had hung across the rear of his tent. He was hustled out and sent to the front, and had no further trouble with his "moon-blindness."

One experience, among hundreds that I recall, in connection with the siege of Fort Wagner was the rolling of a "fascine" into

place at the front to serve as a basis for a new battery. The engineers had got it all ready to be placed in position. It was constructed of a large number of saplings bound together in a big roll, about as large as a hogshead. It was bound together with heavy wires. They had put it together behind one of the farthest bluffs, and it was desired to get it into place in advance of our lines and on ground swept by the fire of the enemy. It was a dangerous undertaking. I was one of about fifteen men detailed to roll the "fascine" into position. The engineers had left it behind the bluff and we were to roll it from there, about an eighth of a mile, to the point where it was designed to erect the new battery.

We knew that the moment it was exposed to the enemy's view we should get it good and hot from the fort that had us in range. The plan was to get behind the "fascine," and, upon our knees, working, roll it before us to the point where it was desired to place it. We had no sooner got it into view of the enemy than the fire opened upon us. How the grape and canister did screech and howl around us! Several times the "fascine" was struck, but the thick roll of saplings was a good protection, provided we kept our heads down. It was hard work to roll that heavy bundle of saplings.

The course led through deep, dry sand that was blistering hot under the rays of a July sun. But we kept down to business, and slowly it moved, while the bullets and the hurtling grape ploughed up the sand about us. We had to carry shovels along with us, and when we got it into position we had to throw a large quantity of sand over to the front side of the "fascine," working upon our knees, until we had excavated a place deep enough to admit of our standing and still have our heads sheltered from shots that were incessantly playing about us.

We got the thing in place without a man of us being hit, but it was a trying piece of work. We thus laid the foundation of a battery that did fine execution after the guns were mounted in it that night.

The sharpshooters in Fort Wagner did us a good deal of damage. They were constantly on the watch to get a shot at us,

and the exposure of a head, or even an elbow, meant a shot at it from a sharpshooter. We had to retaliate by having sharpshooters of our own constantly on the lookout in the trenches.

I was acting in this capacity one day, and had taken a shot at "my man," an officer, as I could see by his dress, sword, sash, and the field-glass with which he was taking an observation of our works. I do not know whether I hit him or no. I have always hoped that I did not, but a few minutes after I had fired there came a twenty-pound shell, aimed at the embankment behind which I stood, and which passed entirely through the bank and dropped so near me that I could easily have touched it with my hand. If it had exploded I would not now be telling this story. There were a dozen of us around that shell. Instantly a corporal in Company B of our regiment caught up that shell and threw it over the bank. It did not burst! The earth through which it had passed put out the fuse. It was a brave deed. I asked the corporal, "What made you think to do that so quickly?"

He gave the laconic answer, "I didn't want the d—d thing bustin' under my nose!"

They had a negro sharpshooter in Fort Wagner who got in some deadly work on us. He had wounded several of the engineers and men, and was "a dead shot" if he got a sight of a man. It became necessary to detail an expert shot from a Pennsylvania regiment, an old hunter, who had a telescope rifle, to watch for the negro. He took up his station in an unused part of the intrenchment and for two whole days, during which time he never left his post, he "laid for him." The next day he brought down his man.

The rebels took that negro's body outside the fort and laid it where they were certain that we would run a new intrenchment, and left him exposed, in full view of us all. They first buried a "torpedo" in the sand, tied a string to the dead negro's wrist, and connected it with a gunlock on the torpedo, and waited results. They concluded that we would dig up to the body and then pull it down into the trench and bury it humanely, and be blown in pieces by that torpedo. We had dug

pretty close to the body. The stench was awful. We had almost reached it when the engineer said, "Hold on, boys! Don't touch that body till we investigate!"

A careful examination was made and the string was discovered tied to his wrist and running into the ground. This was severed and then the body was pulled away and buried. An eight-gallon cask was found under the body, loaded with all sorts of explosive matter,—bullets, pieces of shell, etc. I saw it carried to the rear upon a "stretcher."

The surviving comrades of the entire regiment will remember with unceasing pleasure Captain Sanborn of Company K. He was the soul of kindness and was beloved of all who knew him. I remember a day when a large detail of us was doing picket duty on Ladie's Island, S. C. We were nearly out of rations, for the reason that a supply ordered had failed to reach us. We had been eking out the remnants left in the haversacks, and I had one hardtack left. There was the usual amount of grumbling, for, in fact, we were hungry. Captain Sanborn was officer of the guard. We sat, a half dozen of us, amid the live-oaks, wishing for a good square meal, when along came the captain, who said in his always cheerful voice, "How goes it, boys?" "We are all right, Captain, but awful hungry," someone answered.

Without another word he emptied out the entire contents of his own haversack and then said, "Boys, you are welcome to this. It is all I have, but I am glad to share it with you."

Do you think a soldier touched a morsel of it? No. It was an act of kindness and sympathy that touched our hearts, and we forgot that we were hungry in our love for the dear captain who exhibited this "touch of human kindness." If he shall ever read these lines, let him know that his sympathy for us on that occasion is an undying memory.

The captain was as cool and self-possessed in danger as any man I ever saw. I was on guard one Sunday morning in the trenches on Morris Island. We were then very close up to Fort Wagner, within pistol shot. The terrible fire from the heavy guns in our batteries had left its marks upon the parapets

of the fort and in one place a huge shell had blown out a cart-load of earth, leaving a depression several feet lower than the rest of the embankment. The captain came along in his round of visits to the guard and stopped to chat a moment with me, and, together, we turned to look at the effect of our shells on the earthwork in front of us. Our heads were exposed above the top of the intrenchment behind which we stood, when there was a puff of smoke from a sharpshooter in the fort and a rifle bullet whistled between us, so near, in fact, that we both felt the "wind of it" on our cheeks. The captain with a coolness I can never forget said, "I guess they mean us." We had barely stepped aside when another bullet from the same source passed exactly the spot where we had been standing. I presume the captain has forgotten all about it.

The living members of the regiment will remember the fight at Pocotaligo, S. C. We were going up in "column by division." Captain Sanborn was in charge of the division in which our company was at the time. We were making our way across a cotton field and the heavy ridges disarranged the formation to a considerable extent, and we were taking a pretty hot fire from the enemy's battery in front of us, and there was no little excitement among the men when Captain Sanborn turned and faced the line and said, in a voice as cool and calm as he would use in company drill, "Take it coolly, boys, take it coolly!" His own coolness inspired us.

Captain Sanborn was a Christian man, if there was one in the regiment, and I recall several instances in which he stood with us in the little prayer circles that a few of us held from time to time on the parade ground, after the duties of the day were over.

One man of his company, Private Bagley, was a very dear Christian friend of mine, and helped me much in my first endeavors toward the life of Christian faith. He was as true and faithful as any man I knew in the regiment. I shall never forget my last interview with him. We had gone to the front, (this was on Morris Island), and Bagley and I were to occupy an advanced post in front of our intrenchments. When we ar-

rived in the trenches, after dark, the fire from the enemy's batteries was so intensely hot that we took shelter in a little "bombproof" that was barely large enough to give us protection. Shells were bursting all about us. There was nothing to do but to wait until the fire slackened, and, while waiting there, Bagley suggested that we pray. We both knelt in the sand and he prayed. I never heard such a prayer as that faithful soldier offered. It seemed to me that he was consciously talking with God. It moved me deeply and I can never forget it. He had barely closed his prayer when the sergeant called us out to station us on our post. Within five minutes after his prayer Bagley was killed by a bursting shell,—it always seemed to me, while his earnest prayer was going before him to announce his coming. I have said many times since to my congregations, to whom I have narrated this incident, that "a prayer circle is a good place from which to go to heaven," where I hope to see that dear comrade not many years hence.

I could relate many stirring incidents in connection with our experiences in the siege of Fort Wagner. We were under fire all the time, whether in the trenches or in the camp, as our camp was always within range of the batteries that shelled us from several different points. It was no uncommon thing for a mortar-shell to drop among the tents from the "marsh hen," one of the batteries on James Island. Fort Sumter had us in range until her guns were dismounted by shot from our batteries. Fort Wagner could easily drop a shell into camp at any time, though the bluffs gave us a little protection. Picket duty at the front was dangerous business, though we were at the business pretty often, as many important posts had to be closely guarded.

Two of the boys of our company of whom I have a lasting remembrance were George Harris and Charles Allen. They were chums. We knew them as "The Colonel and Bob." Truer friends than they were to each other I never knew. They were totally unlike in their make-up and characteristics, but they were sworn friends from first to last. I have seen those fellows in a make-believe altercation, when the rest of us thought (till we

came to know them better) that blows would be the end of it, hug each other like people in their first love. They were always together, as tent-mates, on picket duty, in action, and everywhere. Such perfect confidence had each in the other (a confidence that was never betrayed) that they had but one purse between them. "Mine and thine" were words for which they had no use. They were among the best and most faithful soldiers. They could always be depended on in every duty to which they were assigned. The entire company respected them. I never saw them in "the blues." They were the soul of cheerfulness under all circumstances. Their good spirits, genial natures, and their love of fun made them the life of the camp under many trying circumstances. They were brave men. I never saw either of them show the least fear or cowardice in action.

One incident, in connection with "Colonel Harris," I shall always remember. My Christian life began in the army. I was converted (if I ever was) on Folly Island, S. C. I owe this event in my life largely to the Christian influence of a dear comrade, A. D. Flagg. He afterward became a preacher. From the time of my conversion I tried to lead a Christian life. It was not an easy thing to do in camp, and I was frequently made the butt of jokes and gibes on the part of some of my comrades. It was not in any spirit of malevolence, but more often for the reason that certain ones wanted something or some one to poke fun at. I am sure that, at heart, I had the respect of my comrades, and I have never laid up a thought of ill will toward any one of them on account of this (sometimes rather trying) pleasantry. They were all better men than their words would often indicate.

One rainy day I was in the tent with Harris and several other comrades, and there seemed to be a disposition on the part of some of them to make me the innocent object of some sharp, cutting remarks with reference to the new purpose I had formed, all of which I bore without a word of remonstrance. It continued for a time, with the evident purpose of making me angry, to make me "fire back."

Harris had taken no part in it and I saw by his looks that he was displeased. It finally went so far as to rouse his indignation, and, jumping to his feet, with an expression of determination I shall never forget, he said, "Now look here, boys, you've carried this thing a d—d sight too far, and by the —, the first word another man utters on this line I'll put him out of this tent, end over end! Now who wants to begin?"

No one began and the bantering ceased. I had no further persecution from that time forward.

Dear boys! I learned to love even the worst of them. They did not mean it as unkindness. Oh, no. They had nothing else to do. That coming of Harris to my support changed the order of things. I do not recall a taunt of any kind from that time.

After the war I became pastor of the church in Hudson, and Harris, who lived across the river, in Nashua, was, with his faithful wife, and Allen, also, frequently in my congregation. During Harris's last illness I was a constant, and always a most welcome, visitor at his bedside. When he died I was invited, at his own request, to officiate at his funeral. He had become one of the best friends I had. I thank God for my precious memory of him. I expect to meet him again.

I wonder if "Dan Silk"—Charlie Philbrick—is still living! It never seemed to me that he *could* die, without getting off a joke on Death himself. And that fiddle that "Dan" used to play, what has become of it? And how many strings has it now? I recall that several of us contributed to buy the instrument for him, and how the evening shadows were made musical around the campfires when "Dan" tuned up the old fiddle. Finally, a string broke, and the player had to go it on three strings, and it didn't seem to make any difference with the music. And then another broke, but the sweet strains lost nothing of their sweetness while *two* strings were left, and then, after a while the third string was *non est*, but "Dan" didn't seem to mind it and would torture that old fiddle till it would fairly squeal out some of the sweetest music. "Dan Silk" was the "wag" of the company. We often owed it to him that we did not have "the blues."

Then there was "Kill Craft, the hangman,"—Spaulding, I mean. What has become of him? The last time I saw him he was in Boston. If there were any "watermealions," or grapes, or oranges, or bananas, or anything else, in fact, to be had (with or *without* money) "Kill Craft" knew where to get them. (I refer especially to our sojourn in St. Augustine.) I remember a day when he and several of us had obtained a "pass" to stroll about the city, and "Kill Craft" bought(?) a lot of watermelons for our entertainment. Willand, Harris, Allen, Mokler, and one or two others, and "Dan Silk" among them, were in the party. How delicious those watermelons were as we ate them under the orange trees! "Kill Craft" (this is confidential) didn't mean to pay for them, but he did,—a little later.

The boys all remember that fancy dish that we used to prepare, when necessity compelled, under the euphonic name of "slobgollion." Some called it "Delaware hash" because we first discovered how to prepare it on board the steamer "Delaware." The beauty about this dish was that you could make it of anything you happened to have on hand. A hardtack, a bit of pork, and water were the essentials, and a potato added improved it wonderfully, while an onion made it superfine. We were often reduced to the necessity of concocting this dish, when it was "slobgollion" or nothing. I remember, after the war, I was at a G. A. R. gathering when "Marching Through Georgia" was sung. At the close of the song I said, "I'll give you an original verse that will go in that tune," and I then repeated the following:

A fancy dish we used to make,
'Twould give a cook his fame;
Any old stuff to make it of
Would answer all the same;
And when the dish was all prepared,
"Slobgollion" was its name,
While we were marching through Georgia.

A lady to whom I once repeated the lines said, "What did you call that dish?"

"Slobgollion," I answered.

"Why, I never heard that name before," she replied.

"Neither did I, until we discovered how to make it," I continued.

"But what made you call it 'slobgollion'?" she inquired.

"Because it looked and tasted like one."

"And what is a 'slobgollion'?"

"I don't know—never saw any one that did."

"Hardtack" was one of the very essentials of a soldier's fare. During the entire service (with few exceptions) it was mostly the "animated" kind, i. e., bread and meat combined. We generally shook out the "meat," not being specially fond of the delicacy.

I wrote a poem after the war, under the title

THE ANIMATED HARDTACK.

Many a dinner have we eaten, which, altho' it might be beaten,
Was the best the times afforded, best that Uncle Sam could get,
When the hardtack of our portion was instinct with life and
motion,
When th' abundant life within it made it oft "git up and git!"

'Tis said (of course it must be true)
A soldier went to get his ration.
He got some pork and hardtack, too,
Which filled his will and expectation.

He sat him down upon the sand,
Prepared to eat his plain collation,
And then proceeded, soldier-like,
To "charge" and then surround his ration.

He for his hardtack reached his hand,
But, lo! 'twas not where he had laid it!
He saw it moving on the sand!
And well the soldier knew what made it!

The bread, of course, possessed no life,
But then, I'll swear there was life in it!
This makes, of course, a paradox
We cannot solve,—we'll not begin it.

His captain came along just then.

He called the cap's attention to it,—
The hardtack moving on the sand,—
And asked the "cap" what made it do it.

The captain looked and said 'twas queer.

He thought it "*very* strange was, *very*,"
Then told the soldier, with a leer:
"Go take it to the commissary!"

"No need of that," the soldier said.

"Let's lay that order on the table,
For, don't you see, such 'living bread'
Will go itself, it being able.

"I'll get a patent on that bread,

I'll put upon it bit and rein,
And then the mighty forces there
Will draw the whole blamed baggage train!

My uncle, Amos Cressy, was in the same company with me. He enlisted in Manchester at the time the company was organized. He was a good and faithful soldier, loved and respected by all the boys. At the battle of Drewry's Bluff, on that fatal Monday when our forces were driven back, Amos was wounded, taken prisoner, and died in Libby prison after a short confinement there. I was wounded on Sunday morning, and the last time I saw Amos was when I fell in line with the boys after I was hit and was told by the captain to "fall out and go to the rear." I shall never forget the look of sympathy and anxiety on his face when he saw that I was wounded. He and my father both died prisoners of war, the latter at Salisbury prison, S. C. Father was in the Seventh New Hampshire Regiment. After being wounded, and spending a few days in the field hospital at Bermuda Hundred, I was taken to Chestnut Hill hospital, Philadelphia, and remained there until the expiration of my term of service, the following October, 1864.

While we were on the way to Florida, in the spring of 1862, while we were lying in Warsaw Sound for a few days, there came to us from St. Catharine's Island, seventeen miles away, a negro

and a companion who had seen the flag of the "Wabash" and knew that it meant liberty for them if they could reach it. They delivered themselves up, and one of them, a full-blooded negro, who called himself "Cap'n Harris," came to our company and served as cook, and then as servant to the captain. He was one of the most devoted men, in his faithfulness to our interests, that I ever saw. If there was ever a Christian man, he certainly was one. He could neither read nor write. He was anxious to learn, however, and I undertook to teach him his letters from an old spelling-book that he had picked up somewhere. Many and many a night have I sat beside him at the campfires and taught him out of that old spelling-book.

He used to tell me stories of his slave-life. One night, I remember, he told me of an awful whipping that he had received for an (unsuccessful) attempt to run away. He was tied to a tree and lashed until he was unconscious. He completed the story by pulling off his shirt and showing me his naked back. I rubbed my hand over it and it felt like rubbing my hand over a washboard! His back was in ridges from that lashing!

I have said that he was a Christian. One day, a Sunday, we had gone down to headquarters (from our picket post on Ladies' Island, S. C.) to get some rations. We went down the river in a boat. Arrived at the old plantation house, the headquarters of the post, I found that "Cap'n Harris" was holding a preaching service on the large veranda of the mansion. There were assembled a large company of the negroes on the plantation, also some of the soldiers. He was about to begin the service when we arrived. Seeing me, he invited me to read the Scriptures for him. I complied with his invitation, and, for the first time in my life, I took part in a public preaching service. I shall never forget that sermon from the lips of that old negro. Eloquence! It was the most eloquent sermon I ever heard from human lips. His pathos and tenderness moved me deeply. Such an appeal as he made! It rings in my ears as I write these lines.

When we went to the battle of Pocotaligo he went with us, as a servant to Captain Parker. The captain, anticipating a

fight, had taken along a supply of hospital stores, bandages, lint, and several things that might be needed for wounded men, and, after the action had commenced, these things were soon exhausted, and the captain said to the negro, "I wish I had taken the rest of those supplies; we need them." "I's got 'em, Cap'n! I's got 'em!" said Harris, and he brought out a bundle of things tied up in an old bandana handkerchief that he had brought along, of his own accord, thinking that they might be needed.

During the fight I saw that faithful negro on the field where the bullets were the thickest, caring for wounded men. He would pick up a wounded man as tenderly as a mother could take up a suffering child. In his trips to the field he came to where a wounded rebel was lying, and the rebel with a haughty insolence, said, "Here, you nig, come and take care of me!"

Harris walked up to him, and thrusting his hand into his breast, as though to draw a weapon, answered, "I'll take care of you, sah!"

The Johnnie, thinking the darky would shoot him, begged for his life. Harris looked at him a moment and then said, "I gibs you to understand, sah, dat I takes care of my own men first, and den I'll look after you!" He picked up a wounded Union man and carried him off and then went back and got the rebel.

Harris remained with us until we left Beaufort, S. C. I never saw him afterward. I shall always think of him as one of the most brave and devoted colored men that I ever saw.

Among all the men of our company I have as vivid and, in some respects, as tender remembrance of Jack Stewart as of any of them. Jack was a character, with a big C. He was an Englishman, and we were told that he had been in the English service. He and his comrade, Brown, were chums. If one was in the guardhouse, it was safe to bet that the other was with him, and both were there a good part of the time. I came to love Stewart, and the incident that won my heart to him occurred while we were in Florida. We had gone out into the country one very hot day on a scout. We had marched about eight miles into the interior, and about noon reached an old

plantation. We were thoroughly exhausted with the sultry heat of the swamp through which we had marched, and we turned into the plantation yard to rest. Men were fainting, and Jack had fallen in a faint, overcome by the terrible heat. What followed I have tried to tell in a poem, written a short time ago. I read this before one of the G. A. R. posts in St. Paul.

HOW I FOUND JACK'S HEART.

I used to think of Stewart as the meanest man we had
In all the company. He seemed most ev'rything that's bad,—
Nearly always in the guardhouse, or if he wasn't there,
You'd bet your bottom dollar he was somewhere "on a tear."

Tho' what I say of him is true, he had a kindly heart,
And when he came to love you he would act a brother's part.
I found this out, to my surprise, one day while on a scout,
And what I then discovered put his meanness all to rout.

I'd thought of him as lacking the qualities called human,
But found his heart as tender, aye, as the heart of woman;
And, from that time, I had no friend so true to me as he.
He'd do me any favor, with a soul of sympathy.

We'd marched eight miles or more that day, while out upon a
scout.

The day was most intensely hot; the boys were all played out
With heat and thirst when we had reached an old plantation
ground,

Where, under tall palmetto trees, we cooling shelter found.

But Jack had fallen in a faint (I thought that he was dead),
With face so pale, the hot sun beating down upon his head.
I got a comrade's help, and then we drew him 'neath the shade,
Where, with my blouse and knapsack, I a pillow for him made.

I fanned him, bathed his neck and wrists with water from the well,
And kept it up until I'd overcome the fainting spell,
When he looked up and saw me, and, though suffering with pain.
He smiled at me, then heaved a sigh, and shut his eyes again.

I sat there full two hours or more and fanned him while he slept
Beneath the cooling shade, the while the flies I from him kept.
Tho' I was worn and weary, yet I sat beside him there
Until the order came, "Fall in!" again to camp to fare.

I gently woke him from his sleep. He took his place in line,
But not a syllable he spoke to answer word of mine;
Nor do I think he spake a word to comrade on the way,
As back again we marched to camp, that sultry summer day.

But after "roll" was called that night he to my quarters came
And put his head within my tent, and softly called my name:
"Come out, I want to speak wid ye!" I rose and went outside,
And there was Jack! He greeted me with both hands opened
wide.

And this is what he said: "'Twas kind, the thing ye did for me,
And I have come, my comrade, now, to gie my thanks to ye.
I've been too hard upon ye, but from this time on ye'll find
That Jack'll be the friend o' him who was to me sae kind.

"An' gin ye want a friend, or help, ye'll find that Jack's tne man
Will do the best he knows for ye, an' help ye all he can.
I have gold an' silver plenty, you're welcome aye to share;
Jack's got a heart, ye found it, an' 'tis beatin' for ye there!"

Dear Jack! I wish that I could tell how faithful, kind, and true
You were to me from that day on! I found a friend in you!
I never saw you after that hard fight at Drewry's Bluff,
Where many of our comrades fell. That fight was hot enough!

Ah, well do I recall that day, when, faint with heat and thirst,
We fought 'mid storms of shot and shell! It seemed that hell had
burst!

We held our grip, and no man flinched! It made the bravest
sweat,
And when it all comes back to me, my hair is rising yet!

And you were badly wounded, Jack, made prisoner beside,
And they took you down to "Libby," where soon, alas, you died.
I've mourned your loss most deeply, Jack, shall mourn it to the
end,

For when Death captured you he robbed me of a faithful friend.

I'm hoping we shall meet again, dear Jack, on yonder shore.
I want to see your kindly face and take your hand once more.
And whate'er good is mine to have, if Paradise I see,
I'll gladly share the best of it, dear Jack, my friend, with thee.

Our first introduction to the battle of Drewry's Bluff was on that Saturday, the 14th of May, 1864, if I am not mistaken. We were required to support a battery that was getting in good work on the enemy's lines just across the valley. We lay on the brow of the declivity, two regiments of us, though I have forgotten the name of the other one. But we lay there behind the battery the most part of the afternoon, taking a terrific fire from the enemy's battery. It was a trying position. Shot and shell were coming our way incessantly. We could see the fighting lines just ahead of us, and, when the thick smoke of the battle did not prevent, we could see the colors of the different regiments engaged. The roar of the battle was terrific. Reinforcements were constantly being added to the lines of the enemy, and still we lay there, supporting the battery in front of us. Personally, I would have hailed the order to "Charge!" with pleasure. To lie there and not fire a shot, while shells were bursting over our heads and ploughing up the ground around us, was a little trying to the bravest.

A few years afterward, while I was making a steamboat trip on Lake Champlain, I met a gentleman, about my own age, who, after talking with him awhile, I found was in the Confederate service, and on comparing notes and narrating some of our experiences, I discovered that this man was at the battle of Drewry's Bluff, in charge of the battery on the other side that had given us most of the shot and shell of which I have spoken. He told me certain incidents of the battle, and described the lay of the land so accurately that there could be no doubt of the correctness of his statements. In our conversation I found him to be a gentleman of the most pronounced type. He did not call me "Yank," and I did not call him "Johnnie," and we had a delightful time together during the whole trip. He invited me to dine with him in the cabin, and I shall never forget his warm invitation to me to visit him at his home in Norfolk, Va. He belonged to one of the old families of "Upshers," who were among the first families of Virginia. I have never seen him since, but I shall not forget the very pleasant day that I spent with him.

THE OLD ARMY CANTEEN.

How fresh are the memories, Comrades, of yore;
So fresh that to speak of them brings them once more
Before us, like visions, to cheer us along,
Like echoing strains of some dearly loved song.
While recounting those mem'ries so fresh and green
I'll sing you a song of the "Army Canteen."

The old army canteen as it hung by our side,
A friend through all trials, whate'er might betide.
To keep it well filled was the soldier's great care,
So that, wanting a drink, he could find it there.
The "old oaken bucket" had nothing, I ween,
Like the comfort we got from the old canteen.

How oft on the march, with sore, aching feet,
When we halted to rest from the sultry heat,
And lay in the shade of the sheltering trees,
And wished, oft in vain, for a fresh, cooling breeze,
Ah! then, as the sweetest of nectar, I ween,
Was the draught that we drank from the old canteen.

It sometimes held—Ah! tell it not, O ye Gods!
A stuff that would kill at a good forty rods.
How one could e'er drink it I never could tell,—
'Twas made by "Old Nick" with hot brimstone from—well,
One drink of the stuff was too many, I ween,
For the soldier to quaff from his old canteen.

On the lone picket post, when the hours passed slow,
While wearily pacing the beat to and fro,
With haversack empty, no hardtack to bite,
The cud of endurance we chewed through the night.
While stomach and hunger had nothing between,
How refreshing a draught from the old canteen!

By the campfires at night, where the stories were told,
As closely we huddled to keep out the cold,
Round the bright cheering fire, in the ashes of which
Potatoes were roasting, sweet, mellow, and rich,—
Such feasting! 'Twas luxury! More so, I ween,
Because we oft drank from the same old canteen!

There are some things in life that we never forget.
 Time works its sad change, but there cling to us yet
 Some memories fond that time cannot erase;
 In the heart of the soldiers they still hold their place.
 And to Memory's touch there rises, I ween,
 None more vivid or fresh than the army canteen.

There's a bond between comrades, stronger than steel;
 Fields red with their blood have placed on it their seal;
 It will never be broken while life shall last;
 It stronger grows yet by the memories past.
 Perhaps not the least among causes, I ween,
 Is this: We have drank from the same old canteen.

WITH COMPANY G, 1861-1864.

BY CAPT. WILLIAM W. MAYNE, CLAREMORE, OKLA.

Now I am going to give the following in exact words used, and in all more or less profanity was indulged in. You can cut it out if you wish to repeat what I am to write. Our "Irish Bull," as you may call it, was as follows: In the summer of 1862 seven companies of the Fourth Regiment were stationed at St. Augustine, Fla. My Company G was stationed on the outside of old Fort Marion. I was at that time first lieutenant of Company G. One morning the relief guard went down to the seawall to fire off their guns. Privates Thad Morrison and Owen Tully got into a mix-up. Morrison struck Tully on the side of the head with his rifle and paralyzed one side of Tully's body for the time being. I was in my tent in camp. They brought Tully up on a stretcher, set it down in front of my tent, and called to me. I went to the side of the stretcher on which Tully was lying, and I said, "Why, Tully, what on earth is the matter?" "Arra, arra, Lieutenant," says Tully, "it was little I ever thought that I would live to see the day I would go to my own funeral!" Tully came out all O. K. in a few days.

At the same camp, one day in August, one David Beede was acting as cook, and the men had been fed on beans until they were sick of them. I remember it was a very hot day. Now Beede was a regular New Hampshire "Yank" from up in the White Mountains, a fine, patriotic soul, who had two sons, William and Charles, all three in Company G. Both sons were killed afterwards, or later than when the following took place. One day the above-mentioned Beede came to my tent and said, "Lieutenant Mayne, I want you to come right down to the cook-house and see what on God's earth is the matter with my kettle

of beans." I said, "What is the trouble, Beede?" He said, "I don't know, Lieutenant Mayne, but there's more froth on top of that kettle of beans than there ever was in the mouth of the wrath of G—d." I went down to the cookhouse. While there I saw Mike McGough with his head stuck around the corner of the cookhouse, laughing to kill. I knew at once he was at the bottom of some mischief; he was always in some mix-up. Let me describe McGough: About five feet, eleven, thin as a Canadian match, mouth stretched from ear to ear, and a holy terror. "Well, Beede," I says, "something must be in the kettle besides beans and pork." "No, sir! no, sir! I put the beans and a good side of pork in, and the water. I know just what's in the kettle," he says. Now Beede had a big ladle, about three feet in length, and he would swat the froth off the top of the kettle and send it ten feet or more. I says, "Beede, dig down in the kettle. See if you can find anything." He did, and brought up two long bars of army soap, about half boiled away. "There," he says, "that's the work of them d—d 'Dover sperits.'" He named McGough, McGinnis, George Whitehouse, and Lee Legg the "Dover sperits," as they were from Dover, N. H. McGough put the soap in the kettle; said he was sick of beans. Nothing was done to him for the job.

About the 1st of October, 1862, Michael O'Flynn of Company G resigned, and all company property was turned over to me. First Lieutenant Gile took command of the company a few days later. One Jeremiah Sphelan of the company came to my quarters and asked how his clothing account stood. I looked over the books and told him. He had a book in which he claimed he kept account of every article of clothing ever issued to him. The book turned over to me by O'Flynn showed that Sphelan was charged an overcoat, pair of shoes, and other clothing never received by said Sphelan, and he expressed himself in no complimentary terms to O'Flynn. In fact, everything O'Flynn was responsible for he accounted for as issued to the men or on hand. A few days later we went on an expedition to Pocotaligo, S. C., where we had a pretty lively fight. The Fourth New Hampshire was moved in column by division, on

center division. My Company G and Company D formed the second division. I was in command of the division, Captain Badger acting as major, I being senior lieutenant. The rebels got range on us and were giving us fits from three pieces of artillery. I was sure warm. I was walking up and down in front of the division when a shell exploded just above and in front of the left of Company G. Two men were wounded and a piece of the shell cut the gun barrel of Sphelan's rifle clean off, just below the bayonet. I went to where the wounded men were. Sphelan was in an awful rage. I says to him, "Are you hit or are you hurt?" "No," he says, "I am neither hit nor hurt, bless God; the only hurt I have is from that d—d O'Flynn. May the d—l d—n his soul!" And, holding up what was left of his gun, he says, "Now, Lieutenant, tell me, will that be charged on my next year's account of clothing?" meaning, of course, the value of his gun. I had to laugh, and many of the men did the same. I could tell you many other laughable affairs, but will break away.

Here is what happened to me, and it was pretty generally known in the command at the time. I have no comments to make, only it is true, as I will relate. Capt. J. G. Wallace and myself used to chum together a great deal. Just before going to the Pocotaligo fight, I said to Wallace one morning, "I dreamed I was in a fight and got badly wounded." "When did you dream it?" says Wallace. "Last night," I said. Wallace looked spellbound, and for some time did not speak. At last he said, "Lieutenant, I had the same kind of a dream last night." We told the above to quite a few of the officers. They laughed at it. We went to Pocotaligo; had the fight just before we were wounded. Wallace's Company C and my Company G were on left of road, facing the rebels. We were lying down, Wallace's company on the right of mine. There was a creek between the rebels and us. Our companies were lying down, kind of sharpshooting. Captain Wallace was in front of me, with his left arm on my left shoulder, and one of the rebels got a line on us and shot. The bullet struck Wallace in the left arm, passed through his arm, and struck me in the left shoulder, and pene-

trated my left lung. It put us out of business for some time. When able to travel, we got leave of absence. Wallace went north; I went south, to St. Augustine, Fla. We both left Hilton Head, S. C., the same day. Wallace went north on steamship "Arrago"; I on steamship "Honduras," for the South. We could see each other's ship for hours. I was on leave sixty days; Wallace the same. Wallace returned to Hilton Head on the steamship "Fulton"; I on the "Ben D. Ford." We both arrived at Hilton Head, S. C., the same day, and went into our regimental camp the same day. What do you think of the above facts?

I will not trespass longer on your valuable time. In conclusion, I wish to say nothing regarding any individual acts of my company. I presume you have statements that such or such a company did this, that, or the other, independent of the other companies of the regiment. I have this to say, that Company G was always in the immediate vicinity when anything was going on.

"Rough, cold, and bleak, our little state
Is hard of soil, of limits strait;
Her yellow sands are sands alone,
Her only mines are ice and stone.
From autumn frost to April rain
Too long her winter woods complain;
From budding flower to falling leaf
Her summer time is all too brief."

WITH COMPANY K IN THE CIVIL WAR.

BY JOHN CROWELL ESTEY, FIRST SERGEANT, OF OAKLAND, CAL.

To the memory of the comrades of Company K, Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers, I pen these few lines. Something like a feeling of sadness comes over me as I look over the roster of Company K and find so few remaining with us. Then again, when I look for the many letters my brothers, Horace and Charles, and I sent home, many of them direct from the field of action, and am told that they were lost in the destruction of the old farm buildings where I was born in Londonderry, also note the absence of all the old forests, together with the people I used to know when in the full vigor of life, I find myself at a loss for words.

It is just forty-five years since I met with the comrades of the Fourth, and it was therefore a source of pleasure to meet with them on September 2, 1910, at Concord, it being the forty-fifth anniversary of our final discharge; this being also the first time during these forty-five years that I had been east of the Mississippi. Therefore, to meet again with even a few of those who so proudly marched down Elm street to take the cars which carried us from loved ones to the field of action in 1861, was a pleasure beyond expectation, for it carried me back in thought to the time when I stood fully six feet and more at the right of as noble, loyal, and self-sacrificing a company of soldiers, fifty or more of whom stood six feet in their stockings, as were to be found among all those answering Abraham Lincoln's call for help. Among those whom I met are Sergt. John Bartlett and First Sergt. J. G. Hutehinson and Corp. Samuel McDole, all of Manchester; Charles R. Frost of Londonderry, Capt. True Sanborn of Chichester, and Benjamin Frank Pettingill of Derry, the latter having lost his right eye by a bullet; Samuel Clarke of

Georgetown, Mass., who was all through Andersonville prison, with all its horrors. He it was who ministered to my brother Charles as he died in that prison.

There are many others of Company K I would like to mention, but to speak of all those we know so well, and of whom we always felt so proud, would occupy too much space in a work of this kind.

Those were days of youthful vigor, full of hope and confidence, and as we entered upon the active duties of the soldier life, whether we pitched our camp in the full-blown field of clover, or found our nightly rest in the bunk of some ocean transport, whether in the peaceful tent of a well-ordered camp, or in the trenches at the front, where the screeching ball and bursting shell, keeping company with the whistling bullet, became our lullaby at night and our reveille in the morning, Company K was always ready to obey orders and answer to the call of duty.

Among the original members of Company K there were twenty-six from Londonderry, and among these there was one individual in the person of Warren G. Pike, better known among the boys as "Ward" Pike. He did valiant service as a cook for Company K for quite a long time, during which time we were sent to Jacksonville, Fla., and as our force was small, even the cook had to do duty on picket. I remember being sent with sixteen men to guard one of the principal roads coming into Jacksonville from the north. We were sent out in the early morning on twenty-four-hour duty to the advance picket line. It was the day we were sent out, and not far from noon, that we allowed ourselves to be drawn into an ambush, which proved to be so much of a surprise that for a few minutes it looked as though we were captured for sure, and had it not been for the nervy way our boys acted, some of those sixteen would have had a different story to tell.

One man was stationed out on the road quite a distance in advance, and supposed to be in the direction of the enemy, while the other fifteen were in reserve, each man having his own musket, that is, the guns were not stacked, so we were quite

ready for action. About this time a litter of pigs, ten of them, and just old enough to make a good roast, came rooting around among the trees with their mother. Being on advance picket, one shot from us would turn out the whole camp, and perhaps this fact added to our danger. Pike told us how easy it would be to bag the whole lot, and not fire a shot, and told us how nice he could cook them, till we were getting real pig hungry. But we did not think the enemy was lurking so near; in fact, everything was so calm and serene that we were getting anxious for their capture. At last a move was made, and that, too, without precaution of throwing out another picket on our right flank to give us warning in case of a surprise, and so Pike led the way and told us how to act. We surrounded the pigs, mother and all. The first to escape was the mother, and her Methuselah-like age caused no regrets. Soon they began to get alarmed at our near approach and began to make breaks to run the blockade, and as they began to get excited, so did we. First one and then another would slip by, until the boys all became commanders, and each was issuing orders to the others about what to do as well as what not to do. This is what made it so easy for the enemy, for we had no extra man on guard. By now fully half of the pigs had escaped, and we, becoming desperate, made a charge toward the center, and Pike succeeded in running his bayonet through the skin of the neck of a pig; all the rest got away. We were making a fearful noise as we gathered around, each excitedly telling his own story, and I hollered a little louder than all the rest and said, "Pike, stick your bayonet into the ground or he will get off," and as he did so we were suddenly put on the defense by one of the most complete surprises that ever confronted a squad of brave soldiers. Pike's gun was holding the squealing pig, when I saw him give a tremendous jump, and just then I found myself sitting on the old sow's back, her mouth frothing and bigger than a shark's. She kept charging from one to another till every bayonet was more or less bent, except Pike's, which was used as a picket pin to tether out the pig. The enemy was weakening and by a charge along the whole line the breastworks were carried as well as the flanks, and victory was ours. The enemy surrendered. We had captured one pig of about ten pounds.

REMINISCENSES.

BY ISAAC WALLINGFORD HOBBS, PEMBROKE, N. H., FIRST LIEUTENANT
COMPANY F; CAPTAIN COMPANY A, FOURTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOL-
UNTEERS; CAPTAIN HANCOCK'S U. S. VETERAN CORPS.

It is now forty-six years since the close of the rebellion, now called the Civil War. To write of the scenes and events of the conflict is somewhat difficult, even to one who participated in them and kept no diary. The scenes and events may be firmly stamped on the tablets of the mind; the dates are wanting and the story a reminiscence.

When the flag of Fort Sumter was first fired upon, April 12, 1861, no community was more indignant than that of the good old town of Somersworth, New Hampshire. War meetings were held in the town hall and a recruiting office established in the rear of the Great Falls hotel. A company quickly formed for the First Regiment, but as that regiment was full, the company was reorganized for the Second Regiment.

Among those most liberal towards the volunteers was George William Burleigh, agent of the mills.

In this company there went as a lieutenant that true patriot, Joshua F. Littlefield, who was early promoted to captain, and was mortally wounded at Second Bull Run August 29, 1862, and died of his wounds September 17, 1862.

After the First Bull Run there was another war fever, of a somewhat different nature, but no less strong.

A recruiting office was opened by Capt. Orrin Brown in the same hall where the first company had been organized, and though the enlistment was not as lively, yet a company was soon recruited. There was a good supply of old "flintlock" muskets, and the company soon made a creditable appearance on the streets. This company afterwards became Company F, Fourth

New Hampshire Volunteers. Quite a number, whom we might call boys, had come from the neighboring towns of Maine, and made the best of soldiers.

At that period there was a scarcity of drill masters, so it was customary to call some one of the number to act as such. In this manner the present writer was called and as such remained.

Sometime in August the company was ordered to Fort Constitution. Their officers had been enlisted as follows: Captain, Orrin Brown; first lieutenant, I. W. Hobbs; second lieutenant, Charles Hooper; sergeants, Cowell, Willey, Parsons, Goodwin, and Drew. After a day and night's stay at Fort Constitution, the company was ordered to report for the Third Regiment at Concord. On arrival, we marched to the camp of the Third Regiment. I called at the tent of the colonel, took the position of a soldier, and saluted, showing him my order. He looked up, ordered me to turn the men over to Captain ———. "But, Colonel," I said, "we are nearly a full company; the men have chosen their officers and expected to go with them." He replied in an angry tone, "I could get a whole regiment of officers in twenty-four hours." I saluted and left his tent.

His vinegar caught no flies. We remained by ourselves near the camp till nearly dark. Then we received an order to go to what is now the state campground, on the plains, on the east side of the Merrimack river.

Thus repulsed, dinnerless and supperless, still undaunted, we wended our way. At the foot of the hill was a watering trough, into which flowed pure water from the bank. Here we broke ranks to drink. I have passed that spot many times since, but never without thinking of those brave boys and how their old "flintlocks" glistened in the moonlight.

That night we undertook to sleep in the old barracks on the campground; undertook, but did not succeed, for in the night we were attacked by a little insect known as *pediculus (humanus) corporis*, said to have been brought home by the First Regiment from sanguinary fields.

The next morning we were ordered to the city hall in Concord. After remaining there a few days, we were ordered to

Manchester, to form a nucleus for the Fourth Regiment. We were the first company to arrive. Soon other companies began to arrive, and on the 18th of September we were mustered into the United States service as Company F, Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers.

While at Manchester, Lieutenant Hooper had been rejected and Lieut. Charles H. Drummer of Keene of the First New Hampshire succeeded him. A few from different parts of the state joined us, and a few who had come with us refused to take the oath. Now we were granted a few days to visit our homes.

After our furlough was over, at the beat of a drum, Company F formed in good old Somersworth, marched between the ranks of the home guard drawn up at the depot, presented arms, entered the train, and the dear old town faded from view.

I might as well say here, Captain Brown seldom appeared among us, and Lieutenant Drummer soon resigned. Here I turn the company over to the historian of the regiment, only asking that I may be allowed a brief mention of a few I still hold in memory.

Mark H. Cowell was our first sergeant—a better choice could not have been made. He was tall, broad-shouldered, dark eyes and hair. I have never known a more conscientious person. No one for a moment thought of appealing from his decision. Poor Mark Cowell became a victim of the “white plague.” I accompanied him to the boat at St. Augustine, and when we parted there were two sad hearts.

Our second sergeant, Samuel H. Willey, was capable of entering the prize ring. He had moved among persons perhaps not always the most choice. Personally, he was a true man and had a heart like an ox. He always advised the men that while in the service it was best to be good soldiers. I regretted when I heard of his death at Fort Fisher.

Now, having spoken of Company F as a unit, I beg to digress somewhat.

On the morning after our arrival in Washington, we were treated to the worst breakfast that I ever attempted to eat. Early in the morning I started out to find something different.

I ascended to the unfinished dome of the capitol and from there saw the tents of Lee's army on Mumson's Hill, Virginia.

Sometime during the day, as we were marching down Pennsylvania avenue, I saw my first "Johnny Red." He had been brought across the Potomac under guard. I took a good look at him, and thought if he was a sample of the rebel army, we certainly had a job on our hands.

In the summer and fall of 1864 a series of expeditions were sent across the James to threaten the enemy left near Richmond, in order to weaken the enemy's right below Petersburg, where an attack was to be made. These expeditions were exciting, sometimes amusing, and always shifting. There was much skirmishing, which often arose to the dignity of an engagement. At Deep Bottom, August 16, 1864, the command of the regiment fell unexpectedly to me. Captain Parker having been wounded, I was the only captain left for duty. The regiment had been decimated. There were but few lieutenants left. Before we entered the engagement at this place, the men were ordered to lay down their knapsacks. They did not return over the same grounds, consequently the knapsacks were lost. Thus the men were without shelter tents and blankets until Adjutant Challis went to Norfolk and got the boxes of extra clothing stored there in the early spring.

It was in one of these expeditions near this time that occurred the death of Lieut. Stephen J. Wentworth. While marching close to the enemy's lines in the woods, some one came in, shouting, "They are right in there." Receiving an order to deploy the left wing, I did so and advanced. I noticed Lieutenant Wentworth bounded off like a rubber ball. Immediately was the sound of musketry, and in a few moments I saw Lieutenant Wentworth coming towards me, his breast covered with blood. "O, Captain!" he cried, "I am hit." Then, turning, said, "God have mercy on my soul," and fell dead at my feet.

On the night before we left Somersworth, this youth came, requesting me to visit his parents, as they wished to see me. I went with him to his home, where they told me Stephen felt it his duty to enlist, and asked if I would look after him. I con-

sented, but did not advise. However, he joined us the next day, became a sergeant, and then a lieutenant. In all his service he reflected the refinement of the home in which he had been reared, and died as he had lived among us, a Christian soldier. A comrade wrapped a blanket around his body and buried him near where he fell. Later, his body was sent home.

It was in one of these expeditions that Lieutenant Gile was captured. While marching through the woods, there arose the rebel yell in our front. The pickets of two regiments on our left were driven in. On receiving a severe fire from the reserves, the yell and the enemy stopped, but did not fall back. They remained on the same line as the fort, the enemy facing east and we facing west. There were a few rods between the flanks. Here Lieutenant Gile, being over-officious, was captured and at the same time a Confederate was captured by us. In this condition we remained till in the night, when we left for Petersburg.

At one time, while driving the enemy's skirmish line, strengthened by a battery stationed in the road in front of us, they would turn their guns upon us. We fell flat; the grape and canister passed over us. No one was hurt, but a friendly dog which had come out to greet us was killed.

In some of these expeditions it seemed as though we were marching night and day close to the enemy's line. It was simply right face! forward march!—once in the rain, chilly and cold. We had been ordered to make no noise. About midnight the whiskey was passed around and we soon developed into a very sociable crowd. In the morning we arrived at what they said was Malvern Hill.

On the 28th of September, 1864, the regiment crossed the James for the last time while under my charge. We left Petersburg front late in the afternoon. The road was dusty, and we did not arrive at the James until dark. As we approached the river, we found soldiers beside the road. Some had pitched their shelter tents and were cooking their supper. They seemed quite merry. We found they were stragglers from the regiments which had already crossed. Here a few of the Fourth dropped

out in the darkness. Early in the morning of the 29th, Fort Harrison, near the James, also Observatory Hill, some distance north of the river, was carried.

The army now swung to the left and drove the enemy's outpost into the forts. About noon we arrived at a road in front of Fort Gilmer. Here we rested till two o'clock, when our division was formed for an assault. As we moved forward, the fort in front, also the one on our right flank, opened a withering fire, that on the flank being the worse. Three times in the cornfield the division halted to straighten the line, and then move on. The fort was a stockade fort with a wide, deep ditch.

We arrived at the stockade but could advance no farther. Here we remained until ordered back to the road. Never was an assaulting army more worthy of victory than here. Of the seventy men of the Fourth, only twenty reformed around the colors.

Toward night we moved down the road on a line with Fort Harrison. Until midnight, we supported a battery posted in the road. Then we were relieved and stationed at the right of Fort Harrison. This place was called Chapin's Farm.

For a few days affairs were quite lively, as the enemy undertook to retake Fort Harrison, also turn our right flank. In both instances they were repulsed and soon affairs quieted down somewhat. While here we had a review, and here we were paid off in the night. Soon our number was augmented to some one hundred men.

Before closing, I wish to acknowledge the assistance rendered by that true soldier, Adj. Timothy W. Challis. He always did his duty, whether in camp or on the battlefield, and was always cool, collected, and brave.

On the 9th of October, I took my leave of the Fourth New Hampshire. My term of service had expired on the 18th of September. Afterwards, I received an appointment as captain in the Eighth United States Veteran Corps. My company was composed of men who had served in the Army of the West. The duties brought me much in touch with other regiments, but nowhere did I find men more intelligent or braver than in our own Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers.

DIARY OF ELIAS ALEXANDER BRYANT, COMPANY C.

Friday, Sept. 27, 1861.

Left Manchester for Washington. Sister Sue came down from Hillsborough, lower village, where she was keeping house for Mr. Brown, to see us off. She walked beside me as we walked to the depot.

There was much enthusiasm shown by the people of the places through which we passed, they cheering us and waving handkerchiefs and shouting "good-by."

In the factory towns all the heads came to the windows to cheer us. At Worcester, Mass., particularly, the enthusiasm was furious, our regiment answering back with cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. As we approached Reed's Ferry, Deacon Robert French's family were waiting to see us pass. They had come from home across the fields and were sitting on the fence by the railroad.

We passed through Nashua, Groton Junction (Ayer), Worcester, and arrived at Allyn's Point, Long Island, where we were to take the steamer "Connecticut" to cross the sound, at 9 o'clock P. M., and immediately went on board.

The night of September 27 was so rough that after proceeding a short distance down the sound we were obliged to anchor and wait for morning, causing a report to be sent back from New York, where we were expected, to New Hampshire, that the boat was lost, with all on board.

Saturday, Sept. 28, 1861.

(We lay at dock all night and started in the morning at 2 A. M. for Allyn's Point, on way to New York.)

Today found us crossing Long Island Sound. Many of the men were seasick, although the passage was not a rough one.

Mother was afraid I would be seasick, but I was not. But there were any quantity of men that would buy mince-pie and eat it and in a few minutes be seasick and look as white as a sheet. The boat was crowded with men, for the boat was not large. They were lying everywhere about, with their knapsacks for pillows. We slept this way all night and even during the day it was about the same. At about 5 P. M. we came in sight of Brooklyn, N. Y., and went through East river, landing at Jersey City, where we took the cars for Philadelphia. Traveling all night, we arrived at daylight in Philadelphia.

Sunday, Sept. 29, 1861.

We found in Philadelphia a nice breakfast. We were greeted here with greath warmth and we learned that every regiment that passed through was received in the same cordial way. Four o'clock in the afternoon found us in Baltimore, where we stopped till 9 P. M. and got a good supper. Here we found a different sentiment, a strong secession spirit. They hissed the regiment and threatened us as we passed. In marching across city to reëmbark on train, men had strict orders to keep in close ranks, the officers fearing some assault. This precaution was particularly necessary, as we had no arms, having left our state arms in New Hampshire.

We took cars for Washington at 9 P. M.

Monday, Sept. 30, 1861.

This morning at 2 A. M. we arrived at the Soldiers' Rest, Washington, a large building near the depot devoted to the temporary use of incoming regiments. Here we had a breakfast which caused some complaint [tremendous grumbling]. Boiled salt pork, extremely greasy, hardtack and coffee. E. H. Nutting says the coffee was well seasoned with quinine by order of the medical department. This made it very bitter.

As a whole, the journey from Manchester to Washington was a delightful one. I enjoyed particularly the ride over and beside the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers. At Havre de Grace, on the latter one, the cars were run on board a ferry boat and we passed over without change.

As we came into Delaware the great numbers of colored people were noticeable, making it seem as if we were indeed getting southward. They gave us a patriotic welcome, cheering and waving hankerchiefs, etc.

You ought to see their corn here—it is tall, I tell you—and eat some of the grapes; they are as sweet as raisins. I can hardly look east, west, north, or south but I can see an encampment.

The following, written by A. F. Paige, is taken from the *Boston Transcript* of October, 1886:

“The Soldiers’ Rest,” in Washington, now almost forgotten save by the boys in blue who partook of its hospitalities, was really one of the most beneficent institutions brought into existence by the war. At the time it came into existence Washington was full of soldiers, many having stampeded from Bull Run. The terms of service of many had expired, while others had just arrived on their way to the front. It was given the name of “Soldiers’ Rest, Receiving and Forwarding Depot for Troops,” by Captain Beckwith, commissary of subsistence, who appointed as superintendent Mr. James H. Searle, who continued during the entire war. A force of cooks and waiters was employed, and in kitchens erected outside the preparations for the meals were made. In these kitchens were the caldrons for soup, etc., two of a capacity of 140 gallons each, and twenty-five others ranging from thirty to sixty gallons. It was afterwards enlarged and the capacity of the new building was simply wonderful, for on one occasion, with but a few hours’ notice, twenty thousand men were fed within twenty-four hours, soup, bread, coffee, ham, pork, tongue, beef, and hardtack being on the bill of fare. This was done without any friction whatever, for, as near as possible, five hundred were marched to the tables at a time. The serving of meals and lodging soldiers was not all that was done, for the exigencies of the service often required cooked rations to be furnished, and to fill these orders the force had to be augmented often so as to work night and day. Sometimes sailors and exchanged prisoners were regaled there, and, towards the close of the war, Confederate prisoners were also entertained. Near the end of the hostilities a number of Confederates had deserted and come within the Federal lines, and when they reached “The Rest” they were so pleased with their

entertainment that they asked the privilege of complimenting the officers under whom "The Rest" was established. This request was granted, and Major Camp, General Rucker, Secretary Stanton, and the President were serenaded by a band made up of deserting musicians.

Tuesday, Oct. 1, 1861.

Walked over two or three miles to the camp of the Second New Hampshire Regiment, I think, on the Blagdensburg road, to see Smith A. Whitefield. He looks as tough as a bear. You ought to see the darkies; there are more of them than white men. I saw the grave of a man that was shot because he ran from a sentinel. The sentinel ordered him to halt and he turned to run and he shot him in the back of his neck and killed him. The sentinels are obliged, when a man runs or won't halt when ordered, to shoot him.

Went over the capitol.

Wednesday, Oct. 2, 1861.

Today we went into camp about a mile from the capitol, and in full view of the city. We were in a nice green field near the road.

I am on guard today. Wrote to Sue while sitting on the bank of the road that goes into the city. I had the pleasure of viewing a company of horses that were taken in a fight day before yesterday. They just went by where I am writing, to water. They were driven up through here yesterday in a drove. I go on guard two hours and off four, for twenty-four hours. I have been all over the capitol. I have not seen "Honest Old Abe" yet. I don't know whether we shall stop here long or not. The talk now is that we are going down the coast, as we expected in the first place, but we cannot tell. It is beginning to rain out here, but we are moving into our tent, where we shall be comfortable until we have to go on guard.

Tuesday, Oct. 8, 1861.

From October 3 to October 8 was in camp at Washington. During this week I visited fortifications around Washington. Sometimes while here there was a little trouble in Company G,

a rough, ill-behaved set of men. The cooks of the company were much annoyed by constant complaints among the men regarding their food and by their repeated visits to the cook-house. They declared that the next intruder should suffer. It happened to be an old man named Beede. He was an inoffensive, harmless creature, with a stammer in his speech, and for these reasons he was the butt of the company. Some words passed between him and the younger of the two cooks, and it ended in the young fellow seizing a stick and knocking the old man down. He was thought to be dead at first and the culprit was sent to the guardhouse. The old man, however, recovered and his assailant was subsequently released, with no further punishment.

The following is a letter addressed to Mary J. Rowe and dated at Washington:

Oct. 6, 1861.

Dear Sister Mary,—I was very happy the other day on receiving a letter from you. I received one from home the day before. I had written home. You will excuse this writing if it looks bad, for I don't have any table or stand to write on. I am sitting on the ground. I am very well contented. I am sure I did not expect to be when I left home. The reason I enlisted was because I thought it my duty to go and fight for my country. The more I thought of it, the more I felt as though I ought to go. I enjoyed the trip out here very much. We had a chance to see a great many curiosities.

Washington city is the meanest looking city I was ever in. The doors of the houses are made so that the sills are on a level with the sidewalks, and the sidewalks are as low as the streets. Then there are ducks, geese, hogs, dogs, cats, cows, and goats, with the crackers and negroes as thick as hasty pudding. I suppose you saw the account of the departure of our regiment on Friday, September 27. We are encamped about one mile from Washington. I could go out and count about a dozen encampments around us in sight. Each encampment has about 1,000 men; our regiment has about 1,010.

The talk now is that we are to move to Annapolis Tuesday, but you can direct letters to Washington, D. C., and I shall get them, for they will send them to me if the regiment is put on. I know I am in company with all kinds of men, but I pride my-

self with the belief that it would not make any difference with me if I should stay a great many years.

I went into the big house they call the capitol the next day after we arrived here. It was worth three years' labor to see what I have seen and shall see if I live to get home (which I think I shall).

I saw Smith Whitfield and Jacob Carson from Francess town the other day. They are in the Second New Hampshire Regiment, encamped about two miles from us.

Wednesday, Oct. 9, 1861.

We left Washington at about 9 o'clock A. M. for Annapolis, where we arrived at sundown today. After leaving Washington, we went back to Annapolis Junction and branched off there to Annapolis itself. Just on the outskirts of the city we passed through a gate and encamped in a field well grown over with weeds and burrs.

Thursday, Oct. 10, 1861.

Today is cold and stormy. The city of Annapolis, like that of Baltimore, has the appearance of a very old one. The buildings are mostly of wood and are fast decaying. The streets are narrow, crooked, and dirty.

Sunday, Oct. 13, 1861.

Our company, for the first time, was today out on picket guard, about two miles from Annapolis, on the main road to Washington. Three regiments of rebels have gone out of this state. This picket guard was stationed along the road in squads, from camp outward, at intervals of half a mile at first, but farther out, nearer together. The largest squads were nearest the camp, the numbers decreasing as the distance increased, being four on the outermost post. The object of this arrangement was to give each squad a stronger one to fall back on in case of surprise. We were instructed by the officer in command to keep a sharp lookout after nightfall and to allow no one to pass without the countersign. Any one failing to give this was to be arrested and sent into camp. Sometimes two of us could leave our post for a time, leaving two others in charge, and take short walks in the neighborhood. I found delicious wild grapes

on some of these occasions. These they called pigeon grapes. The vines grow in profusion through all this part of the country.

Most of our work here in camp is getting our quarters into order, "policing up quarters."

Saturday, Oct. 19, 1861.

We struck our tents today, and just about sundown went on board the "Mayflower," which took us out into deep water and put us onto a very large steamship, called the "Baltic," which was one of the largest in the whole fleet. The hold of the "Baltic" was loaded with shot and shell and all kinds of ammunition. Our quarters were between decks, where tiers of bunks were built four or five high, with gangways between for the soldiers to pass. Our windows were round holes, which could be closed if desired. E. H. Nutting, A. S. Dodge, and myself occupied one broad bunk at the top of one of the tiers.

Sunday, Oct. 20, 1861.

Very pleasant. At 9 o'clock A. M. the anchor was raised, steam put on, and we started to plough the waters of Chesapeake Bay, in company with twelve or fourteen other ships belonging to our fleet.

Monday, Oct. 21, 1861.

Today is very fine and we had a nice sail. Along towards night it looked as if we were going to have a storm.

Tuesday, Oct. 22, 1861.

This morning we found it very stormy and many were seasick. Today we drop anchor at Fortress Monroe, very near the fort, also the "Rip-Raps."

Friday, Oct. 25, 1861.

We went ashore today and formed a dress-parade. Round the fort is a beautiful beach of white sand upon which are many curious kinds of shells. Addison Dodge picked up one grape shot and two rifle balls which had been fired there.

We marched partly round the fort. It is a very large and strong one (made of granite). There is a lighthouse here, also a

railroad. We mounted guard here, and A. Dodge was in one relief. I think I was also drawn. We returned to the vessel at night and after this remained on board.

Saturday, Oct. 26, 1861.

One poor fellow of our regiment, in Company G, died and was carried on shore today, and was buried in his clothes with his blanket round him. A hole was dug under a tree. He had no coffin. His name and regiment and company were cut on the tree. Our stay here was tedious and we were impatient to be on the move.

Monday, Oct. 28, 1861.

We saw today what we supposed to be a rebel regiment come down and pitch their tents on the seashore. It was off across the Rip-Raps, on the Virginia shore.

Before leaving Fortress Monroe, General Wright (in command of our Third Brigade) and staff came on board the "Baltic." The horses belonging to them were also shipped. They raised them to the boat by means of windlasses, and stalls were built for them on the upper deck, a row on each side in the gangway, leaving just room enough for passing them and the deck house. The stalls were built high from the deck and the tops closed so that they made a sort of platform, where we could spread our blankets and sit.

The following is a letter received by Mary Rowe November 21, 1861:

Tuesday, Oct. 29, 1861.

This morning we again took up the anchor, after lying here a little over a week to have the rest of our fleet join us. It is a pleasant day and we all put out to sea. At noon we were out of sight of land. It was a beautiful sight to see all of the vessels as they moved out together—transports, gunboats, frigates. There were quite a number of ferry boats altered into gunboats, which made very useful boats, as the guns could be mounted at both ends and therefore fired without turning the boat. They also drew but little water. There were also sailing vessels in tow of the large steamers.

The following names are those of the vessels of the fleet. One x means ferry boat, xx transports, xxx gunboats (war vessels); xxx "Curlew," nine guns; xxx "Pocahontas"; xxx "Alabama"; xxx "Isaac Smith"; xxx "Mohican," seven guns; xxx "Pawnee," nine guns; xxx "Ottawa," three guns; xxx "Seminole," seven guns; xxx "Unadilla," three guns; xxx "Seneca," three guns; xxx "Pembina," three guns; xxx "R. B. Forbes," one gun; xxx "Penguin," five guns; xxx "Mercury"; xxx frigate "Wabash," fifty-three guns; xx "Baltic," towing; xx "Ocean Express" (sailing vessel); xx "Illinois," towing; xx "Golden Eagle" (sailing vessel); xx "Locust Point"; xxx "Star of the South"; xx "Parkersburg"; xx "Belvidere," eighteen guns; xx "Coatzacoalcas"; xx "Marion"; xx "Atlantic"; xx "Vanderbilt," towing; xx "Great Republic" (sailing vessel); "Ocean Queen," towing the xx "Zenias Coffin" (sailing vessel); xx "Potomac"; xx "Winfield Scott"; xx "Union"; xx "Ericsson"; xx "Cahawba"; xx "O. M. Petit"; xx "Empire City"; xx "Oriental"; xx "Florida"; xx "Philadelphia"; xx "Roanoke"; xx "Peerless"; xx "Matanzas"; xx "Ben DeFord"; xx "Daniel Webster"; xx "Governor"; xx "Augusta," nine guns; xx "Ariel"; x "Mayflower"; forty-nine in all.

It bid fair to be a pleasant voyage; it was a very pleasant, warm day.

Tuesday, Oct. 29, 1861.

There were also attached to the fleet twenty-two sailing vessels: Barque, "J. A. Bishop"; brig, "Belle of the Bay"; brig, "Ellen P. Stuart"; schooners, "S. F. Abbott," "E. D. Allen," "Aid," "J. M. Vance," "M. E. Clark," "D. Jones," "E. English," "J. Frambes," "G. Bathol," "Weston Star," "Saratoga," "S. J. Bright," "G. M. Neil," "David Faust," "R. S. Misho," "G. Chester," "J. Salterthwaite," "Snowflake," "Arden Reid"; steamboats, "Baltimore," "Pilot Boy"; ferry boats, "Commodore Perry," "Stepping Stone"; steamer transport, "Osceola"; gunboats, "Vandalia," "Vixen"; seventy-eight in all.

Tuesday, Oct. 29, 1861.

The "Vandalia" of the blockading squadron joined the fleet at Port Royal.

This expedition was under command of Maj.-Gen. T. W. Sherman, who joined at Fort Monroe and embarked on the "Atlantic," or "Vanderbilt," both vessels being about the size of the "Baltic." None of us knew where the expedition was going, but it was rumored that our destination was New Orleans and North Carolina and South Carolina. Admiral Dupont, or Dahlgren, was the naval officer in charge, his ship being the "Wabash."

Sailed under sealed orders. S. F. Dupont was the commodore. (So said E. H. N.)

Wednesday, Oct. 30, 1861.

Fine weather, but the wind blew very strong while passing Cape Hatteras. The waves ran high and many were seasick. By the middle of the afternoon it was very still and the sea was calm. The men occupied themselves with cards and checkers, and I am sorry to say that there was some gambling among them. A group of a dozen would collect, and, spreading a blanket, would amuse themselves with Loo, playing for money.

Thursday, Oct. 31, 1861.

The weather still is very fine. This morning just at three o'clock our boat ran upon ground, although no land could be seen. It made the ship pitch awfully. Our company was on guard at the time the boat struck and I was on guard at the forward hatchway. These guards were put on for the protection of the ship against any disorder among the men, whether of insubordination or of terror in case of accident. This was always the rule, whether in camp or on shipboard, the guard being, indeed, a temporary police. I had orders immediately after the boat struck to keep the men down below. They insisted upon coming up, being much frightened, and I had to keep them back at the point of the bayonet.

One of the sailors told me it was 150 miles from the main land. Oh, how the soldiers rolled out of their bunks and rushed for the stairs to get up on deck, with some guns, others with knapsacks, and many without anything. Some were playing cards when it struck and were swearing, etc., and wish-

ing the boat would sink and all in it. They, at the moment it struck, caught up a Bible, sprang to a light, and began to read it.

The captain was standing on the bridge at the time, between the paddlewheel houses, and seeing the white foam ahead, knew that we were approaching either sand shoals or rocks. He had already given a signal to the engineer to reverse the engine. As it struck, he rapidly gave orders to cut the hawser by which we were towing the "Ocean Express" and to that vessel to "keep clear of us"; also to throw up red and blue rockets on the "Baltic," the signal of distress, and to keep all men below. These orders were given with a rapidity and precision which seemed almost automatic and with as much coolness as if the accident were an every-day occurrence. The "Ocean Express" (which was loaded with powder) passed by us safely, but rubbed hard against us as she went.

I shall never forget the horrible, unearthly sound made by the grating of the ship in the sand as she ploughed into it. The collision was directly under me, and the noise seemed that of some enormous body coming in contact with the whole earth as a point of resistance. The impetus was such that, in spite of the reversal of the engines, it seemed for a moment as if it would stand upright on the bow, or even fall entirely over. As the stern, which had been lifted quite out of water, fell back, the bows thumped the sand twice, hard enough to have broken a less staunch vessel, and then she yielded to her machine and slid back off the shoal. The shoals on which we struck were the "Frying-Pan Shoals." The captain said he had run the boat thirty years and that was the first time it had ever struck. By daylight we were all on our way, rejoicing that no lives were lost and no damage done, after so narrow an escape.

There was considerable excitement on board as to the amount of damage actually done to the vessel, and many rumors were rife among the men during the twenty or thirty minutes the carpenters were making their examinations below. But at the end of that time we were relieved to learn that, although she was

leaking badly and the pumps were vigorously at work, there was no damage which could not be promptly repaired.

An occurrence in connection with our misfortune pleased me very much. That was the promptness with which a little gunboat, reckless of herself, came to our assistance and enquired into our misfortune and the means of relieving us. Captain Comstock replied that we were all right.

Our fine weather continued until about sundown, when we noticed the sailors lashing the lifeboats and all movables and fastening the hatchways, and, in short, preparing for a storm. Some of them told us they were expecting a gale.

Friday, Nov. 1, 1861.

Today is squally. The wind blows hard and continues to rise. Another man died last night, in Company H, and at nine o'clock this morning his body was committed to the briny deep. He was wrapped up in his blanket and strapped to a board, with weights attached, and dropped overboard. Took the "Ocean Express" in tow again today. Frequently, when the sun shone at the right angle and the atmosphere was clear, we could see the great man-eating sharks following the ship for hours, sometimes on one side and then on the other, and then again in the rear. During our voyage we entertained ourselves at times in watching the various vessels of the fleet, which seemed to keep in a certain order, or in playing games.

The vessel began to get very filthy, notwithstanding the great care taken to keep it clean. A fresh detail of soldiers had the business of cleaning in charge every day, but in spite of their efforts the odor was extremely disagreeable.

Saturday, Nov. 2, 1861.

During the night weather was squally. While lying in our bunks we could hear the surging and splashing of the water, so we didn't sleep much. The water poured in through the little port-holes at times. This morning it was very squally and the wind blew like a hurricane. Hundreds were seasick, swearing that they would never go home by sea; if they could not go any other way, they would go on foot through the rebel states. The

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men were sitting about in groups of twos, threes, and fours, playing cards, etc. I was sitting just forward of the paddle-wheel house on the stalls, playing euchre in a group of four, while others sat about watching us. I noticed the spray dash over the bows and often wetting the men standing there to watch it. I watched the waves as the boat ploughed deeper and deeper into them, causing the men in the front to retreat farther and farther. I excused myself from the game for a moment and went below and got my rubber blanket, which had a hole in the middle, so that it could be put over the head and drop all about me. With this nicely adjusted, I continued the game. No one took the hint, and in the course of the next fifteen or twenty minutes a huge wave broke over our high seat, giving us a good ducking.

Between the force of the waves, which constantly dashed over it, and the pitching of the vessel, it was difficult to get about. In the gale, during the night, we lost one of our best horses overboard. Several times the hawser of the "Ocean Express" broke, and she finally got clear of us entirely.

Sunday, Nov. 3, 1861.

It is warm and pleasant. We are still out of sight of land, sailing at the rate of nine miles an hour.

We were alarmed today by hearing that the boat was on fire. It created a good deal of uneasiness for a short time. The fire proved to be in the partition near the cookhouse. By breaking through the partition the fire was put out, with but little damage or trouble. We felt, however, that we had escaped a great danger, since the hold of the vessel was full of ammunition. Today we were paid off, receiving \$19.50 for a month and a half of service, our first payment. I sent the money home by express.

Monday, Nov. 4, 1861.

Enquired the distance from home. It was reckoned at about one thousand miles. We were now opposite Port Royal entrance. Last night we were run into by a sailing vessel; not much damage done. We heard today that the "Governor," a beautiful steamboat of the fleet, was sunk in the storm last Saturday, which

was afterwards found to be the case. It had a very valuable cargo. The men were taken off; no lives lost. Two other vessels were said to be lost by running ashore on the North Carolina coast. Harvey Buxton of Francestown, N. H., and other teamsters who were aboard with teams, were all taken prisoners. Another put back to Fort Monroe, making our fleet smaller by four vessels than when it started.

Tuesday, Nov. 5, 1861.

Today we came in sight of land upon the coast of South Carolina. We were very much rejoiced.

Wednesday, Nov. 6, 1861.

Arrived off Port Royal today. The weather today is beautiful. We lay out far from shore and not so near as our gunboats. A little before sundown there was quite a firing going on between our gunboats and the fort on shore, but we could not see the whole of the fun as our boat started back after the "Ocean Express," but could not find her. Neither had she been seen or heard from since she broke away in the gale.

Thursday, Nov. 7, 1861.

This was a beautiful morning on the water. The water was calm; there was hardly a ripple. Our gunboats had all run in over the bar at the mouth of Broad river. The water is so shallow over this bar that heavy draft vessels must wait for the tide; yet this is considered the best harbor on the south Atlantic coast. Our own boat was waiting a few miles out to sea, waiting for a point to run us in. About 8 o'clock A. M. we were all ordered to go below. In the meantime we (E. Nutting, A. Dodge, and myself) were in our bunks, laughing at each others' stories, when we heard the anchor drop, and went up on deck. We were not a little astonished on coming up to find ourselves surrounded by the rest of the fleet and the gunboats firing at the forts, one on each side of the river. Fort Walker was the one on Hilton Head and ———, the other. Both of these were land forts. The gunboats moved in a circle, led by the flagship "Wabash," past the two forts, firing a broadside at each in turn in passing.

This continued for four hours, commencing at 10 A. M. The transports were lying just out of range, where we could see the shells as they struck into the sand as thrown by the boats or into the water from the forts. At about 1 P. M. the rebels ceased firing and many loud cheers went round from boat to boat when we saw the rebel flag come down and the stars and stripes go up in its place. About three o'clock our regiment landed, being the first regiment to land. This honor belonged to us by reason of having General Wright on board. We landed in the following manner: We first landed our Belgian rifles, then took sixty rounds of cartridges and bread and water for two days and our blankets. We were thankful to leave the dirty boat. We went on board a smaller steamer, which took us as near the shore as it could, then got into smaller boats, which carried us as far as they could, which was eight or ten rods from the shore, it being low tide. We had to jump out of these boats and get ashore the best way we could, wading through the water. As I stepped on shore I was greeted by a peculiar and strong smell, which I afterward found came from quantities of whiskey which the rebels had purposely spilled. We were glad enough to once more stand on the land, having been on the ocean nineteen days, living on hard bread and pork and drinking ropy water.

The bank on which Fort Walker stood was a number of feet above the shelving beach on which we landed. Our regiment was marched up onto this bank near the fort. Stacking our arms and opening ranks, we lay down for the night. The order immediately came for a detail for guard. A. Dodge was one of these and I made another.

This guard was thrown around the regiment and the fort and also two or three houses in which our officers made their headquarters. There was a guard set also in officers' quarters. A. Dodge was posted in one of these houses to guard the door of the officers' room. Near him lay two wounded prisoners. In one of these deserted houses one of the men found \$290. Captain Sleeper of Company C found a fine meerschaum pipe, which

he valued at \$50. A. D. found a book called "Eutaw," which he prized very highly.

The following is a letter written Mary Rowe and received by her November 21, 1861:

Nov. 7, 1861.

During the shelling of our gunboats the rebels attempted to leave their guns, the fire was so hot, but were driven back by their infantry, but only to stay for a short time, as infantry and all soon found it too severe for them. We understood from the negroes that the rebel officers gave their men whiskey with gunpowder in it during the engagement. As far as the whiskey was concerned, it was evident, too, for it was spilled in quantities about (by the barrel), and some of the men were so drunk that they could not get away. For the rest the negroes' word was true, only testimony. They did not have time to spike their guns but left them all loaded and ready to fire. They left also five hundred tons of powder.

If I had seen Fort Walker before we came up to it, and had known how strong the rebels were, I should have felt that it was risky for our gunboats to come up in the face of their big guns.

Friday, Nov. 8, 1861.

Today we looked around us. We found the rebels had left their tents standing and the great numbers of empty bottles and hogsheads lying about accounted for the perfume of yesterday.

There were thirty large cannon in the fort. The captain of the "Wabash" said he could have sunk the whole fleet if he had had the guns they had.

Our whole fleet is estimated to contain about fifty ships and 15,000 to 16,000 men, while the enemy at this place was 25,000. We had about twenty-five ships engaged. We lost eleven men, killed, and the enemy lost from 200 to 300. In going over the fort we saw frightful sights—dead men wounded in all possible ways, human fragments lying about everywhere, cannon dismounted and carriages splintered up, a general débris of everything the fort contained. In the fort I saw the jaws and scalps

and small pieces of men that had not been buried. There was found a lot of provisions and ammunition. We found the rebel hardtack superior to our own. During the first part of the war the government bread was very poor, being in many cases wormy, moldy, and hard and tough. Soaking this in hot water only made it tough, like sole leather, but in cold we could soften it sufficiently to eat it comfortably. We used to fry it in pork fat after soaking in cold water and make what we called "cracker dowdy." It was undoubtedly bread which had been in store for a long time. Latterly, the quality is very much improved.

About 9 o'clock A. M. we went out on picket guard about three miles from the fort. We took the same course as was taken by the rebels when they left the island. This island is about fifteen miles in length and seven in width. We had not gone far when we came to the dead body of a stout-built man, wounded in the breast, whose heart had been torn out by a shell. His gun and a few other things had been left by his side. After going a little farther we came to a large pile of knapsacks, clothing, letters, etc. Many of the men picked up and read the letters with great curiosity, the spelling of which was often very bad. Still farther on we came to an old house, in which we found five rebels, whom we took prisoners. Three of these were wounded, two unhurt; very rough-looking fellows they were. They looked frightened and had a hunted-down look, but they conversed freely. They seemed to have been drinking. Our men today have taken quite a number of negroes and a large lot of cattle and horses. One of the old houses caught fire today. We tore the chimney down and thought we had put the fire out but it broke out again and burned it to the ground. Tonight we lay down between the rows of cotton in a large and beautiful cotton field. While out here on picket we feasted on sweet potatoes, which we dug fresh from the ground, and finding at one of the plantation houses plenty of fowls of all kinds, we appropriated them freely, having as many as we desired during our stay. We found also large fields of peanuts, which we could have for the digging.

Saturday, Nov. 9, 1861.

This morning when we arose among the cotton we found ourselves very wet with dew; some had got poisoned so they could hardly see out of their eyes. This did not take the form of an eruption, but was a swelling of the flesh.

We arrived at Fort Walker about nine o'clock. During the day a detail was sent to bring up our camp equipage and provisions. We waded out to the flat-bottomed boats (which could not come up the beach by eight or ten rods) which brought the luggage from the transports. These boats were managed by the soldiers. My work was for the most part wading back and forth, carrying boxes of hard bread, barrels of pork, beef, sugar, etc. We had hard, brisk work. I was frequently detailed for this work for days together and sometimes had direction of the squad. At night we again lay on the ground, as we had not had time to pitch our tents. We had not got to sleep when there were rockets thrown into the air, making quite a display of fireworks. The orderly sergeant called us into line and informed us that Manassas Junction was taken, with thirty thousand prisoners. There was great rejoicing and shouting at this news. We were all expecting great things of the Union armies and an early termination of the war, and the news fitted our expectations.

A. Dodge and a friend had found each a straw bed in one of the houses. These were stolen from them by boys in Company G while they were on picket. There was a good deal of thievery among the men, so much so that in leaving one's tent it was necessary to leave some one in charge of movables or take them into a neighboring tent or keep them with us.

Sunday, Nov. 10, 1861.

Today we were very busy moving from our temporary quarters near the fort to about a quarter of a mile from there, and pitching our tents, and digging a well, etc. Our campground is a very nice place, about eight or ten rods from the sea, along which is a beautiful beach of hard white sand, as level as a floor. It makes us a nice place to drill in. The ground about our camp is very sandy, as is this whole portion of the island.

Marching about in it, except on our drill ground, was very difficult and tedious. To the southeast of us at some distance grass began to grow, and farther on was woods, but in our immediate neighborhood it was barren and covered with beach weeds. It had some appearance of having formerly been planted, perhaps with cotton, but was then entirely run to waste.

Monday, Nov. 11, 1861.

Today was a pleasant day. I was on detail with others of my company to unload transports, wading the water as usual.

Tuesday, Nov. 12, 1861.

Very pleasant today. Again at work in the water unloading provisions. The weather here is warm and pleasant, about the same as New England people have in July or August. Peach trees are full of blossoms. There are many kinds of trees, such as figs, oranges, palm (leaf), palmetto, and many other beautiful trees. Many of the productions here are as follows: Cotton, tobacco, sugar-cane, sweet potatoes, peanuts, and corn, and many other things too numerous to mention.

Wednesday, Nov. 13, 1861.

A. Dodge sick with a cold. Pleasant day.

Friday, Nov. 15, 1861.

Duty.

Saturday, Nov. 16, 1861.

Today a mail from home.

Sunday, Nov. 17, 1861.

A beautiful day. Our gunboats took a rebel schooner today loaded with nice blankets.

Monday, Nov. 18, 1861.

Our company (C) went on picket about four miles from the fort at nightfall. On the way we saw two trees on which, we were told by some prisoners, two negroes had been hanged a short time before our coming to the island.

Tuesday, Nov. 19, 1861.

We enjoyed this picket duty very much, as we could visit the plantations in the vicinity, where we could dig fresh sweet potatoes and cook them in ashes. There was a house near where we were posted where we could get water, etc. We were on

duty here last night and today. We came into camp just about dark and found the cooks had no supper for us, as they had heard we were not coming in that night.

The following is a letter addressed to Mary Rowe:

Thursday, Nov. 21, 1861.

Dear Sister,—I received a letter from you when I first came ashore and I was very glad to get a good long letter from you. I suppose that today you are helping yourself to the turkey and plum pudding, for I understand it to be Thanksgiving day in Massachusetts. How I should like to be with you to eat the turkey and pudding and after supper to have a game or two of backgammon! But that cannot be at present. I presume that you have some cold weather once in a while, but we have nice warm weather here, except that some of the nights are very damp and cold, but we have clothes enough so we have not suffered any yet. I had six letters at the time I got yours, four from home, one from Fred Dean, and yours. I have got three since from home. Some were back ones that were written some time ago. I did not get them, being on the water.

Our colonel, so the boys say, says he will bet one hundred dollars we will be at home in eight weeks, but I don't know. I could tell better if I could see the papers and could know what is going on.

Monday, Nov. 25, 1861.

For the last four or five days past the weather has been quite cool and windy. Another man, probably from Company F, and myself dug a double grave about a quarter of a mile from camp for Private Charles H. Seavey of Company C and a corporal of Company F. This was the first death in our company and it made a solemn day for us. We had funeral services in camp, conducted by our chaplain. The funeral procession formed in the following order: First, the muffled drum and fife playing the Portuguese Hymn, then the bearers, followed by the escort with arms reversed, then the members of the two companies, unarmed. All wore white gloves, as ordered. The escort was detailed from the two companies, I being one from Company C. After the coffins were lowered three volleys were fired over the

graves by each part of the escort, as the custom is to fire three volleys each. They were then covered and a board put up giving name, company, regiment, and date of death.

Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1861.

Very pleasant. Two* of our gunboats today took a rebel steamer. Heavy firing was heard all day yesterday, last night, and today. This firing was in the direction of Beaufort. All kinds of rumors were current in camp concerning it: that the gunboats were bombarding Charleston, that they were firing on Beaufort, that they had gone up Broad river and were attacking batteries.

Wednesday, Nov. 27, 1861.

Pleasant but cold. News came that we had taken Fort Pulaski with our gunboats. [This turned out to be untrue.] Tonight at about eight o'clock our mail came in.

Thursday, Nov. 28, 1861.

It was very warm. A. Dodge was on guard today and on police duty last night. The latter is the work of cleaning up the quarters, and there are a number of men detailed every day for this purpose.

Today our New England folks are having a glorious Thanksgiving. We had soup for dinner. Dodge said he didn't like the soup and made a dinner of hard bread and coffee. We made a kind of holiday. We had a game of ball and some tried their skill in wheeling, blindfolded, a wheelbarrow to a certain point, some thirty or forty rods away. This created considerable mirth. We did not drill any today.

Generally our cooking in camp was very well done. Occasionally a soup would be burned so as to spoil it and the rice was usually burned. Each company had a large cook-tent and sometimes two, or a fly attached to the main tent, giving room enough for a large table which would seat the company. We usually had two cooks detailed from each camp for this work, a head-cook and assistant.

Thursday, Nov. 28, 1861.

The usual routine of camp life at this time was as follows: Reveille at sunrise, breakfast call, when all hands fell into line

and marched up in single file, regiment, company, order, to the cookhouse and received each a ration in turn. This each was at liberty to take to the cookhouse table or to their tents. This would be the usual custom. The only restriction would be where men were uncleanly with their food about their quarters, in which case an order might be issued by the captain, compelling the men to take meals at the table. This never happened in Company C, as I remember. After breakfast, sick-call; immediately after that, squad drill for an hour or so; then, after resting another hour or two, a company drill by the captain usually, but sometimes by one of the lieutenants. This commonly lasted from one to two hours. Next, dinner-call, dinner being served as breakfast. The afternoon was similar to the forenoon, the order being squad drill for an hour or two, then company drill, or, usually, in its place, battalion drill, in which the colonel maneuvered the regiment; then at 5 P. M. a dress-parade. At sundown call of retreat was sounded, when supper was served in the same order as dinner and breakfast. At 9 P. M. tattoo was sounded and fifteen minutes later, taps. This made up the day's duties for those not on detail. Every day there was a detail for guard round the quarters and a guard-mount every morning; also a detail for shoveling on earth-works which were being thrown up across the island and another for landing provisions, etc. For the first few weeks of our stay at Hilton Head we had very often an extra battalion drill before dinner. The officers were anxious to have the men well drilled, consequently it seemed as if we were drilling most of the time when in camp.

Friday, Nov. 29, 1861.

This morning a part of our regiment received orders to have knapsacks packed and four days' rations cooked. For an absence of this length of time we could not carry cooked rations for the whole time but when corned beef or "salt horse," as the men called it, was served the order gave an opportunity to boil enough for two or three meals. The remainder of our provisions always consisted of salt pork, hardtack, coffee, and sugar. This was all that could be conveniently cooked by the soldiers

themselves over the small fires which they would individually make. We were to be ready to work at 1 o'clock P. M. At that hour we marched down to the wharf, for we had built wharf since we came, and went aboard the steamer "Ben De Ford." She got under weigh at about 2 o'clock P. M. It was reported that we were bound for some port on the Georgia coast.

It is a warm and pleasant day.

It was a detail from each company. In all about two hundred from the Fourth N. H. Regt. in command of Major J. D. Drew. A number of the boys, and quite a number, too, were sick when they called volunteers to go, for they expected to go to Beaufort to drive back the rebel pickets; so some of the boys had a lame back and some a very bad headache.

We started, after waiting till all were ready, and moved down the coast until we came to the mouth of the Savannah river and anchored off out of reach of the guns of Fort Pulaski till morning, lying on the deck over night.

Saturday, Nov. 30, 1861.

In the morning, about nine o'clock, we got into small boats and landed on the northeast point of Tybee Island. There was such a surf that the boats were tossed and pitched as soon as they struck bottom and we had to pile out as quickly as possible to keep from getting capsized; for the boats could not go up to within some distance of the beach, so we waded ashore up to our waists in water. Here we sat down and pulled off our stockings and wrung them, then marched up to a lighthouse close by, where we found a number of very respectable houses. We unslung our knapsacks and lay down to rest, but soon they called for five of our company to go on picket. There were about forty of us in all. With the rest of the boys I volunteered to go. Twenty went one way and twenty went another. I, with three others, was outside picket on one of the roads to be guarded, about a mile out from where we left the party. The major gave two of us permission to go out on the road a short distance and see what we could, but said we must not go far

So Barney and myself left the other two men on the post and, shouldering our guns, started, not knowing whether there were any rebels on the island or not. We walked very cautiously, rifle in hand, ready for instant use, not knowing what adventures might be in store for us. There was every possibility that at any turn on the road we might meet rebel citizens or soldiers, as we had seen indications of a camp on first landing. I took always great delight in these little expeditions, as I enjoyed the variety it made in our camp life, and also the flavor of discovery they gave.

We went on till we came to a place where there was a road or two. Here we saw tracks where a number of men had been along, within two or three hours apparently. There were also cattle, sheep, and mule tracks. Our road had been nearly parallel to the north shore of the island, but when gradually nearing it, and through a beautiful wood, there were about a dozen head of cattle feeding on the marsh, and ahead an old ruined and deserted fortification, which we approached very cautiously. Some old houses had been burned down, the sills of which were still smoking. We looked around and picked up such little relics as we found lying around and turned back after a short stay.

From here we had an excellent view of Fort Pulaski across the river, which appeared to us about a quarter of a mile distant, or about as far as Mr. E. P. Bryant's is from the Mountain View House. We could see men at work about the fort and the sentinel pacing back and forth on the parapets and the "secesh" flag waving from the top. We were within rifle shot, but no attention was paid us. We should have driven the cattle into camp but for orders forbidding us to go onto the beach. It seemed strange that the fort did not shell the woods through which we had passed, for they were within short range and our landing on the island must have been observed from the fort.

While we were on picket a party of twenty of our men and Captain Sleeper went out in pursuit of about a dozen "secesh" sailors that came on a schooner that hove in sight just as we were landing. This was a blockade runner, loaded with oranges, bananas, pineapples, rum, whiskey, cigars, and coffee. She had

been chased by our gunboats and her captain and crew had run her onto the beach at Tybee, just around the point to the south of us, and deserted, not knowing that we were in occupation. (A. Dodge.) When the tide went out she was left high and dry on the sand, two or three rods from water. Some of our men boarded her and carried away fruit and cigars, which they sold in camp. One sold \$14 worth of cigars. Dodge, being one of the party, says in his diary: "I, having my roundabout (belt) on, filled my jacket full of oranges clear round me and then filled all my pockets, besides what I could tie up in my handkerchief and what I could eat. They are better ones than we get in New England and are selling here for ten and fifteen cents apiece."

I was sorry to miss the sight of the vessel, but I enjoyed myself well enough where I was, for I had the pleasure of seeing the noble, great Fort Pulaski. It is all brick and of an eight-square (octagonal) form. There are quite a number of floors between the top and bottom, the floor on the top rooms made of freestone and the next one below is red sandstone.

Between this lighthouse and the shore is a curious-looking building. It is round, and looks like a fort, with two rows of holes but a few feet apart. It is all made of different kinds of shells cemented together (coquina from Florida). Not far from this are the ruins of another old lighthouse, which make a very large pile of brick and iron. Dodge says (diary): "I don't think I ever saw so handsome a grove as the one where the rebels had their campground on this island."

Tonight we went on board steamer again, not stopping on the island, as I would like to have done. Dodge gives the following account in his diary:

"About four o'clock this afternoon we shouldered knapsacks to go to the boat, which was not as pleasant as it might have been, for we had to wade out to the small boat, which was large enough to take forty or fifty at a time. As the waves run high, we were obliged to wade into deep water, so deep that my roundabout, haversack, canteen, cartridge box, and even my knapsack, were half under water. I had all I could do to keep my gun and head above water, as every wave (roller) almost took me

from my feet. When I got to the boat I could just reach the top, but was so loaded down and soaked with water that I could not get into the boat, were it to save my life. Was drawn up by line into the boat. When our boat was loaded we put out for the steamer 'Ben DeFord,' where we, in our wet clothes, lay down for the night as best we could."

Dodge tells the story of the narrow escape his party had as they were returning from the schooner, another company discharging their rifles exactly in the direction in which Captain Sleeper's party were coming. Captain Sleeper called sharply to them to stop firing, but was not heard. They sheltered themselves in a little hollow for a time and presently reached camp unhurt. This island (Tybee) is all sand, like all other places of the South, but this is the most uneven of any we have seen. Not far from the shore is a very large lighthouse. Their search for the rebel sailors was unsuccessful, but some of our sailors had found on board the captain, mate, and cook of the schooner and took them prisoners.

The object of our visit to Tybee was to afford our engineers an opportunity of examining the island, with reference to the erection of batteries to bear on Fort Pulaski, which afterward was done. We acted as guard.

Sunday, Dec. 1, 1861.

This morning we had a fine sail back to our old place, Hilton Head, getting back at about 9 o'clock A. M. ("We received a mail in the evening." A. Dodge.)

Tuesday, Dec. 3, 1861.

We were routed up last night, or rather this morning, about three o'clock by the beating of the long roll. When all was quiet and asleep, the drum beat, and every regiment on the island had to scramble on clothes and cartridge box and take guns and form a line of battle, some of the boys thinking it was for a fight. I was very sure it was to see how quickly we could get out. We were out in line in seven minutes from the first beat of the drum, so says the major. The Ninth Maine did not get their drummers out till we were in line. We took great pride in our promptness.

("The cause of our disturbance was the firing of twenty-five or thirty shots by our outer pickets. We stood in line an hour and were then dismissed." A. Dodge.) If this was a preconcerted alarm, as we suspected, it was carefully concealed from us, as the ordering of such a ruse was hardly allowed in a strict military discipline. However, the returning picket had very little to say of the cause of the mistake.

I have been out shoveling today on the intrenchments which we are throwing up across the island back of us about a mile. When we get it finished it will require a large force to take this part of the island. Every morning there is a detail of about twenty men to go shoveling, or to work on the wharf, or on some other fatigue duty. They start at 7 A. M. and get back at five at night. I feel a great deal better when I have shoveled all day than I do to stay here and drill. The engineer said today that our gang did the most work of any yet and they took the names of eight to go tomorrow, if willing, of whom I am one. I had rather go than not and think I shall go every day, except when our company is on picket, if they are willing. I worked with the carpenters, boarding up against the breastworks. Our company goes on picket about every seven or ten days, so we have all we want to do.

Hilton Head was the headquarters of the department and a depot of army stores and provisions. Our fortifications were intended to defend us from attack on the land side, the blockading squadron, of course, protecting it on the water side. The line of works extended from shore to shore, from northwest to southeast, making an upward curve toward the main land. They were constructed of timbers and sand. Large piles were driven into the ground at the proper angle. These were boarded across and earth and sand piled down upon them.

Sometimes the nights were so cold and damp when on guard duty on the beach that I should have been glad of mittens or gloves. One night water froze to the thickness of one half inch on puddles.

My general health is good, but I frequently feel heavy and lazy, not as I should in a northern temperature.

Today is cloudy, cold, and windy.

Thursday, Dec. 5, 1861.

Today is a beautiful one. Captain Sleeper drilled our company nearly an hour in front of the colonel's tent. The lieutenant colonel and major and other officers were present. The colonel said we were the best drilled company in the regiment.

About an hour of sundown, which is the time we usually go on picket, we started, with knapsacks packed and teams carrying provisions for seven days, and marched about six miles through the sand to our headquarters at Graham's (William) plantation. We got there at 7 o'clock P. M. I was immediately detailed, with twenty-nine others, to do guard duty. I went into the first relief and was on twice during the night, two hours each time. Dodge, being thirty-first, just escaped. He says (diary): "I went to the pork barrel. A piece of hard bread and a slice of raw pork went good that night. When they got a fire going I fried some pork on a stick and made a good supper."

Today I went as escort, before leaving camp, to the grave of a member of Company K in our regiment. Eight of us marched with reversed arms. Only four of our men have died, which does not seem to indicate an unhealthy climate, although the *Boston Journal* correspondent, "Star," reports weather to be cold and sickly.

Friday, Dec. 6, 1861.

This morning they took off the guard, for they said there was no danger of an attack in the night, although I think there is no danger of any at all. Tonight we went on picket to the "Ferry," which is three miles from these headquarters. This is the place on Broad creek, a branch of Broad river, where, as we learned from the negroes, the rebels had crossed in a great hurry in evacuating the island the day we took Fort Walker. On this occasion, if our gunboats had only run up the Broad river, we could have taken them all prisoners. It was amusing to hear, while on picket, the accounts from the negroes of our bombardment. They told with great delight of the running of the rebels, who, in their haste, would throw away their knapsacks when the great guns of the "Wabash" went boom—z-z-z.

They told of the fate of those of whom they personally knew, how such an one was wounded and borne away, and another who had boasted of his bravery was the swiftest to run.

It was not to be understood from the gossip of the negroes that Fort Walker was not bravely defended. There could be no better evidence of the courage and determination of the garrison than the appearance of the fort when we entered it.

When pickets are to be posted along a road they are broken up into squads of three or four men and placed at short intervals, with a reserve of twelve, twenty, or fifty men, as the case may be, at headquarters, and perhaps a like reserve half way to the extreme front. This prevented all chance of surprising the camp. There was also a line of pickets posted in a similar way along the creek, though without reserves.

I could have stopped at the first post in the wood if I had chosen, but preferred to go on farther, so the sergeant placed Dodge, Spaulding, and myself on the outside post, near the "Ferry."

We were on a grassy bank seven or eight feet high, on which a large tree was growing. The water had for years been washing away the sand and loam under the bank, until a cavity had been made large enough for a man to get into by stooping, the shelf above being held in place by the roots of the tree. Just at the water's edge was a little sandy beach, and at low tide an oyster bed was uncovered, from which we constantly supplied ourselves. It was always possible to get them fresh from the water, as even at low tidemark a portion of the bed was still covered. The creek here was about a quarter of a mile in width. This was the ferry place and the beach at which passengers had been landed.

We were at liberty to arrange our night watch to suit ourselves and we agreed to take each one third of the time. We commonly all kept up until about ten o'clock and then divided the time till morning evenly. The man on the watch could easily secrete himself in the hollow under the bank, where he could conveniently watch the ferry without being seen. The two others slept on the bank under the tree and hidden by shrubbery.

We could see the picket-fires of the enemy at morning and evening. During the night fires were forbidden. I could see the men moving about the buildings as distinctly as I have seen people at the farmhouse when standing on the hill at E. P. B.'s. I went on picket every other night while here. We went on at the night of one day and came back to headquarters the night of the next, making twenty-four hours.

Saturday, Dec. 7, 1861.

On picket all day. Returned to headquarters at night. Went to a negro meeting with Captain Sleeper and some members of the company. There was a great deal of lively dancing, much shouting of "hallelujah," and clapping of hands. Their feet kept a kind of rhythm in time with their chanting. It reminded me when at a little distance of the measured falling of the farmers' flails.

These meetings were held every Saturday night at some "brother's" house who could accommodate them, and they usually kept it up all night.

Sunday, Dec. 8, 1861.

Exploring. Very warm. Went into some of the plantations and talked with the negroes. There was one very old, white-headed negro who gave me accounts of this island and people for many years back. These people we found always courteous. Dodge says (diary): "Went this evening to a negro dance. It was one of the greatest sights that ever I saw. There were seven or eight grown persons and as many little ones, some not as large as Ella [his little sister], that danced all the evening, making their legs fly like old dancers. It was a wonder how they could do it. They kept clapping their hands and singing, 'Hallelujah! Hallelujah!'"

Went on picket tonight. Dodge did not go.

Monday, Dec. 9, 1861.

On picket. Dodge went over to Bull Island and saw an enormous century plant, one leaf of which he could not carry. It was eight or nine feet long, six inches wide, and four inches thick at base. Returned to headquarters at night.

Tuesday, Dec. 10, 1861.

About twenty of us went over to Bull Island foraging, taking two boats and landing at a wharf built for large vessels. We found a large number of negroes digging potatoes on a very large plantation. It belonged to a wealthy gentleman, Colonel Seabrook, who had left it to the care, or otherwise, of the negroes. Whenever we found houses or plantations deserted we were permitted to take freely of provisions, whatever might be wanted, but were ordered not to molest dwellings. Whenever premises were occupied by Union or those representing themselves as such, they were protected even to placing guard over their property, if requested.

Upon this island were great numbers of sheep, cattle, and fowl. Here we found some of the most splendid roses I ever saw. Turkey buzzards are as plenty here as flocks of blackbirds in New England. I saw here a big rosebush full of large red blossoms, almost purple, and they were the most beautiful I ever saw, they were so dark a red.

Midges, black flies, and mosquitoes were a great annoyance to us here, as in camp.

We killed beef cattle and sheep, and ducks and chickens, and had sweet potatoes in plenty. We had trouble in getting our poultry, the negroes considering that it belonged to them, and showed such determined fight for their rights that we were obliged to give it up for that day. Dodge found castor-oil plants and obtained some beans.

We got back to our headquarters after dark and went on picket that same night, for our company had to go on picket every other night, each one going to the same post every time. Only three were allowed to be on the same post at a time. We went into Colonel Seabrook's house. It was as disorderly as if it had been pillaged by negroes, books and papers lying about the floors in the different rooms. Of these we took some.

Wednesday, Dec. 11, 1861.

Four of our men didn't come back from Bull Island till today, having been left when we came off with the boat, and in

coming back in the evening they came very near getting shot by our own men, who took them to be rebels. They had found in one building some raw cotton and in another some done up in bales; in another house, one thousand bushels of corn. Pickets were put on after this to prevent the rebels from returning.

Returned to headquarters at night from picket.

Thursday, Dec. 12, 1861.

Went on picket at night again. Nothing of note today.

Friday, Dec. 13, 1861.

On picket at "Ferry" until night, then returned to headquarters.

Saturday, Dec. 14, 1861.

Went on picket at night probably.

Sunday, Dec. 15, 1861.

Very warm. On picket during day. Captain Sleeper and a party from another company visited our post today. I expect to get some oysters today. While they were there a United States steamer came in sight, making the circuit of the island. We immediately jumped to our feet and formed in line as a salute, which the captain of the steamer promptly acknowledged by running the stars and stripes to the masthead. Went into headquarters at night.

Monday, Dec. 16, 1861.

Today we didn't go on picket but staid at headquarters and had a jolly good time with the negroes and a hard battle, firing ears of corn. At eight o'clock in the evening we packed knapsacks and took our five-mile tramp into camp. It was a beautiful evening, the sky was clear, and the full moon was up.

Tuesday, Dec. 17, 1861.

Probably spent today in washing clothes. Was weighed a few days since and weighed 150 pounds.

"I wish I knew about Fort Pickens and Pensacola, how they came off in the battle. I want you to send me the papers as often as you can and as late as you can, for I don't get the news till it is a fortnight old at best. I guess I shall get home about next June or May, although I think this war will not last long.

The South begins to huddle, a sure sign they begin to feel in rather a close quarter."

Wrote to Mary Rowe today. In it I speak of having been out seven miles from here and receiving a letter from her there, also of the weather as a rule being like June weather North, and the "midges and black flies" being very thick. I also speak of only four men as yet having died out of our regiment of 1,010 men. In this letter I give an account of our daily duties here at Hilton Head.

Wednesday, Dec. 18, 1861.

Was shoveling today with eighteen others from each company on the intrenchment. There are fifteen thousand men on this island.

Boys are speculating in watches, etc. One man made \$14 on a barrel of apples for which he had paid \$10. Watches sell from \$10 to \$18, which are not worth more than \$2.

Sunday, Dec. 22, 1861.

Did not drill any today, for it took us all the forenoon to go through dress-parade and gun, knapsack, and tent inspection. This evening we spent as we generally do when we can, by reading in the Testament. Each one in the tent reads a chapter out loud, beginning at one place and taking turns till we get clear round the tent.

We had at Hilton Head the Sibley tents, which would hold twenty, twenty-one, or twenty-two men.

Monday, Dec. 23, 1861.

It is quite cool today. Had a heavy rain last night.

Friday, Dec. 27, 1861.

Today is the lucky day. For the three past days we have had beautiful weather. So it is today. We got another mail this morning.

For the past week or two we have been drilling in the skirmish drill, also in the bayonet exercise. This drill was used only in Company C. Captain Sleeper, who was a West Point graduate, took much pride in the perfection of our drill, which had been highly complimented by our colonel. It was his own desire that we should practice the Zouave drill.

Saturday, Dec. 28, 1861.

Probably drilling in skirmish and Zouave drill.

Sunday, Dec. 29, 1861.

Very pleasant. Have had another knapsack drill and inspection. We had to clean our guns, brighten the brass plates and trimmings to our accouterments. Every man was required to wear his dress coat and white gloves and to carry his knapsack, with its contents clean and nicely packed. The company formed into regimental line at the regular call for inspection. A full inspection of guns, knapsacks, and quarters was conducted as follows: The commanding officer on the arrival of the inspecting officer would give the order, "Prepare for inspection."

Dodge says (diary): "I saw one of five alligators caught by Company D."

Inspection usually on Sunday by the colonel,—an official inspection.

Tuesday, Dec. 31, 1861.

This morning the sun rose out of the water like a new moon, it being partially eclipsed. Dodge was on guard from 4 P. M. yesterday to 5 P. M. today. It is a very pleasant day. One fellow, in cleaning his gun in his tent, discharged it accidentally. The ball passed up through the tent. This is not the first nor the second accident of the kind that has happened in this regiment.

Another man in Company H was buried today. Our lieutenant said today that two hundred men had died since we came onto the island. Twenty-five or thirty of these belonged to our regiment.

Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1862.

But little doing today. We had considerable fun over a mock guard-mounting, in which the lieutenant colonel, major, captains, and lieutenants took the place of privates and two or three sergeants the place of officers. The band came out with old hats, etc., and played quick tunes. The officers didn't keep on line or step and made all the fun they could. We had not got through with our play when our colonel (W.) appeared and read orders from General Sherman to pack knapsacks and be ready at a moment's notice to march. We were all soon ready, but

had no orders to march. We supposed that a battle was going on ten miles beyond Beaufort and that we were required there. We could hear cannonading in that direction all day.

We have men placed along by the way so that we could, and can now, telegraph from here to the battle by signs in five minutes.

About three o'clock a sad accident happened in our regiment. One of the men of Company D, at the guard tent, while sitting outside the tent, was cleaning his gun around the lock, with the piece on full cock. It was accidentally discharged. In the act the ball passed entirely through both sides of the tent, passing over the occupants who were lying asleep and through the body of a member of Company F, who was just relieved from guard and was resting near the outside of the tent. It went through his heart, killing him instantly; then through a neighboring tent and between two of Company C's tents and out to sea.

It was a very pleasant day.

Thursday, Jan. 2, 1862.

Today is a very pleasant one. Our company went out again to work on the fortifications. This was the first time Dodge had been detailed for this work. It is more than twenty feet high and three miles long.

Today we have heard all day heavy firing at Beaufort. Just before noon orders came to go back to camp. We expected to be sent into the battle. The boys threw down their shovels and shouted "Hurrah!" When we arrived at our tents we found that the long roll had been beaten and all of Regiment S had formed in line of battle and stacked arms and were there packing knapsacks. We did the same. However, no orders to leave the island came.

A fellow in Company A was buried.

Friday, Jan. 3, 1862.

Today is very foggy and cloudy, but no rain. Another gun went off in camp last night and one today. The story is that one man was shot.

Rations of whiskey given out.

Saturday, Jan. 4, 1861.

Today our company and others went into the woods, about three miles from here, chopping lumber for the fortifications. The lumber seems to be chiefly Norway pine and the trees are very handsome, large, and straight.

Received our new pantaloons and caps of dark blue. These were of better quality and color than the last.

Sunday, Jan. 5, 1862.

Had a heavy thunder shower in the morning. The wind began to blow and we had a stormy day of it. (Probably no inspection today on account of the weather.)

Dodge went on guard at 4 o'clock P. M.

Monday, Jan. 6, 1862.

Very warm and pleasant. A fellow in Company G fell asleep on his post, but he was sick and got clear of all punishment.

Tuesday, Jan. 7, 1862.

This morning got a mail. A mail goes out tomorrow.

Wednesday, Jan. 8, 1862.

Very pleasant. Dodge was detailed for work on the fort at headquarters. He went into the postoffice and many other large places.

Thursday, Jan. 9, 1862.

Drilling today as usual. Dodge suffering from jaundice.

Friday, Jan. 10, 1862.

Probably drilling or on detail.

Saturday, Jan. 11, 1862.

Dodge was at work on the fort again. He speaks (diary) of seeing General Sherman and Admiral Dupont. They inflated a large balloon today, which is for the purpose of observing the enemy. It is called "Washington" and ornamented with a picture of Washington so large and lifelike that one could recognize it a mile away.

Sunday, Jan. 12, 1862.

Very warm and pleasant today. General inspection of guns, knapsacks, and tents, and knapsack drill. Our company was the best in the regiment. The general praised Dodge's gun particularly.

218 *Fourth Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers.*

This morning got a mail. The balloon went up twice this morning.

Dodge went on guard at 4 P. M.

Monday, Jan. 13, 1862.

Very warm. The grass is coming up as fresh as ever. Fields of oats look as green as mowing fields in May. Roses are in bloom.

Thursday, Jan. 16, 1862.

Very pleasant. Got a mail. Went on picket guard some three miles from camp on the beach. I thought I saw two rebels in some bushes, which proved to be our boys. Elias and Goddard went after them. We had a pleasant night and a good time telling stories.

Friday, Jan. 17, 1862.

Dull and rainy. Came into camp at night. Got another mail.

The following is a letter addressed to Mary Rowe:

Friday, Jan. 17, 1862.

I am well; never enjoyed better health in my life. We have had nice warm weather, as warm as July, but it is rainy now.

Went on picket night before last about three miles. It was a nice moonshiny night, until twelve o'clock. A Frenchman from Greenfield (Goddard) and myself told stories and kept about half a dozen of the boys up. He would tell one of them, then I would, till midnight, when it came our turn to go on watch, he down the creek and I up it, forty or fifty rods, for two hours, and then lay down to sleep. After a short time, as we lay on the sand, I felt raindrops pattering in my face, so I had to get up and roll my woolen blanket inside my rubber and kept near the fire, but got some rest as it was. It rained all day yesterday by showers. We got back to camp last night after dark.

You ask if I have good, wholesome food. I suppose we have the most wholesome food we could have, but I must say that it is tough. I wish you could just see us when we get our meals. I wonder if we don't get pork and I wonder if we don't gethardtack, so called. It is sea bread. Did you ever hear of any

or see it? Well, I will tell you. Some days we come to dinner with a tin plate, hold it out, and receive a couple of small slices of half fried or boiled Western pork, and take a dipper of coffee and go along to a barrel of hardtack and help ourselves. At night we go through the same, and in the morning also, and at dinner, and some nights have half a loaf of bread or a plate of rice and molasses. We get half a loaf of flour bread once in three days, and that is all the soft bread we get, unless we pay for it. But we live well when we consider how we lived on board the old "Baltic." Oh, would not I like to sit down at the old home table! But I will soon. We are not in the fort—I believe you asked about it—we are close by. We live in tents very comfortably.

I cannot get a cotton blossom for you, for they are all gone, but I will send you a shell or two so you can say you have a shell from South Carolina.

[N. B. The entry under date of Thursday, Jan. 16, 1862, is probably incorrect. According to foregoing letter, it should stand under Jan. 15.]

Saturday, Jan. 18, 1862.

Today is very cloudy, foggy. We drilled but little but had to clean our guns. We went and got a lot of palmetto leaves to make us a bed of. We spread them all over the bottom of the tent, and, until they became trampled with use, they made a good, clean floor. Nutting received a box of good things from home, cakes, etc.

Sunday, Jan. 19, 1862.

Knapsack drill and inspection. Warm and pleasant day. This morning each of our company received a pair of nice white gloves, sent us by Mrs. Sleeper, our captain's wife.

The record from Monday, Jan. 20, to May 11, 1862, is missing, therefore for Jan. 21, *et seq.*, see letter (copy) to Mary Rowe and A. F. Paige's diary, which follows:

Jan. 21, 1862.

Went on board transport "Delaware" from Hilton Head.

Jan. 26, 1862.

On shipboard in harbor till today. Today we ran out of the harbor to Warsaw Sound, Georgia.

Feb. 10, 1862.

We landed today on Warsaw Island, having been on the "Delaware" nineteen days, living mostly on "Delaware scouse." Recipe: A little pork cut up small and a little hard-tack in your two cups with a little water; stew on the fire.

After landing, a large party went hunting and Sam Prescott, Company D, shot an alligator seven feet long with a small pistol. He hit him in the eye.

Eben Nutting reminded me (when we were snowed in at Greenfield, N. H., March 15, 1888) of my shooting a coon while we were on a coon hunt at Warsaw Island, which I had forgotten until he began to relate it. As we were walking along I suddenly said, "There is a coon now!" and fired, and as nothing fell from the tree he (Nutting), incredulous, said, "A coon!" and the next moment the coon fell to the ground, to his surprise. The coon was taken to camp and the cook made a pot pie for all hands.

Feb. 16, 1862.

Embarked on steamer "Empire City" at about midnight, to be ready to join fleet for which we were waiting.

We were on Warsaw Island a week. During this time we amused ourselves by cutting various little things from the cedar wood which grows abundantly there and which, while tougher than our own white pine, cuts as easily. We manufactured Chinese puzzles of different kinds, penholders, paper-knives, chains with whole links. Many things of the same kind were in the trunks which I sent home in 1864 and which were lost.

Feb. 26, 1862.

About this time the fleet arrived just at night. We had been lying on shipboard about ten days, from February 16. We joined it and sailed all night, anchored in St. Andrew's Sound, stopping there to prepare to strike at Fernandina. Our colonel told us that our company and Company B would be landed first and thrown out as skirmishers, and the rest of the regiment landed to take the rebel fort on the rear while the gunboats engaged them in the front. We expected some fighting. The colonel said we would have a chance to show ourselves.

March 2, 1862.

We arrived off Fernandina, Fla., today, and our regiment was to enter the city first, but the old boat got aground. We got aground in going up the channel past the fort and it took us three days to get off. We found the fort deserted. If they had stopped in the fort they could have knocked the steamer we were aboard of all to pieces. It took two gunboats to haul us off. One steamer tried it till midnight and gave it up and in going back up the channel she ran aground.

All of our regiment, except Company C (my company), got aboard another boat to lighten ours so she could get off. They landed at Fernandina till we got ready to come down here, we staying aboard all the time, when all but two companies, who stayed at Fernandina, came on board. I understood when our gunboats first appeared at Fernandina the enemy were just leaving the place, had set fire to some of the buildings, and were just moving out of town in a train of cars, and that the engine, or at least part of the train, was knocked from the track by shells and the rebels took to the swamp.

March 11, 1862.

We arrived off St. John's river today, and all the regiment (but Company C) were put on board the gunboats as sharpshooters, and ran over the bar.

Arrived here at 4 P. M. The gunboats were the "Ottawa," "Pembina," "Seneca," "Isaac Smith." "Empire City" was a steam transport.

March 12, 1862.

Company C landed today at Mayport Mills (probably) and the rest of the regiment went up to Jacksonville on the gunboats and landed. At Jacksonville the rebels had left after burning a number of buildings, steam sawmills among others.

April 1, 1862.

Our regiment left Jacksonville today on board steamers "Belvidere" and "Cosmopolitan."

Company C joined the regiment on board steamers at Mayport Mills, where it has been stationed, and the whole regiment, ex-

cept the two companies left at Fernandina, sailed for St. Augustine.

Company C had been occupying at Mayport Mills some old buildings formerly used by the rebels as barracks. We suffered intolerably here from the bad condition of these buildings. The rebels had kept many hounds and the place, even to the sand itself, was filled with fleas. These were an unceasing torment, preventing me from sleeping at night. There was no remedy from these. I have lain many a night on a narrow bench, such as was used in old district schoolhouses, to raise me somewhat from the floor.

Mayport Mills is on the St. John's river, about a mile from the mouth. It takes its name from a steam sawmill which was used to saw up the hard pine lumber, which was shipped in great quantities to the North. These mills are numerous in various places in the state, as the trade was large. There were a few scattering houses, a half dozen, perhaps, a lighthouse, and a little Catholic church. A wharf connected with the mill for use in shipping the lumber.

The soil was sandy in the whole neighborhood, with here and there low marshes.

The bank of the river, from the mouth to Mayport Mills, was a low sand bluff, on which the village was situated. Farther up the river was a hill of some height called St. John's Bluff, surmounted by a rebel battery. This was so high and the channel lay so close under it that a gunboat in attempting to pass could not elevate her guns sufficiently to return the rebel fire.

It was at the wharf at Mayport Mills that we were landed and from there were marched down to the mouth of the river where we were to be stationed. The road from Mayport Mills eastward follows the general direction of the river though in places at considerable distance from it. It is for the greater part of the way a hard, good road, but now and then interrupted by marshes. At such places it had been bridged over like our northern "corduroy" roads.

Our barracks had been placed where we found them to accommodate a rebel force in charge of two batteries of two guns

each on the south bank of the river. One of these batteries at the time of our occupancy was close upon the river's edge, the channel being immediately below it, so that a gunboat would pass within a rod or so of the muzzle of the guns.

The negroes told us that their position had been changed several times with the changing character of the bank. This was of light river sand which was rapidly eaten away by the force of the current, and was also blown away by the winds.

At Mayport Mills the sand shifted rapidly and there was a house to be seen nearly buried up in sand—the work of the wind.

Our barracks were on the river bluff, forty or fifty rods southward of the battery. From there a road led southwesterly, direct to Tallahassee. To the east of us was a creek at right angles to the river, with a footbridge across it. South was an extensive woods, bordered on our side by a marsh several acres in extent. The road to Tallahassee lay through these woods, as also did the one to Mayport Mills. About two miles above Mayport Mills a large creek emptied into the St. John's. The creek was large enough to have been called a river, but it always went by the former name among the inhabitants of this section. About six or eight miles from Mayport Mills, and on the "creek," was the village of Greenfield. The creek was very crooked and its banks extremely marshy. In fact, it ran through the marsh. Sailing up it, the boat would double on its course frequently. The banks were covered with rank marsh grass, so tall and thick that, standing upon them, one could not see over or through it. Here we found alligators.

Our company (C), which had been left in charge of the place, numbered at this time between fifty and sixty men only. I think the exact number was fifty-eight. Our regiment, which was the nearest Union force, was twenty or twenty-five miles distant, up the river, at Jacksonville.

The company felt that it was in a position of great responsibility and some peril. Captain Sleeper took all precautions, and this carefulness decreased our number of available fighting men. Out of fifty-eight, a sergeant and ten men were sta-

tioned at the Mills. He had his headquarters in the mill itself or an adjoining building, and posted his pickets in the neighborhood. At the barracks there were perhaps four or five picket posts of three men each, posted at varying positions on the roads, leading into camp, and in the woods around us. There was also a guard posted about the camp and sentinels at the battery, so that nearly every other night each man had to take his turn at guard duty.

The residents of the neighborhood who had remained on their plantations were allowed to visit the camp. Some of them professed Union sentiments, which, however, we were slow to trust; some made no secret of their secession principles, and once in a while we came across a Union man.

At this time it was the policy of the government to return fugitive slaves taking refuge under Union protection.

There was one slave belonging to a man in Greenfield who escaped into our camp three times and was three times returned at the demand of his master. The first time he came into camp his master soon followed, and immediately discovered him, and, cursing him, said, "When I get you home I'll fix you so you can't run away." The second time, I heard the clanking of a chain in the woods, and several of us went down to find the cause. We found the negro with shackles on his ankles, which prevented his stepping more than six inches. One ran quickly into camp for a hammer and hatchet and his irons were immediately struck off. In the meantime, his master, missing him, had ridden down to the mill and found Captain Sleeper, who happened to be there and from whom he obtained an order to recover his slave. He had already got a general order from General Wright to take his slaves wherever they might be found. Captain Sleeper, who was in personal sympathy with the men in their desire to help the runaway slaves, gave a flag signal of alarm from the top of the lighthouse, as soon as the man had left, to the sentry at the battery, intending to warn the camp. Unfortunately, instead of understanding the hint, it was misunderstood and a man immediately sent up to the mills to find out the trouble. While thus busy, the slave owner rode

into camp, demanding his slave. We there understood too late, for in our bewilderment we had neglected, and, indeed, had had scarcely time, to secrete the negro.

The man had with him a stout, long rope. This he tied tightly round the negro's wrists and with many curses threatened to kill him if he did not stop running away. He mounted his horse and rode swiftly off, the poor slave running for his life after him. Our men were in a fury of helpless indignation. Some even declared that they were sorry they had not waylaid and shot the man. Some of the company who had left the North firm Democrats on the slave question were as hot as the rest in their denunciation of the institution.

A third time the poor fellow escaped, and even took refuge on board the "Wabash," but even here he was not safe. His master pursued him, under General Wright's order, and he was again given up. We never heard of him again.

This slave owner was afterward arrested by Captain Sleeper. Some negroes who came into camp told Captain Sleeper that a Confederate company had been raised by a Mr. Haines, who had expected to be elected their captain, it being the custom in the Confederate service to appoint the captain by vote of the company. In this he was disappointed. The negroes told also of large amounts of ammunition which had been secreted in Haines's house at Greenfield, which had been buried near. Captain Sleeper took with him twelve men and went out with the intention of seeing Captain Haines and also finding the truth of the story concerning the buried powder. While on the scouting expedition he searched the houses at Greenfield, of which there were only a few, one of them belonging to the slave owner. The man abused them and defied the federal authority, declaring that Captain Sleeper could not arrest him with all the men he had in camp.

That night while the camp was asleep some one laid a hand on my shoulder. Other men were waked in the same way. We had orders to report with arms and accouterments to Sergeant Moody. We went down to the creek, where the sergeant notified

us that we were to proceed to Greenfield and arrest the man. Orders were imperative. We were not to return without him. "Either alive or dead you bring his body," said the captain, "alive if you can and dead if you must." We found the boat gone, so walked farther up to the ford and waded up to our arm-pits in water, carrying our clothes in a bundle on our heads. At Greenfield we were told he had gone the day before to Jack-sonville by sailboat to buy corn and was expected home that day. We took the best boat we could find and rowed down the river to our ford. It was now early morning and an excellent bed of oysters near by furnished us with a breakfast. Here we waited all day, posting a man in a tree for an hour at a time to keep a lookout for a sail.

After two or three false alarms the boat came in sight at about 4 o'clock P. M. He had on board one negro; otherwise was alone.

We got on board our boat and rode cautiously down the creek, keeping under cover of the bank, until at last, as he made a tack across stream, we pushed directly out to meet him. He called out, "You will run me down," but our coxswain quickly turned the boat alongside and our sergeant said, "I have an order for your arrest, sir." His reply was a torrent of oaths, but he allowed us to come on board and turn his boat, loaded with corn, down stream. We brought him safely into camp, where he was detained several days under guard. After he had given vent to his wrathful feelings and looked us all over he said, "Let me go home with my load of corn and I will go with you," and even entreated our sergeant to let him, but he said, "No, we will take care of your corn." We did not know but we should find him a troublesome man to arrest, he had talked so badly to the captain, mentioning that he had a rifle, double-barrel and single-barrel shotgun, besides two horse pistols and a Colt's revolver, all loaded, in the house, and that a party coming to arrest him would get the contents of all of them before he would be taken, and some of the men who were with the captain said he looked like a man who meant what he said. Two of our number were rowing, one at the helm, and two had their rifles in

hand ready to use in case of need; the other had his rifle near at hand. The following night we were waked in the night-time by the orderly sergeant as before and sent to arrest Captain Haines. We went to Greenfield to find him gone from home, but on making inquiries we learned when he would return and the next night another party (who had not been out scouting two nights in succession) were detailed to go and were successful in bringing him to camp. These two men were sent to Jacksonville by Captain Sleeper, with a letter to General Wright saying they were, in his opinion, dangerous men to be allowed to come and go, to and from camp, giving his reasons. General Wright gave them a pass to go where they pleased, night or day.

During the latter part of our stay here the rebels came down to the river on St. John's Bluff and encamped in the woods, firing on our gunboats as they passed up or down the river. This bluff being between us and Jacksonville, of course we felt rather unsafe. It was evident that the general felt so, also, as a gunboat came down the river and lay at anchor over night at the Mills, after the enemy made their appearance. To add to our anxiety a storm came on and the vessel that was to bring us supplies could not come in over the bar and we got all out of provisions. We were obliged to entrench ourselves, and to shovel on empty stomachs, in a warm climate, is rather trying, to say the least. Few of our number were detailed to go out foraging. We visited the plantations some six or eight miles away but found but little to bring back to camp, with the exception of a barrel of peanuts and some corn. We shot several pigeons, which made a nice pot pie. We lived for a day or two on peanuts, which we burned and made into coffee; this we drank, and then ate the grounds. We were glad enough when our ship came in.

One day two of us went out and took a boat at the creek and rowed up it several miles but saw nothing but alligators. While thus each man was feeling anxious lest we should be suddenly surprised by the enemy, many funny incidents happened. One of our company roused our camp two or three times in the night

while he was on guard around the quarters by firing his piece at some imaginary thing. Once a poor old horse came out on the beach some quarter of a mile away. He did not hit the animal, however. Once the moon suddenly came out of a white, fluffy cloud and cast a shadow of a tall tree, which he had not noticed before. In every case he would stoutly insist that he saw a man. After that when a gun was fired about the quarters some one would shout, "Lansey has a shot a man."

One man on guard at the mill reported that he saw a single light in the top of the lighthouse near by. The sergeant was called but the light had disappeared. The next night the same light was seen and, as before, the lighthouse was visited, but no light or indication of any person having been there was discovered. This again being reported to Captain Sleeper, Sergeant Colcord and a small squad of men were detailed to go and arrest the lighthouse-keeper. I made one of the number. It was about three o'clock in the morning, as near as I can remember, when we started from camp. We did not know where we were going until we got well on the road out away from camp, when Sergeant Colcord halted us and gave us the plan of what we were going to do. We were going to surround the lighthouse-keeper's dwelling and arrest the keeper and any other parties we might find there. As we came in the vicinity of the lightkeeper's house we quickly moved in a circle at several rods' distance from it, and within sight of each other, so that no one could pass out through our line without being seen. When our line was complete a signal was given and Sergeant Colcord went to the door and roused the keeper, who was closely questioned and the house searched. The keeper denied all knowledge of any light and declared he was a Union man. Nevertheless, they took him under guard down to camp. I was left to guard the house till morning, with strict orders to keep a sharp lookout that no one left the house. I pitied the lightkeeper's wife, who was almost frantic with fear for her husband. She, poor woman, asked me several times if I thought her husband would be shot, and seemed in great distress. I quieted her as much as I could by telling her I did not think any harm would come to him. I

think the sergeant intimated that if he did not own up something quite serious would happen. He persisted in declaring, however, in the strongest terms, that he had not signaled to the enemy and asked the sergeant to search his house. It was a great relief to me when full investigation had been made and it was decided that the old man could be set at liberty. I believe that it was not till he had been kept in camp under strict guard for a day or two.

It turned out that when the moon was first rising a light could be seen in the lighthouse from a certain point of ground, which had been previously occupied by the sentinel. It was only a reflection, lasting but a few moments, disappearing as the moon rose higher. Captain Sleeper sent me to investigate the mystery, with orders to find out what that light was. Imagine me going up into that dark, dismal, deserted, old lighthouse at midnight alone. That was about all I remember in regard to my investigation. In fact, I do not remember whether or not I discovered the cause of the light.

Another night, about two o'clock, the order was shouted by the orderly sergeant and quickly repeated by every sergeant, "Turn out, Company C, turn out," and at once there was great hurrying on of clothing and accouterments, and in less than one half minute we were in line of battle outside the barracks. Captain Sleeper seemed somewhat excited, as did both lieutenants. One half of our number were marched, under command of Captain Sleeper, out to the battery near the river, the guns of which had been turned inland; the other half were left to hold the barracks. I was with Captain Sleeper's party. When we got out to the battery Captain Sleeper said our picket had seen men prowling about in the bushes, had fired at them, and come in on the run. Some one suggested that we ought to communicate with the ten men at the Mills and the captain said, "Yes, who will volunteer to go?" Corporal French said he would go for one. I said, "I will go," and two others went with us. We took the road on which our pickets had been posted and when we got beyond where they saw men we went very cautiously, momentarily expecting to hear or see the enemy, but

saw nothing, excepting two or three head of young cattle. We found our men at the Mills all safe and after putting them on their guard we returned by way of the beach along the river, looking to see if any boats had landed.

While at this place one day the captain called the company very suddenly (seemingly) into line and said, "Boys" (for he always called us boys), "I am told that some of my men have broken into the church at the Mills and carried away church property. Now I want to know who did it and I am going to punish the offender or offenders." As no one spoke, he made a search of the quarters, accompanied by the priest, who, it seems, had reported it, and soon found several things. I don't remember now just what the articles were. I have forgotten now what the punishment was, but I am sure the captain was very severe in the presence of the priest.

Never were men happier to leave a place than we were to go from Mayport Mills, and when all our traps were packed on the team ready to go to the wharf and the torch was applied to the barracks, shouts for joy rent the air, and we said what an enormous number of lives were lost in those flames, and unless the fleas succeeded in hopping out pretty quickly there was, for it burned very rapidly.

We enjoyed the climate. We had thunder showers nearly every day or two. Peach trees were in bloom. We found lots of potatoes and green peas out at plantations when we first came here.

I have not seen any snow here this winter; it seems a long summer.

April 11, 1862.

We arrived at St. Augustine, Fla., today.

I have an indistinct impression of my first view of the queer old city. I can recall dimly a line of low houses, all built of the universal "coquina," and here and there among them some buildings more pretentious than the rest. There was a low church building, with a little spire. This was, I believe, the old Catholic cathedral. This faced the square, an open green space, which we passed in marching up from the wharf. Here

was also a market, to which was brought every day the produce of the market-gardens about the city. St. Augustine bore distinct traces of the time when it was a walled city. Directly at the end of the street leading across the city are the ruins of a large gate, formerly a gate of entrance. A street runs the length of the seawall, from Fort Marion at its eastern end to the barracks at the west. This wall is a fine structure, broad enough on the top for two persons to walk abreast. Across the city from the seawall were several fine plantations, with orange groves and with mansion houses.

We were quartered at Fort Marion. This is a genuine old European fort, built by the Spanish. We entered it over a drawbridge, which spans the ditch by which the fort is surrounded, and through heavy iron doors which opened to admit us. Another gate, directly opposite, ushered us into a square courtyard and the length of the passageway between them showed the thickness of the walls. This square, inside, served as a parade ground, though we usually held dress-parade outside the fort. On its four sides were arched bastions for the accommodation of the garrison.

In the northeast corner was a doorway leading into a dungeon situated under one of the outer angles of the fort. There were various stories told about the dungeon, one of which was that skeletons of men with chains and bands attached had been found, showing that prisoners had been left there to perish. Directly under the southwest corner, and under the stone stairway leading up on to the fort, another opening led into a deep, dark room, which might have been some time used for a dungeon. In this room I went to practice bugling (which I shall hereafter speak of), and I found that I could blow the bugle as loudly as I wished when just fairly inside the doorway, and no one outside in the courtyard could hear a sound. That was the only reason I chose this very lonely place to practice in, for it was not, to say the least, a desirable spot to pass an hour or two alone. Company C occupied the bastions on the left as we entered the fort, divided into as many parts as there were bastions, each part in charge of a sergeant, who looked

after the cleanliness of quarters. The men occupied bunks which were built on tiers of four, one on either side the bastion, and running the whole length.

A dining-table extended the entire length of each bastion, between the two rows of bunks. On these the men played euchre and various other games, wrote letters, read books, papers, etc. Food was cooked in rooms on the opposite side of the fort from the entrance. The company was formed into files by the orderly sergeant at meal-times and marched to the cookery, where each man took his ration and went to his quarters to dine. Other companies occupied other parts of the fort, one the bastion opposite Company C, and several the top of the fort, using tents. Part of the regiment (I think) camped outside the fort and part were detailed from time to time to occupy the barracks at the opposite end of the town, and to do patrol duty in the city. Two companies, as previously mentioned, were stationed at Fort Clinch, Fernandina, during our stay in St. Augustine. The officers, with the exception of Colonel Bell, lived in wall tents pitched on the top of the fort. Colonel Bell made his headquarters down in town, in a large dwelling house.

Our stay at St. Augustine was the pleasantest part of our army experience. We enjoyed the climate, which was like our summer, but in the warmest days the heat was tempered by the refreshing sea-breeze. I do not remember ever suffering with the heat as at the North, although, of course, the thermometer would stand much higher. As a rule, at four or five o'clock, we would have a severe thunder shower, with heavy reports and very sharp lightning.

We could supply ourselves easily from the hucksters or sometimes from the plantations themselves with oranges, lemons, figs, watermelons, muskmelons, pomegranates, and guavas. About every house in town had a large grape arbor. These would be covered with great clusters of purple fruit, which we could buy for what seemed to us a trifle. Oranges (sweet) were nearly done when we arrived, but we had a taste of them at the plantations themselves. The sour oranges succeeded them and

we soon cultivated a taste for these. They were made by the inhabitants into pies, which we found delicious. Mulberries grew on large trees, which were used sometimes as shade trees about the houses. These berries resemble blackberries. They were not offered for sale, not being very plentiful, but several times I was invited to help myself from the trees.

One day Addison Dodge and myself chanced onto the plantation of Mrs. Anderson, attracted by a great pile of oranges heaped on the veranda. The house was a large brick mansion, surrounded by a veranda, with beautiful grounds, about filled with orange and other trees, and a beautifully laid-out garden, the house being almost hidden among the trees and shrubbery. An old colored woman came to the door in answer to us and took us inside to a large, handsomely furnished room. Mrs. Anderson soon appeared, was willing to sell us oranges, and to make us pies if we would wait. In conversation with her I learned that she married Mr. Fairbanks, a brother of Deacon Fairbanks of Francestown, for her first husband. She knew my friends in Francestown well—had been to my grandfather's house at the mountain visiting. Her first husband was (I think) second cousin of my mother. I was very much surprised to find that I had met a lady who had been in Francestown, for I felt that we were a great way from home when we came to St. Augustine. She told me that her son had been at the North a great deal, studying for a physician, and in fact was at the time in New York.

She said she had given her slaves the choice to go away or make their home with her, as before the war. All had gone except an old negress (the same that had answered the call at the door). Mrs. Anderson seemed very glad to have found that one of our number was from Francestown and said she had felt a fear of the soldiers coming about her premises, and I noticed a reserve in her manner when she first came into the room, which, however, entirely disappeared during our conversation, and at parting she gave me a cordial invitation to come again.

Mrs. Anderson's pies, made by her colored cook, seemed to me the most delicious eatable ever tasted, and my impression is

that I accepted the invitation given and called frequently on business as well as pleasure.

From the next plantation, which could be entered from hers, we were in the habit of getting milk, and the kind old "secesh" lady who owned it used to invite me to eat mulberries when I came there.

I used also to visit a house at the other end of the town to get milk. Here they were proud to exhibit their secession principles. The lady of the house, a large, proud-spirited woman, of somewhat aggressive manner, did not hesitate to talk war and politics with me. The family were friends of Raphael Semmes and were very proud of the intimacy. They declared that we should yet hear from him and that he would never be captured but would die with his ship if he came to such a pass.

I made a delightful visit one day on a family of freed slaves. The house was, I think, on the street which leads from the wharf across the city and outwards to Palatka. I do not recall the purpose of our errand but remember being attracted by the perfect cleanliness and the air of thrift which marked the whole place. They received us politely, as the better class of negroes always did, and we learned from them that they had been slaves but had purchased their own freedom. They were very sharp, shrewd, intelligent-looking people, not a little proud of having achieved their own liberty.

Our camp was frequently visited by hucksters. They invariably announced themselves to be good Union men. They were fishermen who brought in their morning's catch, fruit venders, etc.

We were a good deal embarrassed in our dealing by the scarcity of small money. We had no demand smaller than ten or fifteen cents. Twelve and a half cents was a "bit." Checks were also given for change, redeemable only by the persons issuing them. This device compelled patronage. There was some trouble with a sutler's schooner which lay at the wharf.

Our friends the Union husters were sure to be round at rifle practice. This was part of our drill, and there was also firing every morning when the guard came off. There was an old

hulk sunk about one half mile out in the bay and about one half out of water. This was our target. We were armed at this time with long-range Belgian rifles and we heard of them afterward at Beaufort Ferry from the rebels themselves. The old hull was also a target for artillery practice from the fort. At one time I volunteered to form one of a detail to fire the morning and evening gun and raise the flag. We had permission to practice target-shooting and drill at libertine. I was anxious to get some idea of artillery firing. My first shot fell midway, to my surprise, the second about two thirds of the distance, and the third struck the ship. To the inexperience of the gunners at Petersburg Heights we afterward owed our escape from severe loss.

It was part of my duty here to blow the bugle. Some time before our arrival Cyrus Wheeler had been appointed, and after him Horace Forsaith. I was the third to try, and practiced, as before mentioned, in the dark chamber in the walls of the fort. It was after working at this for about a fortnight that I was attacked by a very severe headache, something quite unusual for me. I got excused from dress-parade, after suffering with it several days, and went to my bunk. While reaching down for something I had dropped, I nearly lost my balance, and in the effort to regain it my body was swayed back and forth. A quantity of scalding sea-water rushed from my nose and the pain was immediately relieved. I then remembered that one day in bathing I had filled my ears with salt water while diving, which I knew from my impaired hearing had not been entirely removed. This was the end of my headache.

After taking the bugle I had no other duty excepting going on dress-parade that I was obliged to do. I had, however, volunteered to make one of a detail of three for Colonel Bell, to have charge of his boat, and take him out for a row whenever he wished, and to go for the mail whenever a vessel appeared off the bar with one on board. We could tell by the signal of a flag, which we could always understand. Sometimes a vessel would be out six or eight miles from us, though not often more than two or three.

Once I remember going out for the mail when a sailing vessel had it aboard and was out some six miles. It was very rough crossing the bar and we had to look out very sharply for the breakers, which ran very high. It was owing to its being very rough that the vessel had kept off so far, not daring to come nearer to the bar; in fact, so far that we were not sure she had a mail, as we could not make out her flag very plainly, but, seeing her sail back and forth for a couple of hours, concluded to go and see. The sand bars caused the breakers to run in all directions, making it very dangerous crossing in small boats. After we had been out and got the mail-bag, which was a large one, and were returning, as we were in the midst of the breakers, one huge one passed under (for our little boat was a good one and rose very quickly with the water) and immediately it had passed broke suddenly and fell back just right to fill the boat half full of water. Mitchell was pulling one oar and I the other, and a little Frenchman was steering. The last, seeing another breaker rolling towards us from another quarter, said quite sharply, "Pull hard, Mitchell," and, being rather nervous, he pulled suddenly with all his might and broke his row-lock. We felt that we should now certainly be capsized, and it really seemed as if there was no help for it. I hardly know how we got safely out of the trouble, but somehow, by using one oar, first one side and then the other, we managed to keep the boat headed to the breakers till Mitchell could tie up his oar. Thankful enough were we to get over into comparatively still water. On some of these trips we had to pull hard all one way, either going or coming, as the tide would be set hard against us.

It was not an uncommon thing for the men to be sent on picket duty, not because of any need of a guard but more to make change of occupation for them. On one occasion a number of us, twenty or twenty-five, were sent down to the light-house. This was on a small island, opposite St. Augustine. I believe it was from here the coquina was obtained and that the place was called Coquina Island. We found a man, the former keeper, and his wife, still living in the lighthouse buildings, un-

molested. We staid here all night, I think. It was about this time that Captain Sleeper received his commission as lieutenant colonel, Colonel Whipple having resigned and Lieutenant-Colonel Bell having been given the colonelcy. Colonel Sleeper used to drill the regiment in skirmish exercise, and on these occasions expected me to blow the bugle. This I had gained confidence to do by practice in the dark chamber, and with Bryer, a bugler from Company I and a beginner like myself, outside the fort. I remember very well the first time I ever attempted to blow a call for the regiment. Colonel Sleeper sent for me and wanted to know how I got along with the bugling, and said he was anxious to use the main calls as soon as possible, and urged me very hard to attempt the retreat and tattoo calls. I felt diffident about trying, but he persuaded me, and that night I got up on top of the fort to blow the retreat. After the call there was a sound of applause from the colonel's tent, which was taken up in the different officers' quarters, and the men cheered and clapped. So I did not become "broken-down bugler No. 3." After this I blew the principal calls regularly and soon worked into them all.

After we had been in St. Augustine about three months an event took place which put us more on our guard.

There had been an old man over sixty years old living down in the village, just below the fort, who, in spite of his age, had been pressed into the rebel service. After our arrival he deserted and took up his abode in his old home. He was by trade a cobbler and found plenty of employment from the soldiers. He kept a cow, which he allowed to pasture at large and even beyond our pickets, where he used to go to milk her in the early morning. We warned him of the danger of the habit, as there was a bounty fixed on his head as a deserter, but he laughed at the idea of their troubling an old man like him. One morning, just at sunrise, our pickets heard a volley of musketry in the bushes near by, but not being allowed to leave their posts, they passed the word along the line to the first reserve. A party immediately went out to find the cause of the disturbance and discovered the old man's body lying on the ground beside his

cow, perforated with bullets and buckshot from his head to his feet. He was evidently shot by several muskets while in the act of milking. The cow also, which was standing helpless near, was covered behind with bullet marks. The old man was carried to a house near the fort, and the colonel immediately sent out a scouting party to find the assassins. I made one of the detail. We went out onto all the main roads and divided into small parties to explore cross roads. We visited plantations and searched thoroughly in every way for a circuit of five or six miles, but could discover nothing.

In some cases we found men at work in their fields near their houses, their muskets hanging up in the house, but none of them knew anything of the affair and expressed surprise when told about it. We never got any clue to the murderers. The old man was buried from near the fort, with military honors. This death caused a deep feeling among the soldiers, who regarded him as a Union man and a martyr to the Union cause. Among many of the residents, even such as were avowed secessionists, there was much indignation, while others laughed and scoffed at the occurrence.

After this Colonel Bell got permission to organize a company of cavalry for scouts. A few picked men were taken from each company and Sergeant Hicks (Company H) was given the command.

They practiced the cavalry drill and were quite separated from the rest of the regiment. They were accustomed, as part of their drill, to go out riding eight or ten miles into the country. On one of these expeditions Captain Hicks lingered a little behind his company, and they lost sight of him in turning the corner of a road. Probably they were only two or three rods in advance of him. They heard firing and directly turned back. The horse of Captain Hicks was found shot through the head but no trace of his rider, nor of any one else, and no signs of any scuffle were found. They could not find him and returned to camp. I think about two or three hours after their return he made his appearance. He said he had been suddenly attacked by a party concealed in the bushes and that he man-

aged to throw himself from his horse and elude them by hiding in the bushes and underbrush, and so creeping away. His story was doubted among some of the officers and men, who believed that he had simply been concocting an adventure; but that Colonel Bell believed it is proved by the precaution he took. He detailed parties to throw up earthworks on the side of the fort commanding the road to Palatka, the scene of the captain's mishap, and the cavalry were sent out eight or ten miles scouting but without result. There was also a party, of which I made one, under command of Lieutenant Kendall, to search the neighboring plantations.

These events gave us the feeling that perhaps an attack on Fort Marion was intended and kept us on the alert.

One night the pickets fired and the report was sent in that men had been seen creeping in the bushes. Colonel Bell came up to the fort and ordered the shelling of the woods beyond our pickets. We fired in earnest from the howitzer with which we had been practicing, and had an opposition to show the benefit of our practice. It was fully believed in camp that the fort was about to be attacked. The unusual sound of the booming from the old fort and the explosion of shell in the woods in the night time considerably excited the inhabitants of the town, but the anticipated did not come. Whether the shelling of the woods satisfied the enemy or whether it was a false alarm, the men did not ever know.

Hubbard and I had one day a pleasure excursion into the country. Colonel Bell gave us a pass (outside the lines). We went to one empty house and explored the devastated rooms. One, perhaps a library, had bookcases in it. These had been opened and books and pamphlets were strewn about the floor. We found similar ruin in other apartments, books and letters and papers thrown about the floor, as if some one leaving in haste had rejected one after another from what he was carrying. The house indicated an owner of wealth and refinement.

We wandered cautiously about, enjoying our freedom for some hours, and my impression is I got back to camp just after my name had been called at roll-call and I had been reported. Hubbard, I believe, arrived before his name was called.

A party of us went one day down to a sandy point at the mouth of the river, opposite the lighthouse. This point makes out into the sea to a great distance and at high tide most of it is covered, making a dangerous sand bar. It is here that we had our perilous adventure in rowing the mail in. It being low tide, we amused ourselves gathering shells and fishing for crabs. A singular sight to us was a long row of pelicans standing in military order, erect and still, on the low sand bar, with the sea for a background. They deceived the eye completely in their resemblance to a line of men. Wherever we stopped along the coast and found pretty shells I always took pains to collect them to send home.

There was a bathhouse a little way down the seawall from the fort which was visited by the men very often, some going in bathing as often as two or three times a day, so that one could hardly ever find it unoccupied by a goodly number of men at any time of day. As it was not so pleasant bathing with the crowd, some of our party got in the habit of going in just east of the fort (into the bay), where there was a nice sandy beach. Here, however, we were troubled with sharks. We had seen them several times but thought they would not touch us. One day while a party of us were in bathing one of our number suddenly cried out, "I am bitten by a shark," and swam rapidly towards the shore, as did all of us. We found he had the marks of the shark's teeth in the flesh of one of his legs, which was lacerated quite badly and bleeding freely. He said he saw the creature just as he was about to attack him and began kicking quite briskly, which he thought saved his leg. It is needless to say that the number of bathers was smaller afterward for this particular location.

On the vessel coming down in the expedition we could see sharks, when the air was clear, following in the wake of the steamer for hours, sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, as though ready to pick up whatever was thrown overboard.

We usually had some kind of an entertainment on the Fourth of July. While here at St. Augustine the officers got out a

regular program for the Fourth of July celebration, which was a rather funny one, to say the least. Among other things was a greased pig which was let loose, and a number of contestants started in pursuit in expectation of getting a reward of \$5 (or some such sum) offered for the one who could catch and hold him. Another feat was the climbing of a greased pole to reach some article placed at the top, a prize to be given the one who accomplished it. In vain did one after another try, only to slide to the ground after succeeding in mounting a few feet. A tub filled two thirds full of meal was placed on the ground. In this meal was said to be a \$5 goldpiece. Two negroes, who had very black faces, one on either side of the tub and on their knees, with hands tied behind them, took upon themselves the task of finding the money in the meal, which the finder was to have if he would find it with his mouth. There were bag races and wheelbarrow and tub races, etc.

One of the men, a private in the regiment, married a young lady whose home was in the village, and when we left St. Augustine he sent her north to his home.

During our stay at St. Augustine a sad accident happened. A boat capsized in the bay and three men were drowned, Corporal Cofran and Privates Libby and Lamey of Company D. There were nine in the boat and only two were able to swim ashore.

[Dates from June 17, 1862, to September 9, 1862, missing, the matter being condensed under April 11, 1862.]

May 11, 1862.

We are at Fort Marion, St. Augustine, Fla. I am on guard tonight.

May 12, 1862.

The story has circulated that we are to go home, that Governor Berry has seen the President and that we are to go on the 20th of May. I don't believe it but I think we shall go in a few weeks. We each have a new suit of clothes throughout, including shoes. The boats run about once in two weeks or ten days, so our mails are old.

The climate here is the most like New Hampshire of any state in the South. There is a nice cool air, even when it is very hot.

June 16, 1862.

Captain Sleeper has been promoted lieutenant colonel. I hate to have him leave the camp. Lieutenant Wallace has taken his place. I have made out almost all his rolls for him. One of the men drowned from Compny D was found today.

June 17, 1862.

Received five letters and eight papers by mail today, including a letter from Addie. There was also a book from Aunt Hattie. I am well and in good spirits and live in hopes all the time, though I don't know as peace will be declared for a long time, but I think they must give up soon. I have weighed one hundred and sixty-three pounds since I have been here, but only one hundred and sixty now. I weighed one hundred and forty-five when I left home. I hear Smith Whitfield has gone home wounded. I was in hopes all Francetown boys would get home free from hurt. I don't know but what they will remove us from here if they send out raw recruits and put us forward. I am willing to go, I am sure.

We have some hot weather here but not as much as I expected. We have nice watermelons.

September 9, 1862.

Today general order from General Hunter relieving the Fourth New Hampshire went into force. It was read on dress-parade at about 5 P. M., on parade ground west of fort. After the reading Adjutant Fuller indignantly tore up the paper and threw it behind him and the men cheered him heartily.

This order we all regarded as an insult to the colonel and the regiment. Whether General Hunter had been misinformed, or whether he had allowed himself to be prejudiced against Colonel Bell was uncertain. It is only sure the regiment was very unjustly disgraced for a time.

The facts which led to the trouble were as follows: A young girl, perfectly white in appearance but having colored blood, was in the habit of visiting the fort, to the annoyance of the regiment. Colonel Bell at last forbade her coming to the camp any more, and finding that these orders were not obeyed, formally notified her that if she repeated her visits she would be

put outside the picket lines. She paid no heed to this order and the next time she made her appearance she was sent outside the lines. It was very easy at this time for an order to be misinterpreted if a man had any personal enemies, for the popular sentiment was setting very strongly in favor of the negroes. The regiment never knew the reason of the undeserved punishment, but I suspect there was a great deal of underhand work in it. As I have only suspicions, which I cannot verify, I shall not detail them here. One thing is perfectly sure, his men never for a moment lost confidence in Colonel Bell, and the fact of his immediately resuming command again seemed to show that the affair was treated lightly by General Hunter. It stirred up a good deal of excitement and ill feeling against the commanding general, however, which by and by subsided. These matters will be referred to again under the proper dates.

The obnoxious order required Colonel Bell to report at once to Hilton Head and the regiment to also report as soon as possible after the arrival of Colonel Putnam and his command (Seventh New Hampshire Regiment), which was today.

September 10, 1862.

Today we embarked on board the steamer "Ben DeFord." The inhabitants of the city had become attached to the regiment and gave us a most cordial good-by. The windows and doors were everywhere thrown open and filled with people waving handkerchiefs and cheering, and some even weeping, as we marched down through the town from the fort to the wharf. Bitter secessionists told me that they were astonished at the good behavior of our regiment. Some of their own troops had immediately preceded us in the occupation of the city and they found them to be thieves and plunderers. Of course they expected nothing better of their enemies. We consoled them with the news that another New Hampshire regiment was to take our place, and predicted that they would find them the same kind of men. We were sorry ourselves, apart from our indignation, to leave our pleasant quarters and surroundings in St. Augustine.

September 11, 1862.

We arrived at Hilton Head today, and what howling there was for Colonel Bell! Old Hunter had to relieve Bell or I think the boys would have killed him. Ran to Beaufort and went into camp in the bushes with no tent. They say it is to punish us for howling so at Hilton Head.

That night it rained hard and we had to take care of ourselves as best we could. Our camp was on ground covered by low, scrubby, harsh bushes, and we had to work hard to clear it up sufficiently to rest and to get ready for our tents when they should come.

September 13, 1862.

General Mitchell tried to review us but could not see the whole regiment on account of the bushes, but he made a speech and promised us some fighting.

[Dates to September 28, 1862, missing.]

September 28, 1862.

We are at Beaufort, S. C. Report came today that Stonewall Jackson and force are taken. I don't believe it.

September 29, 1862.

I am in good health. We have moved our camp from where we were when we first came up here, and are now only about a mile from the village, under a nice pine grove. The war looks pretty dark now but I believe we are going to see better times soon and I don't feel discouraged yet.

I am sick of the life, and was when I commenced it, but I don't allow myself to think of the disagreeable part but feel willing to endure almost anything and stay as long as I'm needed, and then I want to go to New Hampshire.

I have the feeling that as long as I stay in the Fourth New Hampshire Regiment they will never go into a regular battle.

We have a chaplain in our regiment but they don't seem to be what they ought to be. They hold meetings only once in a great while. He takes the mail.

Saturday, Oct. 18, 1862.

At Beaufort, S. C. Came in from picket and found ourselves under marching orders of several days' standing.

October 19, 1862.

We are in Beaufort, S. C. I am in excellent health and spirits, though I learn you (E. P. B.) are inclined to be a little discouraged about the war, but I think when you look things squarely in the face you will come to the same conclusion that I have, and that is this: I think that there is an overruling Hand in this, from beginning to end, and that the Lord had more than one object in putting it into the minds of the South to rebel. One is for punishment to the whole nation, and another is to bring freedom to all slaves, and I think that it will never be settled until the slaves are emancipated. I believe if our troops had whipped the rebels right away after the time we had such good success in every battle that it would not have killed slavery. But the Lord caused it to be so. I think that the rebels were stronger than we were aware of and we can't whip them until we emancipate their slaves. They keep them at work fortifying and raising crops while they are fighting. If we had only done that in the first place we could have been victorious now, but we have shown to the world, and the South in particular, that we did not come out here to fight to liberate their slaves but to whip them. We must do so now. I look forward to see our army prosper as soon as the slaves are freed. Of course we don't expect they can get away and be free in a minute, but I hope the rebels will find they have got hard work to keep them.

We have been under marching orders for a week but do not move, though some say we are to go aboard a boat by next Monday to go to Savannah or Charleston, but I don't believe we shall go. If we do the rebels will run. They always do where we go.

One night while the Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania were on picket at the Port Royal ferry they said to the rebel pickets across the ferry that they were going to be relieved. The rebels asked what regiment was to relieve them, and were told it was the Fourth New Hampshire. "What!" said they, "the regiment that has been at St. Augustine with the long-range rifles? We have heard enough about those fellows. We don't want to have

anything to do with them." By the way, the Seventh New Hampshire, who took our place at St. Augustine, were fired upon by the rebel guerillas. One man was killed in sight of the Seventh Regiment pickets.

We have now changed our Belgian rifles for a lighter one, the old ones weighing some eleven or fourteen pounds. Our new ones are just as accurate and equally good in close action.

I feel real provoked when I think of it—young men that have to work out for a living staying at home these times. I know of a fellow that told me before I came away that he was not afraid to enlist but he could make money fast enough at home and live easy, and he thought it for his interest to stay at home. Yes, such men as that are cowards, but in after years, if anyone should be talking about the rebellion, they would be the first to brag and tell how smart the North were—how they whipped.

Apples are selling here at six dollars a barrel, or five cents apiece.

I am almost twenty-two; shall be the 26th of October. I hear we are to have a general inspection tomorrow, so I guess we shall move soon; it is a pretty sure sign. I expect to go to Savannah or Charleston, though they have a pontoon bridge all loaded to take up to the Ferry. We may go over that way instead.

Monday, Oct. 20, 1862.

Had orders to have three days' rations cooked and be ready to march Tuesday morning at nine o'clock.

Tuesday, Oct. 21, 1862.

At 9 A. M. marched down to wharf and went on board steamer "Boston," which, after waiting till 1 P. M., took us down to Hilton Head. Here we went on board a gunboat ["Cone-naugh," as given by A. Dodge].

Wednesday, Oct. 22, 1862.

Lay on board gunboat over night. Started at about 3 A. M., and went about twenty-five or thirty miles, as near as I could judge, to —— Island. Here a small detail in command of a sergeant was sent ashore to capture picket post. It was said that they took this means for the secret landing of the troops.

Owing to some blunder of the sergeants, it was said, the rebels discovered them and fled on horseback. We immediately landed.

October 22, 1862.

It was while charging through the woods in the skirmish line that Corporal Gilpatrick and myself, who were a rod or two in advance of the rest of the line, came to a puddle of rain water caught among the dead leaves. We were very thirsty, from our run and the warm weather, and dropped quickly to the ground for a drink. When we arose Corporal Gilpatrick, noticing men running a little in advance of him, raised his rifle, exclaiming, "There are the rebels! Shoot the cusses!" I looked and, recognizing a part of our own skirmish line, which had passed us as we paused, cried, "Hold on, Tom! Don't shoot our own men!" He stopped, horrified at his narrow escape. I think I did save Sergeant Rollins's life, first where the Sixth Connecticut made the advance charge. In this woods the colonel or lieutenant colonel was killed. A rebel sharpshooter had secreted himself in a tree and remained behind after their retreat, and while inside our lines deliberately fired at ———. Some of the men saw him fire. A whole company was ordered to shoot at him in the tree, which they did, and killed him.

The object of the expedition was to cut the railway coming between Charleston and Savannah at Coosawhatchie. The river at this last place is very difficult to cross, it being impossible at low tide on account of the mud, and at high tide on account of the depth of water as well. They had a strong battery commanding a drawbridge which crossed the river here and which was the only means of getting to the opposite shore.

As soon as possible we commenced our march and marched about eight or ten miles on a road which crossed the island in the direction of Coosawhatchie. At this point the rebel troops came out, accompanied by two pieces of artillery. It was now about 2 p. m. As the Fourth New Hampshire had the place of honor, the first lieutenant (Richardson) said it was the second regiment to be called into the fight. We had been marching by four rank and Colonel Bell gave the order to go double quick,

and we went so about one half mile, and then we heard our artillery (we had two pieces) fire a gun, to draw out the enemy, I suppose. We kept on a short distance, when we had orders to halt and form a line of battle. Then the shells came over in good earnest. We were on an open slope and the rebels in some woods below, where they could see us without being seen and could get a good range. The Sixth Connecticut formed the first line of battle. The Fourth New Hampshire were immediately behind, forming the second. We were followed by the Seventh Connecticut, forming the third.

The first two or three shells burst in the air to our right and back of us, but not many before a solid shot or an unexploded shell struck exactly in the ranks of the regiment in front of us and precisely in range of me. It made a space in the ranks about eight feet wide, killing one man and wounding two, and knocking down two or three more. The air from such a shot is enough to knock a man down. I have heard of men being killed by losing their breath from the wind of a ball. If these men had only been looking up they could have dodged it by stepping one side; at least, it seemed so where I stood, since I could see it coming. During this shelling we were standing at "parade rest," on close column by division, that is, two companies in line, making five lines. In this position we waited orders. The next report from the rebel guns, for we could distinguish the sound of their guns from ours, sent a shell which exploded in the air immediately in front of us, throwing the pieces over my head, and buried themselves in the dirt behind us. The third shell burst in nearly the same place and a piece whizzed by my head, which I dodged, and buried itself with much force at the feet of the orderly sergeant behind us. The orderly sergeant of the company in line with ours was wounded by a piece of the same shell, and a man in the ranks of Company C, named Hall, had his gunstock broken and band bent at the same time. As we were at "parade rest," this saved his life. My own position was on the extreme right of the company. In marching I marched in the rear of the orderly sergeant. I had

a chance, being on the right, to move out a few feet from the line, which I did. This lasted only a few minutes and the regiment again formed into line of battle and followed the Sixth Connecticut, who charged down the hill. The rebels fell back about a mile and made another stand across a bridge, which they tore up after them. When we got there our regiment took the front and the Sixth Regiment fell back to the rear, pretty tired. Lieutenant Henry, U. S. A., commanding the artillery, a cool, brave fellow, called to us, "Boys, will you go with me? Now is our time! I want you to support me and I will support you if you will come on. If not, I will go alone." We rushed in. I felt like helping him and so did all our regiment. The engineers put down a bridge for the artillery and we went across the swamp on their left and right. Our company was ahead on the right and got across first. It was an excellent place for the rebels to rally. The mud where our company crossed was a foot or more deep, and directly in front was a high bank which we must climb, covered with bushes and shrubs. . We rushed across like hounds, through the long grass and mud, expecting to meet the rebel fire every moment, but they had fallen still farther back.

On reaching this bank our company immediately deployed as skirmishers to find the enemy. We pursued them over a large cotton field, full of ditches, as far as some woods, in which they made a stand. The firing was rapid but wild. Our regiment soon came up and charged into the woods, driving them again through cornfields, cotton fields, and swamps, they occasionally making a stand and as often being routed.

We drove them in this way about four miles, to the river, which they crossed on a bridge, which they drew up after them. This river is at low tide a bed of mud, which would bury anyone attempting to ford it. Our regiment still retained the same line of battle, across the road under Lieutenant Henry, occupying the road, and our regiment marching on either side. The line was parallel to the river and Company C held the extreme right. On our reaching the bank, which was covered with a heavy growth of wood, they opened on us from the other side.

They were now strengthened by a heavy land battery in their rear and by intrenchments. Here was the railway which it was our object to cut. The first few shots were directed to our left and center. From our position on the right we could see on the opposite bank mounted officers riding about and evidently giving orders to the battery, which was hidden under the trees. Accordingly, the right fired in the direction thus indicated, and it was soon evident with some effect, for their guns were immediately turned on us. This was the signal for hotter firing from the left and center, which again drew the rebel firing upon them. Each side in turn sent up a defiant shout every time as the rebel batteries thus acknowledged their fire. Their shells were soon replaced by grape and canister and chain shot, which were much more damaging. I saw large limbs of trees as big as my thigh snapped off. One man whom I saw led from the field had received a huge splinter of green wood directly in the face close to the nose, burying itself two or three inches in his face. I saw another with his head blown quite off, having been struck on the head by a shell, which exploded at the instant. His blood and brains were spattered over a comrade standing near. He had fallen forward as he fell, the muscles stiffening at once from the suddenness of his death, and stood supported on his feet and extended hands. This happened quite near me. Another was wounded within a rod of me by grape shot, which swept over an acre. The charge went each side of me, so near I could feel the wind from the bullets. Another was killed also beside me. I got behind a large tree and thus protected myself somewhat. The firing was very hot, hotter than anywhere else, the boys on the left afterward said, but I could not tell except by what they said. An important thing is to improve all advantages for protecting the men, and Major Drew soon came along with orders to fall back into the woods a rod or two and protect ourselves as well as we could. I and Private Griffin, who was with me, had secured good positions, and Major Drew said "All right," so we remained where we were. Soon after this the Fourth New Hampshire were relieved by the Seventh Connecticut and our regiment moved off some half mile into some woods on the

extreme left of the line, to protect its flank against any surprise. Griffin and I remained in our places, busily firing, unconscious of the removal of our regiment, until about an hour of sundown, when, our ammunition being exhausted, we looked about us. All the soldier-caps near us had the figure "7" on them. In answer to my inquiries they said they had relieved the Fourth New Hampshire some two hours before. Getting the direction from them, we started somewhat anxiously to rejoin our regiment. We passed men all through the woods, some dead and some wounded. The latter were being removed and assisted. I did not allow myself to be affected by what I saw. All I could do was to look out for the bullets. They were passing me on all sides and shells bursting in the air over my head. We came out into the road occupied by our center and here met Colonel Bell, who had been wounded in the foot and was on his way to the surgeon. He seemed glad to see us alive and well. Griffin had had a bullet lodge in his cartridge box. Colonel Bell directed us to the regiment and we soon found our company. Captain Wallace and Lieutenant Mayne were sitting close under a tree with a group of men when we came up. As I stood talking, Captain Wallace called to me as a bullet struck into a green tree near us with a sharp crack, "Bryant, sit down! You'll get hit!" The next instant a rifle ball struck him in the shoulder and came out at the elbow and wounded Lieutenant Mayne in the thigh. I think it was a sharpshooter concealed in a tree. It was a matter of surprise to me that more of our men were not injured, but if they had been drawn up in line of battle where Griffin and I were, and remained there as long, they would have been cut to pieces. They were protected by moving out of range of the batteries. The nature of the ground and the position of the enemy made this possible.

We did not succeed in our object, namely, the cutting of the railway and burning the railway bridge. We were prevented by lack of ammunition and reënforcements. The rebels were receiving reënforcements all the afternoon. We could hear on our side the arrival of the trains. Our gunboats, it was said, burned the bridge, which was afterwards contradicted, and they

knocked an engine of a train of eight or ten cars, loaded with troops, off the track. That was above us. If they had come down to us they would have routed us at once. As it was, we fought them till after sundown. We ate our supper lying in the woods and there commenced to prepare for retreat.

Our regiment was the last to leave, being given the post of honor, viz., that of rear guard to protect the retreat, to bring in the wounded, and to bury the dead. General Mitchell was particular to see personally that all the dead were properly buried and all the wounded picked up. We buried them in their blankets under the trees. We sent the wounded to the front of the regiment and followed the retreat, marching by the four rank. We were obliged to carry the wounded in blankets, not being fully provided with stretchers. The enemy's cavalry followed us a little timidly, and delayed us somewhat by occasionally dashing down on us. We would immediately form into line of battle and hold them in check, while the wounded moved on, and then proceed again. I helped carry a wounded sergeant from Company B of our regiment. He came from Nashua. I believe he was wounded in the breast and had a furlough afterward and recovered and came back to the regiment.

It was a tedious march to landing.

Thursday, Oct. 23, 1862.

We got to the landing about 4 o'clock A. M. We slept on the ground till after sunrise. It was a grassy marsh in which we lay, but we were so completely fatigued that we dropped down in the mud, where we halted and slept. In the morning we woke lame and stiff from our exertions, and swollen and heated from the hot morning sun which had been pouring down on us. We got on board the gunboat, which was no small job, and lay on the deck through the day and night. Got fresh, hot rations here. The rations were a present from the men, and I believe a ration of whiskey from the officers of the gunboat, as they saw our men were so exhausted. Many of the men on the boat were very hospitable, offering their own hammocks to us. Some were accepted, but I preferred sleeping on the deck.

Friday, Oct. 24, 1862.

Got back to Beaufort this afternoon. General Mitchell says he "means to clear them out of there," so we are anticipating going up again in a few days.

Horace Forsaith is in the hospital sick. I found myself extremely nervous today and others were affected the same way. Every fly that buzzed by would cause us to dodge as if it were a rifle ball.

There were only fifteen wounded and three killed in our regiment, according to report. I think, however, there were some twenty-seven or twenty-eight wounded. Other regiments suffered much more, some losing as many as forty or fifty, I think.

[Dates to December 22 missing.]

The following is a letter received by Mary Rowe:

BEAUFORT, S. C., Dec. 22, 1862.

Dear Sister,—I have just returned from battalion drill, in which the whole, or nearly the whole, regiment deployed as skirmishers. They had blank cartridges and fired just as though the enemy were really before them. And it seemed as though Pocotaligo had got round. I blew the calls for the major, back at the rear; a call for every command: "Forward," "Right Flank," "In Retreat," etc. It is only fun for me. I am well and in good spirits, but don't know much news; could write you some camp stories but don't consider them worth writing. I am in hopes that Burnside will clean them out at Fredericksburg, but I am fearful that the rebels will concentrate their whole force there and whip him. But they have got a tough old fellow to deal with.

Little did I think when I wrote last winter that this unholy war would last till now. I have been in as smart a battle as any that has been fought, I think, considering the number engaged; had some pretty narrow escapes. By the mercy of God I came out without a scratch. I looked my coat all over to see if there were any holes in it made by grape shot or pieces of shell, for I could feel the wind from them as they passed me many times and wounded or killed those behind me.

I understand we are going back to St. Augustine before long; it may be a camp story. But I guess we shall go in a month or so.

I suppose you imagine it is warm down here, but we have some real cold weather. It freezes ice an inch thick nights and we are not allowed any stoves in our tents, so it makes it "fired" cold evenings and mornings; only warm in the middle of the day.

How I should like to be sitting tonight by a good warm fire in my old home, eating some of those good Baldwin apples. I could eat about a peck of them.

The story that is in circulation in camp is that Burnside has been driven back across the river and has lost 1,505 men, but I hope it is not true. I have heard it three or four times since I have been writing this. One story was that we had whipped the rebels up there. You probably have the whole truth of the case before now and know the result of the battle, but I shall have to wait a week or ten days. I am now stopping nights with the postmaster. I have to look after the office while he goes away when I am not on duty.

I understand the mail goes from Hilton Head tomorrow and I guess you will get this letter pretty soon after date. I have learned forty-eight calls on the bugle and don't know the notes very well either. I have them to blow almost every day.

I suppose I can go into the band when it comes from New Hampshire if I want to. They are getting up one and are going to fill it up from the regiment. I don't know whether I shall or not; shall see Dignam (the old leader of the Manchester Cornet Band) when he comes. The captain (Wallace) of my company wants me to come back into the company and take a corporal's berth, and says there is no doubt but that I should be a sergeant in less than three months, as two of the sergeants are to be made lieutenants soon. But I came out here to fight and can fight for my country as a private. I may go into the company sometime but the colonel doesn't want me to now.

Thursday, Jan. 1, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. No drilling. Game of ball. Got a mail at Beaufort. Report in camp today that rebel steamer "Alabama" had captured our sailing vessel "Ariel," which was in our fleet.

Friday, Jan. 2, 1863.

Warm and pleasant; had a long drill. Captain Wallace re-

turned a few days ago to our company; says times are gloomy enough.

Saturday, Jan. 3, 1863.

Another hard drill. Signed the clothing roll.

Sunday, Jan. 4, 1863.

Knapsack and general inspection.

Monday, Jan. 5, 1863.

Drilling as usual. Very cloudy and looks like rain.

Tuesday, Jan. 6, 1863.

Our Company C was on guard today. It rained hard most of the day; no drilling.

Wednesday, Jan. 7, 1863.

Drilling today as usual.

Thursday, Jan. 8, 1863.

Very warm and pleasant. Had a grand review. It began at 8 A. M. and lasted till noon. After the review we had a sham battle between infantry and artillery. The review and inspection were by order of Generals Seymour and Brennan. Both were present.

Friday, Jan. 9, 1863.

Mail came today. Cool and windy. I wrote a letter and sealed it and gave it to Dodge to direct to whom he pleased. He sent it to Addie.

Saturday, Jan. 10, 1863.

Our regiment got up at about three o'clock to go out to the Port Royal Ferry on ten days' picket. It is ten miles from camp. It rained hard. Dodge went on guard when we got there. The countersign was "Monterey."

Sunday, Jan. 11, 1863.

Cool and pleasant. Dodge says: "I got relieved from guard and got into camp (meaning picket headquarters) just at noon. My post was five or six miles from camp."

Monday, Jan. 12, 1863.

Warm and pleasant.

Tuesday, Jan. 13, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. Dodge was on guard at the same post countersign "Buena Vista."

Wednesday, Jan. 14, 1863.

Fair and windy. Dodge returned from picket.

Thursday, Jan. 15, 1863.

Dodge speaks of visiting Rose Island Place. Mail came. Cool and windy.

Friday, Jan. 16, 1863.

Cool and windy; very rainy. Dodge on picket; countersign "Tory." Our artillery left for Beaufort to go in the expedition supposed to be starting to take Charleston, S. C.

Saturday, Jan. 17, 1863.

Warm and pleasant this morning when we came in from picket but a cold, windy night.

Sunday, Jan. 18, 1863.

Very cool and windy. Baked beans for breakfast. Dodge was on quarter-guard; exchanged places with William Woodbridge. Countersign was "Malacall." Dodge sprained his ankle and took cold so that it troubled him, but he managed to do guard duty.

Monday, Jan. 19, 1863.

Cold and rainy. Another mail. Corporal Tenney shot his thumb off accidentally. He was corporal of the guard and was returning from one of the posts to which he had been called, carrying his rifle over his shoulder, with the barrel in front, his hand near the muzzle. He stumbled in the dark, throwing his gun forward and striking the hammer. The piece discharged, blowing off his thumb. He was sent to Hilton Head hospital and after recovering served there as nurse for some time. He was then put into the invalid corps. These duties he seemed to prefer to those of a soldier.

Tuesday, Jan. 20, 1863.

Rained very hard this morning. At 9 A. M. the Sixth Connecticut came out to relieve us. We got into Beaufort about noon. It was very muddy all the way. Our guns were well rusted by the time we got back. Mail came.

Wednesday, Jan. 21, 1863.

Warm and pleasant this forenoon. We cleaned our guns. Harvey Buxton came back to the regiment. He was taken prisoner on our way from Annapolis.

Thursday, Jan. 22, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. Had two battalion drills, one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Friday, Jan. 23, 1863.

Very warm and pleasant. Had a company drill.

Saturday, Jan. 24, 1863.

Warm and very pleasant. Got a mail.

Sunday, Jan. 25, 1863.

Very warm and pleasant. Had an inspection.

Monday, Jan. 26, 1863.

Cool, windy, and rainy part of the day.

Tuesday, Jan. 27, 1863.

Cool and rainy. Our company on guard. Dodge did not go. Countersign "Toronto."

Wednesday, Jan. 28, 1863.

Cold and windy. A little snow on the ground this morning. We could just scrape up a little for snowballs. Another mail.

Thursday, Jan. 29, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. Our company at work on the rifle pits and felling trees. Dodge worked, chopping.

Friday, Jan. 30, 1863.

Had a gun and knapsack inspection by Lieutenant Henry (of the U. S. Regular Artillery). In the afternoon he drilled our regiment in battalion drill. He tried all the captains and first lieutenants in commanding regiment.

Saturday, Jan. 31, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. Went on picket tonight. Countersign was "Matrimorphos."

Sunday, Feb. 1, 1863.

Warm and pleasant again. Our company have no inspection today, as we came in from picket. In the evening we received a mail.

Monday, Feb. 2, 1863.

Cool this morning and cloudy. Our company were all detailed to go out to shovel on the rifle pits.

Tuesday, Feb. 3, 1863.

Pleasant but cool. Company C again detailed to work on the fort. Eleventh Maine and One Hundred Fourth Pennsylvania regiments pitched their tents near us. It rained last night.

Wednesday, Feb. 4, 1863.

Cool and windy. We are again at work on the fortifications. Hiram Foster in Company H, in carrying a heavy log, broke his leg. His twin brother was with him. Rained last night again.

Thursday, Feb. 5, 1863.

Rained hard all day. Mail today.

Friday, Feb. 6, 1863.

Company C are on guard today. Cold and rainy. Dodge was on supernumerary list for first time since he enlisted. Countersign was "Brandywine."

Saturday, Feb. 7, 1863.

The most of the regiment went out working on the rifle pits, but our company did not go. We cleaned up our guns for inspection.

Sunday, Feb. 8, 1863.

Had a company inspection and the "laws of war" read to us. Very pleasant day. Went down about a mile with the mail to Beaufort, the postmaster being sick. Very indignant with "Northern Copperheads."

Monday, Feb. 9, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. We are at work upon the rifle pits again today.

Tuesday, Feb. 10, 1863.

Very warm and pleasant. Drilling. We had the pleasure of showing Colonel Sleeper's wife how well our company could do the bayonet exercise.

Wednesday, Feb. 11, 1863.

Drilling as usual. Warm and pleasant.

Thursday, Feb. 12, 1863.

Warm and pleasant.

Friday, Feb. 13, 1863.

Another warm, pleasant day.

Saturday, Feb. 14, 1863.

Warm and rainy.

Sunday, Feb. 15, 1863.

Company inspection today. Mail.

Monday, Feb. 16, 1863.

Company C on guard today. Dodge not on. Cloudy and dull. Paid off: two months' pay, with clothing bill deducted or added, as the case might be. Dodge received \$13. He says not enough to pay all his little bills.

Wednesday, Feb. 18, 1863.

Rained in the forenoon; warm and pleasant in the afternoon. The regiment went out to shoot at target. The companies were changed today at dress-parade. Company C is now second company. Robert Seaver begins to act as second lieutenant of Company E.

Thursday, Feb. 19, 1863.

Very warm and pleasant. Our company presented Lieutenant Seaver, formerly our orderly sergeant, with a new sword and sash.

Friday, Feb. 20, 1863.

Very warm and pleasant. Our regiment went out to Port Royal (the ferry) on ten days' picket. Our company is on guard tonight. The countersign is "Mexico."

Saturday, Feb. 21, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. Came into headquarters with a lot of peanuts. A. D. went to a dance. Colonel Sleeper joined in with the negroes, which pleased them very much.

Sunday, Feb. 22, 1863.

Warm and rainy till 9 A. M., when it cleared away. A. D. got reported for being absent at roll-call. He had gone over to the brick yard to get some peanuts, cider, and oysters. Mail today.

Monday, Feb. 23, 1863.

A. D. was on picket today on the island; countersign "Potomac."

Tuesday, Feb. 24, 1863.

A. D. came in from picket and brought two superior hoe-cakes and some more peanuts. Mail today.

Wednesday, Feb. 25, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. The rebels came over with a flag of truce. Another mail.

Thursday, Feb. 26, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. A. D. says: "On picket tonight. The countersign is 'Canton.'"

Friday, Feb. 27, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. A. D. says: "Had a good time."

Saturday, Feb. 28, 1863.

Rainy. Our regiment came into camp from the ten days' picket.

Sunday, March 1, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. We had another regimental inspection. S. P. Hubbard, our regimental mail agent, was detailed to post-office in Beaufort, and I was notified by Colonel Bell that I was to take his place. We got a small mail. Dodge and I went to town tonight.

Monday, March 2, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. Drilling as usual. The regiment went out target shooting. Each company was to fire one hundred cartridges on three different days, the prize, a Burnside rifle, to be given to the company which made the best shots.

Tuesday, March 3, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. Our regiment is at work cutting bushes by the side of a shell road so the artillery can cross. William Winn shot a "perron."

Wednesday, March 4, 1863.

We all got ready for general inspection by General Saxton, but he didn't come. Got orders to take the place of the Sixth Connecticut and be ready to leave at any time. (The Sixth Connecticut were probably under marching orders, and we put under marching orders in their stead.)

Thursday, March 5, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. Our company is on guard.

Friday, March 6, 1863.

Very pleasant. Received orders again to be ready to leave here at a moment's notice.

Saturday, March 7, 1863.

Very pleasant. Rained last night. All of the provost guards and others detached from the regiment up in good shape. That these men were sent back we considered an indication that the regiment was soon going into action.

Sunday, March 8, 1863.

General inspection by General Saxton. He called us a model regiment and an honor to the old state of New Hampshire, and when he inspected Company C he said that was the best company he had inspected in the department. We understood that he had been down to the Head three days in succession to see General Hunter about having the order for our departure countermanded, which was done. But we were finally ordered to be ready again, to go in case the colonel and other officers of the Sixth Connecticut did not return from the North in time for that regiment to take our place. Therefore we were at this time under marching orders but uncertain of leaving.

Monday, March 9, 1863.

Very warm. We had a very hard skirmish drill. J. Corcoran of Company B got shot through the wrist by an accidental discharge of his gun.

Tuesday, March 10, 1863.

Our regiment is on picket tonight; countersign "Monterey." Tonight the mail was so heavy that I took a man down to Beaufort to help bring it up to camp. It took about an hour to dis-

tribute it. Some half dozen officers helped me. I had to fasten up my tent (a large wall tent), the men rushed in so eagerly to get letters. My duties as mail agent were to collect the mail (I usually went to the officers' tents for their mail but kept a mail box at my tent door for the men to drop theirs in) each morning and carry it to the Beaufort postoffice, and get any mail that came in for us, and bring it up and distribute it into boxes, the officers usually coming in and helping; then the orderly sergeants would come and get their company's mail. I had at the back of my tent a set of boxes (pigeon holes) built to receive the letters, one for all the officers and one for each company; in front of this a table on which the officers and myself stood to distribute the letters. We have large mails but not very often.

I still help bugle some. Buglers all have orders to (as many as wish) turn over their guns to their captain. All have, but I chose to keep mine.

We expect to have some fighting to do very soon by all the signs of the times.

Wednesday, March 11, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. Came in from picket. Mail.

Thursday, March 12, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. Drilling as usual.

Friday, March 13, 1863.

Warm again; very windy—sand blows badly. Mail.

Saturday, March 14, 1863.

Pleasant and warm. Another piece of mail.

The following is a letter to Mary Rowe:

BEAUFORT, S. C., March 14, 1863.

Dear Sister,—I received five letters, two from Addie, one from Sarah Emerson, one from G. F. Woodward, and your own, and expect to get a few more tonight when the mail comes up from Hilton Head, as I understand the express boat is in with the mail. I am well and in good spirits and enjoy myself finely.

You asked if I were regimental bugler. I am not at present; am postmaster for the regiment, and have been for some few

weeks. Each company has a bugler now. I helped to teach a greater part of them and now some of them can blow the calls right. I have learned about one hundred different calls, but we have only forty-eight which we use daily. I have to go after the mail and distribute it here at the office. Each orderly comes to get his mail for his company. Each company has a box. Sometimes the officers come in and help me assort the mail. I keep stationery, ink, newspapers, pens, etc., for sale.

The boys don't have much manners out here. They came in and sat on my bed and I had to tell them forty-seven times to get off it. Finally I had a counter built across the tent, so they can only come so far. The officers say it's a good plan and ought to have been done before.

Yes, I wish F. could have a ride on the wooden horse, but he can do as he pleases and nobody will interfere with him in Francetown, but he'd better keep still to me when I get home.

I am in a hurry. I have to frank letters. All that cannot pay the money have them franked by signing Major Drew's name or the colonel's.

I doubt your seeing me before my year and a half is ended, unless I am wounded or sick, in which case I should want to come home. I expect we shall have to go into a big fight soon, as we are under marching orders and have been for a week. As quick as they get ready to strike on Charleston we shall go, I expect.

I have refused to take a corporal's berth when I should soon be sergeant, and if I was a mind to go in for it, could get a lieutenancy, I suppose.

Sunday, March 15, 1863.

Pleasant. Had company inspection.

Monday, March 16, 1863.

We are on guard today. Countersign was "Vera Cruz."

Tuesday, March 17, 1863.

Drilling as usual. Cool and windy. We are still under marching orders.

Wednesday, March 18, 1863.

Windy. Went out to shoot at target; prize, \$10 for the best shot. Man in Company D got the prize. Dodge made the best shot in Company C, putting a ball into the inside ring.

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Thursday, March 19, 1863.

Drilling as usual. Dodge wrote to M. J. Daniels and to Frances Wallace, care A. C. W.

Friday, March 20, 1863.

Cold, windy, and rainy. Our regiment went to the Ferry on picket.

Saturday, March 21, 1863.

Weather today is the same as yesterday.

Sunday, March 22, 1863.

Windy and rainy this morning but cleared away. Dodge on guard; countersign "Agincourt."

Monday, March 23, 1863.

Pleasant. Got mail.

Tuesday, March 24, 1863.

Rainy in the morning but cleared away by noon. Dodge received a New York *Ledger*, with answer to his letter of March 14 in it.

Wednesday, March 25, 1863.

Warm and pleasant again. On guard tonight. Countersign was "Hastings."

Thursday, March 26, 1863.

Came off picket this morning. Mail.

Friday, March 27, 1863.

Pleasant and warm.

Saturday, March 28, 1863.

Very pleasant.

Sunday, March 29, 1863.

Went on picket. Countersign was "Marengo."

Monday, March 30, 1863.

Came in from picket; rained very hard; got very wet.

Tuesday, March 31, 1863.

Cold and rainy.

Wednesday, April 1, 1863.

We came into Beaufort camp. Mail.

Thursday, April 2, 1863.

Warm, pleasant day. Drilling on battalion drill again.

Friday, April 3, 1863.

We did not drill today but struck tents to go on board a boat, but as the wind blew so hard we did not go. It rained hard at night. Dodge has bad cold. Slept with me in the postoffice tent.

Saturday, April 4, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. After sundown we again struck our tents, and half of our regiment went on steamer "Convoy" and half on another steamer. After dark, while on board, I heard that a mail had arrived and went on shore for it. In the meantime the regiment left for Hilton Head. As all my blankets, rations, etc., were on board, I had to look for lodgings, etc. I stopped with the postmaster over night.

Sunday, April 5, 1863.

This morning I visited the provost marshal, Captain Greenleaf, and got a pass; went to Hilton Head, thinking to overtake my regiment, but as they left the Head last night at twelve and arrived at Stono Inlet at 3 P. M., I returned to Beaufort and stopped again with the postmaster over night.

Monday, April 6, 1863.

Got a pass again to Hilton Head and went to the depot-quartermaster there and got another to pass me to my regiment on the first boat that should go. I found that the "New England" was going tomorrow at 7 o'clock A. M. As I was not acquainted in Hilton Head since the departure of our brigade, and as I was burdened with the mail bags, I determined to go on board the steamer at once. The sailors were very hospitable; built me a bunk and gave me a supper.

Tuesday, April 7, 1863.

Cool and windy. The sailors gave me a breakfast. Went up to Edisto; there got on board another boat, which took me up to Stono Inlet. I got my supper on board. Here I found my regiment, still on shipboard and no signs of landing. I distributed the mail and took up my quarters, by invitation, in the

cabin with the officers. While here on shipboard I had to carry the mail out to the mail steamers about to sail. They would send word to the vessels of the fleet when about to sail, and the captain of our boat would notify me. I notified the men and collected the mail. Our captain furnished a boat to take me to the steamer. On the morning of the departure of the mail steamer she hoisted a flag. One morning we picked up a man on our way out. His boat had been upset by some collision. We took him to his vessel.

This afternoon we heard heavy firing, which came from our monitors at Charleston. On our way from Hilton Head this morning we passed the "Arago," bringing the northern mail. We expect to be at or in Charleston soon. I do not know whether they mean to keep us on board until they have taken the forts and then put us in to hold them or not. Cool and windy.

Wednesday, April 8, 1863.

Still aboard in Stono Inlet. Eben Nutting surprised us by joining the regiment. He had been home some months recruiting and came down in the "Arago." Fair and cool. Heard heavy firing at Fort Sumter.

Thursday, April 9, 1863.

Got the "Arago's" mail. On board in Stono. The regulars took some of our rifles and were going to take a battery, but did not land.

Friday, April 10, 1863.

Still lay at anchor. Received news that Adjutant Dupont ran up by Fort Sumter and wanted to burn Charleston but General Hunter ordered him back. They got into a dispute and we have to go back to Hilton Head. It made the boys very indignant with Hunter.

The following is a letter addressed to Mary Rowe:

MOUTH STONO RIVER, OFF CHARLESTON,

April 10, 1863.

Dear Sister,—I am well and enjoying myself. I am postmaster for the regiment and stop in the cabin with the officers. I have been having a nice time today, riding around in a sail-

boat with Major Drew. We have been all over the harbor and I went on board the boat where the quartermaster is, where I carry the mail.

All I have to do is to take the mail and frank letters, sell and stamp, and carry the mail to the mail-boat; and when a mail comes in, sort it. I enjoy myself first rate. I have a chance to write at the officers' table.

I don't know of any news. We are still here at Charleston with a big fleet. I don't know for how long, but in all probability it will be for nineteen days.

I would like to be at home now they are sugaring. I could eat a little.

I have been in the service from eighteen to twenty months and have only one year from next July to stay. It will not be a great while before I shall be free again, but I hope peace will reign first. I am for sticking to them and thrashing them anyhow. I am down on "Copperheads," as are all soldiers.

Saturday, April 11, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. About 1 o'clock P. M. we started for Hilton Head, where we arrived at 8 P. M. Dodge complains of a bad cold.

Sunday, April 12, 1863.

Received a mail this morning. Our regiment landed and pitched tents one and a half miles from the wharf. Eben Nutting got his trunk and he and Dodge carried it up into camp.

Monday, April 13, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. Got a lot of grass to make our beds.

Tuesday, April 14, 1863.

Our company is all detailed for provost guard at headquarters. We began today. Got a mail. Rained hard.

Wednesday, April 15, 1863.

Warmer and pleasant. Our company is on guard today. Dodge says: "I am one of the police guards; had an easy time, no countersign."

Thursday, April 16, 1863.

Warm and pleasant.

Friday, April 17, 1863.

Our company is on guard. Got marching orders.

Saturday, April 18, 1863.

Our company was paid off for four months,—\$52. Our regiment went onto the "Vidette" and "City of Bath." Dodge and I came near being left. We were busy packing and the regiment were embarked in great haste.

Sunday, April 19, 1863.

We started at 6 A. M. for North Edisto; arrived at 1 P. M.

Monday, April 20, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. Had an inspection.

Tuesday, April 21, 1863.

Still on board at Edisto, doing nothing.

Wednesday, April 22, 1863.

Still on board "Vidette."

Thursday, April 23, 1863.

Our band joined the regiment as we lay on board "Vidette." Walter Dignam of Manchester has come lately with five other musicians and has made up a band from our regiment, Herman Gregor, a bugler, being one; several other buglers.

Friday, April 24, 1863.

Mail came today. Still on board.

Saturday, April 25, 1863.

Regiment landed today. Some of the men set the woods on fire. Returned on board.

Sunday, April 26, 1863.

On board as usual.

Monday, April 27, 1863.

At noon we sailed for Stono with a schooner in tow, and as the wind and tide were very strong had to run back after going a few miles.

Tuesday, April 28, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. At 6 A. M. started for Stono Inlet, where we arrived at noon, and landed on Folly Island.

Wednesday, April 29, 1863.

Today we are looking around over the island a little; found ripe blackberries.

Thursday, April 30, 1863.

Company were mustered for their pay. Dodge was away hunting for blackberries and was not mustered.

Friday, May 1, 1863.

Our regiment went to the upper end of Folly Island to camp. Our tents, etc., did not come and we had to lie without shelter. We are where the rebels can shell us easily if they wish. By going a short distance we can get a good view of Fort Sumter, and with a glass we can see the men on the fort. We can also see with a glass quite distinctly Forts Simkins, Johnson, Moultrie, Bragg, Battery B, Wagner, and Gregg. Numerous batteries are interspersed. We can also see their gunboats and transports running from Sumter to the city and back.

Saturday, May 2, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. Our tents did not come today. Dodge sleeps on a little knoll, where at high tide water comes partly over his bed.

Sunday, May 3, 1863.

Our tents came today and we worked hard clearing up camp-ground, pitching tents, etc. Dodge saw a very large alligator killed by one of another regiment. Heard heavy firing from Fort Sumter last night.

We were encamped at the extreme southeast end of the island. All that was between us and Lighthouse Inlet on the east was a bank covered with shrubby trees, and just beyond this a sandy beach. A similar bank and beach lay on the south, between us and the sea. Morris Island is twice the size of Folly Island and to the northeast of it. The southwest point of it was directly opposite our camp and easily reached by crossing Lighthouse Inlet. To the northeast of us, on the farther side of Morris Island, was Fort Wagner, the approach to which was protected by numerous small forts and batteries. Towards the northwest of Wagner, and on the extreme point of the island, was Fort Gregg. This was the fort built to reduce Fort Sumter when under command of Major, afterward General, Anderson. North of Gregg was Sumter; beyond and towards the city was Fort

Simkins, farther on was Castle Pinckney. To the southwest of Fort Simkins, and opposite it and Fort Gregg, on James Island, was Fort Johnson. On Sullivan's Island, which lay northeast of Morris, was Fort Moultrie, opposite Sumter. On the same island, farther towards the sea side, was Fort Bragg (or Beauregard). Farther still was Battery B. Both on Sullivan's and James Islands were other batteries commanding Morris Island and also the Hunter entrance. On James Island these reached along the whole length of the island on the side next us.

Of the forts mentioned, Pinckney, Moultrie, Sumter, and Simkins were United States forts. The others were built during the war for the purpose of strengthening them.

Sunday, May 3, 1863.

The Union camp on Folly Island was within reach and range of the fortifications on Morris and James Islands.

Wagner was protected not only by the batteries and forts on the west but a ditch on the north. It was a sand fort of singular construction. On the front, the sea side, its top was level with the natural embankment, showing only a row of portholes. In the southernmost of these was a Whitmouth gun, which could be turned to shoot out to sea or along the island. The tops being level, the rear of the fort on the north side fell perpendicularly for about twenty feet to its base. The east and west sides were prolonged into an embankment, which, beginning with a height of twenty feet, gradually diminished, ending in a wide ditch, which protected the north side. Beyond the ditch was an impassable marsh.

This ditch and the north and west embankments formed, with the fort, an enclosure into which the only entrance-way to the fort opened. It was a small doorway, about large enough to run a small fieldpiece and carriage through. The aperture was protected inside by heavy doors. The ground plan divided it into four compartments. One of these was a magazine, the other three being used for troops. These chambers had small doors connecting them, so that a cross fire could be had from any one of them into either of the others. Each compartment was

therefore a fort in itself, which must be captured separately by any assaulting party, provided an entrance was gained. These doors could also be securely closed. But the chances of getting inside were small. An assaulting party gaining entrance into the yard by climbing the banks found themselves in an enclosure into which all the surrounding forts could pour shot, endangering Fort Wagner, and with no chance of escape except by climbing the banks again.

There were portholes on the west and east sides as well as on the south. These could be closed. The body of the fort was built of enormous timbers, two feet or more in thickness, and piled on each other, with a covering of sand many feet in depth. The four-hundred-pound guns of the fleet could make no impression beyond tearing up the sand embankments, even after a continuous bombardment of a week.

Sumter was a brick fort. Gregg and Johnson were of sand.

Monday, May 4, 1863.

Dull and rainy. Got ready for inspection, which was omitted on account of the rain.

Tuesday, May 5, 1863.

Very warm. Detail at work on battery but they had to come in on account of a heavy shower. Dodge was on this detail. A large and very high lookout was being built on upper end of island.

Wednesday, May 6, 1863.

Dodge was on detail again, helping raise a frame for a lookout which is being built. About noon a blockading steamer chased and took an English schooner, which tried to run the blockade in plain sight.

Thursday, May 7, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. Company C are on detail today (probably building batteries at upper end of island). Another fight out at sea. Our blockaders took another ship.

Saturday, May 9, 1863.

Company C went up to the outer post to do five days' picket duty. It is but a few rods over to the rebels; can see the church spire of Charleston, Forts Sumter and Moultrie, gunboats in

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the harbor, etc. On guard tonight; countersign "Bunker Hill." Rebels sent up rockets all night.

Sunday, May 10, 1863.

Very pleasant. Got mail. Probably on picket at upper end of Folly Island.

Monday, May 11, 1863.

On guard. A company of rebels are at work throwing up batteries within reach of our rifles, but we are not allowed to fire upon them. A little sailboat in going out to the blockade was fired at four times by the rebels on Morris Island, the balls whistling over our heads. The first shot was the best, striking near the boat.

Thursday, May 12, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. Still on picket. Dodge speaks of going blackberrying today. Some of the men killed seven snakes, quite large ones, today.

Wednesday, May 13, 1863.

Warm and pleasant.

Thursday, May 14, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. On dress-parade for first time since we left Hilton Head. Regiment have got new color flag and markers, making, with a band again, a very fine display at dress-parade.

Friday, May 15, 1863.

Dull and rainy. Part of our regiment are at work today putting their tents on posts about eighteen inches high and making bunks to sleep on.

Saturday, May 16, 1863.

Still continues to rain. Some of the men still at work mounting tents on posts.

Sunday, May 17, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. An alarm was given and all the regiment was aroused before light. Proved to be a false alarm. Had an inspection. There was considerable firing of heavy guns near here. The rebels put a new flag upon Fort Sumter.

Monday, May 18, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. All of our regiment at work upon the battery.

Tuesday, May 19, 1863.

Today we worked upon our tents, driving down palmetto trees to make the sides.

Wednesday, May 20, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. Lying in camp, doing nothing.

Thursday, May 21, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. Our company is on guard. Dodge's post was to guard the whiskey. The blockade sent up a lot of rockets in the evening and fired a number of heavy guns.

Friday, May 22, 1863.

Had a battalion drill. Warm and pleasant.

Saturday, May 23, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. Corporal Nutting resigned and took off his stripes this morning. He felt aggrieved because, being ranking corporal, another had been promoted sergeant in his place. Lund, Mallard, Libbey, and Martin were promoted corporals.

Sunday, May 24, 1863.

Very warm. Twelve guns were fired from Fort Sumter, probably a salute.

Monday, May 25, 1863.

Our regiment is at work upon the batteries. Company C was detailed to carry planks from the landing to lay the platform for the cannon.

Tuesday, May 26, 1863.

Our company is on guard. Dodge's post was a doctor's tent, to guard whiskey, same as before.

Wednesday, May 27, 1863.

Dull and rainy.

Thursday, May 28, 1863.

We worked on the battery today. Warm and pleasant.

Friday, May 29, 1863.

We went on picket at night. It was dark, rainy, and very windy. Got a mail.

Saturday, May 30, 1863.

Wind last night blew over a large pine tree in our camp, smashing two or three rifles and tents and falling across some

bunks where men were sleeping. No person injured, but a narrow escape. Warm and pleasant and drilled as usual.

Sunday, May 31, 1863.

This morning an alarm was given and at about 2 A. M. we were all in line of battle, where we staid till daylight, then broke ranks.

Monday, June 1, 1863.

Dodge detailed to work on batteries.

Tuesday, June 2, 1863.

Dodge on guard. It rained hard almost all night, with heavy thunder and very sharp lightning. We had no tents to go into. Countersign "Williamsburg."

Wednesday, June 3, 1863.

Warm and pleasant.

Thursday, June 4, 1863.

Very warm. Lieutenant Brown of Company B died very suddenly this morning of diphtheria. He was well yesterday. He was buried this afternoon. He was beloved by all who knew him and was a perfectly upright man and good officer. He came out sergeant major and was promoted lieutenant. This is the first death in the regiment since we left Beaufort.

Friday, June 5, 1863.

Warm and rainy. Dodge's birthday. I believe we have not had a mail for nearly two weeks. We still live in the woods and suffer from heat, though we have a cool sea breeze sometime during the day. No news. I am hoping to hear that Joe Hooker is doing something. I fear he will wait till fall, when the nine-months' and the two-years' men will be going home, and then he will be no better off than now, nor so well, unless they draft, which I hope they will do. I should enjoy seeing some of the northern men compelled to take their turn at fighting. Bugling again. Since leaving Beaufort I have been taking care of the mail and have omitted the other.

The other day Colonel Bell took the regiment for battalion drill. Called on one of the buglers, who couldn't remember the calls. He sent him to his quarters and called on another and

he failed. He then called Greager, who failed purposely, as he was blowing a bass horn in the band and did not wish to be engaged in an extra duty. When the drill was finished the colonel ordered me to report to his tent. He said he wanted me to blow the bugle, even if I had to give up my mail duties, but if I could attend to both he would prefer it. Told him I could do both.

After this order I was promoted principal musician, the appointment to date back to December.

When the adjutant brought me the appointment he said I was to select a bugler from each company, on trial, and to reject such as proved inefficient, repeating the trial until I had ten men capable of being trained. My duty would be to organize and drill the bugle corps, and to see that the proper camp calls were blown. I was excused from guard and fatigue duty inspections, except general inspection, and dress-parade.

Saturday, June 6, 1863.

Warm and pleasant.

Sunday, June 7, 1863

Very warm.

Monday, June 8, 1863.

Regiment is detailed to work upon the batteries. Dodge was sick and excused.

Tuesday, June 9, 1863.

Lying in camp. Dodge and many others sick. The water was very poor. Wells three and four feet deep had to be dug every day or two. At first the water would be comparatively pure but in a day or two would become so foul that insects would die about the brink.

Wednesday, June 10, 1863.

Our company is on guard and police duty. A rebel steamer was run ashore on the island by our blockade boats. It was loaded with clothes, ammunition, and crockery, and all kinds of fruit, figs, pineapples, dates, etc. At low tide we could reach it. It was near the mouth of the Lighthouse Inlet but nearer Folly Island than Morris. Some time previous to this one of our pickets, posted on the beach of Lighthouse Inlet, swam across to

Morris Island on the assurance from the rebel pickets that he should be allowed to return in safety. They exchanged keepsakes. He took buttons from the rebel's coat and came back safely. For this offense he was tried by court-martial and sent down to the Dry Tortugas.

Thursday, June 11, 1863.

Rebels shelled last night and killed a negro who belonged to one of the other regiments. Dodge on picket guard today; countersign "Washington" for the patrol guards and ours was "Valley Forge." In the night there was a heavy thunder shower. We fired a few shot and shell at the boat and hit it several times. Rebels shelling tonight.

Friday, June 12, 1863.

Some of the rebels from Morris Island tried to get out to the grounded boat. Our boys fired upon them. We went out onto the boat soon after the rebels left it and they fired at us with shell from batteries. We brought off some things from the boat such as we wanted. They also threw shells into camp and we stood in line of battle for some time, expecting an attack. A man in Company K was buried today.

The rebels shelled the camp of one of the regiments who were encamped next to us and killed one man. The shot struck a tree and cut it off. It fell on his tent, killing him. Hitting the tree prevented it from coming into our camp. They shelled all the afternoon and we returned a pretty sharp fire. They fired a number of shots, — rods from our camp, at the stranded boat. The reason for this firing was that our artillery had shelled them while attempting to board the vessel in small boats and had killed three of their men. Upon this, they ran down a ram from Charleston, which joined the batteries in shelling the Union camps; but we returned so hot a fire that she had to take shelter behind a woods, out of sight. This blockade runner was one of four which undertook to get into Charleston. We captured two, this one ran aground, and the fourth one got in.

Saturday, June 13, 1863.

Our regiment is at work upon the magazine. There has been considerable shelling on both sides today.

The following is a letter addressed to Mary Rowe:

FOLLY ISLAND, June 13, 1863.

Dear Sister,—I will send you a ring made out of what they call crabwood. It is very hard indeed, and it grew down at Key West, Fla. The ring is not very nice; I did not finish it up well. The wood is so hard it is difficult making it very nice. It is trimmed with silver from a ten-cent piece. I don't know as it will fit any of your fingers, but if it does you may put it on and wear it.

I have one I am going to send Addie and will make one for Sue one of these days. I am going to try to get a gutta-percha button from the rebels sometime and make one from that. I made one for Addie, and they make fine rings, I think.

I am well and guess, if accounts are true, which say that General Hunter and Adjutant Dupont have rumored, we shall make a move sometime on Charleston. I think they ought to do something now, while General Grant is at Vicksburg, to keep the rebel troops here around Charleston, if nothing more. I am afraid they will send out so many reënforcements to Johnston that he will raise the siege at Vicksburg. I think that was the reason General Hooker did not succeed, because the rebel troops were all drawn away from Charleston and Savannah and all around in the eastern part of their confederacy, and he had the whole to fight, when, if all our generals had made a move, even if they could have accomplished nothing more, it would have kept the rebels scattered and Hooker would not have had so many to fight. Why did not Hunter send up the iron boats and keep pegging away at Fort Sumter or some of these islands and make them think he was getting ready to move, and Foster in North Carolina, and those at Suffolk, etc.? But, no. They all lay still, except at Suffolk, and the rebels knew that if they were whipped up there it would be all day with them and they made a grand effort and ran the risk of taking all the troops from here. I tell you, our generals don't work together here as out in the West. I am afraid they will get troops out to Johnston before Grant can take Vicksburg.

Sunday, June 14, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. Went to a funeral in Company D. Man was buried down at the end of the island, nearly seven miles down and back. About four o'clock both sides opened their bat-

teries and rebels kept it up nearly all night. We had sharp firing. We all turned out in line of battle.

Monday, June 15, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. We are at work again upon the magazine. I am busy drilling the buglers. The rebels fired only a few shells today and in the night.

Tuesday, June 16, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. Dodge on picket again today. About two o'clock in the afternoon rebels began to shell out our pickets and kept up sharp firing until dark. Countersign "Port Royal."

Wednesday, June 17, 1863.

Very warm. About nine o'clock in the morning very heavy and sharp firing was kept up for two or three hours between our gunboats and rebel batteries on lower end of James Island. These were some of the double-ended ferry boats. The troops on this island held a meeting to celebrate the battle of Bunker Hill and some speeches were made from our regiment, also the Ohio, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Illinois regiments.

Thursday, June 18, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. Countersign "Roanoke." About sundown we had a very heavy shower.

Friday, June 19, 1863.

Very warm. Seventh New Hampshire Regiment came up and pitched their tents near us. Fourth New Hampshire are now in the First Brigade. Another heavy shower in the afternoon.

Saturday, June 20, 1863.

Another very hot day. Had a general inspection and some drilling, also a knapsack inspection. Dodge went out on picket to the outside post. The rebels didn't shell any tonight.

Sunday, June 21, 1863.

Very warm. Had a heavy shower. No firing today except rifle now and then when we showed ourselves. After sundown eight companies of rebels came onto the beach at Morris Island

and went on board the old boat. We were not allowed to fire upon them for fear they would shell us.

Monday, June 22, 1863.

Very warm, with another hard shower. Dodge is on picket guard. Every man has a hole dug into the sand and covered with logs and sand to crawl into when the rebels shell us. We were ordered into them in expectation of shells, but they did not fire. Rebels have been going on and off the boat all day.

Tuesday, June 23, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. All picket guards have to be relieved after dark. None are allowed to speak much more than in a whisper. No fires or candles are permitted after dark, even in camp, and no one is allowed to look over the bank at the rebels.

Wednesday, June 24, 1863.

Very warm. This morning about twelve o'clock Ephraim Crandall of our company died in the hospital, where he had been only four days. When we occupied the large tents he was with us.

Thursday, June 25, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. Our regiment is on fatigue duty—at work on the batteries.

Friday, June 26, 1863.

Dodge on guard duty at the landing; countersign "Plymouth." Got a mail.

Saturday, June 27, 1863.

Our company have gone down to the Point to work. Very warm. The rest of the boys who started to go home on a furlough came from Hilton Head. My impression is that they were just beginning to give furloughs and, finding the men were needed, recalled them when they had reached Hilton Head.

Sunday, June 28, 1863.

Our company were detailed to get provisions for the brigade at the landing, four miles from here. Had a hard day's work. Had a heavy shower. We took a rebel spy today.

Monday, June 29, 1863.

We did not work today. Warm.

Tuesday, June 30, 1863.

This morning about two o'clock we were called to go on five days' picket duty, about three miles out. About 7 o'clock P. M., after a heavy shower, we were ordered into camp, which we reached at about 9 P. M.

Wednesday, July 1, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. Lay still all day and when the sun was about one half hour high our regiment started out for the outer picket post to work on the batteries. Came into camp just before daylight.

Thursday, July 2, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. Lay still all day and went out to work all night, as on Wednesday.

Friday, July 3, 1863.

The work today and tonight is the same as yesterday.

Saturday, July 4, 1863.

We expected to open fire on the rebels or have them open on us, but neither fired. Our company tonight is on grand guard. Countersign is "Alexandria." Captain Paine of the One Hundredth New York passed us, scouting.

Sunday, July 5, 1863.

We came off picket at 10 A. M. and went out to work all night on the batteries as usual.

Monday, July 6, 1863.

Warm and pleasant.

Tuesday, July 7, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. We are not on duty today.

Wednesday, July 8, 1863.

Our regiment left camp at 5 P. M. and marched down to the landing, at the lower end of the landing, where we stopped all night and had some very heavy showers.

Thursday, July 9, 1863.

It is reported we are to make a strike on Morris Island today. It has been very showery. At 4 P. M. we went on board steamship "Beaufort." Quite a number of boats arrived today at Stono Inlet, loaded with troops. We went up to the landing on

James Island. Our fleet consisted of nine transports loaded with troops, two gunboats, one monitor, one mortar schooner, and two or three dispatch boats. This landing was on the lower end of James Island. A few shots were fired from our boats but none fired in return. Part of the troops landed but the Fourth New Hampshire were not among them. About the time our regiment was going on board Major Drew came to me to say that a mail had just been sent up to brigade headquarters, General Vodges's, about a mile from landing. While I was gone for the mail the vessel started and left me. I took the mail up to camp and staid there over night.

Friday, July 10, 1863.

The masked batteries which we had been building were finished, and last night the men worked all night cleaning away the trees and bushes in front and shoveling away banks. These batteries mounted sixty pieces, including guns and mortars. By morning these were ready, early in the morning. These batteries were built along the length of the bank, facing Morris Island. These batteries, assisted by the gunboats, all opened fire, pouring shot and shell into the rebel camp, which lay just over the bank on Morris Island, out of sight by reason of the rising ground, but within easy reach of our guns. Under cover of this fire, a storming party which had been secreted in flat-bottomed boats on the opposite side of Folly Island moved across Lighthouse Inlet and landed on Morris Island. This was commanded by Colonel Strong of the ——— New York. They charged up the rise of ground, down the hollow behind, up the bluff in front, and through the rebel camp, taking battery after battery. From our battery I could distinctly see the whole, from the landing of the party to the end of the action.

The attack was a complete surprise to the enemy. Their camp was found to have been left in the greatest possible haste, everything being left just as the men had jumped from their bunks. The sight partly recompensed me for the disappointment of not being with my regiment, particularly as the movement toward James Island proved to be a mere feint, some of the troops not landing at all, among which were the Fourth New

Hampshire. This, however, I did not know at the time and supposed that an attack was preparing on the James Island batteries.

The "Governor Morton," loaded with troops, came up to James Island, landing at about 10 A. M., taking the news to the men there that the greater part of Morris Island was captured. This was the first they knew of what I had been an eye-witness to.

Saturday, July 11, 1863.

Heavy firing all day today and yesterday from James Island (upper end) and Fort Sumter. Very warm. At half past five in the morning we started back for Folly Island. Colonel Bell joined the regiment on the boat. He had just arrived from home. We landed at 10.30 A. M. I went to see and have a talk with some of the rebel prisoners (taken in surprise yesterday). There were two hundred or three hundred, a hard-looking set of men. We had a hard march into camp; got there at noon. At 3 o'clock P. M. we again started for the upper end of Folly Island, with the expectation of charging on the rebel fort or batteries on Morris Island.

Sunday, July 12, 1863.

Pretty still. But few shells have as yet been thrown from Fort Sumter. Every few minutes boats arrived from Morris Island, loaded with wounded prisoners. They also took many unhurt. Among these were a major and a captain. About 9 o'clock A. M. our gunboats opened on Fort Wagner and fired all day. They ran up past Fort Sumter and destroyed a rebel ram. Dodge worked hard all the forenoon, loading guns and mortars to go over to Morris Island.

Monday, July 13, 1863.

Very warm. Dodge detailed to load things to go to Morris Island. The rebels are shelling from Fort Wagner, Fort Sumter, and James Island.

The following is a letter addressed to Mary Rowe:

FOLLY ISLAND, July 13, 1863.

Dear Sister,—I suppose before you receive this you will have heard of our move toward Charleston. And now, I suppose, until we get the famous city, it will be all the talk up North, as it has been about Vicksburg, which has been surrendered at last. Now, Mary, you can see what a general can do. We have a general now in this department. He has been here a little over three weeks and has built batteries (though the Fourth New Hampshire built most of them) nights, just as he did at Fort Pulaski, right under their nose and they knew nothing about it. And on the day when all was ready we opened on them and took all their batteries but one.

We have got to build batteries to drive them out of that one, then we shall have the whole of Morris Island, which runs clear up to Sumter, the same island from which they laid siege to Sumter and compelled the surrender of Major Anderson. Our infantry charged on Fort Wagner twice and could not take it, and now we are to dig a little and plant guns and as soon as that is taken, if the monitors can't take Sumter, etc., we can, for we can build batteries nights, and when all is ready again, give it to them.

I suppose you will get the particulars of our fight of the 10th in the papers, though not correctly. I will not tell you much about it now but I have no doubt by what I hear and see that I shall have a chance to tell you face to face instead of on paper before a great while, for I believe this thing is about coming to a close. We took lots of prisoners and I talked with lots of them. They say Lee has got whipped and Vicksburg is taken and that they have been whipped these three months, but Jeff sticks out. Said one, "There is no use talking, the southern confederacy is played out, and I would not be afraid to bet a million of money, though I have but little and what I have is good for nothing; but I would not be afraid to bet in gold that this thing will be settled in six weeks." We are having very hot weather here now. We have moved up (though not our tents) to the end of Folly Island and expect to have to go over, but can't tell. We may camp up at the end of this island, next to Morris. Our light artillery, under Lieutenant Henry, ran up between Forts Wagner and Sumter and fired on a boat the rebels ran down, loaded with troops to land on Morris Island. They knocked the boat full of holes and she blew up, one shot going through her boilers. I saw it when it blew up. Sumter could

not bring her guns to bear on our artillery, they say, and I guess that is so, for she did not fire. The boat is aground now and I guess always will be.

We have a man who will not be idle here, I'll bet. The boys are well satisfied with him. I believe either Hunter was not capable or was too much concerned in rebel property around Charleston. I understand Stewart, the rebel commander of cavalry, married Hunter's daughter. I believe him to be—I will not say it, though, but I think pretty strongly he is "seash—y," somewhere.

I guess in the course of a month or so Sumter will have the stars and stripes floating over her. But of course we can't take it in a minute. We have got so that our wooden gunboats, by running near Morris Island, can throw shot to Sumter, but of course they can't do great execution so far. But we can bother them now, and the gunboats keep playing over onto them by spells. I don't have much to do, either by bugling or postoffice business, now. Battalion drills are played out, the men don't write much, and we don't get any mails more than once in a week or fortnight.

The colonel came along when we came to where we stop now and, putting his hand on my shoulder, said he wanted me to come and stop with him and then he would have a postmaster and bugler, etc., all handy by. So I stop with him at present. I guess I shan't get a furlough this summer, for I will have one for good soon.

Tuesday, July 14, 1863.

Dodge feeling unwell. He went down to camp and got his knapsack. Heavy showers all last night. He made a little tent of his rubber blanket. He is on guard tonight; countersign "Folly Island." Part of our company is detailed to put up a telegraph wire on Morris Island. Dodge feeling sick and excused from duty.

Wednesday, July 15, 1863.

Dodge feeling quite sick; fainted three or four times today. About noon heavy firing was kept up for an hour or two near the landing on James Island by our gunboats.

Thursday, July 16, 1863.

Cloudy. Our company is again on five days' picket duty on Morris Island. Rained all last night very hard.

Friday, July 17, 1863.

Dodge still unwell. Heavy showers all last night. Our gunboats still keep their firing on Fort Wagner.

Saturday, July 18, 1863.

Rained hard all the forenoon. Our gunboats were firing all day. Our troops charged on Fort Wagner tonight but the rebels went into their "bomb proofs" and all the forts in Charleston Harbor opened on the fort. Our men had to retreat after gaining the fort, as there was no chance to protect themselves from the rebel cannon.

Sunday, July 19, 1863.

Warm and pleasant. Dodge was sent to the hospital under care of Major Brown. He is quite sick.

Monday, July 20, 1863.

Charge made tonight on Fort Wagner. Seventh New Hampshire engaged and Gage and Whipple were wounded and sent to Hilton Head.

Tuesday, July 21, 1863.

Our regiment moved our camp over to Morris Island today.

Thursday, July 30, 1863.

Dodge sick in hospital since 19th of July.

Friday, July 31, 1863.

Dodge was sent back to his company, although not well. They are going to break up the hospital and send the sick and wounded to Hilton Head. A. D. not fit for duty. Got a mail.

Saturday, Aug. 1, 1863.

Very warm and pleasant. A. D. excused from duty today. Our regiment have been at work almost every day and night since they came on the island, building batteries. Our company is on picket today.

One night Colonel Bell was detailed with a party of men to go up and drive back the rebels and build batteries. I was one of the party. We started just at dark, and after marching a mile or so from camp suddenly came upon the rebel pickets and received a volley of rifle shots. The colonel ordered us all to drop flat upon the ground and return the fire, which we did. We immediately advanced again, very cautiously, and soon found the enemy, who had fallen back on their reserve. A sharp fight ensued for a few minutes, the bullets whistling past us as we again lay on the ground. It being so dark we could not see or be seen, the firing was wild. The rebels, momentarily expecting an attack on Fort Wagner, had now fallen back to await our advance, but our object was a far different one. We had come prepared with shovels as well as rifles. We worked lively, and when we withdrew from the place at the first appearance of dawn, in the morning we left a battery (which was the first one built, and the commencement of the first parallel, which was immediately afterward built to reduce Fort Wagner) with six (or four) guns. We laughed and joked among ourselves as we talked about what the rebels would say at daylight to see the guns facing them and on the very ground their reserve had occupied the night before.

Sunday, Aug. 2, 1863.

Very warm and pleasant. A. D. still excused from duty. Went down today to call on G. and W. of the Seventh New Hampshire and found they had been sent to Hilton Head.

Monday, Aug. 3, 1863.

A. D. still excused from duty. Very warm and pleasant.

Tuesday, Aug. 4, 1863.

Our company out on picket. A. D. still excused from duty.

Wednesday, Aug. 5, 1863.

Got a mail. A. D. still unwell. (Last entry in A. D.'s diary.)

Since Dodge has been sick and in the hospital the past several weeks I visited him as often as I could. He always seemed very glad to see me. I noticed a great change in him every time I visited him from day to day, and the day he died (I had

been with him most of the day and was at his bedside when he died) it seemed to me that he had not a particle of flesh left. His sickness had been a gradual wasting away. Just after the Pocotaligo fight he wrote me a confidential letter in regard to his feelings, which showed me that he was very much depressed in spirits. In this letter (which he asked me to keep private from the members of the regiment) he stated that he was confident that he should not come out of another fight alive and should never live to see his friends again, and instructed me what to do with his effects. I think these feelings did not diminish up to the time of his death, but on the contrary increased. After his death I told the captain so much of the letter as related to his wish that I should take charge of his affairs, and he told me to do what I thought proper in the matter and detailed me to dig his grave and attend to his burial, which I did, putting up a board marking his grave, with name, regiment, and company. I sold at auction such things as were salable and forwarded the proceeds, with his revolver and papers and money, to his father.

Tuesday, Aug. 11, 1863.

At Morris Island. Got a mail today. There was very severe shelling last night. Both sides are shelling every day. How many were killed and wounded, I don't know. Greager saw one man of the Ninth Maine with his head blown off by a piece of shell. The Fourth New Hampshire and others are at work on the batteries about every night. Sometimes other regiments relieve us. The work cannot be done in the daytime, as it would give the enemy an excellent chance to fire upon us with more accuracy.

The firing is incessant, both night and day. Our regiment does not lose many men, but still there are two or three or half dozen get hurt every day. The Ninth Maine, who worked alternately with our detail, lost many men every few days. The One Hundredth New York was also very unfortunate. We thought it was because they did not take sufficient care. It was necessary to watch the course of the shells from the batteries and the fort and calculate their fall. We got so used to reckon-

ing this from long practice that from the more distant batteries we could tell whether it was a mortar shell or a Columbiad, where it would hit, and how much time we had for getting under shelter. We generally, by order of the officer in command of detail, had a man posted while we worked to give warning when a shell was coming in a particular direction. He would hide behind a heap of sand-bags and as he saw danger in one direction would call to the men the name of the fort—Simpkins, Sumter, Moultrie—from which the peril threatened. Wagner gave us time only to drop on our faces where we stood, so near was the fort and so direct the course of the shell. The Whitworth gun, too, on Fort Wagner enabled them to fire with great rapidity and accuracy. This gun we could always tell, the report of the explosion following immediately on that of the firing. An alarm from the other forts often gave us time to get under cover of some of the "bomb proofs," which were built with each line of parallels. These were large enough to hold a company.

They were built directly against the line of earthworks. The top slanted down to the fortification of which it was a continuation. They, of course, faced away from the enemy. The framework was a number of upright supported crossbeams and a timber roof. On this the sand was piled. The structure was about high enough to allow a man of average height to enter without stooping.

There was a large one at headquarters, larger, on the ground, than the barn at the farm. One day as I was standing near the mouth of this a shell struck the top and bounded off, bursting as it fell about a rod behind us as we started at the shout of "Wagner" to run under cover. This was an every-day occurrence.

A little before this time a new band was organized, under the old leader, Walter Dignam, the old one having been disbanded by order of the governor as a matter of economy. Their formation was again permitted. W. Dignam came out, bringing five musicians as a nucleus. Two of the bugle corps were taken ———. W. D. came several times to persuade me to

join them. Greager also, who belonged with them, was anxious to have me join them. Appointed principal musician soon after.

August 17, 1863.

Bombardment of Sumter and Wagner commenced.

August 19, 1863.

Bombarding still going on. Sumter badly bruised, if not breached.

August 22, 1863.

Sergeant Drake, Company D, was wounded and died (Nutting diary).

August 27, 1863.

At Morris Island. Our regiment detailed for work on parallels at front. Had four wounded. One of these was Corporal Gilpatrick, who was with me in the Pocotaligo fight and came near shooting Sergeant Rollins. He had been detailed as a volunteer sharpshooter. Quite a number had been called for to watch the rebel sharpshooters on Fort Wagner, who in their turn watched our gunners and shovelers. Sand-bags were piled up on top of our works, which were intended to serve as a protection to our sharpshooters. While on this duty Corporal Gilpatrick was struck by a solid shot or unexploded shell from James Island, which took off both legs above the knee. Of the left one there was just enough left to apply a tourniquet. One of these was put on to each and he was laid on a stretcher. The surgeon gave him a dose of brandy. I was some little distance, a few rods, from him, but the word soon came. I said, "Tom, this is pretty hard." "Yes," he replied, "but I guess I shall live through it." Two men were wanted to carry the stretcher, and I was one of them. On the way he repeatedly raised himself by grasping the sides of the stretcher and would sit upright for a minute and then drop back again. He lived as long as the stimulant of the brandy lasted and died before we reached the hospital. I think this happened towards night.

Tonight a charge was made on some rebel rifle pits. Our parallels had approached so near Fort Wagner that the rebels had constructed rifle pits in front of the fort to intercept us. In

this charge we took the rifle pits and eighty prisoners. Two regiments were concerned in this charge; I believe the Third New Hampshire and one other. The Third were around with rifles and with shovels strapped onto their backs; the other had rifles only. The regiments were behind the Union parallels, all ready to move. An officer, mounted on the works at a point where he could easily be seen, gave the signal, the waving of a white handkerchief. The order forward was immediately given and the men rapidly clambered over the works.

The —— made the charge, closely followed by the Third New Hampshire.

The pits were held by a part of a North Carolina regiment, who fired one volley, threw down their arms, and surrendered. The regiment with the shovels immediately threw the works over facing the rebel front. They at once opened all their guns on all the islands about. These, I think, were the last rebel works outside of Wagner. About an hour after the assault (I should think) Colonel Bell said to me, "I am told there are two rebel soldiers that were wounded in the assault tonight lying up in a turnip patch. I wish you would have them brought down." I determined to go myself for one. We found the pits had been dug in a turnip field, and the man I carried was lying in the midst of them. It was now dark, and the night was a more than usually dark one. The rebels were shelling this neighborhood. We had one of the wounded men on a stretcher. My impression is that he had a flesh wound through the thigh. Shells were coming from the mortars and Columbiads on James and Sullivan's Islands, from Forts Sumter and Gregg. We could watch them coming and calculate the point of striking.

We sheltered our prisoner and ourselves from them as well as we could under our parallels, but every explosion terrified him afresh and he would groan and lament that he had ever been born. "Oh, my God, my God," he would exclaim, "how much farther have I got to be carried under this terrible fire?" I would assure him that it was not very far, but the comfort lasted no longer than till the next explosion.

Farther down the works we got in range of Wagner. When

we were safe from the shells he told us of his hardships as a rebel volunteer. He said the North Carolina troops were put into all the worst places and were poorly fed and shabbily treated by the South Carolinians on account of their suspected loyalty to the Union. I was anxious, on getting to the hospital, to see his treatment by our surgeons, but of course was not expected to stop. I noticed they handled him somewhat roughly and twitted him of his condition. He seemed afraid of them and made no answer. I pitied the poor fellow.

August 28, 1863.

This morning, just at break of day, Colonel Bell came to me and said there was a negro who had been wounded during the night and left at the extreme front by his own regiment, and asked me if I would send some one to bring him down. I asked for a volunteer from the men at headquarters and one said if I was going he would go with me. We found that the colored regiment (either Fifty-fourth or Fifty-fifth Massachusetts, I think) had commenced a new parallel from the rifle pits which were taken the first of the night, having thrown up dirt to a height varying from a foot to two feet.

These parallels were commanded by a line of men on their entire length. One night detail would succeed in making a shallow ditch, throwing up the earth on the side toward the fort. The bank thus raised would vary in height from one to two feet, the depth of the ditch added to the height of the bank giving some protection to men standing in it. In some places a man could entirely protect himself by crouching down; in others he would be covered only to the knees. On succeeding nights these ditches would be deepened, the earthworks in front raised and the bank graded down behind to a level with the ground.

The negro was at the extreme end of this new parallel, which was now left for the day. He had been wounded several hours before by the premature explosion of one of our own shells, and his wound had become lame and sore already. The fellow with me did not want to go up for him when he discovered his dangerous position and said, "Let's go back. We can't get up there

without getting hit." "But," said I, "he has lain out all night and let us go up and try to get him." And we did.

He was lying on the lower side of the ditch, wrapped in his blanket. The wound was on the hip and, of course, behind, so that he could not lie upon his back. We approached him carefully and consulted as to the exact way in which he should be moved before disturbing him, since to reach him we were obliged to get out of the ditch onto the bank where he lay.

We placed the stretcher in the ditch and sprang up onto the bank. One took his shoulders, the other his feet, and we placed him as rapidly and carefully as possible, face down, upon the stretcher. Every movement was the result of previous arrangement. We ran a rod or two and then dropped down behind the bank, into the ditch, and in this way proceeded, the sharpshooters from Fort Wagner firing at us whenever we showed ourselves.

The difficulty of the work was increased by great quantities of water and sticky mud in the ditch and by numerous torpedoes which obstructed the ditch. These had been placed there by the rebels and were discovered by the negroes the night before, who, afraid to touch them, had left them just as they found them. They were made with a percussion lock, which a jar or touch would explode. Over these the stretcher had to be carefully lifted, regardless of sharpshooters. We were very thankful when the last of these was passed. The soldier himself bore the jolting bravely, uttering no complaint, nor even sound, however roughly we were compelled to use him. In the next parallel, which was finished, we felt ourselves comparatively well sheltered. We were protected from the sharpshooters but in getting farther from the fort came into the range of her guns, and also sometimes of our own. We accomplished our dangerous journey, however, without hurt to any one of us and delivered him in safety at the hospital.

I find that a great many of the men that have the handling of the wounded handle them like a lot of sheep in a slaughter-house, and, I tell you, I should hate to be wounded. I always pity a man who is wounded and take as good care of him as

though he were my brother, it seems to me, even if he is a rebel who has been shooting at me a moment before. Little do the folks north know what this war is doing, but it will not last always.

I see by the papers that Lee is losing most all his army. Now if that is true, such a feeling(?) is going to grow very fast and I look for a rather speedy end of this war, but I fear the story is exaggerated.

O, I do hope two or three up in my neighborhood will be drafted, a butcher, etc., and a few others. But some will have a lame knee and others a lame back, etc., and will get out of it. I wish I could have the say about it for about five minutes. I would start a few. I don't like the idea of taking off all the loyal men and leaving those plaguy traitors to keep howling in our rear, and raise mobs, etc. The government ought to take them by the collar and "snake them out" and let them smell a little of the southern powder and they would not feel so friendly towards Mr. Rebel and the so-called confederacy.

I can take a colored soldier who is wounded and lug him on a stretcher with just as good a grace as a white one, though I find they are a bit heavier. They do weigh down.

The rebels took one of their dead negroes and tied him to a torpedo and when our men went to get him on a stretcher the torpedo exploded and wounded or killed eight men. So you see how they will contrive all manner of means. It does seem as though the curse of God would follow such men. It would if He were not so long-suffering and ready to forgive. I suppose those men know not what they do, at least don't realize it.

August 30, 1863.

I tell you, we never knew what hard times were, we think, until we came here and commenced this siege. We knew but little about war before.

I don't want you to write anything to the folks at home to let them know we are having very hard times, for they worry so about us.

We are under a tremendously heavy fire now while up in the

front, which is twenty-four hours at a time. We go about once in three days. Our regiment has been very lucky thus far. One shell burst the night I was up there in among the Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania regiment and killed or wounded eight or ten. Our regiment is out now. I did not go this time. The adjutant said he did not want me to go when he could get along, for I do the bugling and take care of the mail. I go about every other time. I think the rebellion is about played out, don't you? I don't know how long before we shall get to Charleston, but I think in a week or two we shall have Wagner, and then we can go farther up. We can't go far, though, before we shall have to take Gregg, but I don't imagine it will be much to take that. And Sumter comes next; and she is disabled now, I think, though they are banging away at her today. I wish Rosecrans could get in the rear of Charleston so as to take them as they did at Vicksburg. It will be some time before we get to Charleston, but time will fetch it. We are digging day and night. The rebels have got pretty well discouraged in some parts of the confederacy, so called. How do you get along this summer? I tell you, we have almost died with heat. I think that I ought to be thankful that I have been spared as I have from sickness. I believe there is hardly a man in the regiment but has been on the sick-list since we came from home.

August 31, 1863.

At Morris Island. We are seeing pretty hard times here now. Our regiment came in tonight from the front and had three wounded. In all the different regiments there were twenty-four. We were out twenty-four hours.

September 1, 1863.

Nutting is not very well but is able to be around camp. We have had very hot weather; hardly a man in the regiment but has been sick. I feel very thankful that I am spared with such good health. I received a photograph of Mary's little "Tot" (my niece). (W. R.)

Friday, Sept. 4, 1863.

Heavy and rapid firing from the batteries and gunboats commenced today, preparatory to an assault. Tonight about three

hundred men started on an expedition (round the back of the island), supposed to be directed to Fort Gregg, but they met a rebel boat containing one major and twelve soldiers, which they captured, thus betraying themselves and failing in the attack on the fort.

Saturday, Sept. 5, 1863.

Today all the land batteries and the gunboats, "Ironsides" among them, are pouring shot and shell into Fort Wagner. We are losing men every day. The weather is very much like summer in New Hampshire.

Sunday, Sept. 6, 1863.

Bombardment of Wagner has been going on for forty-eight hours. Sand and timbers have been flying high. All the regiments on the island were called out tonight to assault Fort Wagner. The Fourth New Hampshire marched cautiously up through all the parallels but one, I think. At least, we were out of range, being so near Wagner that they could not depress their guns enough to fire on us. This last line of works entered the side of the fort, as we could plainly see from our position. We were marched out from the parallel onto the beach and up it to a position opposite the fort. Here we stood in line of battle, awaiting orders, as a rebel deserter from Fort Wagner had joined us at this point with the news that the rebel troops were evacuating. "Hurry up," he called to us, "the rebel troops are evacuating and you'll be too late." While we were waiting there we were shelled from Sumter, Gregg, James Island, and Montin. Several shells struck into our lines, wounding a number of our men. We could hear the boom of the cannon, see the curve of the coming shell, the noise of the explosion, and then the cries of the wounded. These were probably random shells. They were probably firing at Fort Wagner, having received some intimation of its evacuation and inferring its occupancy by Union troops. We soon had orders to advance and passed around to the north or Fort Gregg side and here again awaited orders for a few moments. Having heard that Fort Wagner was really evacuated, we were ordered to advance on Fort Gregg. We had not gone far before several of our men were blown up by tor-

pedoes hidden in the ground. These caused us to move cautiously. We reached Gregg in season to capture eighty men, who were waiting their turn to be taken across to James Island.

Rebel prisoners were set at work digging up torpedoes and opening magazines in Wagner.

All the time we were on the island after the first assault on Wagner we suffered much from the horrible stench of decomposing bodies. The air and earth seemed saturated, and in digging the parallels we were compelled to dig over what was the same as a graveyard.

September 8, 1863.

A monitor got aground today in the harbor at Charleston and threw a shell into Fort Moultrie that blew up a magazine. The forts about, especially Moultrie, thought to take advantage of the accident to the monitor and fired very furiously at her. This caused her to defend herself with vigor and one shell exploded the magazine, as already mentioned. The force with which this was sent must have been something tremendous, for of course the magazine is in the most secure and best protected part of the fort, and is always built over with a greater amount of sand as an additional safeguard. I knew at the time just the result of the explosion, as reported from rebel sources. I believe there were fourteen or fifteen men killed.

There was considerable fighting at about this time between the United States gunboats and the forts in Charleston harbor.

September 16, 1863.

Three orderly sergeants died today—Mack, C. A. Brown of Company I, and Jones of Company D—a very singular and uncommon occurrence [Nutting diary].

Wednesday, Sept. 23, 1863.

Still at Morris Island. Wrote a letter to father about home matters.

September 24, 1863.

A grand review of the troops on Morris Island by General Gilmore. Another soldier of Company C, D. W. Gordon, died.

September 25, 1863.

Private Charles Brown died.

October 1, 1863.

This is the date of Addison Dodge's death, of which an account is given under date of August 5, 1863. He died at quarter past ten in the morning and was buried the same day.

October 8, 1863.

Got a mail today.

October 9, 1863.

We are not quite in Charleston but are so near we can look right into the city, as we can look into Manchester from that hill near 'Squog, and could burn it very easily. They can't run the blockade here now, as we hold the mouth of the harbor. Charleston is of no account to them beyond the name of holding it. Up North the people think that Sumter is all that need be battered down, but they don't know much about it. Sumter is the weakest fort in the harbor. I mean it was. It is nothing now but a pile of ruins. I have ——, so that I don't know when to believe anything I read. If a man don't see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears, he doesn't know how much is true.

About our getting vegetables. We get more now than awhile ago, but, let me tell you, we have seen rough times here. We have been without vegetable matter so long and lived on "salt-horse" and hardtack part of the time and part of the time on soft bread, not much better, that our systems are all out of gear somehow. Take the strongest, most robust man and let him take hold of the side of a barrel of apples or potatoes, carry it a few rods, and when he sets it down he feels as weak as a rat, and trembles all over. Blood is thin and bones have lost something that gives a man strength. We get some potatoes now. When we have them, which is once or twice a week, we get three for a ration and a piece of salt meat, and finish our meal with soft bread or hard. I almost always get enough to eat. I don't know the time for the past year when I haven't had enough, such as it is, but to have one thing over and over for two years I don't relish. O, I would give as much for a bowl of pudding and milk as for anything I know!

Perhaps I would not like to come in and test my sister's cooking once! But after all has been said and done I would not come home today if they would offer me my discharge. I never have been sorry I enlisted and am ready to die out here if need be.

You need not feel any alarm about my forming any bad habits. I have been just as particular to guard against them here as at home. I don't go by the outward feeling and because I am away in the army go to drinking, swearing, etc., for I consider that it is wrong, and what I consider wrong I try to shun, let me be where I may.

Dodge, a Francestown boy belonging to our company, died the other day, and James Ellis, also from Francestown, was wounded by splinters struck from a pile of boards by a shell. The pile of boards was for use in building the parallels and the fortifications within them. Ellis was wounded only slightly. Another man was hit at the same time in the legs and hurt badly. I think they were shoveling. At the same time, I believe, one of our guns in the same battery burst at the breech, dismounting it, but not hurting any one. It was no uncommon occurrence for a gun to burst, frequently injuring our men. Sometimes our shells would burst prematurely. We lost quite a number of men from such accidents.

I think in about nine months now I shall be coming home, that is, if we are discharged in June. It is near sundown and I have got to blow the retreat.

Friday, Oct. 16, 1863.

Still on Morris Island. The work here appears to be done and yet there appears no prospect of our leaving. We are conjecturing the probability of remaining here all winter. Our camp is in among the sandy bluffs, and the sand blows over and drifts among the tents like dry, light snow. Sometimes, coming into camp from fatigue duty at headquarters all night, I would find myself, after sleeping during the forenoon, covered by a drift of sand. The sun beating down onto the unshaded camp made the heat in the tent almost unbearable and the day's rest anything but refreshing.

The tents had to be moved at times lest they should become buried in the sand. The graveyard had to be carefully watched lest the shifting sand should leave the graves exposed. I believe there were some cases of re-burial.

There was much fatal sickness about this time and orders were issued to bury the dead without the usual music, as the sound had such a depressing influence on the hospital patients. Until this order, at almost any hour of the day we could hear the shrill fife playing the Portuguese Hymn and the muffled drum telling that some funeral procession was on its way to the grave.

George says: "Sickness in the regiment is getting worse every day. There are fifty-five in the hospital here (regimental), besides the sick in other hospitals." It was very difficult at this time for a sick man to obtain a discharge, though before it had been customary to give them; but here the sickness was too quickly fatal.

General Terry (resumed) is in command of the island and comes out with a big order every day. Some are very strict, and only the men despise him and the army. One very improper order was that the men should pack all extra clothing, etc., into their knapsacks and wear these and march in good order when going to and from work. This made it very hard, as the men were on fatigue duty every night or day. It is customary for a fatigue party to leave and enter camp, keeping step in good military order, but when out of camp the commanding officer invariably, where the distance made it necessary, would give the order, "Rout step," when each man would take his natural and easiest gait, although keeping the line. This order was so very troublesome that at last some of the officers petitioned for its abolishment. This was done by the general of the department (Gilmore).

General Gilmore had commanded the operations on Morris Island in person; but after the taking of the forts General Terry resumed command of division.

October 26, 1863.

Second bombardment commenced on Fort Sumter November 6, 1863. Bombardment still going on.

November 17, 1863.

Still on Morris Island. This regiment got one hundred ninety-three recruits today, all substitutes, some twenty of them Germans. Before this, Greager was the only German in the regiment. These substitutes were very unpopular among the veterans and officers and they were treated with dislike by all, as a rule. A substitute had to conquer a prejudice and earn a place in the regard of his comrades. There was good reason for the dislike. We were disgusted with the methods taken by the government to raise men. We could not respect a man whose services had been bought, and the majority of them were men who had enlisted only for the bounty, etc., and deserted at the first opportunity.

November 19, 1863.

There is nothing new here. Firing is going on on both sides, but without effect. The weather has been very fine for the past week but the week previous was very cold. There is no prospect of our taking Charleston.

November (after 8th), 1863.

At Morris Island. I am in good health now and doing well. Can get plenty of apples now by paying five cents apiece, and they do me more good than anything I can get. Father has sent me two barrels of apples. I suppose they are at Hilton Head. I don't know when I shall get them but as soon as the quartermaster sends for them.

I think I should like to go to Boston, as you propose. I will see about it when I get home. You can see what it costs. I would like to know. We don't have to work as hard as we did a few weeks ago, but I don't know how soon we shall have to again. I expect something will be done before long. They have been knocking old Sumter to pieces lately and I guess in a few days we shall hold it ourselves. It will soon be New Year's. How time flies! I shall soon be at home again if I live, and then I will beat you at a game of gammon. I'll tell you what I am thinking of most every day, that is *pudding and milk*. I would give more for a bowl of it than for anything I know of, I believe, and it would do me more good.

I never was sorry I enlisted but I shall always look back with a feeling of dreary dread to think what I have passed through, and feel very thankful to think I got through safely. I will enlist again if I think, after I get home, the country is in a perilous condition and needs me badly. But I think after I have served three years they can get along and ought not to ask any more of me, unless things are different from now. I believe three years more would kill a fellow, for each summer seems to take hold of me worse. My system loses more in summer than it can recover in winter, for we get vegetables in winter, such as potatoes and onions. I don't wish to stay here on this island another summer. I don't think I shall have to, but don't know.

The following is a letter addressed to Mary Rowe:

MORRIS ISLAND, Dec. 24, 1863.

Dear Sister,—I received your kind letter and now hasten to reply to it. I am well and hope to continue so until I return to my home, which I hope will be in about nine months (somewhat less). That will fly fast and soon be gone. This is the last winter before I can take a furlough. I could take it now by only going to the adjutant and asking for it, but as my time is so nearly out I don't care about coming until I can be independent of anybody and can take my own furlough.

I have been promoted since I wrote to you. I don't belong to Company C now. I belong to the non-commissioned staff; am principal musician; get \$21 a month. Just think of your brother, Cuffee Bradshaw, wearing a sword and scarf! (See June 5, 1863.)

We haven't taken the famous city yet but hope to sometime before we come home.

You ask what I had for Thanksgiving. I wish you wouldn't ask such puzzling questions. I declare, I don't want to tell you of all the nice little dainties I had, such as boiled hog and hard-tack. Well, if I must, I must, so here goes. We had tongues and sounds, and I went down to town, was at the lower end of the island, where some buildings for settlers and government storehouses, etc., had been put up, got back, found dinner all cold, and so had a cold tongue and a cold sound, both, and two potatoes with them. I guess you didn't have anything that beat that.

Tomorrow is Christmas and we are going to have boiled beef and bread. I am going into a mess with the rest of the non-commissioned staff, and we shall live better if we get up a mess.

We are having real cold weather here now. It is tedious enough. We feel it more than I ever did at home, in the coldest of weather. Just so, I think! One week less every Saturday to stop in the service, and then for the trial of gammon.

We have a chaplain now, and have services every Sabbath.

December 25, 1863.

Still on Morris Island. The rebels had built a battery behind some houses on James Island(?), at La Granville(?), then tore away the houses and today opened on our troops on Folly Island. Union troops took the battery.

December 26, 1863.

Reënlisting is slowly going on in the regiment. The fleet is lying idle, but in the last gale one monitor was sunk. A great many timbers have been washed ashore, supposed to be obstructions in Charleston Harbor.

About this time Private Kendall of the Third New Hampshire was shot for desertion. He was a newly arrived substitute and said to be a bounty jumper. He deserted and went over to a neighboring island, which he supposed to be in the possession of the rebels, but in reality in our possession. When he discovered his mistake he passed himself off as a Union refugee from James Island. He told stories of the destitution and discouragement of the rebel troops there. He was brought into camp and put under guard at headquarters but treated with consideration and communication with him forbidden. The Third New Hampshire, on grand guard that day, and the regiment generously sent him rations, blankets, etc. General Terry was on the point of sending him to Hilton Head, en route for New York, according to his own request, when a soldier of his company, a substitute who had come down with him a few days before, from New York, looked into the tent, in spite of the care of the guard, and recognized him. As soon as the orderly sergeant of his company came, he at once identified him, and strict

orders were given to have him closely confined. He was promptly court-martialed and sentenced to be shot. There had been much deserting and this was necessary in order to preserve the morals of the regiments. I believe this was the only occurrence of the kind on Morris Island. On the day of his execution all the troops on the island, not on duty, were ordered out to witness it. We were marched out onto the beach and formed into three sides of a square, the sea making the fourth. The prisoner rode in an open ambulance, seated on his coffin. He was followed by a platoon of soldiers, detailed as a guard, marching at "charge bayonets"; then the band, playing the death march; then another platoon with reversed arms, and then the provost marshal and other officers. It was the duty of the provost marshal to see that the order for execution was carried out, and in case of the soldiers failing to kill the prisoner, to do so himself with his revolver. The prisoner, with hands tied behind him, eyes bandaged, was caused to kneel on his coffin, which had been placed within the square, with his back toward the sea. A platoon of soldiers was placed in front of him, at a distance of — paces. At the order "fire" he fell forward, pierced, as it were, with one bullet, so accurately had the men fired. As is customary, the pieces had been loaded by the provost marshal, without the knowledge of the soldiers, one rifle being loaded with a blank cartridge.

December 28, 1863.

At Morris Island. Never better. I am in good health; weigh about 160. I went down to see Paul Whipple. I found they had broken up camp, set fire to their rubbish, and gone to Beaufort. I intended to have gone before, but forgot all about it.

There seems to be good news all the time lately. I don't see how the South can hold out much longer against Uncle Sam's force. It is about as the rebel said, "I don't believe you Yanks will fire those big guns much longer because the confederacy is so narrow you will shoot across and kill your own men on the other side." The rebels begin to think if they could not hold Lookout Mountain, there is no place they can hold. I think the

rebellion is nearly gone through on all sides, and but a few more whacks and it will all cave. I am of the opinion the leaders of the rebellion are looking for a way to get out of the country, and think the government had better look well to the blockade, for they may try it. By the way, I am a nine months' man and in a few days will be an eight months' man. How time flies with me! I wonder where Amasa Downs is? The last I heard of him he was sick.

You will notice I don't keep on the line very well, but you must consider what conveniences I have. For a light I have, for you notice it is evening, a cover to a tin box, with a rag for a wick, and grease I got at the cookery. Quite a number of the boys have been examining it this evening and I expect will try to steal the patent.

I hope by summer something will be done towards getting into Charleston. I think something is in the wind now in the department, but don't know just where; I think on another part from Morris Island.

I am thinking of going to school again when I get home.

Monday, Jan. 4, 1864.

Wrote to Sarah Bickford, dated 5th; also to Addie at Morris Island.

Tuesday, Jan. 5, 1864.

Received a mail: 100 *Tribunes*, 50 *Leslies*, 12 *Harper's Monthlies*, and 300 *New Souths*. Ever since taking charge of the postoffice I have had the privilege of selling papers and anything else I wish. Accordingly, I supplied myself every mail with such New York and other periodicals as were popular among the soldiers.

Wednesday, Jan. 6, 1864.

Wrote to Addie; also sent to editor of *New South* \$15, and to Elliott, Thomas, and Talbot, \$17 for Shattuck and me.

Thursday, Jan. 7, 1864.

Wrote to father, No. 6. Sent \$25. Sent the boys each two or three papers.

Saturday, Jan. 9, 1864.

Received letters from Addie, mother, Uncle Horace Pettee, one from S. Tousey, and fifty *Leslies*, five dozen almanacs, and four dozen pencils from Shaw & Clark. Wrote S. Tousey.

Monday, Jan. 11, 1864.

Wrote to Otis Woodward.

Tuesday, Jan. 12, 1864.

Wrote to Zogbaum & Fairchild, No. 10 Maiden Lane, New York; sent \$5. Wrote to S. Tousey; sent \$15. Received 100 *Tribunes*, letter No. 17 from Addie, one from Hovey, agent for the "History of the Rebellion." I was in correspondence with Hovey relative to taking an agency, at his solicitation, for the sale of his book. I did so at last but when we left Morris Island sold it out. Wrote to mother.

Wednesday, Jan. 13, 1864.

Wrote to Addie, No. 20, also to editor of *New South*, and sent —. Sent J. A. Demuth \$32. Wrote to editor of *Tribune* (N. Y.); sent \$5. Wrote to mother.

Wednesday, Jan. 20, 1864.

Received letter from mother and boys, one from S. Tousey, one from Demuth. Wrote to Addie, No. 21. Wrote to boys and Mrs. Quinley about her husband. (Mr. Quinley was a member of Company E, Fourth New Hampshire, and was at this time sick in the hospital. His wife had not heard from him and was feeling anxious, and wrote to me for information.) Wrote to S. Tousey; sent \$5. Received a letter from W. H. Johnson, Company H, Twenty-second Massachusetts Volunteers, Washington, D. C., and a *Ballou's Magazine* from Demuth; also 50 *Tribunes*, and 250 *Free Souths*.

Thursday, Jan. 21, 1864.

Wrote to W. H. Johnson, to the editor of the New York *Herald*. Received letter from Sue by Milton Abbott.

Friday, Jan. 22, 1864.

Wrote to Sue and sent a ring. Fine day.

Saturday, Jan. 23, 1864.

Sent Addie *Ballou's Monthly*. Very nice day.

306 *Fourth Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers.*

Thursday, Jan. 28, 1864.

Very fine weather for some weeks past. Wrote to mother and to the editor of the *New South*; sent \$30.

Friday, Jan. 29, 1864.

Received a letter from Addie, one from Sarah Bickford, and two *Congregationalists*, 250 *Tribunes*, fifty *Leslie's* books, from Talbot & Company. Wrote to Addie, No. 22. Wrote to J. H. Winslow; sent \$3.30.

Saturday, Jan. 30, 1864.

Wrote to J. A. Demuth. Wrote Merwin & Bray, 262 Broadway, New York. Wrote E. S. Johnson.

Thursday, Feb. 4, 1864.

Wrote to Ormsby for three books; sent \$2.50.

Friday, Feb. 5, 1864.

Wrote to Addie, No. 23, dated the 4th.

Saturday, Feb. 6, 1864.

Wrote to Elliott, Thomas & Company (sent \$17 in the name of A. Shattuck).

I had got into the way, as will appear from the entries of this year, of sending for books and papers to New York and elsewhere. These I sold to the men at a small advance on the retail price, which gave me a profit sometimes of one hundred per cent, since I bought at wholesale. I began, at the suggestion of some of the men, by getting from New York about \$25 worth of sensational stories. These sold as fast as I could deliver them, so eager were the men for reading matter. Another lot went not quite so fast, the appetite being somewhat satisfied, but newspapers and stationery were always salable.

One day, having a general pass as regimental mail agent, I went down to Folly Island from Morris, where our camp was, to a settler's and got about fifty pounds of candy. This proved also to be what the men wanted. In an apple speculation I was not so fortunate. I bought two barrels of apples for about \$19 from a settler down at the landing on Morris Island and hired a government teamster to carry them up to camp. His team

consisted of a great two-wheeled truck, with six horses in a tandem for dragging cannon. The barrels were placed on this, and I got on to hold them in place. All went well until we reached the camp of the Fourth Rhode Island. We had been on a smooth, hard beach, but here a road turned up in the quarters of the regiment and the horses were determined to go up it. A large piece of driftwood lay in the way, the mast of some vessel perhaps. One wheel rolled over this, while the other gouged a convenient hole in the sand. One barrel rolled off and burst open, filling the hole with fruit, which another turn of the wheel completely buried in a foot of sand. The other tumbled safely off and the horses galloped away. I dug the apples out of the sand and got a man to help me carry them up to my tent and left another to guard the remaining barrel. They were the only two men in sight, but when I returned to get my barrel of apples there was nothing to be seen of either barrel or men, and the whole Rhode Island camp were busy devouring apples.

A. Shattuck was in partnership in two or three of these ventures with me, but he soon gave it up, and about this time, too, I changed my quarters, as Colonel Bell wished me to blow the bugle again.

Received letter from father and mother (two from dad), one from Addie, one from Sally Emerson, one from Otis Woodward.

Monday, Feb. 8, 1864.

Sent the boys four papers. A blockade runner got aground today off Morris Island and our artillery set it on fire.

Thursday, Feb. 11, 1864.

We left Morris Island and marched to the south end of Folly Island and embarked on board of steamer "Saxon." This is the first time we have been from under fire since July 18, 1863. I think the boys will sleep easy tonight.

Saturday, Feb. 13, 1864.

Received two letters from Tousey, one from Addie, one from W. H. Johnson, one from father, mother, and the boys, one from J. A. Demuth. We ran to Beaufort today and landed tonight.

Sunday, Feb. 14, 1864.

Wrote to Addie. Wrote to editor of the *Tribune*, editor of the *New South*, and wrote to father, No. 7.

Friday, Feb. 19, 1864.

We embarked on board steamer "Dictator" and ran to Hilton Head with three days' rations. Got orders to go back and await orders.

Sunday, Feb. 21, 1864.

Got orders to report to Hilton Head to go to Fort Pulaski.

Monday, Feb. 22, 1864.

We were ordered to Skull Creek—the Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania Regiment and one company of the Sixty-seventh Ohio and the Fourth New Hampshire Regiment. We took fourteen prisoners and were ordered to Jacksonville, Fla.

Tuesday, Feb. 23, 1864.

We arrived at Jacksonville today. Heavy fighting at Olustee but we are not yet ordered in. (This was the fight in which the Seventh New Hampshire were engaged and lost so heavily and General Seymour and his brigade taken prisoners.)

Wednesday, Feb. 24, 1864.

The boys are reënlisting fast today for three years of the war. There have enough enlisted to make it a veteran regiment and we are to go home on a veteran furlough.

Saturday, Feb. 27, 1864.

We are ordered to Beaufort and embarked on board steamers "Ben DeFord" and "Peconic."

Sunday, Feb. 28, 1864.

Received a letter from father and Addie, dated February 13; one from mother and Addie, No. 22, dated February 6; one from Mary, one from M. J. Daniels, one from Julia Sargent, one from editor of the *Tribune*, one from Merwin & Bray, books from Elliott, Thomas, & Talbot, and one hundred *New Souths*. Just got back from Jacksonville; been gone a week.

The following is a letter addressed to Mary Rowe:

BEAUFORT, S. C., February 29, 1864.

Dear Sister,—We have just returned from a scout and expedition, as I call it, for (as you plainly see) we are back to Beaufort, and before we had been here three days we were ordered down to Hilton Head, laid aboard of a steamer over night, but as all things were not ready in the morning we came back and the next night but one went down again and joined a couple of boats with another regiment (Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania Regiment), then kept on down to Fort Pulaski, and ran up one of the rivers to within eight miles of Savannah and landed on White Marsh Island, a part of the Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania Regiment going round in the meantime to the back side of the island to cut off a bridge to keep them from reënforcing the island and keep on what were there. The bridge was within four miles of Savannah. They found the rebels too strong, for they had a battery of three guns, and got repulsed. We landed on the island and expected they would cut off communication by the bridge, but as they did not, the rebels came on like bees and we had to retreat again when we found out how matters were; took fifteen prisoners along with us and all that saved us were two brass pieces on one of our boats. The colonel opened fire and threw shells into the woods. They (the rebels) did not dare to come too near, thinking we had gunboats with us, but they fired a volley or two of musketry over our heads out of the woods as we came away, and took our lieutenant and one man prisoner and wounded one lieutenant. If they had been smart they could have taken all of us prisoners who did not fight till killed, though they would have had a tussle, I guess. They had lots of men and we could hear the cars as they came in with more; kept rushing them in.

As soon as we got through with that job and got back to Fort Pulaski the order came for us to go to Jacksonville, Fla., so we went down there and stopped a week and got back today. We threw up a rifle-pit for them down there, then came back up here, and landed today. I have not had a chance to write a letter home since a fortnight ago, but received a letter from father today, dated February 13, saying mother was very sick, and as I was about worn out with fatigue of going on the expedition and getting bad news, I have felt kind of blue this afternoon, but tonight the other mail has come in and I have a letter from Addie, who says mother is better, and I feel better also. I don't allow myself to have the blues, but I had a strange feel-

ing, being so fatigued and to think they were sick, which I could not describe.

The regiment have reënlisted to be a veteran regiment, that is, two thirds, so they go home on the next boat. I am not one for the reason I consider my duty calls me home. The colonel wants me to enlist badly, and I could have a commission, but I don't see it. I calculate to do what I consider my duty as it is made known to me without regard to money or honor. I think the colonel thinks more of me for it. He told me that of course I knew my duty best, but wished I could enlist. I shall be at home, if I live, in about six months. Folks need me at home. I know they are having a hard time. All hands have worked themselves down.

Love to Ben, Mother Rowe and Helen, also Sister Moll, and a kiss to Winnie. I shall have a good time while they are gone home on the furlough. Sha'n't have anything to do, hardly.

Write often and accept with love,

BRIAS LIAS.

Monday, Feb. 29, 1864.

Received letter from Addie, No. 24. Wrote to Charles W. Ambrose, New London; wrote it yesterday. Wrote to Mary Rowe last night. Wrote to S. E. French; sent picture.

Tuesday, March 1, 1864.

Wrote to Mary E. French. Wrote to Addie. Wrote to mother.

Wednesday, March 2, 1864.

Those of our regiment who have reënlisted embarked on board steamer "Verona" for New York.

Friday, March 4, 1864.

Received letter from father, one valentine from Laura E. French. Sent two papers to Addie.

Monday, March 7, 1864.

Wrote to J. A. Demuth. Sent colonel two papers. Received letter from Addie, dated 27th, probably No. 26.

Tuesday, March 8, 1864.

Received letter from Flora Dodge Atwood. Wrote to Addie, No. 26. Wrote to father, No. 8; sent \$25. Wrote to Charley, Eddie, and Willie.

Thursday, March 10, 1864.

Wrote to the editor of the *Tribune*, editor of the *Palmetto Herald*, Dick & Fitzgerald, and to Elliott, Thomas & Talbot, in Shattuck's name.

Saturday, March 12, 1864.

Sent Charley three papers, *Palmetto Herald* and *Free South*.

Sunday, March 13, 1864.

Wrote to Addie; also to Miss S. F. Bickford.

Wednesday, March 16, 1864.

Sent Charley one hundred *Souths*. Received a letter from Demuth, a *Congregationalist*.

Thursday, March 17, 1864.

Wrote to Charley.

Friday, March 18, 1864.

Wrote to Father.

Tuesday, March 22, 1864.

Received a letter from Addie, No. 27. Received a letter from Dicks & Fitzgerald, one from Adams Press Company, 31 Park Row, New York.

Wednesday, March 23, 1864.

Received a letter from Addie, one from Mother, one from Sue in Addie's.

Thursday, March 24, 1864.

Wrote to Addie.

Saturday, March 26, 1864.

Wrote to Sue.

Tuesday, March 29, 1864.

Wrote to Mother. Sent Addie *Ballou's Magazine*.

Thursday, March 31, 1864.

Received a letter from Father, one from Demuth, with \$3.50. Received paper from L. E. F.

Saturday, April 2, 1864.

Wrote to father. Wrote to Addie. Wrote to Elliott, Thomas & Talbot; sent \$3.38 in Shattuck's name.

Tuesday, April 5, 1864.

Wrote to Otis and Adella.

Friday, April 8, 1864.

Received a letter from Mother and Brother Ed; one from Sarah Emerson.

Saturday, April 9, 1864.

Wrote to Sarah E. French.

Sunday, April 10, 1864.

Wrote to Addie.

Monday, April 11, 1864.

Wrote to father; sent \$50. Wrote B. W. Hitchcock; sent \$10 for two albums. Wrote to Richard & Company, Nos. 37 and 39 Wassau street, New York; sent \$2.25 for patent pipe. Wrote to Emma Emerson.

Tuesday, April 12, 1864.

Received a letter from Sarah F. Bickford, one from Addie, one from Mark and Sarah Fletcher. Wrote to Mark and Sarah. Wrote Sarah Emerson.

Wednesday, April 13, 1864.

Wrote to Mother.

Saturday, April 16, 1864.

Wrote to Addie. Arrived at Yorktown today; landed at Gloucester. I should think there were about one hundred men, the rest of the regiment being home on a furlough of thirty days, given them on account of reënlistment.

We encamped about a half a mile from the wharf, back of the bluffs. On these bluffs were old fortifications, though not mounted and of course not used. On the opposite side of the York, a beautiful river, was the old town of Yorktown. I used to go across the river quite often on a general pass. At Yorktown were quite a number of stores, where we could buy most anything in the way of groceries.

We saw the house at Yorktown in which it was said (I believe) that General Washington made his headquarters at the time General Cornwallis surrendered his sword to him. It was a large, square, old-fashioned (I believe brick) house.

My duty here at Gloucester, while the rest of the regiment were absent, was to drill some boys in drumming, as we found we did not have drummers to drum for guard-mounting. Adjutant Carleton requested me to search through the regiment and get one or two men who could drum or who could learn, and drill them. I told him I did not know how to drum but would see what I could do. I therefore searched till I found two young fellows who said they could drum. I found they knew how to use the sticks but had no idea of playing a tune or keeping time so that a company could march by their music. I drilled them a great deal and we managed to have some music after a while. One of these boys I found was very hard to manage, for, being detached from his company and under my care, he tried me very much by going away from camp without a pass. He went away on one occasion and came just in time to do duty at guardmount, but of course missed his regular drill. His excuse was that he fell asleep behind a pile of boards. I said, "I shall be obliged to punish you if you go away again." I soon after found I was obliged to report him absent at guardmount and said to Adjutant Carleton that it was not the first offense. Said he, "Put him on a barrel and let him stand all night." I put him on a barrel at the guardhouse and let him stand several hours, and then relieved him.

Sunday, April 17, 1864.

Wrote to Sarah F. Bickford.

Wednesday, April 20, 1864.

Received a letter from Otis, one from Mary French, one from E. F. Hovey, and two papers.

Thursday, April 21, 1864.

Wrote to Addie.

Monday, April 25, 1864.

Wrote to Addie.

Wednesday, April 27, 1864.

Received letter from Addie, one from J. A. Demuth. Received package with letter from Aunt Sarah Pettee, with one from Sue. Reënlisted veterans arrived today from furlough in New Hampshire.

Thursday, April 28, 1864.

Wrote to Addie.

Friday, April 29, 1864.

Wrote to Addie Bryant. Wrote to Father. Sent picture of Yorktown siege and my warrant of principal musician.

Saturday, April 30, 1864.

Were reviewed by Gen. B. F. Butler. We had understood that we had some 40,000 men in our force who were encamped here, that General Butler was going to take command, and there were a great many stories going about camp as to where we were going to strike.

Sunday, May 1, 1864.

Wrote to Addie. Received letter from Addie.

Wednesday, May 4, 1864.

Wrote to Eddie. We left Gloucester; went on board the "Salvor." Cool nights.

Thursday, May 5, 1864.

This morning found us at Fortress Monroe. Came up James river to Appomattox and up Appomattox to Bermunda Hundred and landed at two o'clock in the morning; marched out and slept in a field about a mile from the landing. Bermuda Hundred is a very old looking place, on the shore of a deep, muddy river. The soil being clayey made it very sticky and bad traveling just after a rain. I remember it was quite so when we marched up from the river. I got the impression of the river (Appomattox) being full of stumps and fallen trees at some points as we passed up. We encamped on a beautiful green, grassy field, in the open air. The land about here looked very rich and fertile.

Friday, May 6, 1864.

Beautiful morning; very hot. We started from Bermuda Hundred about seven o'clock; marched up five or six miles; came back two or three (got on wrong road was the reason for countermarching, I believe), and lay in the open sun in an open field on a branch road till about three o'clock; marched on about eight miles and encamped for the night and dug in-trenchments (on Foster's plantation). We had orders before

leaving Gloucester to rid ourselves of everything that would impede us in marching, and those who wished could pack up and send home such things as they did not want to throw away and could not carry. I packed all my traps in a trunk which I had received from home and forwarded to my father by express, putting in all those things I had collected as relics of the war. This trunk was lost.

Many of the men heeded not the orders but tried to carry an extra pair of boots or blanket or coat. The consequence was that, after marching about one or two miles from Bermuda Hundred, the sides of the road began to be lined with blankets, shoes, boots, and various things, which grew more and more numerous the farther we marched, till the men were again in "light marching order." Many of the men gave out from the march; some were sun-struck and left by the roadside in care of a comrade. I noticed some very pale from faintness. I found myself suffering from a bilious attack and tried hard to keep along. Assistant Surgeon Walker noticed me and insisted I should get on to his horse, which I rode a mile or two, and think I felt better soon after. It was a hard march.

We were marching through woods in an entirely strange country, with a feeling that we were likely to have a fight at any hour, and wondering, as we came to a cross road and halted for a consultation among the leading officers, as to our route (and this happened several times), if we should not be surprised by the enemy. It was with no little anxiety and feeling of insecurity that we marched from Bermuda Hundred to Foster's Plantation, going several miles on the wrong road and turning back to get on the right one. However, we were glad to get to the end of the march. The ground near the Plantation House was high and we commenced a regularly laid out line of fortifications, with James river on the right and Appomattox on the left. Here we bivouacked for the night again in the open air.

Saturday, May 7, 1864.

Stopped all day here. Part of our corps were in a fight at the front. The railway from Richmond to Petersburg ran through a valley below our camp and about two miles off. The party

went out to reconnoiter and the result was an engagement at the crossing of the railroad and turnpike. We heard the firing during the afternoon and occasionally got reports, and the whole camp felt excited and anxious. We were ordered to pack knapsacks, ready to leave for the fight, which we fully expected, but no order to march came. We went on picket and dug in-trenchments all day. At night the reconnoitering party returned to camp, having succeeded in cutting the railroad.

Sunday, May 8, 1864.

Wrote to Addie. Lay in camp all day. Very hot. We felt anxious in a vague anticipation of what might come Monday.

Monday, May 9, 1864.

Our first fight since we left South Carolina. Up at three o'clock; packed light for the front. This means one rubber blanket rolled over a woolen one and strapped onto the back. The Fourth New Hampshire took the lead; marched out onto the railroad between Richmond and Petersburg. We went very cautiously through the woods, expecting at any time to be attacked from some ambuscade. We finally came out where we could look down into the valley onto the railroad. I recall reading the warning, "Look out for the engine when the bell rings." The rebels had retreated towards Petersburg. When we came down onto the road, at the scene of Saturday's fight, we found lying beside the road some dead bodies of the regiment engaged. They were perfectly black from the exposure to the hot sun. Only by the hair could we tell the white from the colored men. Some of them had been bayoneted. The regiment to which they belonged believed that this had been done before death, and swore vengeance.

There was a man in our regiment, named Alonzo Gay, whom Colonel Bell sometimes employed as a scout, as he was a reckless, fearless fellow, who enjoyed it. The first thing he did on reaching the road was to climb a telegraph pole, cut the wire, and look around for the enemy. Fortunately for him, they were nowhere near.

We went up and down the tracks, tearing up the rails and

bending them, and burning the sleepers. Then we advanced on the turnpike to Petersburg, came up with the enemy within about five miles of Petersburg, fought them till night, and drove them into their inner works, three miles from Petersburg.

In this fight the Twenty-second(?), Twenty-third(?), Twenty-fourth Massachusetts were on the advance. The Fourth arrived later, being detained in tearing up the track. Fighting commenced a few minutes before our arrival.

As we came up the road we could distinctly see the rebel line about thirty rods away from us. We could distinguish the men loading and firing and those who took charge of the caissons carrying ammunition from them to the gunners. Wounded were brought out; some from the Massachusetts regiments, I noticed in particular.

It was always the hardest part of an engagement to be waiting for our turn to enter it and see the wounded carried past us from the front. It was having the horror of battle without the excitement of the fight. It was fulfilling our gloomiest anticipations without any of the satisfaction that comes from achievement. It kept the imagination busy with disaster and defeat at the very moment when it was most needed to stimulate us to exertion. But the poor fellows whose work was done always had some encouraging word for us who were to take their places. The few minutes' fight which preceded our arrival had wounded a good many. They passed us—some walking with arm or leg bandaged, some on stretchers, wounded in all possible ways. We marched through some open bars into a field at our right. There were one or two old deserted houses here which we passed by.

We were feeling somewhat anxious as to where we were going and how soon we should meet the enemy. Stray rifle shots and shells occasionally came over into the field, although we were not directly under fire.

We were immediately ordered to the front on the right of the battle-line. This brought us into the woods, facing some rebel batteries only a few rods from our lines. A little stream called Swift Creek ran at the foot of the rising land on which we stood,

and separated us from the batteries. A light rail fence ran in front of us. We fought here without intermission until into the evening; at our left the Second Massachusetts, the two flank companies of which were armed with seven-shooting rifles. These, after the first few shots, kept up a continuous war, one company firing while the other loaded. This, in connection with the firing of the rest of the regiment, made it sound as though several regiments were firing. The beginning of musketry-firing always reminds me of the popping of corn—first one and another, then many, and then one unbroken sound. The heaviest firing was directly on our left, in the Massachusetts regiment.

In the evening we moved still farther to the right to protect the extreme right of the line. By this time the heavy firing was over. We moved a little back and threw out skirmishers, and camped for the night in the open field on our arms. The rebels charged on the line twice during the night, to our left, but could not break it. They had been twice repulsed during the day and driven into their breastworks. Very hot weather.

Tuesday, May 10, 1864.

About nine o'clock we marched out a half a mile, a little in advance of our old position of Monday morning, formed in line of battle, all ready for action. We lay here in the woods awaiting orders till 12 m., the rebels meanwhile firing on us from two pieces of artillery. We had expected to make an immediate advance on the enemy, but at 12 m. we had orders to occupy the extreme right. Here we lay in line in advance, where there had been a fight, the rebels having tried to flank the line. At night we came back into camp at headquarters, where we started from the day before. Very hot and terrible dusty; marched in hot sun; many were sunstruck.

Wednesday, May 11, 1864.

Wrote to Father. Received letter from Addie, No. 32; one from postmaster, Old Point Comfort. Got mail today. Lay in camp all day; boys on detail. Moved camp back a little just at night. Had a shower. Probably the detail was at work on the fortifications.

Thursday, May 12, 1864.

At 4 o'clock A. M. had orders to be ready to march by five. Marched out to the railroad and lay in line of battle till about 5 o'clock P. M., then had orders and marched up to the right on the Richmond and Petersburg turnpike, where they were having an engagement. Lay in line of battle all night near an old house between the main turnpike and the railroad, which ran from Richmond to Petersburg. In our front, towards Richmond, were the two opposing lines of battle. It rained very hard nearly, if not all, night. We had nothing but rubber blankets over us and the ground was very muddy. Colonel Bell, Major Drew, Paige, and I got a shovel from the neighboring building and threw up a mound of mud just large enough for the four of us to lie on, and by using all four of our rubber blankets we tried to keep ourselves from the storm somewhat, and might have succeeded had not the pickets fired several times and got the whole line to firing, in every case bringing us all to our feet and into line ready for action. We would return to our bed each time, after waiting half an hour till all was quiet again, to find it was as wet as when first made up.

Friday, May 13, 1864.

Still rainy. Lay in line of battle till 9 o'clock A. M., then marched down to our left onto the railroad and up the railroad toward Richmond, the enemy having fallen back. General Smith was in command of the right wing, which moved up the turnpike; General —— in command of our part of the army (the center), and General —— in command of the left, which were moving in same general direction with us, but to our left. We marched (I think the distance was) seven or eight miles, feeling quite anxious for our safety, as it was by four-rank route step and directly into the enemy's country. We were so anxious, in fact, that the men talked about it. As we heard firing at the right, showing that the right wing, then from one to two miles from us, were fighting, Captain Clough remarked that Baldy Smith was there and in command of the expedition. This piece of news made all of us feel better and we said, "All will go well if Baldy is in command."

We came in sight of their works, which were on high ground, and as they discovered us they opened fire with artillery. Finding their shells came too near, we moved our position behind a piece of woods and waited some time, until we heard firing off to our left. This was the signal to the center to charge on the front of the works, in coöperation with the flank movement on the left. The hill on which the rebel batteries were placed was very much like the hill on which the barn stands at Francestown and our position in waiting would correspond to a position in the Kemp woods. The distance was about as great as from there to the barn but the slope a little more gradual. We charged up the hill, Colonel Bell leading the regiment about a rod or two in advance. My place, as bugler, was by his side. I was armed that day with a large horse-pistol, one of a pair belonging to Major Drew, which he usually carried in his belt. I very gladly accepted his offer of one, which he found cumbersome and I thought to find useful. As we advanced we could distinctly see a line of blue-coated men standing behind the works. Our men had begun firing, which was not returned; the artillery also had stopped. I said, "Colonel, I believe those are our men." He ordered the firing to stop and examined them through his glass. He was of the same opinion. Not until we got into close range did they undeceive us by opening fire. But we had hardly a chance to return it, so abrupt was their retreat from the fire in their rear. Then we could see the gray legs below the blue coats.

There was great scrambling to see which regiment would be the first to plant its colors on the captured works. The Fourth New Hampshire succeeded. Some of the men climbed up onto the embankment and the color sergeant took the staff from the socket and threw it up to them, thus giving us the honor.

This was at Chesterfield Heights, on the road to Richmond. It was now 4 o'clock P. M. We lay down and looked at the others fighting at our right. We could follow our line, two miles long, move straight on, sometimes hidden by woods, sometimes marching through open fields, but always steadily advancing, the rebels gradually dropping back. We could see the enemy mak-

ing a stand behind fences and woods wherever opportunity offered. We could look over the country in much the same way as one can look from the house onto the Dinsmore meadow and towards Mr. Dodge's. It was broken land of much the same general appearance. The railroad to Richmond ran through a little gap in the hill corresponding to the turnpike past Mr. Dinsmore's. Rebel camps could be seen a mile or so back from the line of battle, scattered over the fields. We were amused to see little groups of soldiers, who had evidently been left to guard the camp, busy getting their breakfast by little fires. Suddenly, as the battle neared them, they would start up, gathering accouterments hastily or perhaps leaving them altogether, and run. Our men found all kinds of things strewn about, the evidences of hasty flight. Some of them did not scruple to sit down by the rebel fires and drink rebel coffee, still cooking where it was left. We watched till 8 o'clock P. M. In the fort and back of it, where they had had the fight with our left wing, were a great many wounded rebels. I remember seeing one or two very badly wounded. One was just breathing his last. He was almost torn to pieces. Some comrade had placed him close under the bank for shelter and covered him with a blanket. In an old house near by were a great many wounded and lying on old straw.

Chesterfield Heights was the fortification on the extreme right of the enemy's line, protecting Richmond. It extended from here to Fort Darling on James river. It formed the outer line of works, about seven miles from the city.

At about 8 o'clock P. M. we received orders and moved towards our left some two or three miles, down a road into the woods, till we came to Salem church. Here we halted in the darkness and rested a little while, when it was whispered about that we were to go on picket duty on a cross road by which our supply trains were expected.

From Salem church we marched back in the same general direction from which we had come the day before but by another road. It led us to a cross in the roads which commanded that by which our ammunition trains were expected and also one lead-

ing into the country from which an attack was apprehended. We had gone only a few rods on this before we surprised the rebel cavalry pickets. A volley from them in the darkness caused the little body of cavalry which preceded us to whirl and we had to take care not to be run over, but in a moment the riders got control of them and pursued the already flying rebels. We could hear the clanking of the sabers as they hurried away. Our cavalry soon came back to where we had halted and reported everything safe and quiet, so we moved on a little farther and picketed the road for the night.

Saturday, May 14, 1864.

This morning came back to the earthworks we took the day before at Chesterfield Heights. Received a letter from Addie, No. 33; one from Mother. Moved to the north of Chesterfield Heights, somewhat beyond the line of engagement, yesterday, and lay down in a little clearing in the woods to await further instructions. Here we remained most of the forenoon. It was very hot but the trees gave us a good shade. Our next move was across the railroad into an open field. Here we found our troops engaging the enemy and the rebel shells flew thickly about. We were ordered to lie down below an old house in the field. Some shells went directly through this old house; most went right over our backs, making a noise like a train of cars. We afterward advanced still farther and took position under a fence.

Sunday, May 15, 1864.

We passed the night in the open field. In the morning we began an advance under heavy musketry fire of the rebel lines and also of the guns from the fortifications on Drewry's Bluff. They were also supplied with field batteries, which kept up a terrific fire on us. The general direction of our movement was toward the northeast and we made the extreme front and center. We finally took a position behind a fence and threw up the earth against it as a little protection. The men used for this their plates, dippers, pieces of board—anything which could be used to dig with. Here we lay during the rest of the day, fighting nearly all of the time. Here we lost quite a number from

the regiment. I remember two being hit in Company C and I think others of our company were hit. One was Barney, who was killed outright by a bullet through the body. The shot that struck him did not come from the front but came lengthwise of the line. I was back thirty or forty rods from the line when a bullet whizzed over my head into the ground several rods beyond me, and in a few moments another, which I noticed came in the same direction (from a woods to the right and rear of our lines), striking nearer to me. When the third or fourth whizzed past me, each nearer than the one before it, I was satisfied that it was from a sharpshooter who could see me, and did not wait till he could get the range but returned to the line and reported to Colonel Bell, who immediately sent a scout (Lon Gay), with orders to get to the piece of wood very cautiously and find where the bullets came from, for, said he, "I am sure there is a sharpshooter there in one of those trees and it is he who killed Barney and wounded these men in the trenches." Captain Wallace was hit. Just as I returned to the line he was lying behind the intrenchments near the place where Barney was lying when killed. This scout came back in an hour or two, said that he searched carefully, and finally came up in season to see the rebel sharpshooter fall out of a tree as he was shot by our men in that part of the line near him, who had at that time discovered him. He had built a platform in the branches of a large tree, several feet from the ground, and as the tree had three large limbs branching on as many sides of him, he was hidden from view, and when our line of battle passed the tree it left him within our lines. It seemed that, owing to so much firing all about him, he had been able to pick off our men undiscovered. As no more shots came from that direction, it was evident that the scout was truthful.

During the day the rebels charged on our lines at different points, trying to break them, but were repulsed. The regiment, some of whose members were found bayoneted a few days previous at the railroad crossing, had driven short stakes into the earth in front of their lines. To these they had attached wires, stretching from one to another about ten or twelve inches from

the ground, making a complete wire fence along their entire line, only a few rods in front. A charge was made on this part of the line and the men (who had some vengeance) waited till the enemy came to the wire fence, which tripped the entire line, then they opened fire as rapidly as possible. The rebels, filled with terror, raised pieces of white paper, handkerchiefs, or anything to indicate a surrender, but for a few minutes the men would give no quarter but poured the bullets into their line, at the same time accusing them of bayoneting our men.

Rainy nearly all day.

Monday, May 16, 1864.

During the past night we noticed that the rebels had been concentrating a large body of troops, as we could hear order being given by regimental commanders.

Early this morning the enemy opened on us from several of the forts. We had orders to charge along the whole line and did so under cover of a very dense fog. The line moved rapidly forward across an open field, when, just as we came to a fence within three hundred yards of their line of forts, the fog raised and the sun came out bright and clear. Orders were immediately given for us to lie down, which we did, behind the fence. The enemy opened at once every gun they could bring to bear on us, and from long practice of target shooting at trees left for the purpose along this fence they had a perfect range of us. The first shell that came into our regiment line struck our color bearer, cutting off both feet, at same time exploding, wounding several color corporals. Colonel Bell and I lay within six feet of Sergeant Colcord, the color bearer, when he was hit. The next shot, which came immediately after, wounded several of the color guard. The two first shots killed the color sergeant and wounded six color corporals.

The third shot came into the ground under Colonel Bell and me, and, exploding, blew the fence away, covering us with pieces of broken wood and earth. I think perhaps a decayed log against which we were resting saved us from being blown to pieces and scattered over us.

After pouring the terrible fire into our lines, each shot strik-

ing into the line exactly, for twenty minutes, the rebels charged on our line with five times our number. The ground that lay between us, which was formerly a heavy wood-lot, was now covered with felled trees lying across each other in every direction.

As the enemy appeared, line after line of battle, we could see them clambering over these obstructions, which had been intended to impede the progress of the Yankee army, but now proved a benefit to us, and our men opened fire vigorously, making it one of the severest battles of the war to the rebels. So severe was it to them that the regiments engaged were proud to put it on their battle flag, and we afterwards captured flags with "Drewry's Bluff, May 16th, 1864" inscribed upon them. Colonel Bell gave me orders to take along the line to our extreme right. I noticed as I started that the third rebel line of battle had already got several rods from the fortifications. I passed rapidly along the line, giving verbal orders from Colonel Bell to the different captains, and after reaching the extreme right and giving Major Sawyer (who was killed immediately after) orders, I returned to where I left Colonel Bell. By this time the enemy (the first line) had got very near to us. Colonel Bell was nowhere to be seen. I looked back of our lines and could see men running, the ground for a mile being black with the disorganized army in full retreat, and I noticed that they came from the right of the line, which was now broken just where I had left Major Sawyer, the enemy being already past that point. The bullets were now flying very thickly. I noticed that the men in my regiment began to break, as they saw it was only to be captured if they staid longer. Not finding Colonel Bell, I approached Colonel White, who commanded the brigade and who was just a few rods to my left, and asked him where Colonel Bell was. He answered that he had gone back to the line, where we lay in the morning, to try to form the line to hold the retreating forces. I immediately determined to go to him, and started, fully convinced that we were all going to Richmond, and felt that when taken prisoner I wished to be with Colonel Bell. I passed rapidly down through the woods, run-

ning a great deal of the way backwards and partly sidewise for fear of being hit in the back, and taking the range of large trees as much as I could (how I got through this piece of wood without getting hit I could never tell), there being a perfect shower of bullets passing. When I got opposite the place we had lain the day before, and where I expected to see Colonel Bell, I saw that all was lost, and I was almost overwhelmed with a sense of the terrible defeat we were suffering, and there was nothing left for me to do but run. I decided at once to move off to my right, knowing that in doing so it would keep me in the woods. As I crossed the railroad I could see the rebel line coming rapidly forward but a short distance away, and instead of passing down the railroad track, as many of my comrades did, I sprang up and over the bank into the woods. This gave the rebels a chance to gain on those of us who took this course. I had picked up a very fine rifle, which I threw over my shoulder, thinking to keep as a remembrance of the day. As I came into the woods, just over the bank from the railroad, I found myself in the upper edge of a little clearing, in which we had rested two days before. It contained some one or two acres of cleared land and, I think, a little old house. Just at the lower edge was a steep bank, which suddenly sloped into the woods, at the foot of which ran quite a deep brook. As I reached this bank (and others about me running in the same direction), the enemy came out of the woods on the upper side of the clearing and fired a volley of musketry at us. Fortunately for us, we were descending the bank so rapidly that all their bullets went over, cutting through the trees over our heads. This was so sudden and surprising that it put a new life into us. I pitched the rifle from my shoulder and bounded across the brook, but, it being too wide to clear, I struck against the opposite bank and while about half under water scrambled up the bank and ran as fast as I could. I noticed several men who sank down, some exclaiming that it was no use to run, and so gave up. I knew we had but a few rods more to go before we should come out into the open field, and was wondering what would be the end of this race.

Luckily for us our artillery had got back on the hill on which we were the first to place our colors on the 13th, and as the rebel line came out of the woods, not more than ten or fifteen rods behind us, threw shells over us right in among them, and immediately every Union man halted and turned to fight. Commencing to load and fire, I turned on hearing the first shell pass us and noticed the rebel coats coming out of the woods. The shells burst over our heads, the pieces flying into their lines, and they immediately turned about and retreated into the woods. This proved to be the advance skirmish line of the enemy, who had pressed on so fast as to soon after be captured by a New York regiment, who had been in the woods out of the fight, having been placed there to protect the left flank of the army, and on receiving orders to retreat were doing so when they came suddenly upon these rebels. I was somewhat surprised to find when all was over that I had not got wet feet, even though half of my body had been under water in crossing the brook, which indicated that I took myself out very sprily.

This firing of the artillery checked the advance of the enemy only temporarily but gave us time to organize a little, which we all improved to the utmost. As we came to the railroad and crossed it one of my regiment was at a pair of bars near by, calling to all of those who belonged to the Fourth New Hampshire to report to Colonel Bell, who was with the colors just over the brow of the hill. Others were directing members of other regiments where to go to find their respective regiments. I remember three men belonging to my company who came out onto the railroad at the same time I did and received same orders to join the regiment, who remarked that we were all going into camp, and they were going the nearest way, and started down the railroad. They were all three captured very soon after by the rebel cavalry, which rode down the track. I joined the regiment, which soon grew to be quite a regiment, after all the breaking up it had had. A line of battle was formed and we retreated in good order the rest of the way back to our old camp behind the earthworks at Foster's Plantation, not without fighting, however, for the enemy followed us up very

closely. Our program seemed to be to retreat till hard pressed, then turn and engage the enemy. This would check them, when we would again retreat. In this way we retreated to camp.

Our loss in the Fourth New Hampshire was about two hundred men. We got to camp in night-time.

Paige speaks in his diary of seeing eight men killed today by one shell.

The break commenced, it seems, on the extreme right of the line. General ———, with his whole brigade, was captured at the commencement of the action today. It was said that his adjutant general had cautioned him about the carelessness with which part of the skirmish line was arranged, and said, "General, doesn't it occur to you that the enemy may suddenly break through our lines at such a point?" and that the answer from the drunken general was such as to remind him of assuming too much authority; and that in less than half an hour afterward the enemy did break through and capture General ——— and his whole brigade. Whether the story is true or not, it was a fact that the general and his brigade were captured and that broke the line. When we first took the works, on the 13th, at Chesterfield Heights, General Gilmore, it was said, mildly suggested to General Butler that it would be well to throw those works over and have them to fall behind in case of defeat, but General Butler scorned the idea. Had it been done, however, it probably would have saved our army today.

There was a great feeling of indignation against General Butler in the army tonight and I believe there were men who would have shot him had he been in sight. It is the talk among the men that they never heard of such a move as was made today by General Butler ordering the whole line to make a charge without leaving any reserve to fall back on in case of defeat.

The enemy charged on us and were repulsed early in the day, before the last charge, in which they massed all their forces on our part of the line.

Tuesday, May 17, 1864.

Wrote to Addie. Received letter from Sara T. Bickford. Stopped in camp all day; fixed up camp and moved our tents

back a little. Received letters from Addie and one from Laura E. French.

Wednesday, May 18, 1864.

At about midnight last night the rebels attacked our picket line and at one o'clock there was heavy firing. We turned out and lay in line of battle all night and all day today. Heavy firing out in sight all day. Rainy in forenoon. I am not very well.

Thursday, May 19, 1864.

Lay in line of battle all night in the trenches at Foster's Plantation. Early this morning the rebels opened on us with a lot of artillery firing into our camp and kept it up till ten o'clock. Rainy day. Lay in line till noon, then, as all was quiet, went to tents. A shell came into camp occasionally all the rest of the day.

Friday, May 20, 1864.

Went on picket and lay out in line all night. Were attacked three times and in the morning again by the rebels. The last time they drove us out of our pits, held as picket line. I had just had orders from Colonel Bell to take along the picket line, with instructions to immediately return to camp (where he was then going) as soon as I had delivered the orders. I passed the whole length of the picket line, which extended some sixty or eighty rods along a fence between two pieces of wood. I could see the enemy just below preparing to advance. When I reached the end of the line I saw that if I returned the way I came I should be in the midst of the fight, which was evidently coming at once, so I ran rapidly through the woods, which was a shorter cut, back to the camp. Before I had fairly left the line the enemy commenced their charge and the fight began, and I turned as I came out of the woods to see them take possession of the line and all the men in it.

Oh, bad management! Any one could see that our little force could not hold the position against the force to be seen but a few rods below.

I knew that if I should return the way I came I should be captured. Company C lost heavily in the fight, as quite a num-

ber were on picket, all captured, though they fought well. Lieutenants Stearns and Brewster were among those captured. I had hardly reached the intrenchments at Foster's Plantation when I was told that the Thirteenth Indiana Regiment were going to make a charge. This was a regiment which, it was said, had never been repulsed in a charge and it was said each man felt that he could depend on every other man in the regiment. I think this regiment, not but a very few hundred strong, charged first, before the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania, and were repulsed, then the order came for the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania, 1,400 strong, and the favorite regiment in our brigade, to charge and take back the ground just lost. We were all very much excited, and mounted the works as the regiment filed out and formed their line of battle, every one feeling that it was simply impossible. Men stood with tears running down their cheeks to see those brave men move forward and their lines being cut all to pieces.

The enemy reserved their fire as they saw them advancing till they got within a few rods, when they opened their artillery and musketry fire all along the line, and we saw puffs of smoke belch forth and the line immediately broken, as though the men were ten-pins and balls had been thrown suddenly through, and in less than three minutes it was all broken up. The flag went down and up again as one bearer would fall and another take the colors, till at the end of from three to five minutes nothing could be seen of any men except as they were either crawling on hands and knees or running in a crouching manner to some rock or stump or men lying flat on the ground as they had fallen. The Fourth New Hampshire immediately volunteered to go and bring in the wounded, and oh, the sickening sight of our beloved regiment being brought in wounded in all conceivable shapes! Hardly a corporal's guard left from the 1,400 strong, sturdy men who had just gone out from camp! Many were the curses which went against Gen. Benjamin F. Butler. It was said a drunken officer in command of the division ordered the charge. I don't know who was responsible but the men obeyed orders and did nobly. Every one felt, as did also members of the charging

party, that it was an impossibility to retake the ground with so small a force.

Ezra Ham, Company D, Fourth New Hampshire, had a shell pass under him which he thought of no account but in an hour or two his feet and legs began to swell.

We fought all the rest of the day. On the right we drove the enemy back and captured a major general.

Company C have lost very heavily, only twenty-five out of the whole company left, no officers. Fifteen only came in yesterday out of the scrape and ten more happened to be on picket at the left. They came in all right, so they have twenty-five now out of nearly a hundred. Other companies lost pretty heavily. Most of our men were wounded, very few killed. Captain and lieutenant of Company C wounded.

Saturday, May 21, 1864.

Received letter from Addie, dated April 18; one from Mary, and two papers. Wrote to mother. Received photograph album. Wrote to Mary. Sent album home.

Our regiment part out on picket; rest on trench shoveling. About ten o'clock rebels made grand attack and got repulsed. We blew up a caisson.

Ezra Ham sent to general hospital. His feet and legs swelled very badly.

Sunday, May 22, 1864.

Lay all night in the trenches. Received N. J. Pierce's album and a paper. Wrote Laura E. French. Received letter from Addie. The regiment shoveled all day in the trenches.

Monday, May 23, 1864.

Lay in trenches all last night again. The enemy attacked us three times during night. Shoveled all day; very hot. Wrote to Addie.

Tuesday, May 24, 1864.

Rebels tried two or three times to break our lines last night and fired by spells all night, which routed us out each time. Men on fatigue duty again today. Very hot day. Bullets came into our camp so frequently that I built a bullet-proof outside of my tent. Man in Company I of regiment on our right killed in camp today by a bullet.

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Wednesday, May 25, 1864.

Men on picket went out last night. Wrote to Mary E. French. Pretty quiet all day. Very hot.

Thursday, May 26, 1864.

Rainy today. We were routed out last night, the firing being pretty heavy. Shoveling all day in trenches. About 8 o'clock P. M. moved to corner of the woods. Heavy marching orders. Received letter from Addie.

Friday, May 27, 1864.

This morning I went down to the camp of the Thirteenth New Hampshire Regiment, near our camp. About 12 M. we marched; went down near the landing at Bermuda Hundred and encamped. Hot day.

Saturday, May 28, 1864.

Hot day. Lay in camp in field, ploughed ground. Wrote Addie, No. 40. Had an inspection at 4 o'clock P. M. At midnight went on board the boat "Escort."

Sunday, May 29, 1864.

At daylight moved down the river and went to Yorktown, where we arrived about 1 o'clock P. M. We were huddled together on the boat and lay down to sleep. We had learned to improve every moment for rest, never knowing what fatigue duty might be required of us. We were ignorant of our destination and of course anxious. Stories were in circulation among the men, which were most of them only conjecture.

Monday, May 30, 1864.

Lay over night at Yorktown (post night) and this morning went up York river into P—— and landed at White House landing about 10 o'clock A. M. or 5 P. M. Moved out about a mile as reserve pickets. Received letter from Adella Dodge to-night.

Tuesday, May 31, 1864.

Sent paper with rebel thread-holder. Wrote to Adella Dodge. Lay in field near woods all day expecting to go to General Grant, but orders came and were countermanded. Hot day.

Wednesday, June 1, 1864.

Wrote to Addie. Still in field, same place, all day. Hot.

Thursday, June 2, 1864.

Received letter from Addie, from father. Still in field. We hear that our forces are within six miles of Richmond. Baldy Smith took eight hundred prisoners today and two lines of works. [N. B. "800 prisoners," General Grant's memoirs put in Home Journal; "600 prisoners," March 14, 1886.]

Friday, June 3, 1864.

Our brigade started about 1.30 P. M. as guard for trains (ammunition and supply). Marched fifteen miles. Hard march to General Grant's headquarters, Cold Harbor. Arrived about 10.30 P. M. Seems to me I was never so tired as when the word "Halt! rest!" was given. I did not unsling knapsack but dropped over backwards on to my knapsack and immediately fell asleep.

Saturday, June 4, 1864.

This morning about 2 o'clock A. M. we were waked up from where we dropped down last night, feeling stiff and sore, fell into line, marched about half a mile, and took the front rifle pits, and fought there all day. Rainy.

Sunday, June 5, 1864.

Last night the rebels attacked us and there was heavy firing for an hour in the night. We lost a number wounded; Nelson Pierce mortally wounded. I was struck this morning by a spent ball; I got it. Colonel Bell struck on the shoulder by spent ball, making a red spot. The bullets fly over our heads now as I write.

Wrote to Addie; one to Mary. Received one from Mary. Moved back a few rods from the trench; were relieved.

The rebels charged our lines last night and were repulsed. We are within about two hundred yards of the rebels. Had on my army overcoat, it being cold, rainy weather, and its thick wadding saved me from a bruise. Quite a number wounded since we came here.

Monday, June 6, 1864.

Received letter from Sue. Lieutenant Wentworth wounded today. Moved back little and pitched our tents and before we

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got into them to lie down had to move again a little farther; were too near General Smith's headquarters.

Tuesday, June 7, 1864.

Received letter from Addie. Moved at night into trenches again. Shells flew thick. The enemy got a cross fire on us.

Wednesday, June 8, 1864.

Wrote to Sue. Fellow (Doyle, probably) Company B accidentally shot. Lay in trenches under arms all night and all day. Bullets fly occasionally. Has been uncommonly quiet, more than any time we have been here. Cloudy and cool in the shade.

Thursday, June 9, 1864.

Still in the trenches. Sharpshooters keep up firing, making the bullets fly, though it seems rather quiet, same as yesterday. Wrote to Otis Woodward and to Addie. Received letter from Sarah Emerson. Moved back few rods into camp. Did not put up tents, it being dark.

Friday, June 10, 1864.

This morning we put up our tents and lay under them all day. At night went to front again into front trenches. Cloudy weather. Feels cool for June. During our being here in the trenches, one day our regiment band came up into the trenches and played an air. The shooting immediately ceased and a rebel band then played the Marseillaise Hymn and the rebels jumped up on their works and cheered. Then our band played "America" just the best they could and our men jumped up and cheered. Then their band played "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and after a loud cheering from them ours played "Yankee Doodle," and we cheered. Then snap went a sharpshooter, and another, and another, and then it was war again all along the line.

Saturday, June 11, 1864.

Lay all day in trenches at front. Rather quiet, excepting sharpshooters, who keep firing. One of our batteries got a cross fire on the enemy and fired once in five minutes all night. Wounded considerably many rebels. We saw ambulance moving in a hurry. Cloudy. Moved back into camp in the evening.

Received letter from Addie, one from Sis Woodward, one from Laura E. French, and Jennie Tilton.

Sunday, June 12, 1864.

About 10 o'clock A. M. started back for White House Landing. Marched down fifteen miles. Arrived there at sundown. Lay down till about midnight.

Monday, June 13, 1864.

About midnight last night we went on board "S. R. Spaulding." I was sick when we got on board. We moved down to Fortress Monroe. Got there at daylight.

Tuesday, June 14, 1864.

Moved up James river early this morning. Got back to Bermuda Hundred at 7 o'clock A. M. and immediately went ashore and marched some four or five miles towards the front and encamped. I rode the chaplain's horse some distance, being quite unwell. Real cold night.

Wednesday, June 15, 1864.

At 2 o'clock A. M. this morning we turned out and after getting breakfast marched down to Appomattox river and crossed on pontoon bridges, which were hastily thrown across. We immediately marched towards Petersburg Heights. Fighting had commenced about five o'clock this morning.

The enemy had a line of rifle pits and two pieces of artillery in edge of woods, an open field being just in front and then another piece of woods. In this latter the colored troops made a charge and took the rifle pits but lost heavily. I passed over the ground soon after and saw, I should say, forty or fifty bodies lying all about, just as they had been killed by grape and canister shot. It was a sad sight to see, these strong men lying, some on their backs, some on their faces, some lying on their sides, in all manner of ways, just as they had fallen, with knapsack still unslung from their shoulders in many cases. This was a trying time to me. Our troops came up and passed on up the hill and lay in line of battle in the woods till six o'clock in the evening, then charged and took the fort. Our regiment charged. Lost but few men. The enemy fired very wild.

Were evidently green from workshops. The works were very strong, a deep ditch running clear about the fort. A very hot day. Rather cool night.

Thursday, June 16, 1864.

Lay in line of battle today again on Petersburg Heights till night, then moved again outside the fort about a mile and a half. Hot day. Soon after taking these heights we saw Lee's army moving rapidly towards us, raising great clouds of dust as they marched from Petersburg way, and they appeared in the valley below us in a cornfield. We, however, soon had two hundred cannon in position on these heights and we opened fire as soon as they came into range. It was hard to see the poor fellows in the enemy's line as the shells were thrown down among them. The enemy fell into the trenches below the Heights.

We were reënforced tonight by the Second Corps (General Hancock's). Our division, the second of the Tenth Army Corps, is transferred to the Eighteenth Army Corps for the present. Our regiment was somewhat to the left of the fort, near a piece of woods.

Sunday, June 19, 1864.

Still lay in camp till afternoon, then moved up to front behind the trenches, to the left of our old place at Foster's Plantation. Rather short of rations.

Monday, June 20, 1864.

Wrote to Sarah Emerson and to Sue. Received letter from Sue. Lay in trenches all day. One hundred and fifty men on picket tonight from our regiment. Hot day. Our forces gone over James river tonight. We expect an attack here.

Tuesday, June 21, 1864.

Lay in trenches till towards night, then moved back and lay in edge of woods as reserve for General Foster, who is across the river. Reorganized our brigade from Third Brigade, Third Division, to Third Brigade, Second Division; Tenth Army Corps instead of Eighteenth Army Corps.

Wednesday, June 22, 1864.

This morning we moved down into woods and went into camp.

I was called to brigade headquarters as brigade bugler and stopped over night. Had got my quarters all nicely arranged when Major Drew sent word that I could not be spared from the regiment. Colonel Bell said very petulantly, "They make such a fuss about your being away from the regiment I suppose I shall have to let you go back."

Thursday, June 23, 1864.

Very hot day. We lay in camp in neighborhood of our old camp at Foster's Plantation but near to Appomattox river. I returned to the regiment today. Wrote to Addie. Wrote to Charles Ambrose.

About 5 o'clock P. M. the rebels opened. We turned out and stopped in line of battle about an hour, then had orders to pack up and marched out over the Appomattox in front of Petersburg, a very tough march. Went into the trenches. It is impossible for me to tell the direction of this position from our former one on Petersburg Heights.

The land undulated about us and if we were between the heights and the city the fortifications were not visible from this, the northerly side of them, and consequently we had no means of determining our present locality. Marching in the night was a source of confusion as to place and direction, and even in marching the second time over the ground it would be scarcely recognizable, for our troops and wagons would make roads where there had been none and thus alter the aspect of the country. The rebels attacked us before morning and were repulsed. We were probably forty or fifty rods from the rebel trenches. Woodbridge of Company C wounded today, also Clifford of Company B.

Friday, June 24, 1864.

Lay in trenches all day. Four men in our regiment wounded during the day. This was probably done by sharpshooters. Very hot. The brigade on our right, Curtis's, got ready to charge tonight but the order was countermanded.

Saturday, June 25, 1864.

Wrote to Laura E. French and Jennie E. Tilton, also to Adella Dodge. Received letter from Otis Woodward and Sara

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Bickford. Lay in trenches all day. Daniel Goodwin, Company K, killed today. Very hot. We got ready to make a charge tonight but found that the rebels had a battery which commands their trenches, so we did not charge.

Sunday, June 26, 1864.

The enemy opened on us twice, causing us to prepare for an attack each time. Quite heavy firing for some time. Very hot day. Our regiment in trenches all day. I went back to brook and washed my clothes and had a bath—a luxury. Davis of Company F killed. Joseph N. Miller(?) of Company H wounded.

Monday, June 27, 1864.

Tremendous hot day. Lay in trenches all day. King of Company G wounded and Corliss of Company I also. Had a good cool shower at night, which cooled the air nicely.

Tuesday, June 28, 1864.

Still in trenches. Wrote father. Hot day again. Ramsay of Company D wounded today, mortally; since died.

Wednesday, June 29, 1864.

Another hot day, but cool at night; looks like rain. We were relieved and moved back from front trench to the next one, about six or eight rods. Captain Mayne and a man in Company H wounded this evening.

We have three trenches about six or eight rods apart and we find that one is fully as much under fire as the other, but we do not have to keep so sharp a lookout in either the second or the third trench as when in the front one, so we take turns of occupying the different ones in regular order. This keeps our regiment a number of days in the front or No. 1 trench, on the watch, then in No. 2 as long, then No. 3; and while in Nos. 2 and 3 they can sleep, though in constant danger of being hit just the same as when in No. 1. In fact, we like the position of No. 1 the best and should prefer it were it not that we are obliged to rest on our arms continually to prevent a surprise in case of attack.

Thursday, June 30, 1864.

Received letter from Addie and paper, *Congregationalist*. Hobbs, Company D, wounded this morning. Brigham, Company H, wounded. The enemy have the advantage of the ground on our right, where the line crosses a little ravine, by having a bend in their works to conform to the lay of the land, and they can shoot from the bend in their line lengthwise of ours, making it very uncomfortable for us.

Colonel Bell thinking of a plan, which was for us to advance and engage the enemy, making them think we were going to try to break their line and so draw their attention to our part of it, and the colonel on our right was to suddenly charge forward and bring up his part of the line, thus straightening it. Colonel Bell laid his plan before the general in command, who favored it, and gave the order for it to be done. Men were detailed from each regiment in our brigade to make the assault; about two hundred out of the Fourth New Hampshire. We who were out of the fight (back in the second trench) had orders to keep close to the earthworks. About 5 o'clock P. M. the firing commenced and the bullets flew thick and fast. In the midst of the assault, while we were lying up as close to the works as we could, I heard some one say, "Where is Bryant?" and springing to my feet answered, "There." It was Lieutenant Huckins, who was acting assistant adjutant general to Colonel Bell. Said he, "Colonel Bell sent me for you. He wishes to have you report to him. Come with me and I will take you to him." We passed rapidly through the woods and over the works the whole distance to Colonel Bell, who was in command in person of the assaulting party. I have always wondered how we got through the woods that day without either of us getting hit. We found Colonel Bell in a little trench dug in the slope of the hill, which admitted of his standing upright and looking over the edge at the fight. He said, "I don't know as I shall need you, but thought I might want the bugle call blown. Take the best care of yourself you can in this little trench," pointing to one about a rod distant from his own, "and I will give you any further orders." I occupied a position just under the brow of a little knoll, within

about a rod of ———, where a place had been dug out for Colonel Bell. From here we could overlook the ground where the men had charged and been repulsed and were firing from behind any place which was a cover to them. It seems that when Colonel Bell and his party charged, the colonel on the right did not move but left our party to the tender mercy of the enemy. He, the colonel on the right, was jealous of Colonel Bell's success in the affair, fearing it would bring our colonel a promotion, and he was striving for the same thing. So when our party found they were being overwhelmed they were obliged to fall back. Many were wounded on the ground, unable to get back into our lines. Others were left to die, such as could not drag themselves along. The enemy would not allow us to go out and get them, although some of the men did risk their lives to help some who were so near our lines that the enemy could not see those who were moving about for them. We had one man killed and eight wounded in our regiment and others had some fifty or more. The ——— New York and Ninth Maine were in it. I have not heard yet of our total loss. This fight lasted from 5 o'clock P. M. till about nine in the evening, probably. After darkness fairly set in we returned to the trenches.

Friday, July 1, 1864.

Wrote to Addie and wrote to Mary E. French, as usual. Hot day, very.

Saturday, July 2, 1864.

Received letter from Addie. Hall, Company I, wounded in the trench. Still in second trench. Hall has since died.

Sunday, July 3, 1864.

Moved up the front trench again to relieve the Ninth Maine and the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania. Cool nice air toward night. The trenches are terribly hot, with the sun beating into them all day and the earthworks cutting off the breeze. There was a fire in Petersburg during the past night. We heard bells plainly in the middle of the night and could hear the firemen calling out, "Break her down, boys. That's it."

Monday, July 4, 1864.

Still in the front trench. Quiet, considering that it is the

Fourth of July, though shelling most of the time and bullets fly. We expected a general opening from the rebels. I think there had been talk across the lines to that effect, but nothing more than usual happened.

Tuesday, July 5, 1864.

Still in the front trench. Murray of Company B wounded. Two in the Thirteenth Indiana killed by one shell and a number in the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania and Ninth Maine. Cool weather; that is, comfortable; not so hot.

Wednesday, July 6, 1864.

This morning two, Bagley, Company K, and Edmunds, Company F, were killed by one mortar shell. Edmunds was from Concord, N. H. About two o'clock this morning opened two new mortars and threw shells among us all through the rest of the night. David Cross of Company I killed during the day by a bullet and a man in Company H wounded. Moved back into the next trench at night.

Thursday, July 7, 1864.

Received letter from Addie. Hot day. We are in the trenches as usual.

Friday, July 8, 1864.

Hot day. We are in the trench today. Potter of Company D killed. A bullet passed through his arm and side. I remember him as a wild, reckless fellow. One man in Company F was knocked down by the wind of a shell, which burst after passing him. One piece came down near me where I was cooking.

Saturday, July 9, 1864.

Wrote to Addie. Wrote to postmaster of Old Point Comfort; sent \$1 for stamps. Hot day. Still in trench. Merrill, Company E, wounded in the hand. Hot day.

Sunday, July 10, 1864.

Received letter from Sarah Emerson and one from Laura French. Stopped in the same trench till dark, then moved up into front trench again. Hot day.

Monday, July 11, 1864.

Received letter from Addie. Hot day. Still in front trench. They threw shells right down all among us. We got our mortar

batteries done and opened on them sharply and silenced their fire entirely. The two lines were so near each other that the shells were fired almost directly, vertically, just turning sufficiently to drop into the opposite works. We had some mortars so small that two men could take them by the iron handles and move them anywhere. Colonel Bell had bomb-proof built, about twenty feet square, sufficiently strong to resist these shells. This was his headquarters as commanding officer of brigade. Several other officers had headquarters there. The one in my neighborhood was some distance from this. The men built these, sometimes under direction, sometimes at their own leisure and convenience, all along the line of the trench. There were more of these at the front trench, as it was more particularly there that we were in danger from the mortar shells.

Tuesday, July 12, 1864.

Hot day. Still in front trench. Rebels shelled us like fun. Dropped them all around us. They would drop on the ground before they burst. A man in the One Hundred Sixty-ninth New York wounded this morning. A bullet struck his ankle and broke a bone. Mitchell, Company H, wounded while down for rations.

Wednesday, July 13, 1864.

Hot day. Ballou, Company H, was wounded today. Wrote to Addie. Still in front trench. Lieutenant Adams has been detailed and is running a sap towards the rebels. They work on it day and night. A sap is a ditch dug behind an enormous roller as protection. This roller is made of the toughest kind of wood made into a cylindrical basket and filled with earth stamped down solid and hard. This was perhaps four or six feet in diameter and completely protected men standing in the bottom of the ditch.

The sap was started directly from our earthworks. The roller was worked by a lever and as fast as it was advanced gabions were placed at the sides of the ditch for protection. These were cylinders of heavy basket work, made of withe-wood standing upright, into which the earth from the ditch was strewn as fast as dug out. The roller was of sufficient length to protect the

sappers when a gap was made by moving it onward. Sometimes sandbags were used instead of gabions.

Our earthworks were at this time within a few rods of the rebel line. We were so near that hand grenades could be thrown into their ranks.

My impression is that the purpose of the sap was to recover the bodies of the killed of June 30. The rebels had refused a flag of truce that we might bury the dead. The reason of this probably was that there were colored troops in our immediate neighborhood. They were at the right of our brigade and had made a charge previous to June 30 and were repulsed, leaving their dead scattered between the lines. The rebel officers would not allow them to be buried, so they were left exposed to the hot sun for several weeks, a source of horrible annoyance to both sides. I went over one day to that part of our line and saw them. It was very likely on account of this special grudge that our flag was refused.

In getting them, the roller was, I think, rolled over them, the earth dug away under them when they dropped into the ditch, and could be carried back to the lines.

One day when the sap for this purpose, although it was still guarded, had ceased to be used I went out to the extreme end and raised my head sufficiently to look over the roller. It was within a rod of the enemy's line. They were hidden behind in the bushes and there was nothing to be seen, but the click of a rifle as some rebel cocked his piece in the perfect stillness made me drop down. I immediately raised my hat on a shovel and a ball whizzed by. My impression is that it went through the hat.

Thursday, July 14, 1864.

Hot day. Still in front trench. B. F. Morse of Company D wounded in the arm by a piece of shell. Rebels shelled us all night and today. No mail today. We think perhaps the rebels have cut off communication to Baltimore. Miller of Company H wounded in head; same place wounded a few days ago. We moved back tonight to second trench.

Friday, July 15, 1864.

Cool morning. I was sick last night. Paige and I in the well again. Shelling all the time. Shells burst all around us. I went over to see Parker French, Eleventh New Hampshire.

The well spoken of is one which the rebels had commenced to dig and had abandoned, either because the ground was so hard—it was baked like brick—or because we had driven them off before they had time to complete it. It was large enough for two men to lie down in very comfortably and deep enough to shield all but our heads when standing.

It was about a rod in the rear of the trench and close by the colonel's bomb-proof, which was at one end of the trench. Our place was near him and we could have taken up our quarters in the bomb-proof had we chosen but we enjoyed being by ourselves. Our well was bullet-proof, though it gave us protection from shells. We used it as a sleeping-place, living usually in the day-time in a little A tent pitched close by.

One day I was sitting just outside the tent on a cartridge box, writing a letter on my knees. A bullet came from the left and front from the rebel line and passed by me about four or five rods distant. A second one came a little nearer and passed by. I had the feeling that it would be safer for me to get nearer the ground, so I immediately dropped onto the ground, and, resting my arm on the box, continued the letter. At once another bullet came, passed directly over the box into the tent, and buried itself an inch or two into the hard earth at the opposite corner. If I had remained in my seat it would have struck me about the head or shoulders. I dug it out of the earth, still warm from the rifle, and kept it to carry home as a souvenir. It was only bruised on one side. The last time I saw this bullet it was on the shelf in the sitting-room at the Mountain Farm when Aunt Jane Billings lived there. It was a minie ball and at that time was with another which hit me at Cold Harbor and which was flattened out.

I had a curious pet while occupying these quarters. One night when sleeping in the well, wrapped in my blanket, I was waked by feeling something cold on my face. I brushed it off

and went to sleep again. It woke me again and I discovered it was a toad who was trying to warm himself on my face. I put him up on the edge of the well above, but he hopped back again, determined to share my quarters. I put him out a second time and again he came back and I felt him hop onto my body and up to my face. He was my bedfellow after this.

At another time previous I had a similar friend. We were in camp, I think at Folly Island, and were very much troubled by flies. We had raised bunks, with an excavation between them, which increased their height. My bunk was constantly visited by a toad, who came to catch flies, much to my pleasure. At first he was shy and when I entered the tent would hop away, but he soon understood that he was welcome and at last got so tame as to allow me to sit on the bunk beside him. I would often manage to brush flies in his direction and he seemed to understand what it meant.

Saturday, July 16, 1864.

Cool wind; nice today. Still in trench. Received letter from Mary French. Wrote to Otis Woodward. Shells fly pretty thick. Went over to see Francestown boys(?) and Charles Nash today. Charles Nash of Stoneham was in a Massachusetts regiment at our left and the others in a New Hampshire regiment near his.

Sunday, July 17, 1864.

Cool air again. Received letter from Ed and Addie; one from Jennie Tilton. Still in trench. Wrote to Eddie.

Monday, July 18, 1864.

Received letter from Sue. Still in trench. Cool weather. We moved into front trench today. Captain Hobbs wounded.

Tuesday, July 19, 1864.

Rained all night; rainy today; cool, bracing air. We are in front trench. Shells pop in all around among us. Received paper from Laura E. French. Chapman, Goodwin, and Burns of Company F wounded, all sergeants. Kidder and Williams of Company B killed.

Wednesday, July 20, 1864.

Harvey Buxton wounded. Rained all night by showers; cool and windy today. Still in trench. Three sergeants wounded; two men slightly wounded and one killed yesterday. Wrote Addie. Rainy tonight.

Thursday, July 21, 1864.

Cool air this morning. We are still in trench. Man in Company E wounded very slightly. Nice day. Park French up to see me today.

Friday, July 22, 1864.

Nice day. Still in trench. Received letter from mother and Mary. Wrote to Sue, mother, and Mary. Shell us now daily. Our folks sapping out to them. Got out tonight so as to bury some two or three dead, who lay there since June 30. Moved back to the second trench tonight.

Saturday, July 23, 1864.

Still in trench. Fine day. Jack Lawrence of Company D hit in the leg slightly; man in Company I also. Shelling tonight considerably. Thomas Nolan, Company G, wounded; man in Company F slightly.

Sunday, July 24, 1864.

Received letter No. 45 from Addie; one from Della Dodge. Pretty quiet. We hear Atlanta is taken. Rebels hollered it across. Edgerly, Company H, wounded. A shell struck in mortar battery; killed one man, blew him all to pieces, and wounded eight more(?); three officers, Thirty-ninth Massachusetts.

Monday, July 25, 1864.

Rained hard all night. Wilding, Company I, killed; three of Company G wounded; one company D. We moved to front trench tonight.

Tuesday, July 26, 1864.

Wrote to Addie. Fine day; quiet. Confirmed Atlanta taken. Peter Perrin, Company I, wounded. Still in trench. Shelled us furiously nearly all night.

Wednesday, July 27, 1864.

David Perkins, Company B, killed by shell and James Philbrick and Hobbs, same company, wounded by same shell; Ser-

geant Moore, Company K, wounded; Charles P. Nutting, Company C, wounded; Joe Everett, Company K, wounded in the arm; Presby, Company D, killed. Still in trenches.

Thursday, July 28, 1864.

Received letter from Addie. Wrote to S. F. Bickford and Laura French. Still in trench. Fine day. Quiet today. Towards night began to send the bullets in good. Killed John W. Barker, Company K. Hit George W. Rowe, Company F, in front of our quarters, Captain Clough's and mine. He (Captain Clough) is in command of regiment. Rowe was hit within eight feet of me. We moved back to the rear of brook tonight. Are relieved. This was the first time we had been out from under fire for thirty-six days—from June 23. It is hard to tell whether we enjoyed it or not. The comparative quiet was almost oppressive, and when we remembered that the fight was still going on and men getting hit, it made us restless to get back into it, to know how it was progressing and to share it with the rest.

Friday, July 29, 1864.

Wrote to Addie. Fine hot day. We have been fixing up camp. Had marching orders today: Be ready at sunset. Moved about dark and went out in rear of Ninth Corps. Lay all night till about 3 A. M.

Saturday, July 30, 1864.

About three o'clock we moved up to the front and lay till half past four, when the fort was blown up, and we opened on the rebels with artillery very heavy. We moved up a piece and supported the charging column, then moved back again and lay a few minutes; then went up again and lay by the fort, blown up; and about eight o'clock our division charged.

I was struck while charging across the field. Laid about half an hour and was taken down to a wood and after probing the wound they put me in an ambulance as quick as they could get one. Went about three miles to Eighteenth Army Corps hospital and had it taken right off. Was laid right off of stretcher onto dissecting table. Stopped over night there and ——

[Foregoing under date of July 30 was written in hospital shortly after date.]

The Ninth Army Corps was to the left of our old position, therefore in the moving forward our place was to the left of our original front.

In our move at 3 A. M. we took a position on the brow of a hill. In front of us and extending from us obliquely was what was called a covered way. This was a roadway wide enough for four men to march abreast, protected on either side by earthworks about eight feet high. It led down the hill on which we stood into a little ravine, through which ran a muddy brook. The enemy occupied lines of work on rising ground beyond. The purpose of the covered way was to protect us from bullets while marching down the hill. The ravine at the fort was so low as to be somewhat out of range of the enemy's bullets and gave us an opportunity to form in line of battle to charge up hill. It was not, however, out of range of their shells.

On the opposite hill, and forming a part of the rebel's first line of works, was a square fort of earthworks. Near the brook and on the rise of the hill, perhaps a third of the way up, the Union engineers had tunnelled in horizontally directly under the fort. Here had been placed several tons of powder, with a regulated fuse. The tunnel had then been filled and the earth tramped solidly down to prevent a blowing out. The earth in this excavation was all removed by cracker boxes.

At half past four the explosion took place. There was a rocking to and fro of the earth under us, as if some great force were working its way upward, then an enormous mass of earth was blown into the air. It was as if a great field were thrown upward sixty or seventy feet. It broke quickly apart as it fell and I saw among the fragments a wheel and a gun carriage. The report of the explosion was the signal for a cannonade from our whole line. Every piece of artillery, large and small, opened fire. This lasted for several minutes. Under cover of it the Ninth Army Corps charged and took the rebel line on which the fort was situated.

Immediately our division of the Eighteenth Army Corps charged over them on the second line. This was a double line, situated on another rise of ground beyond another ravine. The

rebel lines were in the form of a horseshoe. The object of the assault was to break lines in the middle and thus flank the two wings. A third assaulting party was waiting behind us to charge over us, as we in our turn did over the Ninth Corps. A delay of fifteen minutes on the part of the commanding officer of the third charge lost us the day, when a prompt support would have routed the army and given us the city of Petersburg. The charging columns were exposed to a terrible fire of shot and shell from front and both sides.

Our charge was under direct command of Colonel Bell, then acting as general of brigade under General ———, commander of division. Our regiment was in command of Captain Clough, acting colonel. My place as regimental bugler was at the right of Captain Clough. As we climbed over the works already taken we were received with a storm of bullets as thick as hail. We ran with our heads down, as if facing a storm. As we ran down the hill I was struck, a few rods from the works that we had left behind, by a minie ball. It struck my right thigh in the upper third of the bone just as, in the act of running, I was throwing the limb forward. I saw the bottom of my foot, which swung upward with the impetus of running and at the same time turned inward. As I fell forward I fell directly onto it. I supposed at first that a small cannon ball or shell had shot the limb off and that it was hanging on each side by the skin. The pain was intense. I took a long drink of water from my canteen. It was warm from the sun. Then, with a great effort, I turned myself over onto my back and straightened out the injured limb. The moment I drew myself backward it relieved the pain. I then examined it. I was much surprised to find no indications on the front of a wound, and the thought at once came that the ball had struck and glanced off, breaking the bone but causing no external wound. But on putting my hand underneath I found the place wet and the pantaloons torn, showing where the ball came out. A close examination showed the small hole in front, where the ball had gone in. It seemed strange that a little minie ball could do so much harm. In the meantime Colonel Bell's party had taken the works and were

holding them under a galling fire, poured in from every part of the semi-circular line. I yelled to them for help, but no one heard, although they were within a very few rods of me, such was the noise of the cannonading. So, finding that the side-hill where I was lying received all the chance rebel shots which came over our line from our front, I looked about for some shelter. I dragged myself to an old tree stump and sat up against it. Just then Lieutenant Huckins passed rapidly down the ravine with a message from Colonel Bell to General ———. I shouted to him but he did not appear to hear me. In the course of ten minutes or so he came back with orders for Colonel Bell, and I called again. He answered, "I heard you." I said, "Ask Colonel Bell to send a man down to help me off the field." He said he would. Very soon after Tate, Paige, and Jack Aspinwall came with an army blanket. They put me into it and, each taking hold of two ends, they started for the works which we had left, on the run. I begged them to stop and get my sword and bugle, which I had dropped when I fell. The point of the sword in my fall struck the ground, which unhooked it from my belt. The bugle, for convenience, I had hung on the hilt of my sword. They said they would get them when they came back and assured me that they would send them to me. Every step they took gave me intense pain. I held on to the wounded thigh as well as I could in order to keep the wound apart. When we reached the works they laid me down and went for a stretcher. It took some minutes to find one. They placed me on this and started again. It was much less painful than the other.

They had hardly started when we heard a great noise of shouting and running and our men from the right came rushing over the works in utter confusion. The rebels had made a counter-charge on the right of our line and had created a perfect panic. This all happened at the right of Colonel Bell's brigade, but they made a part of our division. There were many colored troops among them, I noticed, but all were strangers. We were just crossing the muddy brook when the great mass of men came rushing into it. I sat up in the stretcher and shouted to

them at the top of my voice and swung my hands. Officers were waving their swords and shouting, "Halt!" but no one heard. I understood afterwards that some officers gave orders to their men to charge bayonets on the frightened men and many utterly stricken with terror ran onto them and were wounded. Orders were also given to fire onto them, but nothing succeeded in stopping them. My feeling was that the day was lost and that the army would be destroyed. The fighters crowded into the covered way until it was packed solidly full. It was, of course, impossible to enter with the stretcher, so they were obliged to carry it outside in the open field. Paige, who was a little fellow, was almost exhausted and shouted again and again for someone to help carry the stretcher. No one heard. At last a man with an arm dangling and a rifle in his other hand said, "If you will carry my rifle I will take hold with one hand." I remember feeling very anxious for their safety. The wounded man did not need to carry me far. Others presently came and relieved him and the others for a time, as I think. They carried me back a mile perhaps to an ambulance, which was waiting near a piece of woods on the foot of a hill. There was a young surgeon there to examine the wounded as they were brought in and place them in ambulances, with orders to go to the hospital of the Eighteenth Army Corps. This was only a field hospital and I think was about three miles distant from the ambulances. It was a very painful ride.

The road was a temporary one, made for convenience of the army, and had been cut up by artillery, etc., and was full of mud-holes. There was a man in the same ambulance wounded in the back or side and as the vehicle jolted over logs and through holes, and I was thrown against him, would swear at everything and everybody, me and the driver included. I shut to keep up good courage," etc., and all with long faces. It all jar and resting on my elbows for springs.

When we arrived at the door of the hospital tent I raised myself and called to them, "If you have any chloroform you may bring it along and take this leg off as soon as you have a mind to." My feelings were that it would be a great relief to get rid

of it. The surgeon said, "Take him right out and lay him on the table." It stood under a tree close by the door of the hospital. There were two young surgeons and one of them began to administer the chloroform at once. He used a cap filled with cotton saturated with chloroform, which he placed over my face, and told me to breathe naturally. He took my wrist in his hand to watch my pulse and raised the arm from time to time. I made up my mind to watch them and know if possible all they were doing. Just then the other surgeon came out from the tent and asked, "Is he ready for amputation?" I could not catch the reply of his assistant, although he stood nearer. I was losing the power of attention. The voice of the first sounded far off and overhead, as if from a hole somewhere over me. He then pulled off my boot and slit up the pantaloons and said, "It is a hard case, isn't it? It has to come off close to his body." There immediately followed a terrible shock of pain. The feeling was as if a wire had been thrust up through every line in my body. I suppose it came from probing the wound, and very likely I started up as I had seen many a one do. It was like a flash of lightning, then I became entirely unconscious and knew nothing more until I opened my eyes, as if from sleep, and found myself on a bed in the hospital. There was nothing in my feeling to tell me that everything was not as usual, but soon the feeling of carrying a trouble through my sleep came to me and I put my hand down to see if it were a dream or a reality. The moment my hand touched the bandages the full sense of my loss came over me, but it was only for a minute. I made up my mind that I had to make the best of it.

An elderly lady, Mrs. Marden from Hudson, N. H., was nurse in this hospital. She had come out in order to be near her son, who was in the Fourth New Hampshire Regiment. She knew of me through the Frenches—she was a friend of Mrs. French. She stood beside my bed waiting for me to wake and kissed me and said that was from Nettie French. She seemed almost like a mother to me.

During the day, after waking from effects of chloroform, Surgeon Greeley, formerly of our regiment but now in charge of

corps hospital, came to me and said he was sorry not to have known when I was brought in that he might have taken personal charge of me. He added, "I shall see that everything is done for you that is in my power. I am interested in you for your friends." I also received a visit from Hospital Steward Piper and several others. I could see perfectly well under their attempts to cheer me the belief that I was the same as dead. They said, "You must keep good courage. Not one in four hundred could recover from such a wound. All you can do is to keep up good courage, etc.," and all with long faces. It all seemed ridiculous to me, for I had no thought of anything but getting well.

Sunday, July 31, 1864.

Wrote to father, and about ten o'clock was taken in an ambulance and was put aboard steamer to be taken to Hampton hospital, where we arrived Monday, August 1.

It seemed like leaving a palace for a tent to leave the field hospital for this. There there was every comfort possible to have under the circumstances. Mrs. Marden was in charge and kept the tent cool and darkened. She took care of me, bringing me everything to eat that she thought would tempt an appetite, but I had no sense of taste and was troubled with an incessant nausea. At Hampton the comforts of Mrs. Marden's management were wanting. The nurses were all men themselves convalescent from the hospitals, many of them men who had got detailed for hospital work in order to escape field duty. The bedsteads were iron and the beds hard.

Colonel Clough came to see me on board the boat. He had been wounded in the right hand, losing part of the thumb, while in the act of swinging his sword. This was in the same engagement in which I was wounded.

He blamed me very much for entering the engagement. In fact, it was not a part of my military duty as principal musician to go into a fight, but it was to me a duty to go wherever my regiment went. I had been with them in every engagement, and it was much easier for me to go with them than to stay back, knowing they were in the fight. It was always harder for me

to listen to the noise of a battle than to be in it when my own regiment was engaged.

I heard at about this time that there were only thirty-eight men drawing rations in the Fourth New Hampshire.

I do not remember anything about the journey itself.

Monday, Aug. 1, 1864.

Arrived at Hampton hospital during forenoon and was removed to hospital, new one, so of course they could not take the care of us they would at other places. I am doing well.

Tuesday, Aug. 2, 1864.

Still in hospital, Ward Two, Hampton Hospital. Doing first rate. Just begin to have little appetite. I find all are kind towards me. Wound dressed twice today.

Wednesday, Aug. 3, 1864.

Nice day. I am doing well as can be expected. Rest pretty well by spells during the night, though dream of being at front. Work too hard to rest excellently. Wound dressed twice today; f—m taken out.

Thursday, Aug. 4, 1864.

Rested rather poorly last night. Leg pained me badly. Mosquitoes bothered badly. Had light showers. Wrote to Ad-die today. Stump dressed twice today. Began to run a very little. Got along very well during day, considering.

Friday, Aug. 5, 1864.

Rested poorly last night; could not get in easy position, dared not thrash around. Had good laugh ———. Mosquitoes bothered. Very hot night and hot and sultry today. Flies very thick. Wrote to Asa F. Paige. They started off a boatload for New York and in the evening brought them back.

Dared not thrash around. The surgeons had warned me that a sudden movement might produce secondary hemorrhage, which would surely terminate fatally, as there was no chance to perform a second operation. This critical condition of wound continued for three weeks.

[The boatload referred to was probably a boatload of wounded.]

Saturday, Aug. 6, 1864.

Very hard night's rest. Get so tired lying in one position can't sleep, but wound is doing first rate. All are surprised at it. (God be praised!) Wrote to Mrs. Marden. Dress it (wound) twice a day. Did not get it dressed till candle-light tonight. Had heavy shower; made it cool. I remember the muggy, close weather which preceded this shower. Even with tents wide open we could get no air, and the flies were the greatest possible annoyance.

Sunday, Aug. 7, 1864.

Had heavy shower last night; made it cool. I rested a little better last night. They put oakum on and it ran so the rags all came off in the night, but it felt rather easier; pains me occasionally. Hot day.

Monday, Aug. 8, 1864.

Rested a little better last night by spells. They bolstered me up well. Hot day. They dress my wound in hot lint; no more water put on. Before this they used to put water on freely. I think they used castile soap and water to wash it.

Tuesday, Aug. 9, 1864.

Rested about the same as common last night. Mosquitoes thick nights and flies days. I was moved this morning onto another bed; mine made. Was moved into another tent this afternoon under charge of Brown instead of Stanton and Whaley. These were all nurses. They were soldiers who had been in hospital and during convalescence were appointed to take charge of the sick.

Whaley was the one who dressed my wounds. During my stay at Fortress Monroe, up to this time, I had scarcely seen a physician or surgeon. All the work was done by these nurses. Possibly the doctor may have been in once or twice. I have no recollections of it, however. I remember Whaley as a small, spare man, sympathetic and kindly in his intentions but not thorough or business-like in his work, simply because he was not so in anything, a man not at all suited to the work.

Wednesday, Aug. 10, 1864.

Rested poorly last night. Pains me a good deal. Was moved onto another bed and had mine made up again and clean sheets on. Hot days but cool air passes through tent. Wrote to Addie.

Thursday, Aug. 11, 1864.

It pained me very badly nearly all night. Towards morning I fixed into a position a little easier. Got a little sleep. Rather easier today but knits and throbs all the time. Get good, cool air. Wrote to Sue.

Friday, Aug. 12, 1864.

Rested a little better last night but pains me most all of the time now. Get awful tired lying in one position so much. Was moved onto another bed; had bed made, clean sheet, and shirt.

Saturday, Aug. 13, 1864.

Received letter from father. Pained me badly. Rested as well as could be expected last night. This morning the dresser pronounced my stump out of danger. Says he never saw one so short get to the point mine is now. They use chloride of soda. Wrote to father. Pained me all day badly.

Sunday, Aug. 14, 1864.

Rested better last night but only sleep by cat-naps. We have been blessed with cool, nice weather since we came here. Rained at night.

Monday, Aug. 15, 1864.

Very long night to me; could not sleep. Rained most all night and they put the tent down all round; made it awful hot. I sweat my shirt all through.

Tuesday, Aug. 16, 1864.

Wrote to Addie. Rested about as common last night (cat-naps). Doctor Crombie came today about noon. Hot day but we get cool breeze.

Wednesday, Aug. 17, 1864.

Slept pretty well last part of the night but first part just tossed about on bed. Wrote to mother today to put in with the doctor's letter; also to Aunt Sarah. Very hot day. We get

some breeze though. Doing well. Doctor Crombie is with me part of the time. Brings in dainties, etc.

Thursday, Aug. 18, 1864.

Had a very, very uncomfortable night; could not get in easy position nor sleep. Cool today. Chase had chills last night. I can get up and fix my bed now; can stand on one leg.

Chase was a member of the Fourth New Hampshire of Company —. He lost his leg below the knee, I think. He was a stout, hearty man, but finally died.

I can remember when I first began to stand and the terrible sense of pressure on the injured side, which would not allow me to stand for more than a minute. I suppose it was a really dangerous thing to do. Doctor Crombie had insisted on my taking quinine pills to protect me against the danger of chills, which he dreaded and which were almost sure to terminate fatally.

Friday, Aug. 19, 1864.

Rested about the same as common. Could not get to sleep until last part of night. Chase had chills bad again. Doctor Crombie went to front yesterday.

Saturday, Aug. 20, 1864.

Rested by cat-naps during night. Pained me badly; bled a little. It pains me a good deal of the time. Rained all night.

Sunday, Aug. 21, 1864.

Rested not very well, as usual. Nights seem very long. I inquired of nurse a dozen times what time it was during night. We have damp, wet weather and I think it effects the wounds; makes them ache.

Monday, Aug. 22, 1864.

Rested about the same as common. My stump swelled badly yesterday; runs pretty freely yet. Doctor Crombie came back from the front this morning. Fine day after the rain. Received letters from Addie, but the number with \$5 has not come. Received letter from S. Emerson and Doctor Crombie from front. Wrote to Addie.

Tuesday, Aug. 23, 1864.

Did not sleep much last night, though it did not pain me as much as sometimes. Rained about all night. Get tired of lying in one position.

Wednesday, Aug. 24, 1864.

Rested about as common. Very tired. Doctor Crombie came up in the evening; brought some letters, one from father and Addie, one from Sarah Bickford, one from Paige, Otis Woodward, James Pettee, Laura French, Sarah Woodward, and one from Sue.

Thursday, Aug. 25, 1864.

Very long night to me; could not rest well. Can pass days off very well but nights are long. I wrote to Annie Lenwood, Box 404, Lewiston, Me., and for Bean to Nettie Calder. Yesterday wrote to Sue and Eb. Nutting.

Friday, Aug. 26, 1864.

My stump did not pain me much last night, but could not sleep until three or four o'clock in the morning. Received letter from father and Addie.

Saturday, Aug. 27, 1864.

I was very uneasy all night. Towards morning, though my stump did not pain me much, I could not lay still. Rained hard in the night. Wrote to Addie.

Sunday, Aug. 28, 1864.

Rested about as common; could not get to sleep till towards day. Leg did not pain me much. Rev. Mr. Adams, chaplain Second New Hampshire, came to see me with the doctor (Crombie) last night. Wrote to mother and Sarah Emerson.

Monday, Aug. 29, 1864.

Rested about the same as common. Rained like guns all night.

Tuesday, Aug. 30, 1864.

Could not sleep any last night at all, mosquitoes were so awful and thick. Brown, our dresser, left us for the front today. Harvey Buxton was over to see me. Wrote to Addie.

Wednesday, Aug. 31, 1864.

Rested pretty well last part of the night. Mosquitoes were rather thick but slept some. Doing well.

Thursday, Sept. 1, 1864.

Rested as common; very uneasy. Rained hard in the night. Received letter from Addie. Can't get enough to eat. Wrote to father, dated the 2d.

Friday, Sept. 2, 1864.

Slept sound towards morning but mosquitoes very plenty first part of night. Received letter from Eb. last night.

Saturday, Sept. 3, 1864.

Rested about as common, well the last part of the night. About noon, while I was eating dinner, they came for me and took me down aboard small boat, which took me out to the "Atlantic." I expected from the suddenness of the removal that it was made without Doctor Crombie's knowledge, which turned out to be the case, although they assured me that he knew of it, but I was perfectly well aware of the jealousy felt by the hospital doctors at his care of me and felt that they would be glad to pique him in any small way. Such was the haste of departure that I was not allowed to finish my dinner and a watch which I kept always under my pillow was left behind. It was one which I valued much, a railroad watch and an excellent timepiece.

On getting aboard the "Atlantic," I wrote immediately to Doctor Crombie, asking him to take care of the watch. This was the first intimation he had of my removal. The watch could not be found, but, contrary to custom, my vacant hospital bed had not been thrown outside the tent for airing, which confirmed the suspicion that the watch had been deliberately stolen. I remember nothing about this journey but that I lay on a mattress on deck in the gangway with others and that we were so closely packed that the steamer's hands and nurses had to step over and around us as best they could.

Sunday, Sept. 4, 1864.

Got wound dressed once a day while aboard. Rested pretty well.

Monday, Sept. 5, 1864.

Rainy. We got to New York last night about eight o'clock. Lay all night in the harbor and in the afternoon about half past three o'clock was put on board another boat. Came up the river to David's Island.

Rained hard. I remember that in changing boats a sailor took me in his arms. He told me to put my arms around his neck, which I did, and he carried me as he would a child. He had to go down the rope ladder on the outside of one vessel and up that on the other. I couldn't help feeling a nervous apprehension as he went up and down the swaying ladders with me, helpless, in his arms and the water below us. It was cold and rainy and a fierce east wind was blowing over the open deck where we had been lying. There was also the constant fear lest the sailor should hit my wounded side, which the position I was in caused to throb painfully.

We got to David's Island hospital, I think about eleven o'clock at night and it seemed like getting to a palace to get into the comfortable atmosphere after the cold, unprotected ride in the boats and in the ambulance which brought me from the landing.

Tuesday, Sept. 6, 1864.

Good bed, comfortable building. Got wound dressed last night. Rested pretty well. Did not get any supper. Wrote another line and put it into father's letter, which I wrote the 2d and did not send it till now. Wrote to Doctor Crombie. Dressed wound once today, oil dressing.

Rainy weather. I remember the dressing of Monday night was quite a hasty one. The wound was simply washed and done up. The nurse was an Englishman, a deformed man with a hunch back. He had been in the business seventeen years. Was on board one of the war vessels at the siege of Sabastopol, and had also been at the hospital at Blackwell's Island. I remember the feeling of confidence he gave me at once. He worked as if he knew how.

Wednesday, Sept. 7, 1864.

Rested pretty well. Dressed wound once today; took out a ligature. If they had been rightly taken care of they would have come out a number of days ago and would have been all healed up by now. The foregoing is what the nurse said. It was, of course, a disappointment because I had supposed the wound to be doing very well.

Thursday, Sept. 8, 1864.

Rested well last night. Dresser took out another ligature. Found them all tangled up. Found it all hollow underneath surface. Burned it out. Made it smart and sore.

Friday, Sept. 9, 1864.

Rested pretty well. Took out another ligature. Burned off the sore place again. Very sore and pains me more than any time before. Fine day. I remember the nurses examining the wound and finding that the ligatures were all knotted and matted and hardened together. He pulled on them and it seemed as if he were pulling at my very vitals. He took his scissors and cut it away. By this time his swab could reach the living flesh, which accounted for the intense pain.

I had objected to taking chloroform, but I said, "I cannot stand this. If you have anything you can give me except chloroform let me have it." He said to an attendant, "Run and get a tumbler of whiskey." A large, brimming tumbler was brought and I drank it as if it had been water. The relief was so immediate and great that I felt like whistling. I remember I got so I could talk and laugh over it with them. The dresser was amused, expecting that the dose would make me drunk.

Sept. 10, 1864.

Did not rest very well last night. Six weeks ago today since I was wounded and my stump is more sore than any time yet, but is healing fast; use oil dressing. Fine day. Took another lost ligature out.

The patients in charge of my nurse were, I think, forty in all, in two wards, which were separated by folding doors. He had the habit of humming a particular negro melody while at

work, "The Year of Jubilee." I can remember listening to the tune as he began with the first patient in the farther ward and dreading its approach as he came nearer and nearer to my bed. But this was only during the days it was swabbed out with creosote, caustic, etc. Afterward, when the oil dressing was applied it was such a great relief that I used to listen for the song with eagerness.

Sunday, Sept. 11, 1864.

Rested first rate; wound did not pain me as much as common. Rainy this morning. Dresser only put the cloth on the end of my stump and straps of sticking plaster across to hold it. Better way than bandages, cooler, etc. Wrote to Addie and Eb.

Monday, Sept. 12, 1864.

Received letter from mother, one from Addie, one from Doctor Crombie by way of Doctor Wood, who came to see me. Rested pretty well; pained some, as usual. Last night the dresser was afraid of gangrene. I received \$5 from Doctor Wood. Wound looked all right tonight.

Tuesday, Sept. 13, 1864.

Pained me bad until towards morning last night, then was a little more easy. Cloudy weather most of the time. Wrote to W. T. Major and sent two papers to Dad.

Wednesday, Sept. 14, 1864.

Rested about as usual. Fine day. Stump pains me some. Received letters from Addie, one from Doctor Crombie. Received \$5.

Thursday, Sept. 15, 1864.

Rested pretty well. Wrote to Doctor Crombie. Fine day.

Friday, Sept. 16, 1864.

Received letter from Sarah Emerson. Rested pretty well last night. Have considerable pain when dressed for an hour or so. Cool weather tonight. Dresser was afraid gangrene had got in. Was tight.

There was one night, I cannot remember when, when the

dresser seemed seriously troubled about the looks of my wound and gave me a very uneasy night in consequence. I felt like giving up. He said, "My poor fellow, I hate to tell you, but I might as well as to try to keep it from you, but I see indications of gangrene. I think in the morning we shall have to take you and lay you on the table and give you chloroform and give the wound a thorough cleaning out by an application of bromide, but I'm going to try one thing more first." He said he had already tried four different grades of applications. The fifth and strongest was tincture of iron. After this bromine was the last resort. The iron proved sufficient and the next morning I watched his face anxiously to know my fate. I noticed he smiled when he took off the bandages and he said it was better; that "the iron did the business," and he applied some more of the same remedy.

Saturday, Sept. 17, 1864.

Rested well. Cold night. Fine day today. Received letter from Sue, Stoneham, and Flora Dodge Atwood.

Sunday, Sept. 18, 1864.

Rested well last night. My wound is not gaining any to appearances, nor has it for a week, but grows deeper and runs. Cloudy and cold; commenced to rain towards night.

It was about this time that I grew apprehensive that the dresser might keep the wound open too long. He had burned the flesh off down to the bone and I was fearful that exposure would harm it, but he was sure of himself and said, "I know my business and I don't propose that you shall have any more drawbacks." He took from it day after day a great number of pieces of bone, a piece of cloth of my pantaloons and a piece of the bullet, all these were [encysted(?)] covered with a sort of gristly substance, which he cut through so I could examine them. He saw the track of the bullet and said the bone looked as though struck with a hammer.

Monday, Sept. 19, 1864.

Rested pretty well last night. This morning my wound looked cleaned out and it does not run so much. Dresser says

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it will commence to fill up now and heal. Rained nearly all night. Wrote to J. A. Damuth.

Tuesday, Sept. 20, 1864.

Rested pretty well. Received a letter from Ed this morning. Fine day. Wrote to Addie.

Wednesday, Sept. 21, 1864.

Rested about as usual. Received a letter from Addie with one dollar and one from mother with fifty cents. Fine day. Wrote mother.

Thursday, Sept. 22, 1864.

Rested about as usual. Cloudy this morning. Wrote to Flora Atwood.

Friday, Sept. 23, 1864.

Did not rest as well as usual. Bone pained me. Cloudy today. Wrote to Jamie Pettee.

Saturday, Sept. 24, 1864.

Rested badly though my stump was very easy, but I could not get to sleep. Rough, cold weather, rainy; just at night, thunder. Received letter from Mary.

Sunday, Sept. 25, 1864.

Rested about the same; got cat-naps. Cold this morning. Received note from Doctor Crombie. Dresser put on poultice last night.

Monday, Sept. 26, 1864.

Rested pretty well. Pretty cold towards morning. Doctor Crombie came today. Fine day. Received letter from Addie.

Tuesday, Sept. 27, 1864.

Rested first rate last night; slept well. Fine day. Doctor [Crombie(?)] came in this morning; went about nine o'clock. Wrote to Mary and wrote to Addie.

Wednesday, Sept. 28, 1864.

Did not rest so well last night. Fine day today. Received letter from Addie, one from Sue.

Thursday, Sept. 29, 1864.

Rested very poorly last night. Stump very sore and painful. Fine day.

Friday, Sept. 30, 1864.

Did not rest well. Fine day. Rainy in the night. Received letter from H. Pettee.

Saturday, Oct. 1, 1864.

Rested a little better. Real cold. My stump pains badly when first dressed for an hour or so.

Sunday, Oct. 2, 1864.

Rested "half decent," as the fellow said. Windy night. Very rough and cold, cloudy day. Rainy last night.

Monday, Oct. 3, 1864.

Rested pretty well. Stump pains some. Very uncomfortable lying so long in such a bed. Fine day. Received letter from Addie. Wrote to Sue.

Tuesday, Oct. 4, 1864.

Rested pretty well last night. Cloudy today. Wrote to Addie. They dress my stump with cinchona(?) bark and lint oiled. Commenced to strap it together a day or two ago. The straps were strips of sticking plaster put on so as to draw the flesh together.

Wednesday, Oct. 5, 1864.

Rested pretty well, considering. Fine day. Received letter from Addie; one from J. A. Demuth with a dollar and ten stamps.

Thursday, Oct. 6, 1864.

Slept well last night. Cloudy this morning. Wrote to Addie. Wrote to R. A. Bryant.

Friday, Oct. 7, 1864.

Rested pretty well. Fine day today.

Saturday, Oct. 8, 1864.

Rested well last night. Got mattress. Do not dress my wound but once a day now. Received letter from Doctor Crombie. Fine day.

Sunday, Oct. 9, 1864.

Rested well. Fine day but cold during night and in the morning. Strapped it—my stump.

Monday, Oct. 10, 1864.

Rested first rate. Fine day but cold during night and in the morning. Wrote to Doctor Crombie. My stump nearly healed up. Received letter from Addie.

Tuesday, Oct. 11, 1864.

Rested well last night. Cold, fine day. Wrote to Addie.

Wednesday, Oct. 12, 1864.

Rested first rate last night. Fine day. Received letter from Addie, one from R. A. Bryant, care of New York Life Insurance Company, 112 and 114 Broadway, New York. I wrote to him. Sit up some now.

Thursday, Oct. 13, 1864.

Could not sleep till midnight. Got up about eleven and went to stove; fell on the floor but did not hurt me. Sit up by spells. Rainy last night; cloudy today. Wrote to Addie.

Friday, Oct. 14, 1864.

Rest well now. Wake every night about eleven and four. Fine day.

Saturday, Oct. 15, 1864.

Fine day, kind of Indian summer; cold nights.

Sunday, Oct. 16, 1864.

Fine day. Used my crutches for the first time; went to the door and back.

Monday, Oct. 17, 1864.

Fine day. Went out to wardmaster's room on my crutches. Received letter from Addie.

I remember the day very well, beautiful and cool, and the delight I felt in being able to leave the ward, but there was a terrible sense of pressure on the wound in standing upright and for some time I did not dare exercise much for fear of injuring it.

Tuesday, Oct. 18, 1864.

Fine day. Did not wake all night. Slept well. Wrote to Addie. Received letter from Sue and box of cake from Mary by Mr. Freeman.

Wednesday, Oct. 19, 1864.

Fine day. Wrote to Mary. Received letter from Addie.

Thursday, Oct. 20, 1864.

Very nice day. Wrote to Addie.

Friday, Oct. 21, 1864.

Fine day. Wrote to father. Received letter from Sarah Emerson, one from Doctor Merwin with pictures of candidates for president.

Saturday, Oct. 22, 1864.

Cloudy and cool.

Sunday, Oct. 23, 1864.

Cloudy in the afternoon though pleasant in the forenoon.

Monday, Oct. 24, 1864.

Cloudy but mild. I put on my clothes for the first time; went to the barber's and got shaved—got hair cut.

Started for home about 12 m., arrived in New York about three. Got team and went to Beecker [Bleecker(?)] street, back to Castle Garden; paid \$3 to teamster.

The visit to Bleecker street was to see the United States paymaster and present my discharge papers, given by surgeon at David's Island hospital, and get paid. The team which I hired was a common job team at the steamboat landing, the first thing that offered, as I was a perfect stranger in New York and didn't know where to find anything different. On our way up we called at Robert's office and after waiting about twenty minutes till he was at leisure had a little talk with him on the sidewalk. Passed the night in the United States hospital at Castle Garden.

Tuesday, Oct. 25, 1864.

Alfred (Robert) came to the hospital, Castle Garden, and went with me to ——— street, lower end of Broadway; got in omnibus; rode up to Bleecker street, got paid, came back to Garden. Fine day. Wrote to Addie.

Wednesday, Oct. 26, 1864.

Fine day. Started for Manchester at eight o'clock. Changed cars at Worcester and Nashua. Arrived at 8 p. m. in Manchester. Fare, \$7.40.

Aunt Sarah knew what I needed and immediately got a pillow and made me lie down on a sofa. There were people there who would willingly engaged me in conversation but she would allow nothing of the kind, and I must have been very tired, for I dropped asleep as soon as I touched the pillow.

Here I discovered a black spot on my stump which had been brought on by the journey and which made me feel anxious. I have spoken of the wound as being healed. There was, in fact, a place which did not completely heal for some weeks.

Thursday, Oct. 27, 1864.

Stopped at Uncle Horace's until 4 o'clock p. m. Took cars, went to Derry. Arrived about 4.45 o'clock. Went right to Doctor Crombie's. He had arranged long ago that I should do so and I was myself anxious that he should attend to the black spot which had alarmed me.

Friday, Oct. 28, 1864.

Stopped at doctor's today. Rainy day. I remember the doctor's burning off the spot with a caustic pencil. He pronounced it an abscess.

Saturday, Oct. 29, 1864.

Rode out with the doctor to upper village. Fine day. Doctor Wood and wife came.

Sunday, Oct. 30, 1864.

Went to meeting. Fine day. Doctor Wood and wife here today at Doctor Crombie's. Rode with doctor over to Mr. Currier's. Doctor lost his buffalo and blanket. The robes were lost by reason of the horse running away from the door, where he had left him. He had to go all the way home before he could find him, and then the robes were missing. Mr. Currier had a son who had been wounded in the war and whom Doctor Crombie had attended.

I remember how much pleasure Doctor Crombie seemed to take in exhibiting me as "My nephew whom I went out to see. The young man you have heard me speak of," etc. And whenever anybody came into the house I was expected to play the army calls on an old bugle; in fact, he always put it into the carriage when we went riding.

The going to church was a rather uncomfortable thing, as I had nothing but my rough army clothes, but Miss ——, a school teacher, who was boarding at Doctor P's, declared that she should be proud to go into church with me, and Aunt Sarah said the same, so I was forced to go.

Monday, Oct. 31, 1864.

Rode over to depot with doctor; carried Mrs. Wood. Mr. Wood went to Boston early; she went at noon. Rainy in the afternoon.

Tuesday, Nov. 1, 1864.

Still at doctor's. Rode round with doctor to Mr. Meloon's.

Wednesday, Nov. 2, 1864.

Still at Doctor Crombie's. Rode up to Mr. Wilson's; got grapes and wine. Cool but fine.

Thursday, Nov. 3, 1864.

Started for Manchester at about half past four. Arrived at half past six P. M. Cold but very pleasant. Aunt Sarah Crombie and Charles came up with me. Stopped at Uncle Horace's over night.

Friday, Nov. 4, 1864.

Came home in the rain. Got home about 6 P. M. Had a covered carriage and a horse for whole journey from Derry.

[The exceedingly interesting diary of Comrade Bryant now completed was given a space in this volume on account of its value as regimental history covering more than three years. Comrade Bryant has never been able to walk without the aid of crutches for the last forty-seven years, a forcible reminder of the great sacrifice he and many others have made that our country might endure.— HISTORIAN.]

DIARY OF JAMES MOKLER, COMPANY E.

Sept. 1, 1861.

On this day I sold myself bodily to Uncle Sam (unless sooner discharged by proper authority), and to receive such pay, clothes, and rations as he chose to give me. And I did solemnly pledge and swear that I would bear true faith and allegiance to him; and I did swear that I would obey all superior officers and be a good soldier and keep sober, which, by the way, is something uncommon for the author. After doing all this, I went to my boarding-house and ate a corporation supper. Supper being over, I retired to my room, threw myself on my bed, and thought over the proceedings of the day, and the more I thought the more I had to think of. "Jim," said I to myself, "you are a fool." I came to this conclusion, which conclusion I had often come to before on other matters, but this time I knew I was a fool, a d—— fool, a more of a fool than I ever was before; but it was done and could not be helped. So "soger" I was and a "soger" I was to be for three years to come if Mr. Secess did not put an end to my existence with a blue-pill or bayonet.

JAMES MOKLER.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Sept. 1, 1861.

"The morn was bright, the sky clear," and I, James Mokler, a youth of eighteen summers—a loafer by profession—lay in my bed listening to the songs of the birds. My mind had wandered away till I was like one in a dream. The clock struck the hour of nine, when my solitude was disturbed by the chambermaid with, "Come, sirs, get up; I want to make the bed." I grunted something about being disturbed so early. However, I

got up (half undressed). I threw myself into the armchair and sat gazing silently into the back yard, when my eyes fell on some children playing "soldier." My conscience rebuked me. I, an American, my country at war and I not a soldier yet!

My stomach told me that the thought was ridiculous, as there was something else to be thought of far more sensible to the time, and that was some breakfast. No sooner thought of than I prepared to follow this goodly advice by completing my toilet. I descended the stairs, went into the kitchen, and ate a lazy man's breakfast, which consisted of cold coffee, bread and butter. Breakfast being over, I left the house for a morning walk. I went down beside the canal and so down on the railway. I had not gone far on my railroad walk when I came across my old friend, Tom B——.

"Hello, Jim!" said Tom, "where are you going?"

"Nowhere in particular," I replied, "only taking a morning walk."

"That is just what I am here for, so we'll walk on together," said Tom. So on we went. We had not gone far when we got tired of walking.

"Jim," said Tom, "let's go up on the street."

"Agreed to," said I, and we retraced our steps and went on our way to the city. We called in to the "Hazel Dell" (a restaurant) and partook of some brandy. I sat down on the chair and took the *Boston Herald*. Being asked to read the war news, I did so, and as I read of some smart thing in some general my friend Tom would summon me to the bar to drink to the health of the general; and if I read of the heroic deeds of some soldiers, I would have to drink to the health of them also. And so I continued to read and drink until I got quite patriotic. Dinner-time came and I went not. I sat and talked on war matters and drank brandy. About 3 P. M. I looked around and saw my friend Tom asleep in the big chair. I could not stay any longer, so I staggered out, filled with patriotism and brandy (more of the latter than the former), and found my way down to the city hall, where recruiting was going on. I found my way up the stairs into Captain Newell's office. I went

up to the captain and asked him if he wanted any more recruits. He answered in the affirmative. I was measured and signed the papers speedily; then I was taken down into the mayor's office, and I, James Mokler, did solemnly swear that I would serve the state of New Hampshire and the governor of New Hampshire, and that I would obey all superior officers and accept such bounty, pay, rations, and clothing as they could give me for the period of three years, unless sooner discharged by proper authority. I returned to the hall and was cheered by the inmates. I made the remark that they need not get up.

I inquired of the captain when the next drill was to come off. He replied that it would come on Monday morning. I told him that I would be present, and so I took my departure down the stairs, went into a saloon, and met Bod F——h, a friend of mine. I told him that I thought that I should enlist. We drank on that. I then told him that I had enlisted, and we drank on that. We drank to the health of everybody and no one in particular. After drinking all I could (for I always make a hog of myself as far as brandy is concerned) I left the saloon and got on the street. Things appeared strange to me. The street was amazingly crooked, lamp-posts ran against me, the buildings also. I felt queer. When the next post ran against me I grasped it and said to myself, "Jim, what is the matter? Is this drunkenness or patriotism?" I came to the conclusion that it was patriotism and, attempting to move on, the lamp-post gave me a push that sent me reeling across the sidewalk, but determined I moved on. I noticed as I went that all persons got one side, for, thought I, they knew that I was a soldier. The ladies also seemed to clear the track for me; some laughed and some frowned. As I turned the corner of Pleasant street I saw that the corner of a large brick church was falling. I seized it and was endeavoring to hold it up. I soon got tired of it, as the sidewalk would fly up in my face, so I determined to let it fall if it was going to. So I started for home, not without the sidewalk flying up into my face. I at length arrived at my boarding-house with great difficulty. I got into my room some way, I don't know how, but I got there, and there I sat thinking of,

I don't know what, but I was aroused by the sound of the supper-bell. I got to the head of the stairs, and, losing my step, I went downstairs, dog fashion, head first. I got to the foot of the stairs without much ceremony and without doing much damage and losing everything out of my pocket. My room-mate picked the things up and gave them back to me and asked me if I had lost anything else. I replied that I had lost my balance at the top of the stairs and I believed that was all. I got to the supper-table and did not eat much. After scalding myself several times I quit the table and, leaning on the arm of my room-mate, I went to my room. I threw myself on the bed and began thus to soliloquize: Could it be patriotism that made me feel so strange? I came to the conclusion that it was *patriotism*, true, manly patriotism. I closed my eyes and ——

Midnight, Sept. 1. I awoke with a severe headache. I got up and went downstairs and drank near a gallon of water and returned to bed to pass the night in misery.

Sept. 2. I felt very sick and, being ashamed to go out, confined myself to my room. The day seemed like an age. Having a severe headache and being sick to my stomach, everything was misery to me.

Sept. 3. Nothing happened today worth note. I had not quite got over my *patriotism* and was a little sick, but not so but I could get around. Did not go near the recruiting office; did not like to drill. I went on the street and bought "Hardy's Tactics" and got an old "Queen Ann Arm" and went to studying. That day I learned the manual of arms and made great headway.

Sept. 4. Got on very well with my "tactics"; spent all my leisure time in drilling.

Sept. 5. Took everything as easy as possible; did not go near the company. Drilled on my own accord. Thought I could drill as well as any of them.

Sept. 6. Did nothing but make myself comfortable as I could. Found it hard work.

Sept. 7. Went up to see the company drill. Staid some time. No one knew that I belonged to the company.

Sept. 8. The day passed over very easy. Nothing alarming happened.

Sept. 9. Spent the day as easy as I could, which was hard work.

Sept. 10. Today the company expected to go into camp, but did not. The regiment had a dress-parade. Went up to see it. Was not in the ranks. The company returned to the hall and got orders to meet there at 8.30 next morning without fail.

Sept. 11. Rained steady all day.

Sept. 12. The weather was fine and warm. The company drilled on the camp-ground.

Sept. 13. The weather was warm. The company drilled on the common till noon.

Sept. 14. Went fishing; got nothing but a cold. The company met and decided to go into camp Monday morning.

Sept. 15. Got started to go to church but changed my mind and went hunting.

Sept. 16. I was notified that the company was going into camp. I went to the city hall, fell in with the company, went up the street, and got our blankets. Was refused, as they did not know me, but got one at last. The company pitched the tents. Had dress-parade. I went for the first time. This was my first military exercise in the regiment, which I think I did as well as any of them.

Sept. 17. I was turned out at daybreak to roll-call. Felt quite stiff after lying on the ground the night before, but soon got over it. Went on drill with the company and on parade.

Sept. 18. Was detailed for a guard today. I went on. I thought it would be nice but soon got sick of it. At night we had to lay on the ground. I got cold and felt quite miserable. The company was examined this morning by the surgeons. There were a few thrown out.

Sept. 19. The morning was foggy but cleared off at 9 A. M. About eleven o'clock we were sworn into the United States service for three years, unless sooner discharged by proper authority. We formed a hollow square and the Articles of War were read to us. Went down to the city and got our clothes,

which consisted of sky blue pants, dark blue dress-coats, and light gray overcoats, and dark blue caps. We had a parade, which looked quite nice with our new clothes.

Sept. 20. We put things to rights in camp and things looked more like soldiers.

Sept. 21. The company went down town and got our bounty, which was ten dollars, which came very handy, as I had no money at the time.

Sept. 22. Rained very hard here this morning but cleared off at noon. This afternoon we got our oilcloth blankets. After parade the regiment closed column on the Fifth Division, and the chaplain, after prayers, gave us a Testament apiece.

Sept. 23. I have forgotten to name the commissioned officers of our company: namely, for captain, T. L. Newell, a man of fifty years of age, who was thought a great deal of as a citizen and to all appearances now a very nice man; our first lieutenant, F. W. Parker, who was formerly a schoolmaster. He seems to be a very nice fellow. Our second lieutenant is a man of stern and resolute disposition. Warm and pleasant. We had a battalion drill, the first battalion we've had.

Sept. 24. We received a furlough today for three days. I did not leave until next morning. I went on guard tonight at the spring.

Sept. 25. I went down town this morning.

Sept. 26. The day was spent in preparing to leave for Washington. Tonight on parade we were presented with our colors by Miss Nellie Willis, as the daughter of the regiment. T. J. Whipple was commissioned as colonel. The regiment band came up to camp today.

Sept. 27. This morning was turned out to go on guard about three o'clock, which I did, and stayed until six o'clock. About eight o'clock we started for the depot. We got aboard the cars and took our final look at Manchester, N. H. We went on the Nashua & Worcester railroad. We got to Worcester at 3 P. M., stayed there two or three hours, then started for Arling Point, Conn., at which place we arrived at midnight. We went on a ferry-boat and laid on the boat until morning, the Sound being so rough that it was dangerous for us to start out that night.

Sept. 28. We shoved off the wharf early and started off across the Sound. We at length arrived at Jersey City and stayed there one day. I saw that day a man selling water, five cents for a cupful. I thought that was the meanest thing could be, as water was a thing we could not get. We got aboard the cars at ten o'clock for Philadelphia. We were nearly all night going. I lost all the money I had (\$4.50) that night. We got on board a boat and crossed the river to Philadelphia.

Sept. 29. It was sunrise when we struck the wharf. We went down to an eating saloon and got a good breakfast. After staying around the street for an hour or two we got into the cars for Baltimore. We got into Havre de Grace about 3 P. M.; stayed for an hour. I got some lager beer, a canteen full. Some of the regiment got whiskey, but I had no such good luck. We again started for Baltimore, at which place we arrived at 6 P. M. We passed through the city to the other depot. The people seemed to welcome us and did not appear to be inclined to harm us. We had no arms and they might have pelted us with bricks if they had been so inclined. We got a good supper at the depot. We started for Washington at dark. We had a hard ride in the freight cars. We got to Washington at midnight. We got out of the cars and marched to a building called the Soldiers' Rest. It was a long shed, like a barn. We laid down on the floor. This was the first of my soldiering. I sleep poorly.

Sept. 30. I woke early but not bright. My bones were sore from lying on the hard floor. We went into a building near by, called the Soldiers' Retreat, and got a breakfast of fat boiled pork and coffee. I could eat nothing. Twelve P. M. we had the same for dinner that we had for breakfast; could eat nothing. In the afternoon we went into camp about a mile from the city. We pitched our tents and turned in for rest.

Oct. 1. The night was cold, with some frost. In the morning, after going through our usual drills, I sat down and wrote to my sister. In the afternoon I went over to the camp of the Third New Hampshire Volunteers; stayed a little while and returned.

Oct. 2. Had parade at 5 P. M., after which the regiment marched over to the camp of the Third New Hampshire Volunteers. They were having parade when we got there. After giving cheers for the Third and they for us, we were turned loose and went in together. We did not stay long but returned to our camp. We got our cartridge boxes and belts today.

Oct. 3. Was very warm and sultry. Drilled hard. Began to think that soldiering was not such nice work as it might be.

Oct. 4. We went down to the arsenal and got our arms (the Belgium rifle). Had a hard march of five miles. The weather was very warm. Prayers and parade at 5 P. M.

Oct. 5. Warm and sultry. Drill, drill all the time.

Oct. 6. Hot and dry. Had parade, and prayers, and an extra drill.

Oct. 7. From sunrise it was drill and drill till about 5 P. M., when it rained and continued all night.

Oct. 8. The morning was fine and warm. We continued our drills. At evening we were ordered to make everything ready to leave. After doing all we could, we lay down. One o'clock the next morning the long roll was beaten. We turned out, packed our knapsacks, struck tents, and got ready to move.

Oct. 9. At sunrise we marched down to Washington depot, got into the cars (baggage cars) and started for Annapolis, Md., at which place we arrived about 6 P. M. We did not go into the city but stopped about a mile outside and took a road for our campground. We took the tents of the Seventh Connecticut Volunteers (who were in Washington) and pitched them and stayed there.

Oct. 10. Rained hard all day. I was detailed for guard; went on; had a wet time of it.

Oct. 11. Came off guard; had a severe cold and was very wet. Had to drill at 2 P. M.

Oct. 12. Rained hard all last night but fine this morning. Our tents came and were pitched to the left of our other camp. Went into our new quarters.

Oct. 13. Were set to work cleaning our campground; had a hard job.

Oct. 14. Finished cleaning our camp and parade-ground.

Oct. 15. Drilled again, hard as ever, and kept on so all day

Oct. 16. Our first brigade review. We were reviewed by Brigadier-General Wright; stood with our knapsacks on for nearly two hours. We had no parade this morning on account of the length of time that we were on review.

Oct. 17. Rained very heavily last night. This morning is cold and cloudy. Articles were on parade that we were going to embark soon, naming the vessels that each regiment was to go on. The steamer "Baltic" was for us.

Oct. 19. The morning was cloudy, with little rain. At noon we were ordered to pack knapsacks and prepare to leave. About 3 p. m. we struck tents and soon the regiment was leaving the field. I was detailed to help load the teams, so I stayed behind. I did not get done till midnight. We then went down to the wharf and stood guard over the baggage till morning.

Oct. 20. This morning the baggage was put on board a ferry-boat and sent to the regiment. We (the guard) went onto the next boat. There was some delay and the tide went out and left us. We were pulled off after some trouble and started for the "Baltic." We got to the regiment with but little trouble. When we went on board we were sent down below to our berths, which were on the third deck. It was so hot that we could hardly breathe. We soon made our way on deck. We passed the remainder of the night as well as possible.

Oct. 21. This morning about half past eight the fleet started down the bay. We've had but little to eat the time we have been here.

Oct. 22. It is very rainy. Most of the men are seasick. I began to feel sick and went down below, but soon came on deck again. I sat on some boxes and got wet through. I was very cold but could not go below or I would be sick. Near noon the fleet arrived at Fortress Monroe. It continued to rain all day. We had a miserable day of it.

Oct. 23. Was cloudy and nasty. We felt like convicts rather than soldiers. I will here give a description of the victuals we had to eat. In the morning we had coffee that would most

choke us. Extreme thirst only would force us to drink it. To accompany this coffee we had hard bread, which, after one gets used to it, does not go bad. For dinner we had the same, with a piece of western pork, which is fatter than tallow, which I cannot possibly eat. For supper we have the same as for breakfast. I begin to lose my patriotism and grow homesick. It is reported that some alteration is to be made in the cooking.

Oct. 24. We are still anchored off the fortress, the weather being somewhat pleasant. I see no alterations in our rations. The water that we drink is horrid. It is thick and stringy. The smell is enough to sicken any one. We have to hold our breath to drink it. I have often seen men drink it and then vomit it up. I forgot to mention that at dinner our first lieutenant, Parker, passed through our quarters, when some one remarked that he had better look after our rations. He said that it was good enough for us. This was all the satisfaction we got from him.

Oct. 25. This morning we were ordered ashore. Some thought that we were going into battle. We, however, went ashore and stacked arms and wandered around the island for about four hours, when we again went on board the "Baltic." It was probably to clean the ship that we went ashore.

Oct. 26. We are still anchored in the harbor. The weather is somewhat rainy. It is reported that we are to sail soon.

Oct. 27. This morning we had an inspection of arms, after which a short prayer from the chaplain, and our work was over.

Oct. 28. The weather is cold and windy. I am happy to say that there has been a slight improvement in our rations.

Oct. 29. This morning the weather is delightful. About 8 A. M. the fleet started, the devil knows where. However, we got along nicely. At 3 P. M. we lost sight of land. All were happy. As for myself, I felt as if I was a man again.

Oct. 30. I rose at daybreak. Went on deck and walked around till breakfast-time. The weather was fine, with a slight sea-breeze. I had considerable amusement today to see the boys heave up. I myself never felt better. A sailor told me to stay on deck and hold my head up and I would not be sick. I did

so and was not sick at all, so I could laugh at the rest. It was a queer sight to see the deck crowd and all vomiting everywhere. The sailors laughed heartily at the sickness of the men.

Oct. 31. This morning about 3 o'clock I got up and was tying my shoe, when I was sent suddenly rolling among the bunks. I got up and was again tumbled on my back. The vessel rolled and labored heavily. I thought that we were in a gale. I picked myself up and went on deck. I found that we had struck on shoals. After firing a few rockets as signals to other vessels of our distress we got off. The men came rushing on deck but were ordered below by the lieutenant of the guard. I went aft and sat down on a hogshead, waiting to see what would happen. Vessels soon came to our assistance. It was found that no damage was done. I felt safe when I heard this, for I feared that the vessel had knocked a hole through her, she struck so heavily. All again was calm. The men had got over their fright and everything went on as well as could be expected, for men cannot feel comfortable when they are cooped up so on a ship. A soldier died in one of the companies and was thrown overboard in a blanket.

Nov. 1. Today has been cool and windy. The sea has been a little rough. We are beginning to learn a little of a sailor's life as well as a soldier's.

Nov. 2. Has been very stormy. Toward evening the weather was very bad. The waves rolled mountains high and everything looked as if we were to have a hard time. At dark I went down and lay down in my bunk. The ship rolled and tossed so that I was thrown out of my bunk several times. I soon found that it was impossible to stay below, so I went on deck. The wind was blowing a hurricane. Our ship tossed about like a chip. Some of the time she was under water. It was a heavy gale. The men were considerably frightened. I myself was willing to go ashore anywhere; I didn't care where. I was up all night. It rained and blew terribly; the waves ran higher than the ship sometimes. I would see a light of other ships, which would look as if it was down beneath us, and again I would see it hundreds of feet above us. About midnight the storm abated but the sea ran high.

Nov. 3. The sea continued to run high until near 8 o'clock A. M. After the sea went down the weather was calm. The men came up from below like squirrels in spring come out of their holes, each being highly pleased with the weather. Everything went on nicely during the day.

Nov. 4. This morning we were paid off for six weeks and yet we could not buy anything to eat. I saw one man offer to give one dollar for a drink of water such as the officers had, but was refused. I would have been willing to give twice the amount for a drink of water, but we could not get it. This forenoon land was in sight and we made directly for it. At sunset we anchored very near it. The gunboat had a fight with some rebel boats. I do not know the name of the land that we are anchored off of.

Nov. 5. Last night we ran out to sea, for fear that we would get aground. We have been lying out here all day.

Nov. 6. The fleet has been collecting today. Some of the ships look badly after the recent gale. One of them has lost her masts. Most all are damaged in some way. Nothing new transpired today.

Nov. 7. This morning the gunboats got in line of battle and started up the bay, the transports bringing up the rear. Soon the firing commenced from two rebel batteries, one on each side of the bay. The engagement lasted for nearly five hours. The marines went ashore and hauled down the rebel flag and ran up the stars and stripes amid the cheers from the transports. At dark our regiment went ashore. We formed a line on the beach and marched up into the rebel encampment, broke ranks, and each man lay down and slept the remainder of the night.

Nov. 8. This morning I arose bright and early and, shaking the sand off myself, looked about me to see what we had captured. I found that the island that we were on was Hilton Head, Port Royal, S. C. I wandered around all day and got a lot of sweet potatoes, sugar cane, and such like. Most of the men spent the day in killing pigs, turkeys, sheep, and cows. We lived well today. I lay down, completely fagged out.

Nov. 9. I arose out of my bed of sand and started on another

scout about the island. I went into the interior about five miles. I came to a plantation, where I got some oranges. I was thus roving about when I was picked up by some of our men, who were scouting, and was sent to my regiment. I ate sweet potatoes, oysters, pig, turkey, and sugar cane all day. I was sick of them at length, and well I might be. We had parade in the evening.

Hilton Head is a sea island belonging to South Carolina. It is considerably wooded, with a number of plantations. The part near the sea is very sandy. Cotton has been raised to some extent. Farther back into the interior is better land, with large plantations, well stocked with negroes, who are as ignorant as beasts. They don't seem to know anything, but work on the plantations. There are a large number of cattle. The woods seem to be full of them. There is a sand fort near the seacoast of fourteen guns and a few houses, which were riddled in the fight. The rebels left their wounded in the fort. Things showed that they left in a hurry, for they left everything on the field.

Nov. 16. Our tents came ashore and were pitched. We worked all day getting things ashore.

Nov. 11. All hands were at work fixing the campground and digging wells, etc. At evening our company, with two others, were detailed for grand guard. We got things ready as soon as possible and started. We went six miles in the interior and took our posts and remained there during the night.

Nov. 12. This morning soon after sunrise, I, being on the outpost, heard firing out farther. I ran to see what it was. I found Captain Newell with a few men killing sheep. We shot six of them and dressed them and cooked them on pieces of iron and tin, which we put over the fire. We had quite a meal on them. During the day the men that were not on posts went scouting. They killed a lot of sheep and pigs and got a large drove of cattle together and were going to drive them into camp but were forced to leave them. Near sundown a company of the Seventh Connecticut Volunteers came and relieved us. We packed our things and returned to camp. We got to camp about

nine o'clock; got a good supper of fried pork and hard bread. We turned in.

Nov. 13. I was detailed to go down on the beach and help unload the vessel. Boats were loaded with stores from the ships and sent ashore. We had to wade into the water and unload these boats. I was wet to the skin all day and worked hard.

Nov. 14. I was detailed again to work on the beach; worked in the water all day. A wharf is being built. Men detailed from other regiments are at work on it. Storehouses are being built here near the beach. Everything is being fixed up. The boat is under repairs; the old houses also; things look lively. Tonight at roll-call I was detailed for guard tomorrow.

Nov. 15. I went on guard at nine o'clock. The weather is fine and I walk my post.

Nov. 16. The morning was cool but fine. I came off guard and was free from further duty till 2 P. M. I spent the forenoon in cleaning my rifle. In the afternoon went on drill.

Nov. 17. We had parade at 8 A. M., after which divine services. We then went to our quarters and had a company inspection. We had no drills; the remainder of the day was ours. I went into the woods and got some pine leaves for a bed and fixed up my tent.

Nov. 18. The day has been fine. Drilled all day.

Nov. 19. I was again detailed to work on the beach; worked all day in the water, unloading boats. Got a bad cold.

Nov. 20. Went on guard at 5 P. M. Felt miserable, had a bad headache all day, but stood my guard all night. Could not get off as there were no supernumeraries.

Nov. 20. Came off guard, went to my tent, and slept the rest of the day.

Nov. 21. The weather has been quite cool today. The sand drifts like snow.

Nov. 22. Has been cool but pleasant. Along towards evening we had a thunder shower, the first rain that we have had since we have been on the island. It was welcome, for it was very dusty and disagreeable on drill. It was so dry that the sand blew like snow.

Nov. 24. Inspection this morning. My gun was condemned by the colonel. It was not clean enough to suit him. We don't have much time to clean our things, we have to drill so much.

Nov. 25. The weather is very pleasant and warm. Went down on the beach to get rid of drill. I got a sweet damning when I got back. Nothing further was done to me. Guess I'll try it again.

Nov. 26. Last night brought a heavy frost. It is very pleasant today.

Nov. 27. Was detailed for guard. Went on duty at 8 p. m. The night was quite cold, with heavy frost.

Nov. 28. I came off guard at 12 m. Went out and fired at a target put up for the guards to fire at. I did not hit it.

Nov. 29. The morning was warm and pleasant. About 11 o'clock A. M. orders came from the adjutant for forty men out of our company to go on an expedition somewhere, we did not know where. We were ordered to take four days' rations. We got ready as soon as possible, put on our knapsacks, and marched down to the wharf, got into boats, and went on the steamer "Ben DeFord." About 3 p. m. we left the harbor and ran south-erly. We slept on the steamer that night.

Nov. 30. This morning brought us to our destination. It is an island lately taken from the rebels. About 9 A. M. boats came from the United States frigate "Savannah" and landed us on the shore. There are a few houses here and a large lighthouse on our landing. Men were detailed for guards. I got out of the way and was not detailed. I went up into the lighthouse. I could plainly see the rebel Fort Pulaski. I could see the flag flying on the ramparts. I found that the island was called Tybee, it being but a few miles from Pulaski. Our general thought that a battery might be built to storm the fort. We went as an engineer's guard. There is an old round fort here, built by the Spanish nearly a hundred years ago. It is called the Martelo Tower. It is built of oyster shells and lime. It is round and is about seventy-five feet high and forty feet in diameter; has port-holes for ten guns. It is a curious concern.

This morning a schooner was chased by our gunboats. She ran ashore on this island. She was loaded with oranges and cigars and most everything. A detail was taken from our corps to unload her. Her captain and first mate were taken. Her crew escaped. We got all the fruit that we wanted. I ran about all the day and got very tired. At 4 P. M. we went on board the boat. I was taken to help the cooks. I got a kettle of raw pork on my shoulder and went down on the beach and was going on the steamer. The sea being rough, the boats could not get very near the shore. I had to wade into the water up to my neck; lost my pork, kettle, and all. I got on board all safe. I turned in and was nearly frozen, my clothes being wet, and the night was very cold.

Dec. 1. I arose this morning with a very bad cold and nearly frozen. We started for Hilton Head very early and arrived there about 10 A. M. We landed in small boats and formed a line on the beach and marched to camp. Here I was brought to account for the pork that I had charge of, but the pork was gone, and that was all that could be made of it. The rest of the day was spent in cleaning the camp till 4 P. M., when I was detailed for guard and went on.

Dec. 2. The day was fine. I was very tired and worn out after the expedition and guard duty. Came off guard at 5 P. M.

Dec. 3. Last night we had a heavy shower, after which we had an alarm, the long roll beat. All the troops were turned out. It was about two o'clock. I was the last man in the line for these reasons: The evening before, when I came off guard, I took my gun to pieces to clean it and had not time to put it together again, so I put it under my knapsack, and when the long roll beat I had to put it together. The alarm being false, we went back to our quarters and slept the remainder of the night. The morning was fine and continued so all day.

Dec. 4. Our company was detailed for grand guard. We mounted guard at 3 P. M. and started for our posts, about five miles from camp. I was on the reserve but stood a post. It was near an old church, in which the grand guard slept.

Dec. 5. I went out scouting alone, went into the woods

nearly three miles, and when I turned to go back to my post I did not know which way to go. I wandered about nearly all day, but finally got out of the woods, not a half-mile from my post. I found that I had been very near my post several times during the day and might have got back long before I did. There was a large tomb near my post, which had been broken open. It was supposed that some of the soldiers had done this, but it could not be found out who did it. The corpse had been robbed of some jewels. A boat ran down. We were relieved by the Ninth Maine Regiment. We then went to camp. We got into camp about 9 p. m., ate a hearty supper, and turned in.

Dec. 6. I was detailed to work on the fortifications. I went at eight o'clock. These fortifications are going to extend around the whole camp, from sea to sea, which will make it nearly seven miles long. They are about twenty feet high and are built strongly. I worked all day shoveling sand. Returned to camp at sundown.

Dec. 7. I was detailed today to work again on the fortifications; worked hard all day, wheeling and shoveling sand. We presented Second Lieutenant Edgerly of our company with a watch.

Dec. 8. This morning we had inspection of everything, which lasted two hours.

Dec. 9. I went to work on the fortifications. Returned at sundown.

Dec. 15. The day has been warmer than it has been for a while back. I came off guard at 4 p. m. The regiment had an inspection.

Dec. 16. I went to work on the fortifications. There are about 700 men detailed for this work out of our regiment every day; the same number from other regiments. We are getting along with the work very well.

Dec. 17. Worked on the dump today. Eclipse of the moon last night.

Dec. 19. Our company was detailed for grand guard. Went to our posts at 5 p. m., which was but a mile outside of the fortifications.

Dec. 22. The regiment had an inspection. I came off guard at 4 P. M.

Dec. 23. Last night it rained very hard all night, but this morning it is very fine. We had a battalion drill at 11 A. M. We went down into the woods and got some wood for the cook-house this afternoon.

Dec. 24. Last night was the coldest night I have seen since I have been on the island. This morning is a little warmer. Went to work on the fortifications.

Dec. 25. Christmas it is, though it doesn't look much like it in our camp. There has been no celebration; everything went on as usual.

Dec. 26. Pleasant day. Drilled in the forenoon.

Dec. 27. Another fine day. Came off guard at 4 P. M. Some of the company went on grand guard.

Dec. 28. Last night was cold and windy; today is quite warm.

Dec. 29. This morning we had a regimental review and inspection, which lasted nearly two hours. At 12 A. M. there was an inspection of quarters. The remainder of the day we had to ourselves.

Dec. 30. This morning Corp. John P. Smith of our company died. He had been sick but a week. He is to be buried tomorrow. The weather is fine and pleasant.

Dec. 31. Today I went to the burial of Corp. John P. Smith. The regiment was mustered for pay today. We expect to get paid off soon. The pay-rolls are made out. Went on guard today at 4 P. M.

1862.

Jan. 1. There was fighting in the direction of Beaufort at 11 A. M. The long roll beat in our camp. The men came running from the fortification, fell into line, and stacked arms, and were dismissed with orders to fall in at a moment's warning. We did not, however, leave. The men took their arms and returned to their quarters. This forenoon a man was shot at the guardhouse; it was accidental. We had but little celebration. What we had was spoiled by the long roll.

Jan. 3. We got regular army caps and pants.

Jan. 6. A mail steamer came in today with a large mail.

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Jan. 8. Two men were discharged from the service from our company. The weather was fine.

Jan. 9. Fine day.

Jan. 11. Our company went on grand guard; had a good time.

Jan. 13. The weather is very warm, almost too warm to be comfortable.

Jan. 14. Last night we had a smart shower; today is warm.

Jan. 16. Drilled today. It is reported that our regiment is to leave Hilton Head.

Jan. 17. Very warm. I went on guard. It rained a little last night.

Jan. 19. We had a grand review and inspection by General Sherman today, which lasted two hours.

Jan. 21. We struck tents and at 11 A. M. we marched down to the wharf and went on to the steamer "Delaware."

Jan. 22. We slept on the steamer last night. Today we had to eat the rations in our haversacks. We had poor water. We were like so many hogs. We laid like hogs.

Jan. 23. Last night was very windy. We had to anchor in the harbor. This morning we received a barrel of hard bread from our store ship. We were very hungry and ate it with great eagerness. We have not had scarcely anything to eat for these few days that we have been on here.

Jan. 24. I slept but little last night. I was so crowded that I could not sleep. We were packed in like hogs; we had not room to turn over. The weather is still stormy.

Jan. 25. This morning the weather was fine. The sun came out bright and warm. We began to feel better. Our steamer ran along the schooner and got some bread and water. A party came from shore; brought some things to eat. We lay there all day.

Jan. 26. The morning was clear. At eight o'clock this morning the fleet started. Our regiment was on the steamer "Delaware," the Sixth Connecticut Volunteers on the "Cosmopolitan," the Ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers on the "Boston." Some six gunboats with us when we started. At 3 P. M. we

anchored in the mouth of Warsaw Sound. We lay there the rest of the day.

Jan. 27. This morning was fine. The gunboats formed a line of battle and went up the sound. They ran up a creek and commenced firing. We could not see them. I found out since that they were bombarding Fort Lackson. Our steamer ran alongside our store schooner and got some rations.

Jan. 28. I arose quite early, went on deck to get fresh air. Below was horrible. Hogs could not be packed any closer than we were. I will not attempt to describe the place that we were in, it was not fit for a human being to be in.

Jan. 29. Pleasant. This morning I had for my breakfast two crackers, hard bread, for dinner one cracker, for supper one. This is the way we live and are apt to live as long as we stay on this steamer.

Jan. 30. Today we got some raw pork to eat. We make a kind of a soup. We take some water in our dipper and put in some raw pork and break some hard bread in it and boil it down in the fire-room of the steamer. This afternoon the water-boat came alongside and put some water on our steamer.

Jan. 31. The weather is rainy. This afternoon our cooks went ashore on Warsaw Island to cook. I expect that we shall have something to eat now.

Feb. 1. Was rather cloudy. The cooks came on board with a barrel of baked beans and some potatoes. We ate all we wanted and we were pretty hungry. This afternoon we had a ration of whiskey given out to us.

Feb. 2. A mail came in this morning on the "Empire City." I got no letters. The cooks brought us some soup from the shore.

Feb. 3. About 10 A. M. our steamer ran alongside the "Empire City" and we went aboard of her. It is a larger steamer. We have more room and more room to sleep. We will get along much better.

Feb. 4. Last night I stayed on deck under the foremast. It rained quite hard during the night but did not wake me. This morning is fine. We feel more comfortable here than on the

other steamer. This morning we had an inspection, after which some of the men went ashore on Warsaw Island.

Feb. 5. This morning was cold and windy. We had some beans for breakfast and had some boiled pork about 3 p. m., which answered for dinner and supper. I slept on deck last night and was very cold.

Feb. 6. After inspection I went on shore with a number of others. All had permission to go that wanted to. I went in on the first boat and landed on Warsaw Island. There is an old sand fort near the beach, built by the rebels. There are two or three graves here, one of the paymaster of the gunboat, "Isaac Smith," and one of a rebel. On the rebel's gravestone (or rather board) was this inscription: "J. Musseekie, Coast Rifleman." It was beside a muddy creek in a sandbank. I wandered about all day but could not find anything. There are no people living here and I guess there never was. It is a barren island. The boys killed a lot of coons and ate them; some ate them raw. I got some that was cooked or pretended to be. At sundown I returned to the ship and got no supper at "taps." I turned in on the deck.

Feb. 7. This morning the whole company went ashore; took some water casks with them to get some water. The cooks took their cooking utensils with them and some pork and hard bread. We dug wells on the shore and filled the casks. Some of the boys took their guns with them and went into the interior and shot coons and ducks, which were very plenty. Toward sundown I wandered up the beach and when I got back the men had all gone on board the ship and I and another fellow were left alone on the island. We went about until we found some men who belonged to the Ninth Pennsylvania Regiment, who were cooking. We got some boards and leaned up against a tree and lay down for the night.

Feb. 8. This morning I got up and went up to where some men were cooking and got some breakfast, which consisted of salt pork and fried hardtack (hard bread). About eight o'clock the men came ashore again. I spent the day in roving about the island. The Ninth Maine Regiment came in on the "Star of

the South," which also brought a mail from Hilton Head. I went on board at sundown. It is said that we are going into camp on the island tomorrow.

Feb. 9. Cloudy. We went ashore with our tents and pitched them in the woods. We got everything off the ship and now we are going to have a camp life. It has rained nearly all day. We, however, are in camp and comfortable to what it is on the ship. We had no parade this morning.

Feb. 10. It rained nearly all night last night and is quite cloudy this morning. We drilled on the beach. A porpoise was killed and brought into camp and was cut up and eaten by the men. At 5 P. M. we had parade on the beach.

Feb. 11. Last night was quite cold. I lay very cold all night. This morning while we were on drill a boat with two negroes came in. They ran away from St. Catherine's Island.

Feb. 13. Warm and pleasant. Our first lieutenant was promoted to captain; our second lieutenant was promoted to first lieutenant, and a private from Company A, one Harvey F. Wiggin, was promoted to second lieutenant in our company. There were several other promotions in the regiment today.

Feb. 14. Was fine and warm. Captain assumed command.

Feb. 15. Was warm. We went to drill on the beach with our second lieutenant. This afternoon while on battalion drill a heavy shower came up and we were obliged to go to camp as quickly as we could.

Feb. 16. Our company went on guard. Cloudy, with some rain.

Feb. 17. About noon it began to rain and continued the rest of the day.

Feb. 19. While on battalion drill we had orders to embark. We returned to camp and prepared to leave.

Feb. 20. At daybreak we struck our tents and at 8 A. M. we went on board the "Empire City" in small boat. Warm and pleasant.

Feb. 21. Morning was cloudy; towards dark it began to rain and rained all night.

Feb. 23. It is fine and warm. We had an inspection this forenoon. We are still lying at anchor in the sound.

Feb. 24. Our company is on guard. The weather is fine and warm.

Feb. 25. Cool and windy. Last night a schooner broke loose from her anchorage and ran into our steamer but did no damage.

Feb. 26. This morning we had an inspection of arms. This afternoon a heavy thunder shower came up; the wind blew almost a gale. The water boat came along and we took some water from her.

Feb. 27. The steamer "McCellan" came in from Hilton Head, bringing General Sherman and the mail.

Feb. 28. This morning the ships of war came from Hilton Head and stood outside the bar. Our store ship came along and we took a lot of water and provisions from her. At 5 p. m. our ship weighed anchor and ran outside the bar, the rest of the fleet following her. After the whole fleet got outside we ran all night.

March 1. We came to anchorage about 8 A. M., to wait for the rest of the fleet. The fleet got together and we again started and ran all day. No land was in sight; we did not know where we were going to.

March 2. Last night the fleet came to an anchorage. We remained at anchor till 8 A. M., when we started again. We soon came in sight of land. We sailed directly for it. We ran into a bay (Cumberland Sound, Georgia) and came to anchor. The gunboats went ahead up the bay but came back at evening. We lay there, are today, and will lay here tonight.

March 3. This morning the whole fleet turned about and ran out of the bay. About 3 p. m. the fleet came to anchor very near land. The gunboats went around a point of land and were soon out of sight. We remained at anchor all night.

March 4. Last night was quite cool; the wind blew very hard all night. About nine o'clock this morning we up with our anchor and ran nearer the shore. We struck on a sand-bar and remained there until about 8 p. m., when the steamer "Belvidere" came alongside and took our regiment on board for the purpose of landing them. When all was ready to push off, her windlass got loose and her anchor ran out the full length of her

cable. It was, however, got in and we started for the shore. We had not run far when we ran high and dry on the bar. We stayed there all night.

March 5. This morning the tide was out and we were on the bar four feet above the water. Some of the boys jumped out and went a half a mile on the bar. When the tide came in they tried to back off, but of no use. About 3 P. M. the steamer "Boston" came as near as possible and got a line to us and we got into small boats and pulled to her. At dark we started for our landing. We found that we had got to a city. We marched up a street and came to a building where we were to take our quarters, but the building was all taken up with the rest of the regiment, and there was no room for company. We marched up the street and went into a large white house and took up our quarters. After running all over the house we lay down for the night.

March 6. This morning I arose early and looked around. I found that the house we were in was a public house, called the "Whitefield House." The name of the city is Fernandina East, Fla. It is a small place of about one thousand inhabitants, but thickly settled. It is quite a nice little place. The most of the inhabitants had escaped from the place before our gunboats had got in reach of the town. We had captured three locomotives and a number of cars, a small steamboat loaded with people and their goods. Our Company E with Company F of our regiment were detailed for provost guards of the city. Company F came up to our quarters, it being chosen for the quarters for the provost guards. The regiment went into camp about a mile outside the city.

March 7. This morning I went on guard on the express and postoffice, and stood on the post eight hours before I was relieved.

March 8. This morning our regiment went on board the steamer "Boston," with the exception of Company E and Company F, which are to remain here as provost guard. It is said that the regiment is going to a place some forty miles south of here, called Jacksonville, Fla.

March 14. I got a pass and went down to Fort Clinch, which is a nice and large brick fort, but unfinished.

March 16. Our company is on guard. We go on guard now by companies, one company and the other the next.

March 18. A mail came on the steamer "Ben DeFord"; got a letter from Brother John, who is in the West.

March 19. We had orders to pack up our things. A detachment from the Ninth Maine Regiment came this afternoon to relieve us. We took our things and went on board the steamer "Belvidere."

March 20. This morning we started for—I don't know where. We, however, ran out to sea a little way and then ran down the coast. About 4 P. M. we anchored off some place—I don't know the name of the place, but it looks like a large city. We remained there all night outside the bar. The men are eager to land.

March 21. About 10 A. M. we started for the city. We got over the bar with some trouble, but got to the wharf safely. We landed and marched a street and went into a large stone fort and were received by Company I of our regiment, who had been there about a week. They gave us some hot coffee, which was great nourishment. I stole out of the fort and went down town. I found that this place was St. Augustine, Fla., the oldest town in the United States; it was settled by the Spanish. It is a very ancient looking town; the streets are very narrow, not wide enough for two carriages to pass each other. The houses are low and are built of a kind of stone or rather shells, which are cut out in square blocks. It is said there is a ledge where these blocks come from. It is near the water, where the shells wash up and mix with a kind of red clay, which, after it gets dry, is as hard as stone. There is a large mound of this on the beach of the opposite island from which the houses and fort are built. Most of the inhabitants are Spanish and remained here. There are some very nice houses here which belonged to northern people. We get a lot of oranges and all kinds of fruit. I continued to wander about the street till near dark, when I returned to the fort. I was detailed for guard and went about a mile to the outskirts of the city to a bridge which ran across a creek.

March 22. I came off guard this morning and got a pass and went down town again till 2 p. m., when I returned to the fort. The fort is very old. It has a Spanish coat-of-arms with the date of 1756. It was built by the Spanish and is quite strong. It is made of shell stone. The walls at the base are fifteen feet thick. It mounts 24 guns besides the water battery.

March 23. We have to sleep on the parapet of the fort on the stone.

March 24. We had a company drill and parade. This afternoon we were paid off for four months and got \$52.

March 26. Our company, with Company F, moved down to the barracks, which was formerly a convent but was bought by the United States government for barracks for soldiers. This was done in the time of the Indian War in this state. The barracks are now in poor condition, as they have not been used for some time, but we cleaned it up and fixed up as well as we could, and it makes quite nice quarters, much better than the boat. We have bunks built and in fact it is the best quarters we have ever had.

March 27. We have had drills as usual, company drill in the forenoon and afternoon.

March 30. We had an inspection of arms this morning, after which we had the privilege of going to church.

April 2. Drilled as usual; had parade on the plaza (common). Our company went out scouting at 9 p. m. and did not get back till near morning. I did not go with them.

April 3. I went on guard at the barracks. A detachment from Company F, with a number of sailors from the gunboat "Isaac Smith" (which was laying in the stream), went down the river six miles and captured a rebel schooner and her officers and crew. The steamer was loaded with dry goods, shoes, and provisions.

April 8. Went to help to mount some guns on the fort. Got back in time to go on parade.

April 9. It has rained very hard all day, the first rain we have had since we have been here. Last night we were all ordered to go to the fort armed and equipped. The colonel ex-

pected to be attacked, but we came back in the morning. We found that we had been on a fool errand. I forgot to mention that Colonel Whipple has resigned—it was the day that we left Fernandina—so Colonel Bell is in command now. Colonel Whipple came to us and shook us all by the hand. He felt quite badly on leaving us but not so badly as we felt on having him leave us. Colonel Whipple, as any of our regiment would say, is the best officer in the army. He was a true soldier and a soldier's friend and one that his men would be willing to do anything for. It was a sore blow for us when he left us. We had rather lose the whole of the rest of the other officers than to lose him.

April 10. We have been drilling as usual. About dark we were all ordered to the fort. The colonel feared an attack. All our things were moved up there. We did not get done till near ten o'clock in the evening. After all things were got into the fort every man had his post on the parapet at the portholes. We lay down to sleep on the rocks. About midnight the guards on the outposts fired and we were all turned out and loaded our guns and were waiting for the enemy. A messenger was sent out to the post to see what was the matter. It was found that the men had killed a cow, so we lay down again and slept the rest of the night.

April 11. We are still in the fort. The steamer "Belvidere" and a schooner came in today, bringing Companies C, G, D, and A from Jacksonville.

April 12. We moved back to the barracks and the companies that just came went into the fort.

April 14. It rained very hard all this morning.

April 15. We drilled as common. This evening a detail was made of fifteen men to guard the colonel, who was afraid that the citizens would kill him.

April 19. Unloaded four heavy guns from a schooner which came from Jacksonville.

April 20. Went to work on the wharf today, unloading the schooner.

April 21. I went on guard at the sawmill. It rained quite hard in the forenoon.

April 22. I came off guard this morning. Three companies went to a house and surrounded it and went into it. Colonel Bell thought that a rebel lieutenant was in the house, but was mistaken, so we came from our fool's errand.

April 24. The steamer "Cosmopolitan" came in, bringing Brigadier-General Benham and the mail.

April 25. We had a general review and inspection today and were reviewed by General Benham.

April 26. Company F moved to the fort, so we were left alone in the barracks.

April 27. On guard at the Bluff, a place which was thrown up to plant a big gun to command the river in the time of the Indian War in this state.

April 30. Last night an alarm was raised. The men were turned out but it was found that the alarm was false, so we went back to our quarters.

May 1. This afternoon a heavy shower came up and drove us to our quarters.

May 2. The steamer "Honduras" came in from Hilton Head, bringing provisions and the mail.

May 6. Rainy. We got new dark blue coats this afternoon.

May 9. This afternoon we had orders to pitch tents behind the fort and move into them.

May 10. We worked all day in fixing our new camp and are quite comfortable.

May 11. This afternoon the steamer "Honduras" came in from Hilton Head, bringing provisions and mail. The paymaster, also, Lieutenant Mayne, Company G, who has been home on recruiting service, brought nineteen recruits.

May 12. We signed the pay-roll and were paid off for two months.

May 13. The steamer went back this afternoon.

May 14. This afternoon is rainy.

May 15. It has rained nearly all day, so we have had no drills.

May 17. The steamer "Honduras" came in, bringing a mail and provisions.

May 29. The regiment had battalion drill at five o'clock this morning, which lasted an hour and a half.

May 20. We had battalion drill this morning. The day is very hot.

May 21. We had our drills as usual: battalion drill in the forenoon, company drill forenoon and afternoon. The day is very hot.

May 26. We had a battalion drill this morning.

May 27. We had an inspection of arms this afternoon at 4 P. M.

June 1. This morning our company, with Company C, went scouting out in the country. A negro went with us for a guide. We went nearly ten miles. We came to a house where our guide said was a rebel orderly sergeant. We came up very near the house on one side and Company C came up on the other. It being kind of prairie land, he saw Company C coming, and so he ran out into the woods. I saw him when he ran but was not in rifle shot of him, so he got away. After resting we started back for camp, at which place we arrived at sundown, very much fatigued. A mail came in on a schooner today.

June 4. It rained and blew very hard. Some of the tents were blown down.

June 8. We had a smart shower this morning. Inspection this afternoon at 6 P. M.

June 9. Today is very hot, so uncomfortable that we do not know what to do with ourselves.

June 11. We had a job in moving our tent back off the drill ground.

June 12. We were at work today in fixing our new camp-ground.

June 13. A party from Company D went out sailing, the boat was capsized, and three were drowned.

June 15. We had an inspection this afternoon.

June 16. One of the drowned men was found today. He was buried in the soldiers' graveyard here.

June 17. A schooner came in from Hilton Head, bringing a mail and provisions. A detail was made out this afternoon to go down to the wharf and unload her.

June 20. We drilled as common with the exception of battalion drill. The day was very hot and sultry.

June 21. We have had several showers this afternoon. The day has been comfortable.

June 22. A schooner came in from Hilton Head, loaded with provisions; no mail. Had inspection this afternoon.

June 26. The weather was very hot this afternoon. A shower came up this afternoon so we got out of battalion drill. The weather after the shower was colder.

June 28. The weather is very hot.

June 30. Inspection and muster this morning at five o'clock. No parade this morning. Weather very hot.

July 1. The day was very hot and uncomfortable.

July 2. There was a false alarm from the guards on the Jacksonville road. All the companies turned out and went into the fort. After about a half an hour we all went back to our quarters.

July 3. The day was quite hot. Great preparations are being made for the celebration tomorrow.

July 4. Today, the day of great celebration, has arrived, bright and warm. At sunrise a national salute was fired from Fort Marion. Soon after a burlesque parade was had on the drill ground, which caused great laughter; then the battalion right faced and marched through the streets. When the procession came down St. George street I, with the corporal of the guard, went down to see them. They were a truly comical looking battalion. After marching through the streets they formed on the common, where speeches were made, after which a large wooden watch was presented to one of the leading men of the day. At 11 A. M. the following feats were done: First, catching a greasy pig, climbing a greasy pole, a pig race, a wheelbarrow race, and a potato race. This afternoon Company G had a splendid dinner at the Florida House. This afternoon our company went into the fort and let the other companies come out and go around the town. I, having a pass, went down town and so got away from the fort. In the evening we had a kind of fireworks but they were a failure.

July 5. A detail was sent from our company to unload the schooner which came in yesterday. She was loaded with provisions. We worked all day.

July 6. We had an inspection at 4 P. M. The weather was very hot.

July 7. The weather was exceedingly warm and very uncomfortable.

July 8. The mosquitoes bit so I could not sleep or sit still. The weather today is fine. A steamer came in today from Hilton Head with the paymaster and mail. A schooner went out and took five of our men who have got their discharges.

July 9. We were paid off this morning for two months. The steamer went out this afternoon.

July 12. Battalion drill in the afternoon.

July 13. Last night we were turned out about eleven o'clock by the assembly. The guards on the Jacksonville side fired. It was soon found out that two men had deserted from a post on the side of the creek. They came down and fired on another post of guards. A party was immediately sent in search of them, who were gone all night but did not find them. They returned in the morning. They said that they got very near them but they ran into the woods. The deserters belonged to Company I. We had an inspection this afternoon at five o'clock.

July 16. Was fine and warm. Today while I was on the post (when an alarm was raised on the Jacksonville road) all the companies went into the fort and Colonel Bell ordered the woods to be shelled, which was accordingly done. After shelling the woods, in half an hour the guards were thrown out again and all went on quietly.

July 19. We had a good shower this afternoon, which cooled the weather, which was very hot.

July 22. Two companies went out in the country scouting but found nothing. Today was the hottest day of the season. Some of the men got sunstroke. They were all very much fatigued.

July 24. The weather is very hot. We have no drills but battalion drill in the afternoon.

July 25. A surf boat was sent to Hilton Head for a steamer to bring us provisions, for we had but three days' rations on hand.

July 27. The weather is warm. We had an inspection at 5 P. M.

July 28. The steamer "Delaware" came in this morning, bringing Brigadier-General Terry, a big mail, and a lot of provisions. A salute was fired from the boat in honor of the general.

July 31. This morning the steamer "General Burnside" came in with provisions. This afternoon we had a grand review and inspection, which lasted four hours.

Aug. 1. We had a good shower this afternoon, which lasted two hours.

Aug. 2. Cloudy and rainy. The steamer "Delaware" went out with the general for Key West.

Aug. 4. We had a shower this afternoon, which cooled the weather very much.

Aug. 5. The steamer "Darlington" came in today. The weather is pleasant.

Aug. 7. A schooner came in loaded with all kinds of things to sell.

Aug. 10. The steamer "Burnside" came in from Hilton Head. She brought provisions but no mail. We had an inspection at 4 P. M.

Aug. 11. The steamers "Ben DeFord" and "Darlington" came in this morning with provisions.

Aug. 16. The steamer "Delaware" came from Key West.

Aug. 17. A flag of truce came to our outpost with messages for the colonel. They stood out there nearly three hours. The officer that came with the flag of truce, it was said, was the colonel of the Second Florida Regiment. The other officers belonged to the same regiment. We had no inspection.

Aug. 20. Has been very rainy. The steamer "Burnside" came in from Hilton Head with a large mail and provisions.

Aug. 22. A salute of thirteen guns was fired this morning and one every half hour during the day in honor of Ex-president

Van Buren, who has died. All the flags were at half mast. At retreat a national was fired.

Aug. 23. The steamer "Burnsides" went out. First Lieutenant Edgerly and Sergeant Reed of our company went home on recruiting service. They went on the steamer "Burnside."

Aug. 31. We had an inspection this afternoon.

Sept. 1. A steamer in sight outside the bar this evening.

Sept. 2. The steamer "Burnsides" came in with two companies of the Seventh Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers. They went down to the barracks. It is rumored that the rest of the Seventh Regiment are coming to relieve us and we are going to Hilton Head.

Sept. 3. This morning a steamer came in sight. It was the "Ben DeFord" with the Seventh Regiment. She anchored outside the bar, the channel not being deep enough for her to come in. The "Burnsides" went out to unload her. About noon the "Burnsides" came back with the regiment (Seventh). They landed and went down to the barracks. They were a hard-looking set of men.

Sept. 4. Our guards were relieved from duty by the Seventh Regiment. I went down to see the parade of the Seventh.

Sept. 7. We had an inspection this afternoon.

Sept. 8. Orders came this evening to prepare to go on board the "Burnsides" at daylight. The Seventh was going to stay here and we were going to Hilton Head.

Sept. 9. At three this morning the assembly was blown. We fell in and marched down to the wharf and went on the "Burnsides." At sunrise we started and went outside the bar and went from the steamer "Burnsides" to the steamer "Ben DeFord" in surf boat. We are now on the "Ben DeFord" with good quarters.

Sept. 10. This morning the steamer "Burnsides" came out with the three other companies of our regiment, there being such heavy underswells that the "Burnsides" could not come alongside. It was ordered that the "Burnsides" should go to Fernandina, as they were. About 10 A. M. we started for Fernandina. We ran along the coast till about 3 P. M., when we ran

in to Fernandina. After we got inside the "Burnsides" came alongside and unloaded. About eight o'clock we ran off Fernandina and went on our way to Hilton Head.

Sept. 11. This morning was fine and warm. We arrived at Hilton Head about noon. We went up to the wharf and took some tents and Colonel Bell on board. About 2 P. M. we started for Beaufort. Arrived at Beaufort about 4 P. M., and got off the steamer and marched about two miles to the outside of the city and went into some woods, where we were obliged to clear up for a campground. We are to bivouac here tonight.

Sept. 12. We have worked all day in cleaning up the ground. Some tents came up for the officers.

Sept. 13. Some canvas came for us but not half enough. We are fixing up such shelter as we can, for it looks like rain.

Sept. 14. Last night I slept under a small tree. Today is rainy. We are all wet as we can be, for we have but little shelter.

Sept. 15. Last night it rained very hard until midnight. I lay in a puddle of water all night. This morning is cloudy.

Sept. 17. The troops were reviewed and inspected by Major-General Mitchell.

Sept. 18. There was a brigade drill this afternoon, at which all troops were present. Our company was detailed for grand guard and went out at 4 P. M.

Sept. 19. Our company came in this morning quite early.

Sept. 20. Today is very rainy. We have no tents of any account, so we have to take the weather the best that we can. We don't like this kind of soldiering.

Sept. 21. The weather is very cloudy and rainy. We are having a miserable time.

Sept. 22. Fine and warm, with frequent showers. There was a brigade drill at 3 P. M.

Sept. 23. Very warm, with frequent showers. Another brigade drill this afternoon.

Sept. 24. Our regiment moved down on the brigade drill ground. We are at work moving our things today. I think that we shall have a much better campground than we had before.

Sept. 25. We have got our new camp fixed up very well. We have no tents yet, but we are expecting them every day.

Sept. 26. We had a battalion drill this afternoon. A mail came in today.

Sept. 28. Fine and warm. We had divine service this afternoon in the grove, which lasted about an hour; then we were free again. We had an inspection this morning.

Sept. 29. Fine and warm. We had battalion drill this afternoon.

Sept. 30. We had orders to pack up our things and prepare to leave camp. It was found that we were going on grand guard for ten days. We got everything ready and started. We marched all the afternoon. The regiment divides up and one company gets on a plantation by itself. About 8 p. m. our company arrived at their destination, which is on Rose's plantation. We lay down under some trees and slept the night away. Our orderly sergeant was discharged and went home.

Oct. 1. We relieved the old guard this morning and took the duty on ourselves.

Oct. 3. A small mail came up today.

Oct. 9. We had a shooting match this morning, after which we went out hunting.

Oct. 11. We were relieved this morning by a company from the Sixth Connecticut. We packed up our things and left for camp. We got into camp about noon and went to work and fixed our campground.

Oct. 12. Rainy. Our regiment got new rifles today and turned over our old ones, which I think is a poor swap. We also got new pants, which were a sky blue.

Oct. 13. A mail came in. We fired our new rifles at a target to try them.

Oct. 14. On guard over the purser of the "Ben DeFord." We had orders to deliver him to no one but the provost marshal. About 11 a. m. Lieutenant-Colonel Beard of General Saxton's staff came on board and took him off, he representing himself as provost marshal. We went ashore and reported to the provost marshal of Beaufort, Captain Greenleaf.

Oct. 18. We moved our camp a short distance.

Oct. 19. Very warm and pleasant. We had an inspection this morning.

Oct. 20. We signed the pay-roll this morning. We expect to get paid off soon. Orders came this afternoon for us to go on an expedition tomorrow. We packed up all our things to leave there, as it was said that we were to take only our blankets. One hundred rounds of cartridges were given out to every man.

Oct. 21. This morning the regiment left the camp and went down to the wharf and went on board the steamer "Boston." The rest of the troops on the island went on other ships. About 2 P. M. we started for Hilton Head. When the regiment arrived it was put on our boat. About midnight the expedition started up the river and arrived at the place of destination a little before sunrise and landed in small boats.

Oct. 22. This morning after the regiment was landed we formed into line and started on the march. The force consisted of the Forty-seventh Pennsylvania, Sixth and Seventh Connecticut, Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania, Third and Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers, a battalion of cavalry, two pieces of artillery, and a company of the Third Rhode Island. The Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers took the lead and marched about eight miles, when the first gun was fired and the Forty-seventh Pennsylvania were thrown out as skirmishers and our regiment advanced double-quick. Soon the rebels commenced firing and our battery replied. Our regiment kept advancing through a potato field and got into the woods. The firing was kept up for some time and many were killed by the bursting of the shells. The battery advanced and our regiment advanced to support it. It was soon found that the rebels had deserted their battery, and our regiment were thrown out as skirmishers and the regiment advanced through the woods and across a swamp. The rebels were retreating. Soon after they opened fire again and kept it up, and our battery responded till they got out of ammunition. More was soon got for them. At sunset the firing ceased and our troops fell back. Our regiment were acting as rear guards. We got back to the ships about four this morning.

Oct. 23. All went on board the ships. The expedition

started back this afternoon and arrived at Hilton Head at sunset. We then started for Beaufort, at which place we arrived about midnight and went to camp.

Oct. 24. All are tired out. Only two men wounded in our company, and that slightly. In the regiment there were but three killed and twenty wounded.

Oct. 25. The most of the men lost their blankets at the recent fight at Pocotaligo.

Oct. 26. Rainy and unpleasant.

Oct. 30. General Mitchell died this morning of some unknown disease. His funeral was at 11 A. M.

Oct. 31. We had a very cool night last night but this morning is warm and pleasant.

Nov. 1. We were mustered in for two months' pay this morning.

Nov. 2. We had an inspection this morning. We were paid off this afternoon.

Nov. 3. Very pleasant. We have drilled harder than usual.

Nov. 4. In addition to our drills we had squad drill.

Nov. 5. We had a smart shower this morning. Two men in our company went into the regular battery.

Nov. 6. Last night was very rainy and it continues to rain this morning.

Nov. 9. There was a heavy frost last night. We had an inspection this morning.

Nov. 10. The weather is cool. We had no battalion drill this afternoon.

Nov. 11. We are drilling as common. We have but little time to ourselves.

Nov. 16. We had a squad inspection by Captain Parker this morning. The remainder of the day we had to ourselves.

Nov. 20. Our regiment went out on grand guard. We put our things on teams and took our gun and equipments and marched to Rose's Plantation. Our company and the rest of the companies went to their respective posts.

Nov. 21. We relieved the guards that were on the post and took the duty on ourselves. The old guards went to camp.

Nov. 22. The weather last night was very cool. This morning a mail for us came up from Beaufort.

Nov. 23. We had an inspection this morning by Captain Parker.

Nov. 25. A mail for us came up from Beaufort.

Nov. 26. We were turned out last night by a false alarm. After we had been out a little while we went into the house again. Today is fine and warm.

Nov. 27. Today is Thanksgiving and we are going to have a good time. We had a good dinner, a shooting match, and several other amusements. The day passed joyfully.

Nov. 29. This morning just before daylight we were turned out by a false alarm. The guard had been firing on the other posts. We went back to bed.

Nov. 30. We were relieved by a company from the Sixth and went back to camp.

Dec. 1. A mail came in this morning from Hilton Head. I was detailed to help build a furnace for Captain Parker.

Dec. 5. I went to the funeral of David G. Lillis, who belonged to our company. He died in the general hospital.

Dec. 6. Today the weather is clear and cool. Last night was quite cold, with heavy frost. It is rumored that our regiment is going to Texas. I don't believe it.

Dec. 8. Our regiment has got new tents and we are to move fifty paces to the right. We got our tents up and got done for the day.

Dec. 9. The weather is cool but fine; we had a very heavy frost last night.

Dec. 11. Morning was cool but not so cold as it has been. I was detailed to help build an oven for the cooks but was taken back into the company and went on drills. A mail came up this evening.

Dec. 12. The mail was given out this morning.

Dec. 13. The weather is fine but cool. We have no battalion drill. This afternoon company inspection before parade.

Dec. 14. We had a squad inspection this morning by Captain Parker, after which we had the rest of the day to ourselves.

Dec. 15. General Banks' expedition is at Hilton Head.

Dec. 19. Morning was clear and cold. Went on brigade review. The troops were reviewed by Brigadier-General Brannon. We did not get off till near one o'clock. We went on battalion drill in the afternoon.

Dec. 20. A mail came up from Hilton Head. No battalion drill this afternoon.

Dec. 21. A mail came up to camp this morning. We had an inspection by squads.

Dec. 22. The weather is fine and comfortable. We had a skirmish drill this afternoon by a wing of the battalion. It is reported that we are going to leave this town.

Dec. 23. This morning the air was sharp and cool. There was heavy frost last night. We had a skirmish drill by battalion.

Dec. 24. Fine but cool. We have had skirmish drills all day. Orders were read on parade that all necessary work was to be prohibited tomorrow. Preparations are being made for amusements tomorrow.

Dec. 25. Today, Christmas, we are to have a few amusements. The commencement of the program this morning was a game of baseball between the officers of the right and left wings of the regiment, which was won by the right wing. Next was a game for the contraband, which was a large tub of meal in which a quarter of a dollar had been put. The negroes were to have their hands tied behind them and they were to find the piece of money with their mouths. The winner was to have the meal, money, and \$2.50 besides. It was the most laughable sight that I ever saw. In the afternoon there was a shooting match. Five men were picked from each company to shoot. The best shot was to have \$3. Soon after a wheelbarrow race came off, which caused some amusement. Near retreat there was a bag race, which was won by a fellow in our company. The page sounded retreat and all fun was stopped and we went in our dining-hall and ate a good supper of hot pudding. So our day's amusement was over. We ran around till "tattoo," then fell into line for roll-call; then turned in for the night.

Dec. 27. Cloudy and looks like rain. I was detailed to go down town and get some bricks to build a chimney for Captain Parker; was gone all the afternoon.

Dec. 28. We had a squad inspection this morning.

Dec. 20. Fine but cool. Orders were read in parade that our company, with Company K, was to go on Ladies' Island to do grand guard duty.

Dec. 31. Today the regiment was to be mustered. Our company went down to the colonel's tent and were inspected and mustered and then went down to the wharf and got in the lighters (large boats) and started for Ladies' Island, at which place we arrived about 3 P. M. We unloaded our boats and went to relieve the old guards. I went to No. 2 post with fourteen men and a sergeant to relieve the men on that post.

1863.

Jan. 1. New Year's is fine and warm. We have had no amusements on our post but what we got up ourselves. We go hunting and fishing as much as we please.

Jan. 2. We have an inspection of arms every day by the officers of the posts. We have not much duty to do here. We are getting along finely.

Jan. 3. A mail came up from Beaufort to us.

Jan. 4. Cool and cloudy and looks like rain.

Jan. 6. Rainy and unpleasant.

Jan. 7. Fine and warm. We have been playing baseball all day.

Jan. 8. Went on guard this evening to stay until morning. The night was warm but cloudy.

Jan. 9. This morning a party went to Beaufort for rations. An order has come for us to stay here ten days longer, as the whole regiment is going out on grand guard tomorrow.

Jan. 10. A mail for us came up from Beaufort this morning.

Jan. 11. Fine and cool. Some papers came up for us. We are to stay here ten days longer.

Jan. 15. A small mail came up from Beaufort.

Jan. 16. Cold and very windy. It is rumored that an expedition is going to Charleston soon. It is reported also that

an expedition is going down the coast of Florida and that our regiment is going.

Jan. 17. This morning is cool but fine.

Jan. 20. Cold and very rainy. It has rained very hard all the afternoon. About 1 P. M. a detachment from the Sixth Connecticut came and relieved us. We packed up and went down to headquarters and one party got into one boat. The wind blew so hard they drifted up the river. After awhile we got the other boat off and started. The wind and rain abated. We had not got but a few yards from the shore when we ran on a sand bar. A small boat came from shore and pulled us off. We again started and had not got far when we ran aground again. We were obliged to jump out and push the boat off. After working in the cold water up to our waists for half an hour we got off. We had not gone but a few yards when we ran ashore again. We got overboard again and pushed off. It was now nearly dark and we expected to have more trouble before we got to Beaufort, which was six miles farther down the river. We, however, kept on our course. About 7 P. M. we were obliged to go ashore, the tide being against us. We were waiting for it to turn. When we got ashore we built two large fires and dried ourselves, all being wet to the skin. About 10.30 we went into the boat again and went down the river without much trouble. We arrived at Beaufort about one o'clock in the night. We went up to camp and found some hot coffee, bread, and meat waiting for us. We ate a hearty supper and went to our tents and lay down for the night.

Jan. 21. I arose this morning at eight o'clock and ate some breakfast, then went to cleaning my gun, which was very rusty. We had no drill this forenoon. This afternoon we had a battalion drill.

Jan. 25. This morning dull and cloudy. We had an inspection at 9 A. M., after which we went out and played ball all day. The weather is clear this afternoon and warm.

Jan. 27. The weather this morning is cloudy. Our company, with four other companies, went to build fortifications near the shell road. We worked till near noon, then left one com-

pany there and the rest went a little way farther to work. It commenced to rain, so we took our shells and came into camp. About 2 P. M. we went back to work and worked about a quarter of an hour. It rained so hard we could not work. It continued to rain all the afternoon.

Jan. 28. I awoke this morning early and heard everyone exclaiming, "Snow! Snow!" I got up and opened my tent door and saw the ground covered with a kind of hail sleet, which is a rare thing in this country. The weather is very cold, a north-west wind blowing. Our company did not go to work on the dump today. We had no battalion drill this afternoon. The wind has continued blowing cold and hard all day. We are preparing for a grand inspection tomorrow by the inspector general.

Jan. 30. This morning at nine o'clock we were inspected by the assistant inspector general, Lieutenant Henry of the First United States Artillery, after which our quarters were inspected. At battalion drill this afternoon the inspector general obliged all the officers to complete some movement with the battalion. The drill lasted till nearly retreat. We have no dress-parade this evening.

Jan. 31. Fine and warm. We had drills as usual.

Feb. 1. Rained slowly nearly all night.

Feb. 4. We went on the dump again today. The weather is cool and windy. Some regiments that landed and encamped near us went on board today.

Feb. 5. This morning is very rainy and cool. A mail came up this morning. It has continued to rain hard all day.

Feb. 6. Still rainy and cold.

Feb. 8. The company had an inspection. The Articles of War were read to us this afternoon by Lieutenant Wiggin.

Feb. 14. This afternoon our company was detailed for grand guard. We got supper at 4 P. M. and started. Just as we started it commenced raining. We marched about five miles, then our posts were assigned to us. It still continued to rain and did not abate till near nine o'clock in the evening. We were as wet as we could be and we could not build a fire, as

everything was wet. Thus we passed a sleepless night, cold and wet. We had to stand post but one and one half hours. My time came at 4 A. M. and I stood till daybreak.

Feb. 15. This morning at daybreak we left our post and went up to the reserve post, then fell into line and marched to camp, at which place we arrived at seven o'clock, and after firing a target we went to our quarters, where we found a large mail waiting for us that came in the evening before. We got our letters and after reading them we were called to a breakfast of baked beans, which was just what we wanted. This afternoon it has cleared off and is quite warm.

Feb. 16. We were paid off for two months.

Feb. 18. Very rainy. About noon it cleared off, and at 2 P. M. we fell into line and marched a little way to the other side of the shell road and fired at a target. Our target was hit four times in sixty shots. We afterwards fired by battalion; not a target was hit.

Feb. 19. We had a squad drill, after which the most of the boys went down town on a pass. This afternoon we went out to fire at a target. There were but few shots hit the mark.

Feb. 20. This morning we were turned out about four o'clock and took some of the tents down and prepared to go out on picket. About sunrise we started. About 11 A. M. our company got to their post, which is called the Brick Yard, and took their post.

Feb. 21. At reveille we left our boat and came up to headquarters. Our company had an inspection this afternoon.

Feb. 22. This morning is quite rainy and nasty. It has cleared off this afternoon and is quite pleasant. A mail came up this afternoon.

Feb. 23. This morning is cool and pleasant. We had an inspection this afternoon. Heavy firing was heard in the direction of Charleston.

Feb. 25. We had an inspection this afternoon.

Feb. 28. Today about noon we were relieved by two companies of the Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania Regiment. We got our things together and started for camp. The company has been

mustered for two months, so I went down and got mustered as soon as I got in.

March 1. This morning the regiment had a regimental inspection. Our company did not go. At 12 m. we struck tents and laid them on the ground for airing. At 3 p. m. we pitched tents and set things to rights.

March 2. This morning Second Lieutenant Wiggin of our company was promoted into Company I as first lieutenant of that company and Orderly Seaver of Company C to second lieutenant in our company.

March 3. Our regiment went to work on the dump, or rather, cleaning the bushes from the road before the fortifications.

March 4. There was a great flying around in camp preparing for a general inspection and review which was to come off at ten o'clock. We were to be reviewed by Brigadier-General Saxton. At half past nine we were on a line, when the order came that there was to be no inspection, so we took off our knapsacks and went on camping drill. This afternoon we went out to a target-shooting. There was but one shot hit the target. Our company did not hit our target at all. Some companies put but one shot in the work. This evening on parade general orders were read that our regiment should hold themselves in readiness to go into active service at any moment, probably to go on this expedition that is going to start soon.

March 5. We had a battalion drill this forenoon. This afternoon the sand blew like snow.

March 8. We had a general inspection this morning by Brigadier-General Saxton. We are expecting to embark every day. This afternoon our regiment was reviewed by General Saxton. He remarked in a short speech that we were a noble regiment and an honor to our state.

March 9. We had battalion drills this forenoon and afternoon. Orders were read on parade in what manner we were to disembark when we arrived at the place of our destination. The day has been very warm.

March 12. Went on drill this forenoon. We had no drill

this afternoon. The sand blew so we could not. The sand blows on these plains in clouds so one cannot see ten yards before oneself.

March 18. The Maine Eighth Regiment left here for Jacksonville to take a battery on St. John's Bluff.

March 20. This morning reveille beat before daylight and we turned out and got ready to start. About eight o'clock our company, with Company H, went down to the wharf and got into two small lighters and started for Ladies' Island.

March 31. We were relieved from picket this morning by two companies of the Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania. We walked down to Pleasant Point, about five miles, and after waiting till sundown we took our boat and went into Beaufort. We got into camp about 8.30 o'clock.

April 1. We have had battalion drills in the forenoon and afternoon.

April 2. Our company is on guard. We have had orders to get ready to embark at any moment. We expect to go tomorrow.

April 3. We got orders to pack up all our things and be ready to leave camp at any moment.

April 4. This morning all the baggage was taken down to the wharf, and at sundown we struck tents and marched to the wharf and eight companies went on board a small steamer, and our company, with three other companies, went on another small steamer and went down to Hilton Head, where the four companies were taken off the steamers and put on a schooner. About midnight we started up the coast till we came to the mouth of Stone Inlet, where we anchored with the rest of the fleet.

April 5. Today at sundown we ran over the bar and anchored with the rest of the fleet.

April 6. We lay at anchor all day. Nothing worth note occurred.

April 7. We are still laying at anchor in the Sound. Our guns were returned today.

April 8. We are still laying in the Sound. Nothing new occurred.

April 9. Still at anchor in the Sound.

April 10. No movement has been made yet.

April 11. This noon we weighed anchor and ran outside the bar and shaped a course for Hilton Head, at which place we arrived at 8 P. M. We lay at anchor in the harbor.

April 12. About noon we ran up to the wharf and went ashore and marched into the interior of the island and pitched our camp.

April 14. The wind blew so hard that we could not see. I went to work on the wharf.

April 16. We had a general inspection and review, which lasted till noon.

April 17. We had a battalion drill. This afternoon our company was on guard.

April 18. We got orders to move on board the transports. At retreat we struck tents and marched down to the wharf and went on the ships. Our regiment went on three vessels: four companies on one steamer, and three on another, and three on a small brig, and hauled out into the harbor for the night.

April 19. We got up anchor and went outside of the bar and ran down the coast and ran into Edisto Inlet and dropped anchor.

April 20. We are still in the Sound on the steamer.

April 21. We are yet at anchor in the Sound. There is quite a fleet here now—about five thousand men and five ironclad monitors.

April 22. We are yet in the Sound.

April 23. We are still laying in the Sound. Nothing new.

April 24. A mail came up to us today from Hilton Head.

April 25. Today our regiment went ashore on Edisto Island and stayed until afternoon and then came on board again.

April 26. This morning we are to have an inspection. We have had one every day we have been on board this steamer.

April 27. We were taken off the steamer and put on a brig.

April 28. This afternoon we were taken in tow by a steamer and went out over the bar, but had to come back.

April 29. This morning we were again taken in tow and

went outside and ran up the coast till we got to Stone Inlet. We laid there till high tide and then ran in. This evening we landed on Folly Island; pitched our tents.

April 30. This morning on guard-mounting. Our band played for the first time. This afternoon I went to the farther end of the island, where Forts Sumter and Moultrie and the batteries on Morris Island and a part of Charleston could be plainly seen. I returned at retreat and found that the regiment had been mustered. I took gun and equipments and went to the colonel's tent and got mustered.

May 1. Today at noon we got orders to pack our knapsacks and be ready to march. At 1 P. M. we formed a line and marched up the beach till we came to the upper end of the island, where I came yesterday, and stopped for the night. We have no tents, so we lie in the woods, just as we like. Fort Sumter can be seen from our camp.

May 2. Our tents came up today. We have been clearing a place to camp.

May 3. We pitched our tents this evening on the hill and are quite comfortable.

May 4. We finished pitching our tents. This evening our company was detailed for picket. We went out at dusk about two miles.

May 5. This morning we marched up to the outpost and relieved a company of the Sixty-seventh Ohio. We are now in talking distance of the rebels. We can see their guards plainly.

May 10. Our company went to prayers in the Sixty-seventh Ohio Regiment. Mail came in.

May 14. It is reported in camp that the rebel general, Stonewall Jackson, has been killed.

May 15. It has been reported today that Richmond has been taken.

May 20. We had a battalion drill this afternoon. This evening our company was detailed for picket.

May 31. We had a regiment inspection.

June 1. Today five companies were detailed out of our regiment for picket, our company included. Our company took their old post at the Point.

June 7. Went on parade, after which we formed a hollow square and had prayers.

June 11. About two o'clock this morning a steamer ran the blockade and ran on a bar close to Morris Island. We turned out and drew a fieldpiece up the beach and fired two shots into her. We came into camp at sunrise.

June 12. Our company went to a funeral of a man belonging to Company K. The rebels commenced shelling our camp this afternoon. We turned out and stood under arms until retreat.

June 13. We were turned out last night by a false alarm.

June 14. This evening we were turned out and stood under arms about an hour.

June 16. The enemy shelled our pickets all the afternoon from Morris Island.

June 17. This evening our company was detailed for five days' fatigue duty on the Point. About six o'clock we left camp and marched over to brigade headquarters and stayed till after dark. About nine o'clock we started up the beach. We had our overcoats and blankets and a shovel each and two days' rations in our haversacks. It was supposed that we were to stay on the Point five days. We turned into the woods at picket headquarters and marched up to the Point. When we got to the Point we stacked our arms and went to work with our shovels, throwing up a mortar battery. The enemy commenced shelling us. They would throw a shell about once in a half hour. After the shell had burst we would go to work again. A man of Company B in our regiment was wounded in the leg by a shell, which struck in the battery they were working in.

June 18. At two o'clock this morning we left our work and came into camp. We went out again on fatigue this evening.

June 19. We came in camp at daybreak. The rebels did not shell us last night. We went out this evening.

Jan. 20. We came in this morning at two o'clock. The enemy did not shell us last night. The regiment had a general inspection this morning by the inspector general, Captain Jackson. We went to headquarters this evening but were not

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ordered back till two o'clock next morning, and then to go to the Point.

June 21. We were turned out and after getting breakfast we went to the Point. We commenced work at four o'clock and worked hard till 5 p. m. We came in at dark.

June 22. Last evening all the troops on this end of the island were turned out and marched up to the first line of fortifications.

June 25. Our company was detailed for fatigue duty. We carried logs a mile to lay a platform for the battery.

June 26. A mail came for our regiment. Battalion drill this evening.

June 28. Rained in the afternoon.

June 30. We were mustered today for two months.

July 2. Our company was detailed for fatigue duty to work building batteries on the Point. At retreat we started and worked till daybreak and then came into camp.

July 8. This afternoon we packed our things and at 4 p. m. we commenced our march to Stone Inlet, leaving all our things in camp. We arrived at the Point at dark and lay on the beach till morning.

July 9. This morning we took arms and went off the beach out of sight and stacked arms again and stayed there till 4 p. m., when we came down to the wharf and went on board steamers. At retreat we, with the rest of the fleet (which comprised fifteen transports loaded with soldiers, two wooded gunboats, and a monitor), ran up Stone river about two miles. The gunboats fired a few shots, but no reply. We dropped anchor and lay there all the rest of the night.

July 10. We lay at anchor all day. This morning at sunrise the batteries on Folly Island were opened and the battle commenced. After a sharp engagement of two hours the enemy's batteries were silenced. A brigade went across and charged on the enemy and drove them out of their rifle-pits and captured one hundred of them.

July 11. This morning the steamers that our regiment were on ran down the river into Stone, then up to headquarters,

Folly Island, where we went ashore and marched up to our old camp. At 3 P. M. we left camp and marched up to the Point, stacked arms, and are lying in the sand. We expect to go over to Morris Island.

July 12. Last night we lay in the sand. We have been working all day, carrying logs to build a wharf.

July 13. We are still on the Point. This afternoon our company was detailed to unload a pontoon (bridge) on Morris Island. We worked all night.

July 14. We worked all last night taking a bridge off the steamboat. This morning we came back to Folly Island, where we found the regiment had gone into camp at picket headquarters. We went to our old camp and got our knapsacks and tents and moved up to our new camp.

July 15. Went down to our old camp this morning. Came back at noon and went to work at the Point tearing up our old batteries and emptying sand bags and sending them to Morris Island to build batteries there.

July 20. Was detailed for picket. Went on at dark. At ten o'clock we were relieved by a detachment from the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment. We went to camp and found that the regiment had gone. We had two days' rations and started after them. We found them at the upper end of the island. They were going over to Morris Island. We went to our company and went over also. After we landed we lay on the beach an hour and then marched up the beach. We went up to the advance and then came back part way and stayed. It was then morning.

July 21. We had hoped we were going to stay here. We moved a little below this morning.

July 23. Today our tents came from Folly Island. We are for fatigue duty tonight (the whole regiment).

July 24. Last night we worked in the advance. The right wing were to put up a stockade and the left wing threw up rifle-pits in the rear of the stockade. We came in at 3 A. M. This morning the iron boats commenced a bombardment on Fort Wagner and kept it up till about ten o'clock. A steamer came down

from Charleston with a flag of truce, so the firing was stopped. The flag of truce wanted to exchange wounded. Our hospital boat came down and exchanged.

July 25. At dark we fell in and went up to the batteries again. The rebels shelled us very hard, but still we kept at work and the shells were bursting all around us.

July 26. This morning at three o'clock we came back to camp. Byron Howard of Company H of our regiment was killed last night. This evening at dark we went up again and went to the farther end of the rifle-pit and worked till ten o'clock and then came in.

July 27. We had nothing to do today till evening, when we went up there again and went to work, the rebels shelling us all the time. We were building a bomb-proof for the support of the battery before us. We left the works at two o'clock and came down and lay on the beach till nearly daybreak, then came into camp.

July 29. This morning we had a general inspection. This evening we went to work in front. We were shelled quite hard.

July 31. We have to turn out at three o'clock every morning and stand under arms till reveille. We have had nothing to do today.

Aug. 1. This afternoon we fell in and at dark we marched to the front and stood picket, the whole regiment.

Aug. 2. On picket. The sun came down so that we could hardly breathe. The rebels commenced at noon and shelled us very hard until 2 P. M. We came in at dark.

Aug. 5. The regiment went out on picket this evening.

Aug. 7. Was detailed to haul a two-hundred-pounder up to the works. Got back at twelve o'clock.

Aug. 8. The company worked drawing another two-hundred-pound Parrot up to the batteries. They got back late in the morning.

Aug. 9. The weather is so very hot we can hardly do anything.

Aug. 10. This morning our company, all that were prepared for duty (twenty-four men), were detailed for fatigue duty and

went down to the wharf and unloaded commissary stores. We did not get done till dark. Regiment went on picket.

Aug. 12. Our company went on fatigue duty tonight. We were all turned out this morning about two o'clock by an alarm from the batteries. The rebels had opened on us and we answered them smartly for an hour and then stopped.

Aug. 13. Our company went on fatigue tonight. A shell burst in camp.

Aug. 15. We had a brigade muster at four o'clock this morning.

Aug. 16. This evening our regiment went out on picket in the trenches. We were shelled hard all night. I got a slight wound on the hand by a shell.

Aug. 17. General engagement commenced. Our batteries kept up a heavy fire while the ironclad gunboats were keeping a tremendous fire on battery Wagner. This lasted all day. Our one-, two-, and three-hundred-pounders were doing great execution on Fort Sumter. Our heavy guns have been at work on Fort Sumter for two days. Regiment came in at eleven o'clock.

Aug. 18. The bombardment is still kept up, but not so hard as yesterday. Our big guns are still playing on Fort Sumter.

Aug. 19. The siege still continues. Fort Sumter is getting used roughly.

Aug. 20. The bombardment commenced early this morning and has been kept up all day.

Aug. 23. On picket our heavy guns fired directly over our heads. We were on the left advance between both fires. The day was very warm. About ten o'clock this evening we were relieved and came into camp. General Gilmore went to Fort Wagner with a flag of truce this morning. This evening a steamer came down from Charleston with a flag of truce and was received by our officers. The siege continued nearly all day.

Aug. 24. A flag of truce went to Fort Wagner and returned. The siege continues. Got new Springfield rifles, but no ammunition.

Aug. 25. Our regiment went out on reserve picket on the view line of trenches.

Aug. 26. We came into camp this morning at daybreak. This evening we went on advance picket in the trenches. The rebels shelled us quite hard as we passed up the trenches. Just before dark the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment charged on the enemy's advance trenches and captured nearly one hundred prisoners. The night was very wet and we had an uncomfortable time.

Aug. 27. On picket. A large number got killed and wounded on the right advance by shells. Three were wounded in our regiment. We were relieved about 9 P. M. by a brigade from Folly Island. We got into camp late.

Aug. 29. Turned our old guns over to the quartermaster and got ammunition for our new rifles (Springfield).

Aug. 30. On picket. Hard times. We were relieved this evening and got back to camp without any casualties.

Sept. 2. Our brigade went on picket. Our company was in a splinter-proof in the fifth parallel.

Sept. 4. About four hundred of the regiment were detailed for fatigue. We repaired the old trenches. The rest of the regiment went on picket.

Sept. 5. We came into camp this morning about two o'clock from fatigue. A general engagement commenced this morning. Our batteries and the ironclad gunboats commenced on Fort Wagner. The bombardment has been kept up all day without any effect on the rebel fort.

Sept. 6. We had a regimental inspection this forenoon and a brigade inspection this afternoon.

Sept. 7. Last night we were turned out about twelve o'clock and after getting some coffee we fell in and marched down on the beach and formed a line, where we found our brigade. Soon after other brigades came up the beach and we found that our whole force was up. We marched up the beach a piece and then came to a halt and lay on the beach for nearly two hours. We were then called into line and went towards the front. We found that we were to charge. Our brigade was to charge on the beach side of battery Wagner and the other brigades were to charge on the other side of the fort. We continued our march

up the beach and when we got to the place where the brigade was to commence the charge, we found out by some scouts that the enemy had evacuated Wagner. After some delay we got started again and marched past Wagner and went towards Battery Gregg (a battery on Cummings Point), with the intention of charging on that. After we got within about five hundred yards of it we halted again. The scouts came back and told that Battery Gregg was also evacuated. A detachment of some regiments was put into it, the column countermarched, and we started for camp. It was now daylight and we passed Wagner. The stench of the dead that were piled about was horrible. We did not stop but continued our march down the beach. It was near seven o'clock when we reached our camp and we were well worn out, but were revived by a breakfast of beans and some hot coffee. This evening our regiment went on picket at Fort Wagner. The enemy shelled us some as we went up the beach, but none of us were hurt. We got into Wagner soon after dark and went into the bomb-proofs after the regiment we relieved went out. I went on guard on a magazine. The night passed slowly away. We were tormented by enormous rats, which continued to run over us all night, in spite of all we could do. We had a night's work to keep the rats off of us.

Sept. 8. Morning came and was welcomed by all, for it was a hard night. We had been couped up in a small place and had not dared to move for fear of running against torpedoes. As soon as it was sufficiently light I went out to examine the fort. I found it to be a very strong fort, with massive bomb-proofs. The fort as it was was impregnable but was built on a poor plan. It showed lack of Yankee ingenuity. Around, and on the banks, and on the parapets, were lined with torpedoes fixed in various ways. Some were our shells that were thrown in there and did not burst. They were fixed some way with a cap and were placed near the top of the ground, so that if you stepped on them they would explode. There were many other kinds and sizes, all very dangerous. Some were found in some of the bomb-proofs that we were in. Some of our men went to exploding them. They blew up four or five, when one

of the men stepped on one unknown and was blown up. He will have to lose his leg. A dead rebel was found partly buried with a torpedo fastened to him, so that if we moved him it would explode and probably kill some of us. We buried him up but did not move him. This forenoon the gunboats went up and had quite a fight with Fort Moultrie and the batteries on Sullivan Island. A magazine of one of the batteries was blown up and a number of buildings were set afire. The boats hauled off at noon and the firing stopped. Nothing more occurred worth note during the day. We were relieved soon after dark and came into camp.

Sept. 13. We had a general inspection this morning on the beach. Some companies in our regiment got new tents.

Sept. 14. On fatigue at Black Island. We were building fortifications.

Sept. 20. On picket today at Gregg. Were relieved at dark.

Sept. 21. On fatigue at the fort at the south end of the island. This evening a detail went from our company to the front on fatigue.

Sept. 24. This morning we had a grand division review on the beach, which lasted till noon. All the troops were out and reviewed by Major-General Gilmore.

Sept. 25. The regiment went on picket in the trenches.

Sept. 26. Was paid for two months this afternoon.

Sept. 27. On fatigue duty at Black Island. We went building a fort.

Sept. 28. Our regiment went on picket this evening in the trenches.

Sept. 29. Part of our regiment came in this morning from the trenches, but our company did not. We came in the evening.

Sept. 30. On fatigue duty at the lower fort. Part of the company went to the front tonight on fatigue and came back early in the evening. They were building a splinter-proof between Wagner and Gregg.

Oct. 1. I had nothing to do today (a rare thing). Some of our men went on picket in the trenches.

Oct. 2. Was detailed for picket and went into the trenches and stayed till about eleven o'clock in the evening, when we were ordered to report at the three-hundred-pounder, which we did as soon as possible, and went with the boat infantry down the creek to Captain Paine's wharf, which was formerly a floating battery (the one which helped to take Fort Sumter from our forces two years ago). We came into camp at daylight.

Oct. 5. Part of our company was detailed for picket this evening. We had one alarm tonight, caused by some rebel boats trying to board the "Ironsides." We stayed for about two hours and then returned to camp. All quiet the rest of the night. The rebels met with a severe loss at trying to board the "Iron-sides."

Oct. 11. On fatigue duty this forenoon at the new battery between Wagner and Gregg. Returned to camp at noon.

Oct. 12. On fatigue duty this forenoon at the new battery.

Oct. 19. The regiment had a general inspection this afternoon.

Oct. 22. Moved camp this morning to the new campground.

Oct. 23. Our whole company went on fatigue duty at the new battery. It being very rainy, they were sent back to their quarters.

Oct. 25. We had a regimental inspection and dress-parade this afternoon.

Oct. 26. Our batteries opened on Sumter, Johnson, and Moultrie.

Oct. 27. Our batteries opened this morning at daylight on Fort Sumter. Our batteries kept a steady fire on Sumter all day.

Oct. 28. A party went on picket from Company E.

Oct. 31. Was mustered in for two months. Had a knapsack inspection, also dress-parade, this evening.

Nov. 1. We had divine services this afternoon at three o'clock.

Nov. 2. A scout boat went to Sumter and was attacked by the rebels.

Nov. 6. Last night we hauled one one-hundred-pounder from Wagner to the middle battery and two other guns to the same place. We came into camp about three o'clock this morning.

Nov. 7. Last night we worked on Gregg, mounting guns. We drew up a one-hundred-carriage, one-hundred-pounder and an eight-inch "Column-bird" (screech). We came into camp at sunrise.

Nov. 8. We (our company) had a company inspection this forenoon. The left wing had a regimental inspection. Went to the boat infantry this forenoon. The whole regiment went on picket at the front. Our company stopped in Fort (Wagner) Strong and was on guard tonight.

Nov. 10. The regiment had a battalion drill this forenoon and afternoon. The weather is very cool and windy. Part of the regiment went on picket this evening.

Nov. 11. Battalion drill this forenoon. The whole regiment went on picket, part to the marsh and part to the front. Our company went to Fort Strong. About midnight a large boat came down the creek and was fired into by our pickets, which caused a general alarm. All the guards mounted the parapets and fired for a half an hour, when it started off with the tide towards Gregg. The firing ceased and we went back to our bomb-proofs. Our company was on guard in the fort.

Nov. 14. Our regiment went on picket at the front this evening. Our company went between Wagner and the middle battery. Our battery kept up a heavy fire on Sumter all night.

Nov. 15. Had company inspection and dress-parade this evening. About an hour after an alarm was raised and we turned out and marched down to the old lighthouse and stayed there for an hour and then returned to camp.

Nov. 16. This morning the monitors went up and engaged Fort Moultrie and the batteries and Sullivan's Island. The firing ceased about 1 p. m. This evening some recruits (conscripts), numbering 190, came to our regiment and we divided up among the companies. Our company got fifteen.

Nov. 17. The whole regiment went on picket this evening. I was in a battery on the left of Putnam. Some of our boats went up to Fort Sumter to draw their fire to see what fund the enemy had in the fort.

Nov. 18. This evening, while we were on parade, our recruits came out before the battalion and were dancing and caper-

ing like wild men. After parade we closed column and had prayers by our new chaplain.

Nov. 23. Today is rainy. Our regiment is going on picket tonight. Went on a post by the marsh, between Wagner and the middle battery. Rained hard toward morning.

Nov. 24. Came into camp this morning at daylight. Had battalion drill this afternoon. A party went to the United States steamer "McDonough."

Nov. 26. Had divine service on the beach. Boiled dish for dinner and hash for supper.

Nov. 29. Rained hard all last night. Cleared off at sundown very cold. I am on guard on the beach between Wagner and the middle battery.

Nov. 30. Went on battalion drill this afternoon and dress-parade at 5 P. M. Still very cold.

LETTER FROM JOHN L. KELLY.

[From Manchester Mirror and American, March, 1862.]

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., March 14, 1862.

Editor Mirror,—On the 20th of January orders were issued at Hilton Head, S. C., for the embarkation of the Fourth New Hampshire, Sixth Connecticut, and Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania regiments on board the transports "Delaware," "Boston," and "Cosmopolitan," for the purpose of accompanying a naval fleet on a reconnoissance of the southern inlets and harbors. We embarked on the 21st and lay in the bay three days on account of stormy and windy weather, when with about ten of the naval gunboats and the invincible "Wabash," we set sail and ran into Warsaw Sound, where, after a reconnoissance at the inlet leading to the Savannah river in the rear of Fort Pulaski, they communicated with the gunboats sent up Skull creek on the other side, who were operating in conjunction with a portion of the First Brigade for the investment of the fort, when they turned back to the bay, where we lay on board the transports a number of days.

This delay was occasioned from a lack of ammunition on the gunboats, the possession of which was imperative in order to the accomplishment of the reconnoissance. Fresh water being laid in only for ten days, it became necessary for the regiment to disembark and camp on shore until the navy was in readiness. At this time the Ninth Maine Regiment had joined us in the transport "Marion" and camped on shore. The Fourth New Hampshire, being on the right of the brigade, had their choice of ground, and selected a site on Warsaw Island near the battery and former campground of the rebel soldiery. This island is one of the most desolate holes I ever set eyes upon. It abounds in swamps and coons, and hence would have been ample ground, friend Clarke, for the display of your inordinate

propensity for coon hunting. They were brought in every day of the fortnight we remained there, and devoured with a relish, I assure you.

On the 20th of February orders were issued by General Wright to embark, which was accomplished that night. On the 21st the wind began blowing very fresh from the northwest, notwithstanding which a boat with twelve oarsmen from Tybee Island boarded us, in command of an officer stationed there, and communicated to us the fact of the success of the Burnside expedition in the taking of Roanoke Island, and also of the evacuation of Bowling Green. On the 22d it was too foggy to start in the morning. In the afternoon, however (the Sixth Connecticut being sent back to Hilton Head, S. C., on account of sickness), the expedition started, and after many stops and hindrances, arrived off Fernandina, Fla., on Sunday, 2d inst., where, after being transferred to three different steamers, the first two getting aground, we arrived at the wharf and stood upon solid ground again.

We found the city deserted; only here and there could a white man be found. A number of days before, the inhabitants getting wind of our coming, had fled with their goods. The last of them, with some of the soldiers, were leaving when the first gunboat hove in sight, which threw shell into the cars, killing two men, though not stopping the engine. The gunboats have taken here a number of rebel steamers and the commissary of the brigade some provisions, while the government secured a quantity of cotton which lay upon one of the wharfs in waiting for an English schooner, which had run the blockade loaded with salt and potatoes, the former of which was sold for \$30, a sack of three bushels. The potatoes, however, proved a total loss as they had all rotted. Before the gunboats got up the harbor the schooner ran up one of the creeks out of present danger, though I imagine her escape will be impossible. There are quite a number of negroes in Fernandina, left there by their masters, I suppose, from necessity.

After one night's tarry in storehouses and other buildings the regiment encamped immediately in the rear of the city, two

companies, E and F, being retained in the city as the provost guard, Captain Towle of Company F acting as provost marshal. After having spent one night upon the campground, and approached the shades of another, orders came to me from Colonel Whipple to have placed upon the transport "Boston" five days' provisions for eight of the companies of our regiment by eight o'clock next morning, at which time the regiment was to embark on a reconnoissance up the St. John's river, in company with six gunboats.

I forgot to mention, in order, the fact that at the mouth of this harbor, upon Amelia Island, is a very strong fort, called Fort Clinch, and immediately above it a strong battery, all of which were deserted and the guns spiked, while if they had been retained and worked would have rendered our passage up the harbor very difficult, as the channel is very narrow and difficult, running immediately under the guns of the fort.

On Saturday, March 8, in conjunction with six gunboats, the Fourth New Hampshire started from Fernandina for the St. John's river, arriving there in about five hours. A part of two days are spent in sounding out the channel and making such other surveys and observations as shall render our attempt to cross the bar a perfect safety.

About this time the captain of the "Boston" informed Colonel Whipple that the coal would be exhausted on the next day, which fact being communicated to Captain Stevens of the "Ottawa," the commanding officer of the naval forces, he at once, in conjunction with Colonel Whipple, ordered the eight companies to embark on the gunboats in the following order: Companies B and C, Captains Greenleaf and Sleeper, with the band, and field and staff, on board the flagship "Ottawa"; on board the "Isaac Smith," Company A, Captain Sawyer, and Company K, Captain Currier; on board the "Seneca," Company D, Captain Badger; on board "Huron," Company I, Captain Brown; on board "Pembina," Company H, Captain Clough; and on board the "Ellen," Company G, Captain Flynn. The "Huron," with Captain Brown's command, was ordered to St. Augustine. The other boats crossed the bar on Monday, 10th, and ran up to

Mary Port, a small place with a battery of four guns, where, after leaving Company C, Captain Sleeper, with provisions for three days, we started up the river for this place with the six remaining companies. Everywhere upon the banks of the river, at the dwellings of the inhabitants, was exhibited the white flag, with ladies in front waving their white handkerchiefs. To these manifestations we gave like tokens. At night upon the river were seen in the direction of Jacksonville very large conflagrations, which proved on our approach to the place to be lumber mills, eight of which, worth \$40,000 each, were burned by order of the confederate military authorities. At Jacksonville, also, the night before we arrived, the soldiers burned a large hotel and a large brick block, said to be owned by citizens who some ten or fifteen years ago came here from the North and hence could not be trusted.

On Wednesday, 12th, arrived at Jacksonville, where we were boarded by Judge Barrett, the most eminent lawyer of Florida, with other distinguished citizens, sent by the people who had remained in the place, to ask protection of life and property. He told Captain Stevens that a great majority of the citizens of Florida believed the present Civil War unprovoked, unwise, and uncalled for; that he need apprehend no fear from the citizens of Jacksonville; that they had no desire to wage war with anybody; that he hoped and trusted that the military authority of the United States would not require of the citizens of Jacksonville the oath of allegiance to the Union; that circumstances over which they had no control had placed them under another government and they could hold allegiance only to one government; and hence that the citizens would not in any account take the oath of allegiance. He stated that there was no legally constituted authority now in the city; that the mayor had been ordered away by the military, and that they expected every moment to have all their property destroyed.

Captain Stevens answered him that he had no authority to ask of them at present the oath of allegiance; he came to render protection to peaceable citizens, and to put down all military authority outside of the United States. When we landed we

found the city almost deserted. At the depot were piles of personal baggage and household furniture, and goods of every description belonging to citizens who had fled in terror, expecting that the Yankee invaders would ravish, burn, and destroy everything before them.

After entering the city we established a picket and guard and found quarters for the companies in the large stores left empty by the terrified traders.

I at once took up my quarters with Colonel Whipple, Major Drew, and Adjutant Fuller at the splendid residence of John P. Sanderson, a confederate senator from this state, a lawyer of ability and the gentleman who had the honor or dishonor of drawing up the articles of secession for the state of Florida. He left this place a few days ago, leaving behind one faithful negro servant, whom he instructed to invite to his house the commander of the military forces which might take possession of the place. So when Colonel Whipple arrived the negro was in waiting and invited him in behalf of his master to occupy while he remained. Hence we are here in a building which will compare favorably with any of the private mansions of the North.

Jacksonville has a New England look to it. It has a large business street, like Elm street in Manchester, in which are many costly brick blocks of stores, and at right angles with this street are the others, which are principally occupied by private dwellings.

The large foundry and machine shops were burned down the night before we arrived, and the citizens say it was emphatically a night of terror. They say that though taught to dread the federal army, as bent on death and destruction, yet they have not had protection for one year, or until we came amongst them; that instead of destroying we are protecting and defending them, and they hope and pray that an adequate force may remain there until the war shall end and peace be established. They would be for the old Union if they dared to. Yet they would not dare to take the oath of allegiance unless they could be protected by our forces.

The railroad runs to this place from Savannah and Charleston. They have carried off all the engines and have, it is said, stationed ten miles from here on the railroad five thousand or six thousand soldiers. Negroes who have come in here from the country say that they are making a move to enter the place to-night and take us by surprise. We have a small battery of four guns stationed at the depot in charge of the marines and Company H, Captain Currier. We have also two large cannon mounted, which were brought up here from one of the deserted batteries at the mouth of the river by one of the gunboats.

Should they come as is anticipated by the citizens, I will assure you that the gunboats, the battery, and the Belgian rifles of the Fourth New Hampshire will have a story to tell. We have also two gunboats so stationed on the river as to shell any force which might attempt to attack us from the land. So, though the prospect of a fight tonight is imminent, yet I have no fears as to the results. Captain Flynn's company is on picket and will give timely notice of any movement on the part of the enemy, while the other five companies are in excellent preparation for an attack.

I have just learned that the pickets are called in and that the prospect of an attack from the enemy is great. Well, let them come. The Fourth New Hampshire will prove themselves soldiers in the hour of trial.

We have just had an officers' call and a meeting for consultation between the officers of the navy and the regiment, at which Colonel Whipple stated that he had learned from reliable sources(?) that one Mississippi and two Florida regiments of infantry, with one regiment of a thousand strong of cavalry, and a battery of three guns were on the railroad eight or ten miles from here; that they were making movements to attack us immediately, while we have to cover our six companies only two gunboats, the "Ottawa" and "Ellen" having gone farther up the river on a reconnoissance, and the "Isaac Smith" gone back to Fernandina to communicate with the flag officer of the "Wabash" and General Wright, leaving for our protection the "Seneca" and "Pembina." Colonel Whipple has just sent Cap-

tain Clough with a squad of men out two miles to take up the railroad track, and Captain Flynn is again with his command out on picket. The rest of the command is to be stationed on the main street, between two streets running parallel, with the approaches defended with cannon. A signal has also been established between the two gunboats and the regiment so as to inform them at once of the point of attack, right, left or center, so that they may act in conjunction and repel the rebels. The colonel proposes also to barricade the streets so as to protect our men and the marines working the guns. I assure you the regiment is spoiling for a fight and I am really afraid they will grow savage if we don't have one, though many of them may bite the dust if we do.

The citizens are standing round in groups, indicating by their looks that they are fearful of an attack and the destruction of the city.

Though we are making ample preparations to meet them, yet I have a presentiment that they will not come. Should they attack, and I remain to tell the tale, I will add a rejoinder to this communication and give you the details.

Saturday morning, March 15. The night has passed and no enemy has appeared to question our possession. Three deserters from the Third Regiment, Florida Volunteers, came in and gave themselves up this morning, who report that their regiment was at Baldwin, a place fifteen miles in the interior, where they were waiting for reinforcements from Tallahoma. Colonel Titus of Kansas notoriety is here, professing to be a Union man, yet he has been employed by the Confederate states to supply beef for the rebel army. He says that we shall be attacked, though the presumption is that he is a spy watching our movements for the information of the rebels. I think he ought to be arrested and so do about all of the officers of the regiment, though Captain Stevens of the navy and Colonel Whipple of the land forces think differently. They think a better use can be made of him, though I should not be surprised, unless he keeps pretty close, if he was made to bite the dust by some of our soldiers, who, knowing his former character and the cold-blooded murders

he perpetrated in Kansas, make bold to declare their purpose to assassinate him. I have been taking beef at his packing-house to supply the regiment, for which I shall give him or his partner, Colonel Remick, a receipt and they will have to get their pay from the United States quartermaster department. Almost all the inhabitants who were here when we landed have been permitted to leave the city—a questionable policy, in my opinion. The most of them that are left are very poor, though they can subsist on oysters and fish, of which the river abounds. It is delightful weather here, comparing with the last of May in New Hampshire. Flowers are richly in bloom and very fragrant. Strawberries are very plentiful, which, with oranges and garden vegetables, makes it appear anything but March. It is said to be very healthy here in the summer; was formerly a great resort for consumptive persons from the North.

The most of the city has been built up by northern men, who generally owned the large mills, where so much live oak is sawed for the United States navy.

Everything of the provision kind, also clothing, shoes, and boots, are very high. For a pair of boots which would cost \$3.50 in New Hampshire they have to pay from \$12 to \$14. Flour is \$8 per one hundred pounds, pork and beef \$30 a barrel, coffee \$1 and tea \$2.50 per pound. Corn is worth \$2.50 per bushel, while the price of negroes has fallen to a mere song. I have seen and conversed with a great many of the negroes, who inform me that they are allowed one peck of corn each week and nothing else. This they have to grind and cook. I asked one yesterday if they were allowed tea or coffee. "Oh, no, massa," he replied, "negro be *stuck up* to have such things."

We have learned nothing comparatively of the movements of the Union army, save through rebel sources, yet the despondency which prevails among the rebels here leads us to believe that their cause is desperate. Information prevails this morning that the remaining citizens of this place are making a move to issue a manifesto of feeling to the Union, on condition that we remain here and protect them, in which case they give the assurance that all the citizens who fled the place from fright will re-

turn and acknowledge also their allegiance. This may or may not be true, though their only safety rests in doing so, for should the place be evacuated by the United States forces, the desperadoes who call themselves soldiers of eastern Florida would murder all who remained and destroy the city. I think the fact of its being upon the main land, and the center of a large district of the best plantations, and the largest growths of live oak in this portion of Florida, would render the occupation of this place of importance in a military point of view. The outgrowth of Union sentiments here under the protection of federal forces would increase and spread, and secession would fall and dwindle away as a natural consequence. Should we be attacked, I will, if possible, give you an account of it.

Yours in haste,

JOHN L. KELLY.

March 17. The steamer being delayed by order of General Wright, I send a few words more to show how two days has changed the complexion of things in this state. The two gunboats which went up the river eighty miles on a reconnoissance have returned and everywhere the people gave them welcome. In this city things have changed wonderfully. The people are about to come out openly in defense of the Union, and I have no doubt that two or three gunboats with our regiment will be stationed here. General Wright came up here yesterday from Fernandina and has had a conference with the most considerate of citizens, and I have little doubt he has given the assurance of protection, conditional that they take the oath of allegiance.

An agent for a rebel master came in the city today in quest of negroes, who seemed to enjoy the society of the "devilish Yankees," and hence did not keep away with their masters. The general told him that when his master came after him in person, took the oath of allegiance, and showed evidence that he was honest, then he would deliver up the negroes and not before. He also informed the agent that he would have to remain here himself, as he would not be allowed to leave the city. The agent lost all thought of negroes in his anxiety for his own safety. The marshal of the city, who has been in the habit of

sending stray negroes to jail, was told today by the general that his occupation was gone for the present; that loyal masters should have every right under the constitution, and that protection of the property of rebels was not contemplated.

Colonel Whipple today tendered his resignation to General Wright, which has been accepted, and he leaves this city tomorrow morning for Port Royal, there to await orders from headquarters. Colonel Whipple is the best colonel in the division of General Sherman. When we arrived at Hilton Head the regiment was so inefficient in drill as to make it a source of remark on the part of many of the officers of the regiment. Since then they have been, step by step, gaining in efficiency, until now they drill like old soldiers. This has been accomplished more through the untiring exertions of Colonel Whipple. He is a strict disciplinarian, a brave and accomplished soldier, and through his exertions, aided by the officers, we now have the right of the brigade, and shall hold it. Major Drew is now in command, though I have no doubt Colonel Bell, as it is the wish of the regiment, will be ordered here.

J. L. K.

[Honest John L. Kelly, as we loved to call him, was one of the noblest works of God, honoring every position he ever occupied by such a true sense of duty and faithfulness that he earned the title of "Honest John L." After the war he became mayor of Manchester, and died at his home May 1, 1887.—
HISTORIAN.]

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT MANCHESTER, N. H., SEPTEMBER 21, 1871, AT THE FIRST REUNION, FOURTH REGT., N. H. VOLS.

BY GEORGE P. GREELEY, M. D., LATE SURGEON FOURTH N. H. VOLUNTEERS;
LATE SURGEON NINTH U. S. VETERAN VOLUNTEERS.

COMRADES:—To be invited to address you today is both a compliment and honor, and with diffidence I gratefully accept the task.

We meet to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the organization of the Fourth Regiment of New Hampshire Volunteers and to talk with those by whose side we have stood in the hour of danger and upon whose courage we have relied.

These reunions keep the memory green and evoke the best feelings of our nature. We satisfy many curious longings as to the fate of those who survived the war but who are not with us today, while the remembrance of those who have fallen away from our side rises with sorrow to the heart and is hallowed by a tear. Old acquaintances are renewed, friendships are strengthened, and we return to our homes happier and better.

This being our first annual reunion, let us briefly recall some of the military operations in which the Fourth Regiment took part, from the time it left the state until the close of the war. In referring to those events there are a great many interesting incidents which, for the want of time, must be left for those who shall occupy this place on future occasions.

When we assembled here in Manchester ten years ago civil war was raging in our country. The madmen of the South, who had so often threatened war and ruin to the Union, had inaugurated the bloody strife.

The first great battle of the war, known as Bull Run, had been fought and the Union Army had not been successful. The

smoke of this battle was dying away, and the loyal people were recovering from the blow and rising in patriotism, and making great preparations for the overthrow of the rebellion.

The government having been betrayed by men who had occupied offices of trust and honor, was not prepared for the war. It keenly felt the loss of the arms and equipments which the hand of treachery had conveyed to the rebel conspirators of the South.

With limited means at hand, the North was suddenly called upon to defend the Union from the assaults of a large and well-organized army of rebels, led by able officers, who had been educated at the expense of the government of the United States. Was there ever a country so wickedly betrayed? But the loyal people flew to arms; and from every city and village, from the hills and valleys, the old men and the young men, and men in the prime of manhood, flocked to the camp to take the field.

The noble-hearted women assembled in the public halls and organized soldiers' aid societies, and prepared great quantities of articles for the comfort of the sick and wounded soldiers, who were greatly benefited by this good work.

It was under the call for an army of three years' troops that the volunteers who composed the Fourth Regiment left their peaceful firesides and prepared to engage in the great conflict for union and freedom.

Under the command of that veteran soldier and efficient officer, Col. Thomas J. Whipple, the Fourth Regiment was soon formed and ready for the field. Several officers and a number of the soldiers of the Fourth had served with Colonel Whipple in the First New Hampshire, and their experience promoted the efficiency and discipline of the regiment.

The Fourth Regiment left Manchester on the twenty-seventh day of September for the seat of war. They were accompanied by a full band of music, under the leadership of Walter Dignam. We are glad to welcome *our old band* today; their presence reminds us of the inspiring music which cheered us on so many occasions. Their "Sweet Home" recalled those homes we had left, and their "Star Spangled Banner" reminded us of the flag we had sworn to defend.

Having arrived at Washington, the regiment was sent to Annapolis, where it joined General Sherman's Expeditionary Corps, which was being fitted out for an attack somewhere on the southern coast. The troops embarked on transport ships and departed for Fortress Monroe, where a large naval fleet had assembled, under the command of Commodore Dupont, to accompany the expedition.

One morning in October the land and naval forces sailed for their destination. It was a beautiful sight as this powerful fleet swept gracefully out to sea. There were forty vessels filled with troops, and their supplies, under the convoy of a squadron of about twenty ships of war. At sunset the dim outline of the western shore was lost to view. The night was calm and pleasant, but on the evening after passing the stormy Cape Hatteras the weather changed, clouds gathered in the sky, and the wind increased to a severe gale. In this violent tempest the ships rolled upon the massive waves and were scattered over the sea. The wind blew a hurricane and dashed the spray over the ships and drove the soldiers into their uncomfortable and crowded quarters below the decks. In that dreadful storm two of the vessels went down, but, fortunately, no lives were lost.

On the 4th of November the fleet began to arrive at Port Royal, off Hilton Head, South Carolina. The perils of the sea having been passed, other dangers were to be encountered. On the shore at Hilton Head the rebels had built strong forts, armed with powerful cannon. The naval ships moved up and opened a fire from their guns upon the rebel works.

From the decks of the transports the troops witnessed the battle between the forts and our navy, which fired broadside after broadside of shot and shell into the rebel batteries; and the traitors were soon compelled to leave their guns and fly for safety. The loyal flag once more waved over the rebellious soil of South Carolina.

The troops immediately landed, while the bands on the ships pealed forth martial music over the still waters.

In one of the captured forts the rebel commander left an infernal machine, so placed as to be exploded when the victors

should attempt to haul down the rebel ensign. Fortunately, only a partial explosion occurred, and no lives were destroyed.

This act of the Confederate commander of the fort was an illustration of the fiendish spirit of the conspirators which was exhibited all through the war in the treatment of our wounded and prisoners in their hands. The officer himself was blown up by the explosion of the mine at Petersburg.

Port Royal being captured, it was made a base for future operations by both the army and navy, and it became a great station for munition and stores of every kind.

In the Rebellion there was often arrayed brother against brother and father against son. In this fight brothers were arrayed against each other. Captain Drayton, of the navy, loyal to his flag, commanded one of the ships whose guns were directed to sweep Fort Walker, though his brother was in command of that rebel fort.

Beaufort, a pleasant town on Port Royal Island, fell into the hands of the Union troops without any resistance, and the fine residences, so recently the homes of wealthy secessionists there, were afterwards used as hospitals for the sick and wounded.

Fort Walker was found to have suffered terribly; dismounted cannon lay in all directions, and the dead and dying were seen on every side.

The Fourth pitched their tents in a cotton-field, near the rebel fort.

For several months the regiment worked in landing army supplies from the ships, digging intrenchments, besides taking its turn in the guard and picket duties. These several labors and exposures, in an unhealthy climate, brought on sickness. The sick list was large; the ranks of the Fourth began to be thinned. It was a frequent and sad occurrence to hear the solemn funeral dirge as some comrade was laid in his grave.

As we look back upon those days, we now see that it was wrong to permit the Union soldiers to be worked to death in a sickly climate, when the camp was full of escaped slaves, who were accustomed to labor beneath the hot sun and in the sickly air of the South, and who might have been put to work and so have saved the lives of many soldiers.

Early in the year 1862 a portion of the regiment was sent to reconnoiter Tybee Island, at which place General Gilmore, the engineer of the department, decided to erect batteries for an attack on Fort Pulaski, in the Savannah river. Gilmore, having completed his works, opened a heavy fire on the fort, and compelled the rebel garrison to show the white flag on April 12, which was the first anniversary of the bombardment of Fort Sumter. The capture of Fort Pulaski sealed the port of Savannah against blockade-runners.

While General Gilmore was preparing for the siege of Fort Pulaski the Fourth Regiment was making conquests on the coast of Florida. Fort Clinch, a strong government fortification, near Fernandina, and the town of Fernandina were both taken by the loyal forces without opposition. These places had prepared for a vigorous resistance, but the courage of the garrison failed them on the approach of the gunboats and the Union troops, and they made a hasty retreat.

Jacksonville, an important town on the St. John's river, was also occupied by the Fourth, whose arrival there was welcomed by the Union citizens of the place and who professed to be glad at the sight of the old flag. Still farther down the coast of Florida was the ancient city of St. Augustine, which was also surrendered to our forces.

Under the genial skies and in the healthy climate of Florida the regiment recruited its health and strength.

Three companies, under command of Major Drew, occupied Fort Clinch until they were sent to take part in a battle on James Island, near Charleston, during the summer of 1862. In the autumn the regiment was ordered to Beaufort, and they reluctantly left the orange groves and the green lawns of the pleasant old town of St. Augustine.

The whole regiment was now at Beaufort, and was called upon to share in the battle of Pocotaligo, the preparations for which had been made by a new and able commander of the department of the South, General Mitchell. His activity was putting everything in motion, but he was soon smitten by disease, and died after a short illness. His death was regarded by the army and nation as a great loss.

The battle of Pocotaligo was a failure. It was intended to surprise the rebel force and suddenly destroy his railroad communications from Charleston to Savannah, but they knew of the intended attack and were prepared to meet our troops. After incessant fighting for several hours and with ammunition nearly expended, and night coming on, our troops slowly left the field, burying the dead and bringing off the wounded. The Fourth was the last regiment to leave the field, having been ordered to cover the retreat. It went into winter quarters at Beaufort, performing during the time the usual round of guard and picket duties. It was in Beaufort District where many of the earlier treasonable movements were planned.

Now within bugle sound of the town a regiment of colored troops were camped, many of whom were once slaves of some of the conspirators who were plotting for the overthrow of the government. These slaves, who had worked in the cotton-fields under a noonday sun, who had been torn from their wives and children at the auction block, and who had smarted under the lash of the slave-driver—these men were ready to strike for the union of their country. And in many hard-fought battles they proved their fortitude and bravery.

President Lincoln had made a vow before God that if Lee's army were driven back from Maryland he would crown the result by a declaration of freedom to the slaves. The battle of Antietam was fought, and Lee driven into Virginia.

Abraham Lincoln remembered the vow he had made, and on the first day of January, 1863, the Proclamation of Emancipation was issued, and the glad tidings was made to that regiment of colored men in Beaufort, who all the day long and by the light of their flickering campfires that night sang songs of joy and thanksgiving for their deliverance from bondage.

In the spring of 1863 the regiment was sent, with other troops, to Folly Island, one of the outer islands in Charleston Harbor. The rebels having neglected to fortify this place, General Gilmore made it his base of operations for an attack on Morris Island, in order that he might gain a position within cannon-shot of Charleston and Fort Sumter.

The tents of our troops were pitched among the pine and palmetto trees, which hid the camp from the view of the rebels, who were posted behind their fortifications and rifle-pits on Morris Island to prevent the Union soldiers from crossing the creek called Light House Inlet, which separates Folly from Morris Island.

Secretly and silently by night, for several weeks the Fourth worked, constructing batteries, mounting heavy guns behind the sand-hills, so as not to be visible to the enemy in the daytime. They had no suspicion of the preparations being made for an attack on Morris Island, until, early on the morning of July 10, the first gun was fired; and such was the surprise that the rebel troops were seen to swarm upon their parapets and look around in amazement to ascertain from what point the shot came. In another moment all the guns of the masked batteries were ablaze, hurling their missiles of death and destruction into the works of the foe.

Our troops crossed the Inlet, led by the gallant General Strong, charged the rifle-pits, and at the point of the bayonet took battery after battery, pursued the retreating enemy until they came within range of the guns of Fort Wagner, when they rested to gather new strength for another assault, and made preparations to storm the fort the next day.

In the dim twilight of the next morning our troops moved along the shore until they came upon the enemies' pickets, who gave the alarm. Our advancing soldiers pressed boldly on, in the face of a withering fire from Fort Wagner, until they reached the fort, when they clambered the parapets and drove the rebels behind their sheltering-places. These brave patriots, not being sufficiently reënforced, were obliged to retreat. It was a race for life. The rebels now sprang to their guns and opened a terrible fire upon our soldiers. It was now decided that Fort Wagner could only be captured by a regular siege.

During the attack on Morris Island the Fourth were with General Terry, who had effected a lodgment on James Island, where he had successfully diverted the attention of the enemy while other troops of Gilmore's force moved on Morris Island.

The regiment returned from James Island and began in the weary work of the long and bloody siege. This was carried on in front of the guns of Forts Wagner and Gregg and within range of the guns of Fort Sumter; on the left were a number of batteries on James Island, and the fire from all these ponderous guns was concentrated on this narrow strip of sand, only twenty-five yards wide, on which the siege was conducted, bounded on the east by the ocean and on the left by a deep creek and marshes. But here, in the face of all these difficulties, the regiment worked night and day: in the day, under a burning sun; in the night, by the light of the bursting shells which filled the air.

The fearful and dangerous duties were causing the ranks of the regiment to be terribly thinned. The hardships and constant exposure to the fire of the enemy caused the death of many of the tried soldiers, and disabled by disease more than half their number. But they carried their works toward Wagner. General Gilmore said in an address to his soldiers: "While the spires of the rebel city still loom up in the distance the hardships and privations must be endured before our hopes and expectations can find full fruition in victory." To this the troops agreed, and active preparations were made for another assault on Fort Wagner.

Gilmore's batteries extended across the island from the sea to the marshes, in which powerful guns and mortars were placed. When all was in readiness, on the 18th of July, a bombardment was opened on the doomed fort. The fleet of monitors also opened a continuous fire from their guns. Such a destructive fire was poured into Wagner that the rebel garrison could not work their guns, so they kept safely in their bomb-proofs.

As the darkness of the night came on, the roar of the cannon ceased,—but now was heard the artillery of the skies, for a fearful storm swept over land and sea. The rebel flag still floated defiantly over the ramparts of Fort Wagner.

About sunset an assaulting column, under General Strong, moved up the hard beach, and when near the fort they advanced at double-quick, exposed at every step to a terrific shower of shot and shell, which was sweeping the beach from all the rebel

batteries. With rapid step, on they went, leaving their path strewn with dead and dying, until they reached the ditch, when the parapet blazed with a flame of musketry, and the artillery swept the ditch as they crossed it. The national colors were carried to the ramparts, and a contest now occurred in which both sides fought desperately. Never did men fight with death staring them more steadfastly in the face.

The gallant Colonel Shaw of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, colored troops, was shot dead, and fell among the slain of his black warriors. General Strong was mortally wounded, and many other officers severely, while scores of soldiers were killed or wounded.

This fearfully shattered brigade, no longer able to continue the contest, fell back into the sheltering gloom. It was night, and a night of intense darkness. Clouds of sulphurous smoke hung over the scene, and terrific peals of thunder shook the earth, while flashes of lightning illumined the spectacle.

The Second Brigade now dashed forward and resumed the fearful assault, plunged through the ditches, reached the parapets, and had a severe fight with the garrison, though losing fearfully at every moment, until their brave leader, Colonel Putnam, of the Seventh New Hampshire, was killed at the head of his troops, and nearly all the officers of a lower grade, with a large number of brave soldiers, were either slain or wounded, and, no supports arriving, the remains of this brigade, like the first, were obliged to retreat. The rebels poured the contents of their rifles and charges of grape and canister into the retreating soldiers.

Twinkling lights were seen here and there, as friendly hands sought the wounded and bore them from the range of fire. Some, with their life-blood ebbing away, fell sweetly asleep, dreaming of those friends and that home which they never would see again. Others, in the frenzy of delirium, shouted and sang, while the music of the sea, rolling on the beach, chanted funeral dirges all along the shore.

The assaults proving so unsuccessful and disastrous, the work of the siege was resumed with great vigor. It was a difficult

task. Fortunately the Fourth was not engaged in the assaults on the fort, yet the regiment was facing death in the trenches, as they worked in the face of a terrible fire from the rebel forts. The shot and shell dropped among the besiegers and the dead and wounded were constantly carried to the rear.

About the middle of August Gilmore had completed several heavy batteries, which, with the guns of the naval force, were opened upon Fort Sumter, where the rebel flag was still flying. The fire was continued for several days, when Sumter was reduced to a heap of ruins, and its guns were no longer of any use in the defences of Charleston. The trenches were advanced near the fort.

The island was very narrow, and in rough weather the sea would sweep across it. The enemy concentrated a heavy fire upon them, and the losses of the Union troops were on the increase. Those were dark and gloomy days. It seemed almost impossible to continue the siege in that narrow strip of shifting sand, by day exposed to such a murderous fire from so many rebel guns, while the brightness of the moon rendered the operations by night almost as dangerous. But the patriots would not turn back. They were equal to the task. Artillery was taken to the front and trained upon the fort, and the trenches were filled with the most expert riflemen, to pick off the rebel gunners, and calcium lights were made to blaze for aiding our gunners and sharpshooters in keeping the rebels away from their guns. The calcium light dazzled the eyes of the enemy, while it exposed everything on the parapet of the fort to the view of our troops.

On the morning of September 5 Gilmore opened all his guns on the rebel fort, aided by the battery of the naval ship "New Ironsides." The bombardment was continued for forty hours without cessation. The shot and shell dropping into or exploding over the fort drove the garrison into their bomb-proofs. Our troops now worked without danger, and rapidly pushed forward their trenches until they reached the ditch of Fort Wagner.

While preparations were being made to storm the work the

enemy evacuated the fort in the night, and our troops took possession of it unopposed. Thus ended the long and trying siege of Fort Wagner, never to be forgotten by those who were engaged in it.

It was from Morris Island where the first shot was fired upon our country's flag at Fort Sumter. This foul deed was done by the venerable traitor, Edmund Ruffin, who, probably disheartened at the failure of the rebellion, in which he had fired the first shot, blew out his brains on the 20th of June, 1865. It has been suggested that he made two remarkable shots.

The Fourth passed the autumn and part of the winter on the island. A steady bombardment was kept up on both sides, during which time our soldiers suffered but little.

Charleston did not fall until Sherman, in his majestic march from Savannah to Columbia, was found in its rear, when the rebels were compelled to a precipitate retreat.

When Major Anderson was forced to give up Fort Sumter to the traitors, at the beginning of the rebellion, he carried away the flag that had floated over the fort during the bombardment, with a resolution to raise it again over the battered fortress or be wrapped in it as his winding-sheet at last. Precisely four years from that day, April 14, 1865, Major Anderson, bearing the title of major general in the army of the United States, after four years of terrible civil war, again raised that tattered flag over all that remained of Fort Sumter, a heap of ruins.

February 11, 1864, the regiment was sent to Beaufort. About this time a majority of the Fourth reënlisted for the war, and, after a brief campaign in Florida, on the return of the regiment to Beaufort, the reënlisted veterans enjoyed a furlough at their homes.

In the month of April, 1864, the furloughed soldiers of the regiment were ordered to Gloucester Point, Virginia, to join the Army of the James, under General Butler. The troops from the Department of the South had come up under General Gilmore, and formed the Tenth Corps of Butler's army. Early in May this force was suddenly and rapidly transferred on transports up the James river and landed at Bermuda Hundred, on the south bank of the river, within fifteen miles of Richmond.

The remaining time will only allow a brief mention of the movements of the regiment after its arrival in Virginia, until the close of the war.

The Fourth shared in many of the hard-fought battles which occurred during the ensuing summer and autumn around Richmond and Petersburg, and in this campaign it lost many brave men. In the severe fight at Drury's Bluff, Lieutenant Hutchinson was last seen doing his duty bravely in the face of the enemy. Major Sawyer received a wound in this battle which cost him his life. They were both courageous officers and true and patriotic men, and their loss was severely felt by the regiment.

The Army of the Potomac under General Grant had pressed the rebel army from the Rapidan into the strong intrenchments around Richmond and Petersburg. They crossed the James river, united with Butler's army at Bermuda Hundred, and for more than thirty miles they confronted the enemy, who were posted behind their works, which extended from Richmond to Petersburg.

During the long, hot and dry summer the Fourth was at times doing duty in the intrenchments, within range of the deadly bullet of the rebel riflemen. They were frequently called upon to labor with the spade within a few rods of the rebel lines and to take their turn in the perilous picket duty. The sharp crack of the rifle, the whistle of the rebel bullets, and the shriek of the shell were constantly heard night and day.

Both patriot and rebel were equally vigilant. Our army, however, gained upon the enemy step by step. To break through the rebels' lines in front of Petersburg, one of their strong forts was mined. Early on the morning of the 30th of July the fuse was ignited and a terrific explosion occurred. Large masses of earth, rocks, timbers, and cannon, with hundreds of the rebel garrison, were thrown high into the air. Down came this mass of ruin into the deep, black, smoking crater. The Fourth were among the regiments advanced to seize the gap which the mine had made. A fearful sight met their eyes. In the smoking pit there were mangled bodies, and wounded men, half buried, struggling in agony and crying for help.

The Union troops failed to advance promptly and capture a strong position in front of the ruined fort; the rebels rallied and concentrated a terrible fire upon our soldiers, who were mingled and confused together in the vicinity of the crater.

"Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to the left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell."

They could not advance; to remain was death, and in retreating the rebels swept the ground between the lines with a murderous fire. In this sad disaster the regiment lost many heroic soldiers.

Later in the summer the Fourth was in a severe battle near Richmond, where Lieutenant Wentworth fell while bravely leading his men on the skirmish line. The sounds of this battle had hardly died away before the regiment was again engaged in front of the rebel line, near Richmond. There was no rest for the war-worn veteran, marching by night and fighting by day.

In the following January the Fourth accompanied General Terry in his expedition to capture Fort Fisher, on the coast of North Carolina. The troops were sent on transports, and on Friday, January 13, they landed on the beach in sight of the flag of treason which floated over Fort Fisher. These brave veterans who had faced death on so many battlefields now made preparations for the assault of the fort.

A large naval fleet had arrived to aid in the attack, and they began a vigorous fire upon the fortress. There was a terrific roar from their guns, while the shot and shell ploughed through the fort in all directions, and clouds of smoke hung over the scene. The sun went down, and the darkness came on; the flash from the bursting shells lighted up the air with a lurid glare. The troops neared the fort, and during the night their campfires burned along the beach. The heavy shot from the navy went crashing through the fort, and the shells bursting over the heads of the rebel garrison compelled them to huddle together in their gloomy casemates.

All the next day and through the night, till Sunday morning, the 15th of January, the bombardments were kept up. About noon the land forces moved to the assault. They were led by General Ames, a fearless and able officer. Steadily they advanced, with unflinching step, overcoming all obstacles between them and the fort, until they obtained a lodgment on the parapet, where they succeeded in planting their colors. Now came a hand-to-hand contest. In the midst of this tumult, carnage and death not a man flinched.

As our troops gained one position in the fort the rebels defended themselves in another. It was a desperate struggle. The Union troops fought in a galling fire of musketry, which the enemy poured into them from behind their sheltering-places. Besides, they suffered from an artillery fire directed upon them from another rebel fort.

The heroism that our soldiers here displayed was never surpassed. General Ames led his command through the whole conflict. It was late at night when the fort was entirely captured. By the light of the moon the stars and stripes could be seen floating proudly over the conquered fortress. It was a most severe contest and a brilliant victory, and immortal honor belongs to the patriots who were engaged in it. But a sad event happened the next morning, which added a long list to those who had been slain in the attack on the fort. As the weary veterans lay sleeping over a magazine it accidentally exploded, killing and wounding hundreds of brave soldiers.

Among those who were killed during the assault in Fort Fisher were Colonel Louis Bell, the beloved commander of the Fourth Regiment. He was in command of the Third Brigade of Ames Division.

As he was gallantly leading his veteran troops into the fort he fell, struck by the unerring bullet of a rebel sharpshooter. His loss was deeply lamented. He was an accomplished officer, an honorable gentleman, and a generous man. He was devoted to the welfare of his regiment, and took pride in their success. Here, in the presence of his comrades, I need not say how much they were attached to him or in what esteem they cherish the memory of Colonel Bell.

After the capture of Fort Fisher the Fourth were occupied in North Carolina.

At last the enemies of the country laid their arms at the feet of the nation's defenders and the downfall of the confederacy was secured.

A peace was won, the Union was not divided, but restored, unbroken, and the government preserved, under which every man enjoys justice and civil liberty.

In the following August all that were left of the regiment returned to New Hampshire. They brought home their banner, untarnished, save by the smoke of battles they had braved during four long years of war.

But a large number never returned to their anxious homes to receive the endearments of their friends or to reap the benefits from that peace they had fought to win. The list is too long to recall the names. "They sleep their last sleep; they have fought their last battle; no sound shall awake them to glory again." But all alike yielded their lives in defense of the noblest cause man ever died for.

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

"By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there."

Comrades, let us hope there may be no more wars, least of all a war between brothers. Should the flag of the republic be again assailed from within or without, believe it, they who wore the blue will ever know the false from the true.

PART III.

BIOGRAPHIES, INTERESTING INCIDENTS BOTH
SAD AND HUMOROUS, ETC.

SAMBO'S RIGHT TO BE KILT.

BY MILES O'RIELEY.

(Air—"The Low-Backed Chair.")

Some say it is a burn' shame
To make the naygurs fight,
An' that the thrade o' being kilt
Belongs but to the white;
But as for me, upon me sowl,
So liberal are we here,
I'll let Sambo be murdered in place o' meself
On every day in the year.
On every day in the year, boys,
An' every hour in the day,
The right to be kilt I'll divide wid him,
An' divil a word I'll say.

In battle's wild commotion
I shouldn't at all object
If Sambo's body should stop a ball
That was comin' for me direct;
An' the prod of a Southern bagnet,
So liberal are we here,
I'll resign and let Sambo take it,
On every day in the year.
On every day in the year, boys,
An' wid none o' your nasty pride,
All right in a Southern bagnet prod
With Sambo I'll divide.

The men who object to Sambo
Should take his place and fight;
An' it's better to have a naygur's hue
Than a liver that's wake an' white.
Though Sambo's black as the ace o' spades,
His finger a thrigger can pull,
An' his eye runs sthraight on the barrel sight
From under its thatch o' wool.
So hear me all, boys, darlin's!
Don't think I'm tippen' you chaff,
The right to be kilt I'll divide wid him,
An' give him the largest half!

MY REMEMBRANCE OF THREE YEARS' SERVICE WITH THE FOURTH REGIMENT.

BY LIEUTENANT A. H. C. JEWETT.

One regiment of three years' men had left the state (the Second) and others were at once to be organized. I found mother was greatly opposed to my enlisting again, and it seemed she had been the prime mover in getting my discharge from the regular service. However, I persuaded my father to sign my papers allowing me to enlist, thereby greatly provoking mother, and so early in August, 1861, I was again in the ranks of the soldiers, this time in the company of Capt. William Badger, a son of Ex-governor Badger of Gilmanton and an old-time militia officer. We went into camp at once and the drilling of the men began. My services were at once called for to instruct the recruits, most of whom I knew, the company being raised at Laconia. We were soon moved to Concord, and a little later to Manchester, where the Fourth Regiment was fully organized under Col. Thomas J. Whipple. Our company was given the letter "D" and we were mustered into the service of the United States on the eighteenth day of September, 1861.

The non-commissioned officers were at once selected and warrants given them. I had not, as I remember, given much, if any, thought as to what my status might be, but found when the list was announced that I had been appointed third sergeant of the company. I will mention here that I am the sole survivor of the five sergeants at that time appointed. From the 18th of September to the 27th of that month we were drilled as a battalion by Colonel Whipple, and on the last named date we left the state for Washington, D. C., arriving there on the 30th. We were entertained on our way there at several places, notably at Philadelphia, where at the "Soldiers' Retreat" a sumptuous spread was given us, served by ladies.

Upon our arrival at Washington we went into camp in a large field on the Blagdensburg road, about one mile and a half from the city in an easterly direction from the capital building. We were without rifles at the time of leaving the state, but these were issued to us soon after our getting to Washington, and we were not greatly pleased with them, I know, for they were an old and second-hand Belgium rifle which Uncle Sam had gotten from some source. They were at least two or three pounds heavier than the Springfield rifle, and ungainly in looks, carrying a ball of very large caliber. The accouterments were also second-hand and heavy, so we felt almost imposed upon, and as a rule soldiers are given to "growling." Our men indulged considerably.

On the 9th of October the regiment left Washington for Annapolis, Md., to be a part of Gen. T. W. Sherman's expedition to Port Royal, S. C. (as we found later). We were at once formed into a brigade with the Sixth and Seventh Connecticut and the Ninth Maine, all infantry, under the command of Brig.-Gen. H. G. Wright, who afterwards became the commander of the famous Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac. On the 19th of October our regiment embarked on the steamer "Baltic," a very staunch boat, as we soon learned to our joy. We very soon started for Fort Monroe, at the mouth of the Potomac river, arriving at which point we remained until the 29th, waiting for the naval forces to concentrate at that place, when the fleet was put in motion for some place unknown, as we sailed under sealed orders. On the 30th we were in the midst of a furious gale, and our vessel was very heavily laden with all kinds of stores, with heavy artillery and much ammunition, besides the thousand men, horses, etc. We were also towing the large four-masted ocean ship, the "Ocean Express," and this hampered us somewhat. About two o'clock the next morning our brave old steamer struck on Frying Pan Shoals with a tremendous crash, and every person was awake in an instant. It seemed to me as the vessel rose and fell that we struck a rock each time, and there were all sorts of cries and some were praying. I suppose all

must have felt that our chances for escape were small. Of course, there was great danger from the vessel we were towing, which drew less water than the steamer, and among the first words I heard was the stentorian voice of the captain, who said, "Cut that hawser." This was an immense rope, three inches or more in thickness, fastening the ships. The thousand soldiers were all "between decks" and the hatches were down. I suppose, for I did not leave my bunk, that some of the men tried to reach the deck, for the captain gave orders to "shoot any man whose head appeared above the deck." There were many ludicrous scenes, as were reported afterward, as to what some of the men said and did. For myself, I thought if we were to go down to the "vasty deep" it would be just as well to keep calm about it, and did so, remaining in my bunk, even though well wet down from water coming in at a "deadeye" near me. The gale continued for three days. The old "Baltic" in the meantime had been tested in a terrible way, but came out apparently right side up and with but little damage. The great fleet of war vessels and transports were much scattered by the storm, and it was not until November 4 that we arrived at Port Royal, S. C., where many of the boats had already rendezvoused. Two vessels, we learned, had been lost in the storm, the "Commodore Perry" and "Governor," but almost miraculously no lives were lost. We of the "Baltic" were ordered to go in search of the "Ocean Express," from which, it will be remembered, we cut loose in the storm, but after cruising for about one day we returned without finding her. During the storm the steamer "Union," with a few of our regiment, the quartermaster-sergeant and a squad, were taken prisoners, the first loss made in this line, by reason of the small steamer being driven ashore.

On the morning of November 7, 1861, we witnessed our first engagement between the Union and Confederate forces, this time the navy doing almost wholly the fighting. It was a magnificent spectacle. The day was fine and clear and the transports containing the army, while out of range of the enemy for the most part, were anchored in plain sight of the action.

The "naval dogs of war" were formed in line, led by the gallant old line of battle steamer, the "Wabash," followed closely by the "Pawnee" and "Sabine" and many others of less note and size in the shape of gunboats. The noble harbor seemed egg-shaped in its outlines, and the forts and batteries were on both sides, so that our navy moved in somewhat of a circle in delivering their terrible broadsides on the enemy's works. The rebels answered the fire in a spirited manner, but to the fifteen thousand soldiers watching the action with great interest it seemed but a question of a short time when they must be destroyed by the fearful rain of shells exploding over their heads and all about them.

It was estimated that in the five hours in which the battle raged no less than one shell per second fell upon each of the forts. Toward the close the boats ran in quite close to the enemy's works, now but feebly responding, and at about two o'clock their firing entirely ceased. The garrisons of the forts and batteries left their works in a hurry, and very soon the stars and stripes were floating over them. Our regiment was among the very first to effect a landing, this being done in small boats, and many of us were well wet in the process, but we were glad to get ashore after nineteen days of confinement on shipboard. The sights which met our gaze showed the terrible destruction of the great guns of our navy. The earthworks were very strong, but the large number of exploding shells had rendered them little more than unsightly heaps of sand, and among the debris were dead and disfigured men, dismounted and broken cannon, etc.

We were at once set at work in clearing up and repairing the works, and often we found men buried in the sand during the fight: one in particular I remember, a surgeon with his case of beautiful instruments in his hand, presented by some grateful patient of other and better days. Our time was fully taken up with the work of fort-building, landing stores from vessels, with occasional drills, and guard duty.

About the last day of November I was taken very suddenly ill with a severe type of malarial or typhoid fever, and my life

was despaired of by my comrades for several weeks, as I learned later. I was taken very suddenly one morning after being relieved from guard duty, was soon unconscious, and was removed to the hospital, where several weeks later, upon coming to my senses, I found myself little more than a skeleton, the lamp of life burning very feebly. Owing to my youth, and perhaps former good habits, I pulled through, but my constitution was much shattered by the terrible illness. I remember the old surgeon of our regiment saying to me one day, "Jewett, you was the sickest person I ever saw who recovered." It was several weeks before I was sufficiently recovered to resume duty.

The companies were divided into five "messes," each in charge of a sergeant, and our tents were then the Sibley, in circular form, large enough to fairly accommodate eighteen or twenty men. I received many kind attentions from the comrades of my mess during my convalescence. The deaths among our men while at this place were very numerous, mostly from the extremely malarious condition of that region. For about three months the regiment did heavy work, especially in building fortifications on the island, in picket and guard duty, and on the twenty-first day of January, 1862, the regiment, in company with others, went on an expedition down the coast. They landed finally at Warsaw Sound, Ga. The island on which the troops effected a landing was low and unhealthy. I, with a few others not fit for duty, was not with the regiment when they first went to Warsaw, but joined them a little later.

One incident which occurred while the few of us remained behind at Port Royal was quite a blow to our company. James A. Jones, a fine young man, the captain's clerk, was left with me and the others. He was of frail constitution, refined and delicate, and his widowed mother resided at Laconia. One evening he complained to me that his throat felt sore (we occupied the same tent). I advised some simple remedy, but he thought light of it and failed to do anything. Sometime near midnight I was awakened by him and, lighting a candle, saw that his neck was much swollen and his speech showed his mind unsettled. I at once went for Doctor Greeley, our assist-

ant surgeon, and he came at once. I saw from his look that he considered the case serious, and calling me outside he said, "Jewett, it won't do for you to remain in that tent with Jones. He has the diphtheria in its most fatal form and in your debilitated condition you will be quite likely to catch the disease." However, I did not see it to be my duty to leave him alone and remained until the end came, which, I think, was on the following day. Thus we parted from our loved comrade, till the great day of "assize," when we hope to meet again. We had the body embalmed and sent to his friends at Laconia, and I received a touching letter of thanks from the mother in answer to one giving particulars of his death.

On the 28th of February, 1862, we reëmbarked and proceeded on our way somewhere, to us in the ranks at least, unknown. The next day we learned we were in the vicinity of Fernandina, Fla., and our regiment was soon landed at this place. On the 8th of March all but two companies of the regiment (E and F) embarked on the steamer "Boston" and in company with six gunboats proceeded down the coast and anchored for the night. The next morning the soldiers were distributed among the several gunboats as sharpshooters. It soon became evident that we were to enter St. John's river, as we crossed the bar at its mouth and soon began to cautiously go up stream. This is a large river, navigable for a long distance into the interior of the state of Florida. Very soon we began to notice large fires. It seems the rebels had set on fire the numerous sawmills and large stores of lumber to keep them from falling into our hands. They seemed to have a very wholesome fear of our gunboats after the capture of Port Royal, and skedaddled after firing the mills. I do not think our army or the navy would have made any attempts on this property if left as it was. War is, however, terribly destructive. We learned later that these mills were owned by northern men, and so the rebels, I presume, had as soon see them destroyed as not.

On the 12th of March we reached Jacksonville, Fla., where those left of the people seemed glad to see us, the colored element especially, which was quite numerous. We were soon

quartered in vacant buildings, mostly stores, and with a strong guard posted about the city awaited developments. Small expeditions were sent out of the city in various directions, but nothing of importance occurred in connection with them that I now recall. One morning, very early, a company of the rebels attacked our outposts, which caused a general alarm. We were rushed out to the front as fast as possible. The scene of the attack was where a dozen or so of our men had their headquarters in a small brick schoolhouse, and the men, being rather "green" at this kind of duty, had gone to rest, except the sentinels, when the rebels charged on them, killing two or three and wounding as many and taking a few prisoners, our first loss in this kind of warfare.

I remember an incident of this affair which was quite remarkable. As we reached the little schoolhouse it was but dimly light, and peering into the room we saw a few men lying on the floor and one on a low bench. I found this man was alive, and asked him where he was wounded. He replied that he thought they had "fixed him," as he was shot through the body. We carried him tenderly back to the city, and the surgeons said there was no chance for him, as the intestines were cut. A few days later, being well acquainted with our old doctor, I asked him about the case and went with him to see Mr. Davis, the wounded man. It was very warm and the room he occupied was a large upper room. He lay on a cot bed, with a sheet only for covering. He was exceedingly pale, but was cool and quiet mentally to an astonishing degree. The bullet had passed entirely through his body, and as the surgeon removed the little patch over the wound the gas escaped perceptibly, showing that the intestines were more or less cut. Of course, we had no hope that our fellow soldier would survive, but he did, for all our fears. It was owing, the doctor said, to his remarkable nerve and fine constitution. The doctor said at the time that in all probability one of the small intestines was cut perhaps half off, but owing to favorable conditions new granulations were thrown out and the rent was closed by these. This case attracted much attention later from the medical profession when reported by Doctor Eastman.

10 *Fourth Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers.*

Many years after the war, at a soldiers' reunion, I was accosted by name by a heavily built and youthful-looking man, and upon my asking his name he replied, "Davis." I said, "Not the Davis so terribly wounded at Jacksonville?" "Yes, the very man," he responded.

It was while we were at Jacksonville that Colonel Whipple resigned his commission. He was generally very popular with the men of the regiment, though not so much so by some of the officers on account of his biting criticisms of them as military men. I had some rather amusing experiences with him, personally, but I see I must curtail if this sketch is to be kept within reasonable length. Colonel Bell was promoted to Whipple's place.

On the 8th of April, 1862, General Hunter, then in command of the Department of the South, ordered the place evacuated, and Colonel Bell, with seven companies, was sent to St. Augustine, Fla., to garrison that place. The three other companies, under command of Major Drew, were sent to James Island, S. C., and later to Beaufort, S. C. The seven companies (my own among them) arrived at St. Augustine ere the middle of April. We spent the summer here in much comfort, stationed in old Fort Marion, an ancient work of the Spanish, with curious legends of the olden times. The place had very little in common with the usual American town. It was here that an incident occurred which came near preventing this humble record. A group of us, nine in number, went sailing one fine day down the harbor, and after passing a pleasant day sailing about, visiting the old lighthouse, etc., started on our return to the fort in the latter part of the afternoon. There was a stiff breeze and our rather crazy old boat was skimming along at a good rate, when the uncalled-for nervousness of one of the men caused the boat to capsize and resulted in the drowning of three of our comrades, Libby, Lamay, and Corporal Coffran. All was done that seemed possible to save the lives of these men, but to no avail. From exhaustion in efforts to rescue the men I became close to being the fourth victim, but with the assistance of some of my comrades at last

reached the shore in safety. I will not go into further particulars of this painful scene. Corporal Coffran was a special friend and I deeply mourned his untimely death.

In September we were relieved by the Seventh New Hampshire and joined the three companies at Beaufort, S. C. This was quite a nice little city and we went into camp in its immediate vicinity. Gen. O. M. Mitchell, the famed astronomer, was at this time the department commander, but he lived but a short time, being carried off by the yellow fever, I think. The Fourth was now brigaded with the Third New Hampshire, the Sixth Connecticut, Forty-seventh Pennsylvania, and Lieut. Guy V. Henry's regular battery. Our regiment participated in the somewhat sharp battle of Pocotaligo, S. C., October 22, 1862, between Charlestown and Savannah. The design was to burn the bridge at that point, but failed in its object by reason of the failure of the gunboats to arrive in season, and the arrival of heavy reinforcements by the enemy. As this was the first battle in which our regiment was properly engaged, I will enter somewhat into particulars. After landing from the boats on the Broad river, we were marched four or five miles towards the desired point, when we began to hear firing in our front. I saw some distance to the front a light battery handling its pieces with great rapidity, but as their shells went high over our heads I did not think they were of the rebel forces until the shells began to drop among us. I was the left guide of our company, and as such had to keep myself on the alert to maintain the proper distance, etc. While thus occupied I stepped on something and nearly fell. Glancing down, I saw it was the face of a dead comrade on which I trod, and his ghastly, freckled face haunted me for a time. We were then marching over the ridges of a large sweet potato field, and it was hard work. I remember a good share of the soldiers threw away almost everything they had except guns and equipments in order to keep in the ranks. Overcoats, blankets, etc., all went, for we found it was one of two things, either shed some of the impediments or drop out of the line to our disgrace, and we chose to suffer the loss of some of our worldly goods. How

we suffered from thirst! Only those can know who have "been there." I remember we sucked mud as a sweet morsel for its moisture. The advance was kept up till we reached quite a growth of timber. With a running fight of two or three miles further we at last found our way hedged by a marsh, quite wide, and the bridge which crossed it had been destroyed,—fortunately for us, I guess,—for we could hear the screech of locomotives of the incoming trains, and soon we saw the soldiers in numbers sufficient to have eaten up our rather small force. The fight, largely artillery, was kept up until dark, when we started on our return towards the transports. What a march that was! We were all night long in making the eight or ten miles. We had to carry wounded men and dead officers in blankets, the stretcher corps failing to put in an appearance, and those not so engaged had each about four muskets for a load. Then we would go often but a few rods before we were obliged to halt, waiting for those ahead to move on. So it was for all the long night, with only one oasis in all the dreary tramp. After going perhaps two miles on our return trip, we were agreeably surprised to meet our "boss" company cook, Uncle Varnum, with his big camp kettles full of hot coffee. "By Jarge," he said, "I thought some good coffee would taste good to the boys after their hard work." If we could have made the old fellow a saint by unanimous vote, he would have been elected in short order. Mr. Farnum was a large and rather "hayseedy-looking" old fellow of fifty years or so, but his heart was in the right place, for I have never seen a more unselfish act than this, and the toil, not to mention the danger, was great.

Just at daybreak we came in sight of the river and the transports and gunboats, and they were a most welcome sight to us. Though our mission failed, our men had shown courage and fortitude in danger and trial. When we clambered aboard the boats we sought out some place large enough to lie down, and sleep came instantly. During this fight there were times when I did not seem to be much afraid, but in others I was "scared to death" almost, and I don't think after this many

of us "spoiled for a fight," as we had sometimes flippantly said or thought.

We returned to Beaufort, S. C., and went into camp for the winter, spending five rather pleasant months, with the holiday season duly observed. I think it was at this place one night that we had a rather unpleasant experience. Our only shelter at this time was large pieces of sailcloth, full of holes and in a very dilapidated state, arranged as best we could on poles, with cross-pieces to support them. The ground of our camp was very rough, full of small hills and valleys. On the night alluded to a fierce rainstorm set in, with brilliant flashes of lightning and heavy thunder. Sometime after midnight I awoke with cool sensations pervading my system, to find that the middle portion of my body was submerged in water, the head and heels being on higher ground. The boys were expressing their indignation at the condition of things in no very mild or pious way, for they felt it was the fault of the officers or somebody that we were so poorly sheltered.

About this time I had a rather narrow escape from death by the stupidity of a sentinel, and, in part, by my own carelessness. Sometime during the night, while in camp, the officer of the guard, accompanied by the sergeant and a file of men, make what is called the "grand rounds" to inspect the sentinels to see if they understand their duties. The sentry, on the approach of any one at night, cries out, "Who comes there?" and in the case of the "grand rounds" the sergeant replies in those words, when the sentinel says, "Advance, sergeant of the grand rounds, and give the countersign." This I did, at the point of the soldier's bayonet. I gave him the correct word, but though he knew me well, he did not appear to understand, and without thinking of consequences I said "Bumaroofoo." He "drew a bead" on me at once, but his gun missed fire, so my career was not cut short just then. He was a careless fellow, and a little later killed one of his tent-mates by carelessly trying to clean his rifle while loaded. Such things are so common in a soldier's life as not to occasion remark only for a moment.

About this time, November 5, 1862, I was made a commissioned officer, second lieutenant of Company A. I had no knowledge of the promotion until it was announced at dress-parade by the adjutant, ordering me to report for duty to Capt. Charles W. Sawyer. I felt surprised and not over-reconciled to this change. I disliked the idea of leaving my old home company, and then Captain Sawyer was about the most dignified and aristocratic man in the regiment, finely educated and from one of the best families in our state. However, to obey orders is the thing in military life. I went down to Captain Sawyer's tent the next morning in a rather nervous frame of mind. I said to him that I did not have anything to do with the arrangement. "Oh!" he said, "that's all right, I wanted you," and pulled out from its hiding-place a new sword and sash and presented them to me as a token of his esteem. I was most agreeably surprised at this, for I had scarcely ever spoken to him in our year's term of service. He was detailed much of the time on court-martial duty as judge advocate, and was so engaged at this time, so the first lieutenant, Locke, being also on detached service, I was at once obliged to take command of the company. I think Captain Sawyer introduced me to the company, drawn up in line in the company street, and I made a brief speech to the men to the effect that my position among them as an officer was not of my seeking, but that as a soldier I would try, with their assistance, to do my duty as well as my ability would permit. The men appeared to receive me kindly and I cannot recall a single instance of discourtesy at their hands.

As my promotion came as a surprise, of course I had no officer's uniform, and the best I could do was to take off my sergeant's chevrons and have the shoulder straps of a second lieutenant sewed on. This was rather an embarrassment, but as others were in the same fix it had to be made the best of. Not long after I had a good uniform made, and sent out from Lawrence by way of Major Drew of our regiment, who got several suits for our officers while on a furlough. He, having formerly been engaged in the merchant tailor business, was

competent to take our measure, and the resulting "fits" were very good. This "best suit" lasted me for the two years more I was destined to serve and was worn by me on my final return home after discharge.

In the month of March following, 1863, I was commissioned as first lieutenant of Company E, Captain Parker, and was in command of some company for most of the time during the last two years of my service. This promotion, like the first, came to me as a surprise, entirely unsought on my part and unexpected.

I will now resume the narrative of my experiences proper. The spring of 1863 opened with a great expedition against Charleston, S. C., the hotbed of secession and the place beyond all others perhaps which the people of the North desired to see humiliated, if not destroyed. On the 4th of April the Fourth New Hampshire, in company with many other soldiers, embarked on transports and proceeded to Hilton Head, S. C., another name for Port Royal, S. C., where it was soon brigaded with the Third New Hampshire, half of the Seventh New Hampshire, and the Sixth Connecticut, under the command of Col. H. S. Putnam of the Seventh New Hampshire, a brave and accomplished officer, soon to lay down his young life in a desperate attack on a stronghold of the enemy. The troops sailed from Hilton Head to Stone Inlet and remained on board, while the navy, mostly monitors, iron-clad vessels, with turrets for their immense guns, were to make an attack on the forts and batteries protecting the harbor. This attack was not a success so far as taking the works was concerned, some thought from lack of daring on the part of the naval commander in pushing through all obstacles, even at the risk of the loss of some vessels and men. They did, however, succeed in defacing the hated Fort Sumter and in doing more or less damage to other forts. Owing to this "fizzle" on the part of the navy, the troops returned to Hilton Head on the 11th of April, 1863.

Very soon our brigade was reorganized, this time with our Colonel Bell in command, consisting of the Third and Fourth New Hampshire, the Sixth Connecticut, and a battalion of

sharpshooters. I was detailed as one of the four officers in charge of this latter force, and continued with them until our object of gaining the possession of Morris Island was consummated. So on the 18th of April we started "on to Charleston" again, this time the department being in command of Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, a very able officer, especially in engineering matters, now to be in much demand. We arrived this time at North Edisto river on the 19th of April, waiting for the navy until the 28th, when, for some reason, to us as Greek, another move was made to Stone Inlet, disembarking on the following day on Folly Island, immediately south of Morris Island and separated only by a comparatively narrow and seemingly shallow stream.

The brigade so lately organized was again broken up somewhat, each organization reporting to General Vogdes, an eccentric but able regular officer, whom the boys used to call "Old Regulations" because he was such a stickler for the enforcement of the rules laid down in the big book, "United States Regulations," for the government of United States soldiers. He used to say at times, "Don't I know, *I* made them" (the said regulations). Probably in the days prior to the war he was the head officer selected to revise the book. He was a fat, chunky old chap, with a high-pitched, effeminate voice, whose dress was comical, as it was a mixture of his former uniform as a major of artillery with his new grade of brigadier general of volunteers. He seemed determined to wear out some of his old clothes; but with all his peculiarities he was a brave and kind-hearted man. On this island we were encamped about two miles from the rebel fortifications, on the south end of Morris Island, and for several weeks our regiment was busy in constructing works on the northern extremity of the island so near to Morris Island, as previously described. Folly Island was quite heavily wooded, and the works constructed were hidden from the view of the "Johnnies" by a fringe of tall trees, so that they had not the slightest idea of the "rod in pickle" for their benefit. We could see through the trees the city of Charleston, with the spires of the churches and prominent buildings,

and among all classes of the soldiers "curses loud and deep" were pronounced on the hated place, the scene of the first assault on the beloved flag of our country.

Our pickets were only about fifty yards separated from those of the rebels across the little inlet, and they joked each other at times and would exchange coffee for tobacco, newspapers, etc., sent across the little stream on small boats rigged for the purpose. So it went on until our works were completed.

On the morning of the 10th of July, 1863, the fringe of trees being suddenly cut away in front, forty-four cannon and mortars suddenly opened a tremendous fire on the astonished enemy, who seemed to have had no suspicions of our work so near to them. They could make but a very feeble response to this "hell on earth" fire of the Union forces, and fell back to their stronghold called Fort Wagner. Morris Island is something in the shape of a long-legged boot, the toe pointing towards Charleston.

Our army, being much elated over the success of this attack, advanced at once and made two determined assaults on Wagner, but its great strength was too much for us, and after heavy losses in killed and wounded this was given up for the more prolonged but more certain way, by siege. Then followed, for long weeks, the terribly hard work of constructing the huge parallels and zigzags towards Wagner. No words are adequate to describe the toils and sufferings of our men during this terrible siege, for not only did we have to be under fire, constant fire day and night, but almost every man was a sufferer from the deadly diarrhoea, which had its victims by the thousands.

In the earlier part of the siege I did duty with my company, but in the last few weeks was with the sharpshooters. Our general orders were to pick off the gunners of Fort Wagner or keep them from using their guns against us as we steadily approached their strong work by our digging process. At last we got so near this formidable place, whose high earthwall towered above us, that we were subjected to the delights(?) of hand grenades and small shells from what are called "cohorn" mortars, a small affair arranged so that two men can move it

about at will, and a few spoonfuls of powder will send one of the shells from four to six inches in diameter outside the walls to fall among the invaders, and with the powerful explosion of which much damage is liable to occur. The worst feature of this kind of warfare we found to be that the small amount of powder used made so slight a report that we had to watch for them rather than trust to the warning "boom" of the common piece. We became rather indifferent to all kinds of dangers in these days, whether seen or unseen. We were at all times so much subjected to the roar of guns, some of immense size, so that we could see the great projectiles as they blew on their mission of destruction, to those others, even more to be feared, the smaller Whitworth rifles, which the boys named "lighting train," which carried their auger-shaped projectiles with such an extreme velocity that dodging was no good.

I remember one night of returning from the front where I had been in charge of a working party putting in some kind of obstruction to prevent the rebels charging on our more exposed men, and feeling poorly from a headache (all of us were more or less ailing), I said to a sergeant, "You take the men on a double quick and I'll come on as best I can; I don't feel equal to a run." Off they went and I proceeded in a leisurely way to the beach, almost as smooth and nice as a fine floor. It was low tide and so I went close to the water's edge. The gentle murmur of the tiny waves seemed to have a soothing effect on my aching head. All of a sudden I pitched headlong on the sand, my hat flying away some distance. I thought it very strange that I should fall thus on a perfectly smooth beach, and looked to see if there was any kind of obstruction on which I could have stubbed my toe. There was not a thing to be seen, and just then I heard the "cackling" of some colored soldiers in a nearby trench, and found that one of the "whizzers" had just been along, striking the bank and throwing the sand over them. This explained my fall. The shot went so near me that the concussion of the air did the business and explained the mystery. It was not very unfrequent that men were killed in this way, leaving no visible mark on the body.

While connected with the sharpshooters I had many and various experiences and among them will mention a few. Not the least in interest were the exploits of one of the confederates, a remarkable marksman, located somewhere about Fort Wagner. For some reason this man went by the name of the "nigger" sharpshooter. It may be he was one, but I always suspected that he might be a dark-skinned southerner or perhaps a mulatto. This man was more to be dreaded than almost everything else opposed to us, for his aim seemed as unerring as fate, anywhere within the range of his rifle. His arm must have been some kind of heavy sporting rifle, as it was of quite large caliber and of astonishing range. He could hit the arms of cannoneers a half mile or more distant if they exposed them in loading their pieces, and if any poor soldier exposed himself at any exposed point, certain death was his portion if the "nigger" was on duty. I will give the substance of an article written many years ago for the *Washington Tribune* of one incident in particular. One morning soon after we had reached the front and I had stationed my sharpshooters (about thirty of them usually), I noticed one of them, a mere boy, perhaps seventeen, who was loading his rifle in a seeming hurry. In answer to my query as to his rush, he replied, "I seen the nigger and want to get a shot at him." I cautioned him to be very careful and to keep his head away from the little "port-hole" through which he was to fire after getting his shot. Turning away from him, I had gone but a few steps when I heard the report of his rifle and, turning to see, saw him in his great interest, unheeding my caution, place his eye to the hole. At the same instant the peculiar report of the rebel marksman reached me and the poor western boy fell dead, with a bullet through his brain.

On the following 7th of September our army was prepared to make another grand assault on this great fort, but it was discovered that on the previous night the enemy had gotten away, leaving very few behind. There were a small number in the fort, and among them two or three colored men. On their way down to headquarters these poor colored men had

several narrow escapes from enraged soldiers, who thought one of them might be the "nigger" sharpshooter who had killed some soldier friend. As the incident occurred during the progress of this famous siege I will insert here a piece I wrote many years after the close of the war and published in the *Laconia Democrat*. It was entitled "A Race for Life," a war incident.

As a boy, it used to greatly interest me to hear my father and others tell how grandfather fought at Bunker Hill in the war of '76, and how at one time he narrowly escaped capture at the hands of a British soldier. And I well remember the feeling of awe, mingled with admiration, as I once had the privilege of conversing with one of the soldiers of that war, then ninety-seven years of age; and though the old veteran was then an inmate of a poorhouse, no other man I ever saw filled my soul with such emotions of veneration and respect. I did not then dream that in a few years I should be a soldier myself, but such was the fact.

Perhaps some little fellow who likes to hear war stories may be interested in hearing about an incident of the war of '61. During the memorable siege and capture of Morris Island, S. C., in Charleston Harbor in the summer of 1863 there were many thrilling incidents in the experiences of the Union soldiers. If there ever was a place to try men's souls, and bodies as well, this must have been one. To give the reader some idea of our situation, I will say that in that part of the island where it became necessary to make the siege works (which are nothing more than zigzag trenches dug in the sand, the banks high enough to protect the men to some extent), the island is but a few rods in width and only a foot or two above the water at high tide. Directly in our front, extending the full width of the island at that point, was Fort Wagner, a very strong earthwork, which our forces had tried to capture a short time before by an assault or charge, which was a disaster, our forces being repulsed with heavy loss. Among those killed was the brave and accomplished Col. H. S. Putnam of the Seventh New Hampshire. Fort Wagner was garrisoned with a

strong force of men, armed with many heavy siege guns, rifled cannon, etc., and also a colored sharpshooter who was a dead shot within the distance of half a mile. Beyond Wagner were other strong batteries on the point of the island nearest the city. Perhaps a quarter of a mile distant Fort Sumter seemed to rise from the water. A little to the right, as we stood facing the enemy, and across the bay, stood Fort Pickens of Revolutionary days. On our left and near the city was James Island, running parallel with Morris Island, and having a number of batteries or forts armed with heavy guns. Then directly in our rear were our own heavy siege guns and field artillery, throwing shot and shell over our heads and not infrequently falling short and killing and wounding our own men. Added to these were our wooden gunboats and ironclads, who were quite anxious to take a hand in the fray. The wooden gunboats had a wholesome regard for the enemy's rifled guns in the forts and kept proper distance, but at times they would blaze away and hit as nearly as often as the rebels. It will be seen from this statement of our position that considerable firing was kept up at night as well as during the day; that our men at the extreme front were in a warm place. As I write a swarm of recollections come to mind,—but to the incident without further preliminaries.

Near the close of the siege the writer, with about fifty men, was detailed to do a certain job at our extreme front. The work was the digging of a new trench or zigzag in extending our works towards the enemy. This labor had to be done with the utmost quiet, conversation above a whisper being strictly prohibited. From overwork and consequent exhaustion it was very difficult to keep the men at work or even awake, though

“The whizzing grape and bursting shell,
And scenes that mimic the scenes of hell,”

were being enacted all about them. My orders were, after completing our task to march the men at “double quick” to a place of comparative safety near the lower end of the island not far distant from our camp. This order was on account of the fre-

quent firing of an English rifle which raked the beach, and which the boys called the "lightning train." Having a severe headache and not feeling equal to a long run, I directed a sergeant to take charge of the men and proceed at "double quick" to the rear, saying that I would follow as I felt able. I walked leisurely along on the beautiful beach towards camp with very little thought of danger. The peculiar roar of a ten-inch mortar on James Island arrested my attention, and looking in that direction I saw a shell rising into the sky, the blazing fuse making it appear much like a rocket, and of course it could easily be followed by the eye. Knowing that this gun generally directed its missiles to points nearer the front than where I then was, I paid little attention to it for some seconds, then, glancing upwards, I saw it had reached its highest altitude and had begun its downward course. From considerable experience with these things, I thought I could tell pretty nearly where the shell would fall, if it did not previously explode, and with this thought in mind, carefully noticed its general direction and probable destination, and speedily arrived at the conclusion that its objective point was the precise place my person then occupied. To think and act at such times is not a slow process, and it seemed to me that for about fifty yards I flew through the air; looking up I saw to my horror that instead of running away from the terrible engine of destruction, I had placed myself directly in its pathway, for it did not appear to be more than two hundred feet distant with its fearful spitting of fire and terrifying noise. Dropping to the sand it seemed as though I shrank to the size of a man's head, and incredible as it may seem to one unused to such an experience, I had ample time to review my life, offer a prayer, and wait for further developments. At last, with a deafening report, the shell exploded, apparently but little above my head, and its fragments fell all about me. I thought of the game of boyhood when we used to say, "What goes up must come down, etc.," and expected a fragment might yet fall on my head. After waiting until I could hear no more pieces falling, I rose to my feet and felt grateful to a kind Providence that I was alive and unharmed. This was not the first or

last time by any means that I got terribly scared during my service as a soldier, but I then and there resolved that never again would I run a race with a bombshell.

One more incident from the same source, relating to the same days, will, I think, about fill this volume. Two days before the evacuation of Fort Wagner by the Confederates, at about 3 A. M., I was sent to the front in charge of about thirty men of the corps of sharpshooters. On the evening before, our forces had made a charge and captured the last of the rifle-pits held by the enemy. It became my duty, as I thought, to explore these works, to discover if my men could be advantageously posted for their special duty in this recent acquisition. In the dim light of the early morning. I discovered the rifle-pit was a small affair of its kind, not over three feet in height at any point, and I feared if the men were stationed there that they could be seen by the rebels from the heights of the fort, and picked off by their sharpshooters. Taking off my equipments so that I would be unhampered in my proposed expedition, I crept cautiously forward and entered the nearest part of the pit, and moving carefully along on my hands and knees, noting all the points, when I found in my pathway what looked to be a common nail keg, and was about to toss it aside when I noticed something projecting from the top, about midway, and an inward voice seemed to say, "Look out." Scrutinizing the thing carefully, I soon saw it was a "torpedo," with all the necessary fixings to cause an explosion upon the slightest disturbance, and with sufficient force to blow a company of men to "smithereens." Feeling relieved that I had not meddled with the innocent looking article, I went no farther in that direction, but my eyes were "peeled" for anything more in the same line, and I saw that the heavy rain of the evening before had uncovered a veritable nest of these "dragons' eggs," for I could count several quite nearby partially uncovered by the rain, and thought the sooner I got out of that place, the better. Turning around to retrace my way, I was startled at the sight of a nude man of large size, lying face downward. Thinking this strange, I gave him a careful inspection; he was so near to me that I could have

touched him with my hand. Soon it became evident that this was a plot, for I saw he was attached to a large torpedo by strings, connected with the "cap." The man's stomach and bowels rested on the top of the "infernal machine," and it must have been a well (or ill for us) contrived trap for our destruction. Determined to return at once and report the state of things, I crawled back, noting on my way fifteen torpedoes. With this budget of information, after returning, I hastened at once to the officer in charge of our forces that day; he was Major Randlett of the Third New Hampshire, a pompous little man, feeling elated seemingly over his recent promotion to that grade. After hearing my story with ill concealed incredulity, he remarked that he couldn't think the enemy would resort to such fiendish plots. I said to him, "Go out there, Major, and see how it is," and he finally did. Coming back, he was very much moved, and denounced this system of warfare in strong terms. On the following night we carefully separated the dead man from his curious attachments, and buried him, as well as removing all the torpedoes we could find, some accidents occurring in the work. Sergeant Mack of Company A, a fine soldier, lost his life in this manner. *Harper's Weekly* gave a very clear and correct series of illustrations from the drawings and reports at the time, and the incident no doubt caused much talk. Our chief diversion during this famous siege, was the shelling of the hated city, and though this was at quite "long range" it was nevertheless accomplished, so far as the lower end of the town was concerned, with much effect and to the great discomfort of the residents. Many experiments were tried, and with varying success in this line. Probably our most famous exploit in this direction was the noted "Swamp Angel" battery. This unique little redoubt was made far out in the wide marsh separating us from the city, and was our nearest point of attack. The approach to this place was over a very flimsy sort of footbridge, only a couple or so planks wide, and at times somewhat covered with water. As our time to go there was in the darkness of night, it was often very precarious footing. Here, after infinite pains and labor, had been built up a mound, with earth embankment sufficient

to mount a two-hundred-pound rifle, capable of sending a projectile far within the city limits. At every discharge of the big gun, the little artificial island which had been made for the purpose would shake and settle more or less. After a while this gun burst, and I think one or two more were tried. It was found that thirty-two pounders were less likely to burst and this size was mostly used. In still nights we could often hear the jingle of firebells in the city, resulting from our shells, which were kept up at night as well as day, and these alarms were relished by our soldiers as a result they richly deserved.

While the memories of the war are many of them of a painful nature, yet if I am to give a true account of the scenes witnessed, they must be noticed as among the terrible incidents of war. I remember one awful day near the close of the siege of Morris Island in the fall of 1863. With my little band of sharpshooters, I had gone to the front in the early morning and the men had been stationed along the rifle-pits and the heavy line of the regular siege works, which were strong embankments from six to eight feet in height at some points. On the morning indicated I was sitting in the rear of one point in our line and conversing with Corporal Gilpatrick, a fine soldier belonging to my regiment, who had with considerable pains fixed up a place something in the form of a chair well up on the side of the strong embankment. I was congratulating him on the fine position he had selected when I was almost stunned, as well as covered with a cloud of sand. As soon as I could fairly see, I saw at my feet the body of the poor corporal, both legs cut off close to the body by a ten-inch shell from a fort on Johnson's Island near the city. To my surprise, I found the poor man was still alive, and as soon as I had brushed the sand off his face and eyes, he spoke to me. Until he spoke, there was scarcely any bleeding from the stumps, but then the action of the heart threw out jets of blood from the arteries, and he appealed to me to try to stop it. I tried to do so with tourniquets, but owing to the extreme shortness of the stumps could not make them hold. He said to me, "I can't live, can I?" and saying I feared not but for a short time, he asked me to have him removed to the rear.

A few of the men, placing the legless body in a blanket, carried him away; he only survived a very few minutes. Thus died a fine soldier, and the only one, I think, besides myself, in the corps from our regiment. I started at once after his removal to go a little way down the trench to bathe my hands in a small pool, and when nearing the place saw a commotion in a group of men but a few rods distant, and on reaching the spot learned that another shell from the same gun had exploded right in the midst of a group of soldiers of the Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania, and literally blew to atoms about a half-dozen of them. Such scenes as these of course are too common in the active life of a soldier to be long thought of, but coming so close together on this fatal morning made a lasting impression on my mind.

After the complete capture of the island our duties were less arduous, our time being spent in rebuilding the forts, and in shelling the city and surrounding forts. Sumter had long been reduced to a mere heap of rubbish without form or comeliness. Like almost every other soldier at this time and place, I found myself weak and ailing after the excitement of the siege and long continued bombardment were over. One day Dr. Dearborn, one of our surgeons, said to me, "Jewett, you are sick." I said to him I was not in very good shape, and after examining me a bit he said: "You have intermittent fever and chronic diarrhoea, and unless you get out of this region, you will not be here long." I said, "Doctor, I can't get away," knowing how hard it was either for an officer or soldier to get a leave of absence on account of sickness, but at his direction, I did try, but my application was returned "disapproved" a week or two later. The cooler weather and medicine probably had in the meantime improved my health so much that I determined never to again try this experiment, but live if I could till my three years were out.

The 11th of February, 1864, our regiment was ordered to Beaufort, S. C., where we went into camp doing garrison duty. At about this time a large number of the enlisted men reënlisted for another three years, or during the war; three hundred or more of them enlisted in the course of a week, a great in-

ducement to this being a "thirty days' furlough" at once granted to them. Not being one of those inclined to ask many favors I was not selected as one of the officers to accompany the men to New Hampshire, and so remained with the remnant at the front. The total number of our men reënlisting was three hundred eighty-eight, more than any other New Hampshire regiment. After one or two short expeditions of no special moment, and the return of the furloughed men from New Hampshire, the regiment left on April 12 for Fort Monroe, Va., and eventually went to "Bermuda Hundred" on the James river, near Richmond, the goal so long desired to be reached by our armies. From this point advances were made on Petersburg and Richmond and many were the skirmishes and minor actions of the next few months, the precise dates of which I do not remember and have no data at hand to refresh my memory.

On the 16th of May the regiment was engaged in the battle of Drewry's Bluff, close to Richmond, losing quite heavily in men and officers, Major Sawyer, my old captain, being mortally wounded, and Lieutenant Hutchinson of my company killed. This action was rather of the nature of a disaster, showing General Butler not to be a good man to direct in action. While at Bermuda Hundred, near this time, I was engaged in an action which I distinctly remember for several reasons. On the evening preceding I had been detailed to command about one hundred fifty men to go on picket duty, and our position was only a mile or so distant from our camp. We proceeded at once to our destination. The officer in charge of the line informed me that there was an ugly feeling existing between the enemy's pickets and our own, and that there was frequent firing, giving me special directions as to my being careful. I found our position was nearly confined to quite a dense growth of wood, with a heavy underbrush at some points. As my line was quite extended and difficult to explore in the darkness, after the men were duly posted and instructed as to their duties, I stationed one officer at the extreme left, another at the centre, and took my position at the extreme right, where there were two or three posts or stations in the open field. These last named posts were what

the men called "gopher holes," being simply holes dug in the ground, the earth thrown up in front to form a small breastwork for our protection. We had scarcely taken up our positions, just at sunset, when the rebels began their peculiar whine, something like an immense number of big cats, and we thought this meant an immediate charge on our lines, but it finally died down, and the night passed without special incident. We counted on "catching it" in the morning, and were not disappointed, for almost as soon as the streaks of light began to appear in the east, the cat calling began. I had but little if anything to eat the night before, and "Isaac," my big colored "man Friday," having a very well marked dislike of getting too near his former friends (?) and their polite compliments, had not yet put in an appearance with anything to eat, so I was not feeling over well to engage in any sort of business. Very soon we saw a strong line of skirmishers advancing from the woods some two hundred yards in our front, and some of the men in my pit began to "draw a bead" on the foe, but cautioning them to hold their fire till the "Johnnies" got much nearer, they did so. I felt sure we could send them back, for on our right in the open field we had a continuous rifle-pit fully manned, and I thought a skirmish line, however brave, could not contend with their fire. Not hearing from these allies, I glanced round and saw them far to the rear running like a lot of curs without as much as firing a gun. This, of course, made our position untenable, and I saw we must fall back or be prisoners very soon, and telling the men to go for a little wooded hill in our rear, we ran for our lives. I had read more or less during the war about our soldiers getting in a panic and now I began to realize as never before, or after, what the word stood for. Every step to the rear seemed to cause the oozing of my little stock of courage, and on this retreat of ten rods or more I expected every instant to feel a bullet enter my "backsides," and I thought this will sound nice at home. But I reached the woods without harm and got behind a tree, crying like a baby, too, no one being in my sight. I had not so much pluck left, it seemed to me, as a chicken, to say nothing of a hen.

Well, the fight went on, our artillery taking a hand and scattering the enemy, and so I got through the day in some way, but it took a night's sleep to bring my tone up to a fair level. I realized after this day's experience that, as some good brother has said, "We are all poor human creeters."

We were engaged in quite a number of minor engagements during the spring and early summer of 1864, and lost many good men, a few at a time, but in the aggregate a large number. The duty was heavy and constant.

I will incorporate here the chief points in an article written for the *Tribune*, some parts of which occurred during these days and having a special bearing on the colored troops. For the first year or two after the war began there was much prejudice and opposition to the use of colored men as soldiers, and it was only after the dark days came when anything in the shape of men was acceptable to stop bullets. It was my fortune to be a witness of the first efforts in the way of trying to utilize negroes as soldiers. General Hunter, the commander of the Department of the South in its early days, was a "crank," many thought, in his zeal in the use of colored men, and it was only after being sat upon pretty severely by the war department that Colonel Higginson, of literary fame, was allowed to organize the First South Carolina Infantry. In company with several comrades I visited this regiment soon after they went into camp. As we came near we saw them on guard in large numbers, and the way they held their muskets was anything but the manner laid down in the books, some having the butts elevated where the bayonets should be. When we approached their line, instead of making any objection to our entrance to their camp, they exhibited a cringing sort of spirit, so common among slaves. After inspecting the camp and men we came away with our opinions fully made up that these men could never be made soldiers, that is, of any earthly use as such. Not much over a year later we saw the same regiment at drill, and it was decidedly the best drilled set of men we saw while in the service; and they could not only drill finely but could fight as well.

In the first advance on Petersburg, Va., in June, 1864, we were marching along in no immediate anticipation of meeting the enemy, when a sharp firing in our front, with the boom of cannon, demanded our attention. We hurried forward and soon came to quite a large group of black soldiers having a great time of rejoicing over a bright new howitzer that shone in the sun like gold. • It seemed these men were in the advance of all, and when they came up with the rebels they went for them, "hammer and tongs," and though some of their numbers were lying around in their last sleep, they had won the victory and had something to show for it.

A little later, on the same expedition, after the capture of the outer line of works surrounding Petersburg, we saw another exhibition of the valor of colored men. Away to our front, on quite a hill, the rebels had a small fort with a few guns, which they were using to our discomfort. Between us and this fort ran a deep, wooded ravine. The colored soldiers were ordered to charge and capture this work if possible. Away they went and were soon out of sight, only to emerge a few minutes later, scrambling up the hill towards the fort, every man apparently on his own hook. The fort very soon ceased its firing and the cheers of the black men could be heard.

Our regiment being ordered up to support them if necessary, we were soon on the ground. In the midst of the little fort I saw a large Confederate officer lying dead and several colored soldiers lying still near him. Evidently he refused to surrender to them and was shot, not before slaying all he could of them.

One more incident relating to colored soldiers. In the early days of August, '64, while our regiment was on the north side of the James river, Generals Grant, Meade, and others of high rank were sitting on their horses near us. I heard Grant say to an officer near him, "What is there in that direction?" No one seeming to know, we very soon received an order to move to the front and find out, one half the regiment advancing as skirmishers, the rest following close at hand as a support. We had only gone a short way when pop! pop! began the firing, soon increasing to a respectable roar of musketry, all ceasing

abruptly as a powerful cheer reached us. At the same time we saw our men running in our direction, as though some fiend were at their heels. It was soon explained. There was a strong colored regiment "out there," where the general pointed, and our men, supposing them to be enemies, opened fire on them at once. The officer of the colored troops suspected the true state of affairs and to bring matters to a head at once ordered a charge, when the mistake was soon apparent. It was the cheer of the black fellows which we heard, and it had a strong tendency to cause creepy feelings in the region of our spinal column. We were willing, at least after this brush, to admit that a thousand well-drilled and armed darkies were not to be despised. I think our loss was one officer, Lieutenant Wentworth, a fine young man, while our men, owing to being veteran marksmen, killed about twenty of them and wounded many others.

I see by reading over these rapidly penned notes that I have rather "got before my story," that is, I have written about some occurrences before others which should have preceded them.

On the 28th of May, '64, we left Bermuda Hundred in transports, under command of Gen. W. F. ("Baldy") Smith, to report to General Meade of the Army of the Potomac, arriving at White House Landing on the Pamunkey river soon after. We were soon hurried forward to Cold Harbor, where already (June 3) the terrible charges had been made to capture the strong works of the rebels. These assaults of ours had been followed by countercharges of the enemy, on both sides without success, save in the immense slaughter of men, which scarcely had a parallel during the war.

Our march from White House to Cold Harbor was one of the hardest it was ever my lot to endure. We started about dark. I had command of the leading company, as we stood faced by the right flank, so that on the march I was close to the colonel, who, of course, was mounted, and his horse was my guiding star in the tedious march. I do not know the distance from White House to Cold Harbor, but I know it was close to daylight ere we were halted. I know I had scarcely any men of my com-

pany left, for they had fallen out by the wayside from exhaustion, and when the colonel (Bell) said, "Halt!" I fell to the ground as though shot, and was unconscious in sleep. Very soon, however, I was aroused by the falsetto voice of the colonel, saying, "Mr. Jewett, Mr. Jewett," and, rising to my feet, he said, "We are in close proximity to the enemy," pointing out a dimly defined line in the uncertain light.

He directed us to try and throw up such a line of defense as we could, but all the tools we had were the bayonets of the men, aided to some extent by tin plates and dippers in lieu of shovels. We managed by dint of hard work to dig a slight trench, so that by lying flat we could be somewhat protected. When darkness came on again our working utensils had arrived and we soon had a strong rifle-pit thrown up in our front.

The right of my line ran close to a swamp, supposed to be practically a bar to the advance of the enemy from that direction, but the colonel was fearful lest they might turn our flank just here, so a night or two later he called to me and gave special directions that on the approaching night I must keep my men constantly on the alert. Of course I did as directed, and sure enough at about midnight the "Johnnies" made an attack on my special front. As my men were wide awake, and one rank on their feet with guns all ready, we poured in a hot fire at once. Very soon the fire became general all along the line, artillery joining in as the bass to the roar of musketry. It was a fine display of fireworks, surely, though I do not think there was much loss on either side in killed or wounded.

I had one rather amusing incident connected with this affair. Among a lot of recruits we had received not long before was an Irishman by the name of Callahan. He was an old chap, probably near sixty, of a very slouchy physical make-up, and used to make me think of "Falstaff" as pictured by the immortal William. Well, after the firing got well to going on the night aforesaid, I was walking back and forth in the rear of my men, and in one of my tramps stepped on a man. Feeling sorry that one of my poor fellows had been knocked out, I stooped to try and find out who it was and though dark I soon

concluded it must be my Milesian friend. However, owing to the hubbub going on, I could not make out whether he was badly wounded or not. In the morning I did not see him, and upon inquiry learned he had disappeared soon after daybreak, and, further, that he was not wounded. Knowing from the remarks made that the men considered him an arrant coward, I instructed the first sergeant to keep him for me to interview when he next put in an appearance. A few days later he came 'round, and I had a close talk with him, asking him among other questions why, with his evident shrinking from posts of danger, he enlisted. He replied, "I never 'listed." I said, "How is that?" He then told the following story, which I doubt not was substantially correct. He said, "I'm not a poor man, but hearing a good deal about the new country, I thought I would come over and see it." Landing at New York, he was surprised at the cordiality of the men he met near the landing. Nearly everyone he met asked him to "take something," and he thought he never saw such nice people. Poor man, he little realized that he had fallen among the "man stealers," who would soon dispose of him to the highest bidder. He finally lost consciousness, and on awaking some time the next day he found himself in a large room with other men, "and with these on me," said he, pointing to his blue uniform. He tried to leave the room, when, as he said, a man "p'inted a bay'-net at me and said, 'Halt'," and in answer to his question why, he informed him he was "a soldier." So the poor old chap was "in for it," whether or no. I pitied the old man, and after this he was kept while he remained with us as a hewer of wood, etc.

I was somewhat surprised sometime later when he brought to me a large official letter from Lord Lyons, the English minister, to the effect that his case would be considered in due time. I have given some space to this case to show one of the abuses of war times. In the last two years of the war "land sharks" were plenty. They would get men drunk if possible and then sell them to parties anxious to fill their "quota" to save a "draft." Sometimes towns paid as much as two or

three thousand dollars each for men, thus placing a great temptation in the way of unprincipled men.

I see by reading this over that the "amusing" part has been mostly left out, caused probably by the chatter going on near me, so I will try and give the point that amused *me* at the time. Mr. Callahan on his return from his absence mentioned claimed to be "awfully sick," and when asked to locate his ailment he covered with his big hands a large share of his body, and in derision I called over all the diseases I could think of, and the old fellow had them all. This to me, taken with his exceedingly dejected look and slouchy get-up, was comical.

We remained eight days in the works at Cold Harbor, and the duty was hard and dangerous. Looking at this series of actions at the time, it seemed almost like butchery to kill so many men, but General Grant's idea was that Lee's army must be destroyed, and this could not be done except by hard fighting. We could afford the loss of men much better than the Confederates by reason of having so many more in reserve; still the slaughter of such large numbers of the very flower of our countrymen was a terrible price to pay.

We returned to Bermuda Hundred June 12, 1864. The capture of the outer line of the rebel works in front of Petersburg was one of the prettiest things of its kind I witnessed during the war. It was somewhat past the middle of the day when our army, under Gen. "Baldy" Smith, arrived in front of their position. We were mostly screened from their view by quite a ridge of land, with quite a growth of trees. The rebel works consisted of small forts or redoubts, with a few pieces of artillery in each and connected by rifle-pits.

Late in the afternoon we could hear the choppers at work cutting the trees, and soon after we were ordered forward in line of battle. Just then the trees fell. Our artillery opened on the rebels sharply, and we rushed forward at once, capturing several hundred prisoners and quite a number of field pieces. We lost very few men in this action. General Smith strongly complimented the troops, and General Grant soon rode up. I heard General Grant say to Smith, "This is a stronger position than that at Mission Ridge."

Speaking of General Grant, I observed his appearance on several occasions and especially noted the lack of pretension in his general bearing and lack of what is often called in the army "fuss and feathers." We never had a brigade commander but put on many more airs than did Grant. He was about forty years of age at this time and rather thin in flesh, having a settled look of seriousness on his face and evidently feeling the great responsibility resting upon him.

General Meade, the few times I saw him, had the appearance of a wearied and broken old man, not in good health. He was gray and stoop-shouldered and, as the event proved, was not to live long after the close of the terrible struggle. He was undoubtedly an able general, and did his part well, especially in the great battle of Gettysburg.

The war period was a great time to test men and bring their points, good or bad, to the surface. Some men of former excellent character and advantages in the way of education seemed to break down under the strain and temptations by which they were surrounded and go to pieces, morally and otherwise, while others entering the service practically mere wrecks of men braced up, perhaps by necessity, and became excellent soldiers.

I will mention a few instances of peculiar men coming under my own personal observation. In our regiment we had a variety of talent among the officers, first and last. I will mention one only. This was Capt. Isaac W. Hobbs of Great Falls, N. H. He was a first lieutenant at the time we left the state, and continued in that rank till promoted to captain of Company A. He was a remarkable man in many respects, an uncommonly acute man as a scholar, a graduate of high rank of Dartmouth College, his family being noted for scholarly ability. In the early days of our term of service I was frequently on duty with him. Somehow I felt rather drawn towards this strange man, and he soon seemed to reciprocate my regard and used to talk considerably with me on our tours of duty together. After my promotion to be a commissioned officer our intimacy became still closer, and though I was much the younger, practically a boy, we had frequent "confabs" together.

While stationed at St. Augustine, Fla., he found some of the citizens there were of Spanish descent, and he turned his strong mind to the acquiring of this language, mastering it in a comparatively short time. For some reason, possibly for his somewhat independent spirit, he was not a favorite with our colonel, and so he was not promoted in his turn, but others inferior in rank were promoted over him. This fact I have no doubt was a sore spot with him, and the abuse rankled in his soul. In the last year of his service he was made captain, but this, coming late, did not seem to heal fully his irritated feelings.

A few months before our term expired it was announced that General Hancock was to have a special "gilt-edged" corps made up for him out of the cream of the army, the officers of which were to be selected by a board of regular officers selected for the purpose and stationed at Washington. Captain Hobbs, without saying much about it, "read up," and in due time went before this board and stood the severe ordeal. Every question propounded to him was satisfactorily answered, and the officers complimented him as passing the best examination of any man who had appeared before them, and that he was competent for any grade of office in the army. However, the highest place then open to him was that of captain. This was given him and he was ordered to report to his regiment for duty, where he served until long after the war was over.

Another strange character occurs to me just now. One day while we were drawn up in line in front of Petersburg, awaiting an order to go somewhere to us unknown, I noticed an officer on a white horse, in a full and showy uniform, riding in a direct line towards the rebel rifle-pits, and calling the boys' attention to him we watched with exceeding interest his strange conduct. We could not understand for a time what he intended to do. Some thought he meant to desert, but soon it became evident what his purpose was, for, proceeding in a leisurely way in a "bee line" towards the enemy's works, they meanwhile standing agape watching his course as well as we, this strange man appeared to be closely scanning their works, turning his head in various directions. At last he changed di-

rection and started to ride parallel to their line, when his object became evident, which was to reconnoiter and report later as to the position and strength of the place. At once the rebels opened fire upon him, and the smoke and dust concealed him for a time from our view, but soon he came in sight again, and, seeming to be satisfied with his inspection, came slowly back to our lines, to all appearances unharmed.

We learned later that he was a volunteer aid on the staff of Gen. "Baldy" Smith, that he was formerly a surgeon in the regular army, losing his position on account of his intemperate habits, and now he seemed to be seeking death, which we heard he found a little later in his reckless exposure of his person to the enemy.

Still another strange and remarkable character comes up before me, his thick-set, sturdy form resembling the pictures of Miles Standish as given in the old paintings of that worthy Pilgrim, though in Colonel Zent's case he resembled General Logan in his profuse black hair and heavy mustache. Colonel Zent belonged to the Thirteenth Indiana Infantry, a regiment which seemed to have the most deadly hatred of rebels and everything pertaining to them of any organization I saw during the war. Colonel Zent was always open for an engagement when any specially hazardous work was on foot, and it was said he had a standing request on file at the general's headquarters that in desperate cases and in forlorn hopes he wished to command the forces, and his desire was gratified.

Knowing him quite well—he was very commonplace and easy to approach—I said to him one day, "Colonel, you seem anxious to 'shuffle off this mortal coil' by the way you seek posts of extreme danger." He laughed and replied with some strong words that "the rebels had not run any bullet for him, and that they would n't either." He seemed to bear a charmed life certainly.

One incident to show his style. Not long previous to the blowing up of Fort Hell, in front of Petersburg, it was determined to make an assault in force on the left of the rebels' works (our right). To divert the attention of the enemy from

the point of real attack a few hundred men were to make a "feint," as it is termed in military language, near our left. Zent with his few hundred men (all volunteers for the occasion) were to make a charge up a hillside in an open field, crowned by a line of strong rifle-pits, which meant certain death to a large number of the little band. When the time came for business Zent, at the head of his small party, advanced in line straight up the hill towards the rebels. The lines were not far apart, and the rebels arose in their places and looked wonderingly at the small crowd coming toward them, but soon a fearful fire opened on this, indeed, "forlorn hope." The men stood bravely to their posts for a time, with fearful loss, but at last the remnant fell back towards our line. The smoke clearing away, Zent was seen still at the front with drawn sword, not having retreated an inch. The survivors seeing their leader thus exposed rushed back to him, when he said to them, "Boys, there's some hitch, I don't hear any firing on the right. You may go back," and coolly walked back to our lines. It proved that the proposed attack had been abandoned at the last moment, but Colonel Zent and his brave comrades were not notified.

A few weeks later, while in hospital at Fort Monroe, and having recovered so as to be able to get out of doors, I was strolling about the fine grounds and saw at some distance a man with crutches coming in my direction, and soon saw it was my old friend, Colonel Zent. I said to him, as he held one foot from touching the ground, "What, Colonel, wounded after all your talk?" "Not by the blunk rebels, though. If I was fool enough to shoot myself, that is my fault." It appeared from his story that in a skirmish with the rebels he had stumbled and, falling, his revolver had been accidentally discharged and the ball entered his foot. He was a unique man, surely, and his equal in his line I never met.

Sometimes, yes, often, we had funny things occur. I remember one day we were coming into camp from a ten days' tour of picket duty. I was tramping along with Captain Clough of our regiment, and in the course of conversation I said to him that I should think the darkies on a certain small island near

us would be in a very dangerous position in case of attack. "Oh!" he replied, "they are all right; they are armed to the teeth and have a large number of the most *avaricious dogs* you ever saw." The captain's meaning was evident, but his word was not exactly O. K. This officer was an excellent one, however, and not an ignorant man by any means, but one of those peculiar cases we sometimes meet of persons who pay more attention to sound than to some other matters. Captain afterwards rose to high rank and in days long after the close of the war was at the head of our state militia.

We had one remarkably talkative Irishman, I think belonging to Company E. He was a tall, red-headed man and a chronic faultfinder; something or other was always going wrong with him, and his loud voice was often raised, cussing some feature of his soldier life, so that one day when a bullet from the musket of a "Johnnie reb." crashed through his face, removing one half or more of his tongue as cleanly as though taken off by a knife, the boys thought it a judgment upon him. I think he recovered from the wound all right, though with a few less teeth and a less limited tongue.

Our duty at Bermuda Hundred and vicinity was much the same, being largely guarding our lines of works, which ran for many miles in several ways. Nothing specially noteworthy that I now recall occurred till the 16th of August, 1864, when at the action of Deep Run, Va., we were heavily engaged and lost many in killed and wounded.

As this was my last day of active service, I will give as detailed an account of it as I can now remember. The early portion of this action was a success. Our forces had captured a line of rifle-pits in fine style, not, however, without a great loss, but the main line of the rebel works was very strong indeed and it was simply folly to think of carrying them with the force employed. Just previous to the disastrous assault of our brigade, being in command of the extreme right of our line, a soldier came running up to me and said, "Do you see those men marching past our flank? Well, those are rebels." This force could easily be seen through the thin growth of pine,

and seeing Brig.-Gen. D. B. Birney near, sitting on his horse, I at once went to him and advised him of the fact. "Never mind," he replied, "forward," and away we went to the front. Soon we met with a scorching fire, not only from our front but an enfilading fire, as it is termed, that is, a side fire as well as front, and Captain Parker, seeing this, gave orders for a change of front, he at the same time being seriously wounded in the neck. In much confusion this order was in process of execution when I became practically unconscious of what was going on, and only learned afterward what the result was.

It seemed a soldier of my company noticed the expression of my face, saw something was the matter, and seizing me ran, or at least assisted me, from that part of the field, and meeting some surgeon or assistant, my case was diagnosed as a partial sunstroke, and some kind of stimulant was given me. I have a very faint recollection of what transpired till perhaps the morning of the next day, when I awoke to find myself lying on the ground, covered with blankets, the rain falling gently in my face. A few feet distant I recognized the remains of Lieutenant-Colonel Henderson of the Seventh New Hampshire and I think Lieutenant-Colonel Plimpton of the Third New Hampshire, who was also killed in this battle, was also near me. Both these men were very fine and accomplished officers, and the state of New Hampshire lost many other gallant officers and men in this unfortunate affair.

Soon after regaining consciousness I was taken on board a transport and removed with others to Fort Monroe, where, at an officers' general hospital, I remained for several weeks. The day of this Deep Bottom (or Deep Run, as it is sometimes called) battle was, it seemed to me, the hottest I had ever experienced, and I doubt not many a poor soldier died from this cause on that day.

The term of service of the original men who had not re-enlisted having expired on September 18, 1864, they had been mustered out and returned to New Hampshire. As soon as the hospital authorities would allow I proceeded to General Butler's headquarters at Bermuda Hundred and was mustered out,

September 27, 1864, receiving an honorable discharge by reason of expiration of term of service.

Returning to Fort Monroe, I was paid off, and started on my homeward journey. I went by boat up the Potomac to Washington, where my brother Sam and cousin Bill were at work making artificial legs for maimed soldiers. I spent a few days with them very pleasantly. One evening I remember we attended Ford theater and saw the noted Barney Williams and his wife in one of their great plays. A few months later President Lincoln was assassinated at this place and our country was thrown into the deepest gloom.

I proceeded homeward during the early days of October. I remember stopping over night at the Bromfield House, then kept by Selden Crockett, a New Hampshire man, and went to their church the next day by their kind invitation.

I think it was on Monday, the next day, that I started for my home. On my ride, when near Concord, I believe, I saw an aged lady looking very intently at my sword lying in my lap. She said, "What do you call that air thing?" Answering her, she desired to know if I had "ever punched old Jeff in the ribs with it." Of course I was amused at these questions, but had quite a chat with the loyal old lady.

Arriving at Laconia on the noon train, I took the most direct route home by way of Church street, passing through the field near where the David Watson house now stands, and found father and Jim husking corn in the barn. They seemed well pleased to see the "wandering boy," and mother, Ellen, and others of the family gave me a very kind and affectionate greeting, after something over three years of absence.

The change from a pretty active military life of three years without other break than a few weeks' illness to that of civil life is great, but to me at least it was a welcome one, for the vision of "grim-visaged war" had lost its attractiveness after a somewhat intimate acquaintance with its horrors. For a few weeks my time was taken up with visiting friends and telling war stories, and then the duties of life began to assert themselves, but these being of a peaceful nature and "known and

read of all men," and a few women, need not be further dwelt upon.

These very scrappy and imperfect recollections of army life have been mostly very rapidly penned, and with very little data at hand to aid my memory. If at some future time I shall have access to my somewhat numerous correspondence with relatives during the war, I may be able to write out a more detailed and correct account of those trying days. Till then, or perhaps forever, I close.

COLONEL THOMAS J. WHIPPLE.

BY E. P. JEWELL OF LACONIA.

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen of the Bar:

Owing somewhat to imperfect health in the past, I have not associated very freely with attorneys in the different parts of the state. Of course I am intimately acquainted with the leading lawyers in New Hampshire, and have a general acquaintance with most who are in practice, but it has never been my fortune to meet you often as I meet you here tonight. Hence I feel an unusual pleasure in being here, for I like lawyers—not because they are lawyers, but as a rule I believe they are the best all-round men.

The task that has been given me is a difficult one. I see many men before me who were well acquainted with Colonel Whipple, and to you, gentlemen, it is useless for me to say that it is utterly impossible to present an intelligent outline or sketch of this brilliant man in the time allotted to me. It would take an octavo volume to present Colonel Whipple as he was, for certainly, gentlemen, he was one of the most brilliant lawyers and able men that the state of New Hampshire has ever produced.

I became acquainted with him in 1859. I had heard strange stories of him; some were characteristic and some were not, as I found when I became acquainted with him.

It was understood that he would not take a student, but through the influence of the venerable Samuel Emerson of Moultonborough, who was known to the older members of the bar, I went into his office in 1859. I found him to be the most interesting man I had ever met then or have ever met since. I found him to be studious and painstaking, and when, in the fulness of his powers, he came to the trial of a cause prepared

and thoroughly equipped, in my judgment no man ever stood on the soil of New Hampshire who was more than a match for Col. Tom Whipple.

He was born—well, he was born with rare gifts, such gifts as few men possess. As a lawyer he would not rank with the ablest lawyers of New Hampshire, like Christie, like Judge Perley, or like many gentlemen who are before me tonight, but it is a grand mistake to think that Col. Thomas J. Whipple was not an able lawyer. He mingled in his day and associated with such men as Perley, Christie, Atherton, and Pierce.

No man ever faced Colonel Whipple when he was ready for trial, as he usually was, who did not instantly feel and acknowledge his power. I remember when the colonel was tired, after a long trial at Dover,—he had argued a cause nearly six hours before Ira Perley, who was on the bench,—I came down to see Judge Perley, and he asked me how the colonel was. I told him he was tired; and the judge said, “No wonder, Mr. Jewell; he has made the ablest argument, in my judgment, that was ever made at the Strafford County bar.”

I met General Pierce, who was his intimate friend all through his life, not long before Mr. Pierce died. He said, “From long acquaintance with Colonel Whipple, and from long acquaintance with men, I can say that he was the brightest man and, measuring him up all and all, on all sides, he was the ablest man, I ever met.”

When Colonel Whipple was dying, I was going to Exeter, and he called me in and sent by me a dying message to General Marston. I went to General Marston’s house to deliver the message. I never shall forget, if I live to be a thousand years of age, the scene. After a tidal wave of emotion swept over the rugged old face, he said, “Jewell, I knew Whipple from a boy, and he was the brightest boy that ever God made.” The expression was extravagant, but I feel that although he may not have been the brightest boy, he was certainly as bright a boy as ever was fashioned by the hand of God.

He might have made an abler lawyer than he was, but he made the law a secondary matter. Outside of law, for general

information, for learning upon subjects where most of us are uninformed, Whipple was unsurpassed. I appeal to any of the gentlemen present, who have met him under favorable circumstances, if they did not feel impressed with the truth of what I say.

He never knew an idle hour in his life. His mind was constantly active. He was a great reader of rare books, and at times, when sick and hardly able to sit up, when confined to his bed, you would find him buried in books; his bed was covered with books, and he would find intense amusement in works like Peter Pindar. He was an omnivorous reader, and I believe he gathered up more rare information between the hours nine at night and six in the morning than any man of my acquaintance ever obtained in a lifetime. He would fall asleep at eleven, wake up at midnight, his light would be burning, and he would read for hours. Any time of night he might be found reading if he happened to be awake. Born with such gifts, industrious as he was, with a most active and brilliant intellect, is it any wonder that he became an accomplished and exceedingly learned man in the fields I have suggested? He could not be anything else. Everybody seemed to understand that he was a man of unusual brilliancy and marvelous command of words, but his transcendent ability was not known except to those who knew him intimately. No one knew Whipple unless he knew him well. One had to know him intimately to appreciate his tremendous personality and to realize the grip and grasp of his mind. All through his life, from the beginning of my acquaintance with him to the time of his death, he scattered gems of thought and expression unceasingly and profusely and evidently without effort. It would be a hopeless task to attempt to gather them up. I could write a volume of the beautiful, strange, and startling things which I have heard from the lips of this superb and original thinker. The gems of thought are gone. Magnificent expressions, sometimes the sweetest things on earth, flashed into his mind and out and were lost. No one could recollect and repeat them. He was as powerless as I was to remember his most elegant state-

ments. They flashed through his mind like lightning and disappeared forever.

His remarkable wit was known to everybody, but it is useless to undertake to relate anecdotes illustrating it. As well might one attempt to describe a flash of lightning in a midnight sky. To illustrate how his mind sometimes worked I will relate an incident. One time he was in Boston with Simeon P. Cheney, the well-known singer. Colonel Whipple was a good flute-player and a good judge of music. He was a friend and admirer of Ned Kendall. Kendall's band was marching through the street, and the great leader was playing a bugle solo. Whipple's military ear caught the sound, and he at once recognized his old friend. Instantly, looking into Cheney's face, he exclaimed, "Great God, Sim, I would like to hear Ned when the fit is on him, the whole world rushing to hear him, rattle off such a solo as would take the Almighty smiting upon the keys of the great organ of nature, with a beetle to play an appropriate accompaniment." Think of that as a specimen of extravagant expression.

To present another side of his nature I will tell a brief story and then close. We had been tormented almost to death with book agents trying to sell worthless books. Colonel Whipple always welcomed anyone who was selling a really valuable and useful book as a public benefactor but agents with cheap books annoyed him. One day the office door opened and an agent entered with what we supposed was a book. At a remark of the colonel, which was too strong to repeat, the man was about to leave, when, thinking after all he might not be a book agent, with a half apology for what he had said Whipple drew him back. The man had a picture. It was "Christ Blessing Little Children." The Saviour, His head surrounded with a halo, sat in the center, with the little children and some of the disciples around Him. The colonel took the picture and patiently and silently examined it. I stood at one side of his chair, looking over his shoulder, and the agent stood at the other side. After a few moments' inspection Whipple coldly and deliberately inquired, "Where is Christ?" A look of amazement passed over the agent's face as he looked at me. Then, getting his breath,

he put his finger on the central figure and replied, "That is supposed to be Christ." "Is that Christ?" inquired Whipple. "Who is that?" putting his finger upon the head of a rugged male figure. The agent said, "Peter." "Are these Jewish children?" "They are supposed to be," answered the agent. "But they are not," said Whipple, "they live in Laconia. This is Amy Black." The agent now began to rally in defense of his picture. He gave an account of the artist and his great works. He called special attention to this picture in detail, and particularly to the excellent work shown in the toe of a child. He said enthusiastically, "See what an exquisite piece of work that is?" pointing to the toe. After a moment of serious examination—"Yes," said the colonel, "he is a great *toe* artist, but what an idea for a great artist to spend all his skill upon the *toe* of a child and put the head of a d—d fool on his Christ." (Laughter.)

Mr. Toastmaster and members of the bar, I have not time—as I must leave for my train in a few minutes—to give you even a glimpse of the real character of Colonel Whipple. I knew him well. I knew him intimately and for a long time. He was certainly one of the most gifted and talented sons of New Hampshire. It was a privilege to know him. I wish I had time to portray him as he was, but I have not. Some one will do it at some time, I trust.

"No more will Whipple's arm
His battle steed control;
The fight is done, the field is won,
Farewell, intrepid soul."

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF COL. WHIPPLE.

BY REV. C. A. CRESSY OF NEWPORT, Minn., Co. E.

Colonel Whipple was an officer dearly loved by his men. His interest in the men was constantly shown in many ways. He was strict, even to severity sometimes, but a soldier who did his duty and by obedience to orders gave evidence of his soldierly qualities could not fail to win the colonel's approval. At Manchester, before we left camp, the colonel found in a Sunday inspection of quarters a soldier with a little feather-bed that he had improvised as a sort of cushion for his bones in the event of having to sleep upon the hard ground. The colonel looked at it and said to the soldier, "What do you call that thing?"

"That's a little feather-bed that I had made to keep me off the hard ground."

"What!" said the colonel, "a feather-bed soldier in my regiment? Take your feather-bed, sir, and yourself along with it and get out of my camp! I'll have no feather-bed soldiers in my regiment!"

What became of that soldier I do not remember, but he learned that a soldier's duty is not to endure "softness," but "hardness" in the service.

Colonel Whipple was always a constant visitor at the hospitals in every camp we made. Many a surviving comrade remembers his thoughtful kindness toward the sick and suffering. His visits to the wards were hailed with delight, for he invariably brought some little delicacies to the suffering boys that were purchased with his own money.

At Hilton Head, as the colonel was making his rounds one day in the hospital, he found a soldier lying on his cot with

a badly injured foot, wounded by a cut from a shovel that he had been using in the building of batteries. As the colonel paused at the cot of the wounded soldier he noticed that the bandages about his foot were very much soiled and filthy, showing neglect in the care of the wounded member. He said to the soldier, "When was your foot dressed last?"

"The day before yesterday," the soldier answered.

The colonel's voice rang out clear and sharp, "Ward master! Report here immediately!" The ward master came running, and the colonel, with a look of severity and indignation calculated to freeze the fellow's marrow, said: "Take your duds and report to your company for duty as a disgrace to the regiment for allowing a wounded man under your care to suffer at the hands of your neglect!"

The ward doctor coming it at that moment, he said to him, "Doctor, what do you mean to let my men suffer neglect in this manner? If you cannot attend to your duties here as you ought I'll pack you off to New Hampshire in short order, and have someone here in your place who will attend to my wounded and suffering men."

He then made the doctor dress the foot of the wounded man in his presence.

After the colonel had resigned his position at Jacksonville, Fla., he came to Fernandina, where a portion of the regiment was quartered, arriving at night and without the countersign. I was on guard at the gate of the camp. I saw someone approaching in the darkness and challenged him, "Who comes here?" The colonel's voice answered, "A friend, but without the countersign." I knew the voice and, realizing the colonel's situation at once and with a feeling of sympathy that any soldier in his regiment would have felt, I replied, "I recognize you, Colonel, and you may pass." That was a breach of duty on the part of a sentinel, but I would have risked my life for Colonel Whipple at that moment.

When he left us at Fernandina our company and one other were on board the steamer that was to bear us to St. Augustine, Fla. The colonel came on board just before we sailed, and the

companies were drawn up on deck to bid him farewell. He shook hands with every man of us and bade us a most tender and touching farewell. Bronzed-faced men cried like children, and I do not think there was a dry eye in the ranks as we listened to his earnest exhortations to us to be faithful in our service and earn a record that would make us an honor to the state and the country.

But for the unfortunate circumstances that necessitated his resignation every soldier in the regiment would have been glad to follow Col. Thomas J. Whipple to the death, if need be, in any service that he might have required at our hands.

“Let sculptured urn and shaft
Record our hero's name;
Be his the meed of gallant deed,
Undying be his fame.”

THOMAS JEFFERSON WHIPPLE.

BY REV. S. G. ABBOTT, A. M., CHAPLAIN OF FIRST N. H. REGIMENT.

Thomas Jefferson Whipple was born in Wentworth January 30, 1816. His parents were Thomas and Mary Tabor Whipple. Thomas Whipple was a physician of more than ordinary eminence and a gentleman widely known and esteemed in the state. He distinguished himself as a member of the state legislature in 1819 by introducing and carrying through to its enactment as a law the bill since known as the "Toleration Act." Subsequently he represented his district in the United States house of representatives.

Thomas J. acquired his education at the old New Hampton Institution at Bradford, Vt., and the Norwich Military University. He read law with Hon. Josiah Quincy of Rumney and Salmon Waires of Johnson, Vt., and was admitted to the bar in 1840, and settled at once in Wentworth, afterwards removing to Meredith Bridge, now Laconia, where the remainder of his life was passed.

Naturally of a martial turn of mind, he became interested in military affairs, and at the age of seventeen was appointed aide-de-camp to General Cook, and raised an independent company, called the Wentworth Phalanx.

He volunteered in the Mexican War and was commissioned first lieutenant of the Ninth United States Infantry April 9, 1847, and adjutant of the same in May following. He accompanied the regiment to Vera Cruz, but soon after his arrival, indulging his curiosity in examining a Catholic cemetery in the neighborhood, he was unfortunately taken prisoner. He was in company with Private R. H. A. Barnes. When they came to the gate of the cemetery they were met by three Mexicans, who had dismounted from their horses, with their esco-pets pointed at them. Lieutenant Whipple was armed with a

sword and placed himself at once against the wall and prepared to defend himself. Barnes, unarmed, made the best of his way through the cemetery to the camp. The Mexicans drew their swords and made at Whipple, who stoutly defended himself. One of his captors hit him a blow upon the head, stunning him, but not injuring him, as the blade, meeting a parry, struck flatwise upon the lieutenant's head. Recovering himself, he set vigorously at work, when the Mexicans retreated a few paces and brought their escopets to bear upon him, making unmistakable signs which a Yankee could understand that "it is surrender or we fire." Whipple, thinking that in this case "discretion was the better part of valor," gave up and was led away upon a mustang, while his own horse was appropriated by the captors. Barnes gave the alarm and a detachment was sent out in search of him, but the guerrillas had escaped with their captive. Whipple was well treated by them and was subsequently exchanged and distinguished himself in the battle of Atlixco, where he was volunteer aid-de-camp to Brigadier-General Lane. Adjutant Whipple resigned February 23, 1848.

He resumed his practice at Meredith (now Laconia) after the war. He was appointed adjutant of the Twenty-ninth Regiment August 3, 1848.

Upon the commencement of the War of the Rebellion, Captain Whipple was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the First Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry, April 29, 1861, and was mustered out August 9, 1861. August 20, 1861, Lieutenant-Colonel Whipple was appointed colonel of the Fourth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry, and resigned March 18, 1862, and, returning to Meredith, resumed the practice of his profession. As a military man, Colonel Whipple was a martinet. He was every inch a soldier. He was severe in discipline, but exceedingly kind and even tender to the faithful and obedient. He was brave almost to temerity. He never appeared to know the emotion of fear. He was universally popular with his men and greatly beloved by them.

In society affairs Colonel Whipple was always prominent, being at the time of his death a Royal Arch Mason, a member

of Winnepesaukee Lodge, No. 7, I. O. O. F., John L. Perley, Jr., Post No. 37, G. A. R., and also of the Union Veterans' Union, the latter organization bearing his name.

In the latter part of 1877 Colonel Whipple was elected president of the Belknap County Bar Association, as successor to the late George W. Stevens, holding that position to the time of his death.

Colonel Whipple has occupied the position of assistant clerk and clerk of the New Hampshire house of representatives, solicitor of Belknap county, secretary of the Constitutional Convention of 1856, and has been attorney for the Boston and Concord and Montreal Railroad since 1870, and also for the Lake Company since the death of Senator James Bell.

Colonel Whipple was an able though eccentric lawyer, an advocate of great power, with original thoughts and the power of forcible expression.

"Colonel Whipple was a man of strong force of character, persistent and aggressive, yet possessed of many warm friends included in a large circle of acquaintances. His was almost a national reputation, and few men in the land were better known. He was a Democrat of the old school. Among his most intimate friends was the late Ex-president Pierce. The two were most endeared one toward the other, and it was only a few weeks previous to his death that during an interview with *The Union* scribe, in recalling reminiscences in connection with their relations in bygone days, the deceased referred to the ex-president in most glowing terms. In the practice of his profession Colonel Whipple's greatest success was attained in the trial of cases before a jury, in which he exhibited great tact and astuteness, and at the same time his eloquence, set forth with a command of language which few men other than himself possessed, was most convincing in argument."

Colonel Whipple died of paralysis after an illness of about three weeks at his home in Laconia, December 21, 1899, lamented by all who knew him.

COL. THOMAS J. WHIPPLE.

(From Concord *Monitor*.)

By the death of Colonel Whipple, which occurred at his home on Pleasant street, Laconia, Saturday evening, the bar of the state loses one of its ablest members and the Belknap county bar one who for many years was its distinguished leader. He was also a participant in two wars—Mexican and War of the Rebellion—and possessed a decided military taste from early in life. He served as first lieutenant in the Ninth New England Regiment and as adjutant of Colonel Pierce's (afterwards Colonel Ransom's regiment of Norwich, Vt.) in the Mexican War. He was taken prisoner at Vera Cruz and exchanged at Jalapa. He was also adjutant-general of General Lewis's staff.

In the war of the rebellion he served as lieutenant-colonel of the First Regiment and colonel of the Fourth Regiment, and was elected colonel of the Twelfth Regiment by the men composing it, but was not commissioned, Colonel Potter of the United States regular army taking command of the regiment after it had been in camp several days.

Thomas Jefferson Whipple was the second son of Dr. Thomas and Phebe Taber Whipple of Wentworth. Doctor Whipple was much in public life, serving in the state legislature, where he secured the passage of the toleration act in 1819; and four consecutive terms as a representative in congress, being elected first in 1821.

Colonel Whipple read law with Hon. Josiah Quincy of Rumney, was admitted to the bar at Plymouth in 1840, and opened an office in Wentworth.

He enlisted in the Mexican War in the spring of 1846, returned from Mexico in the early spring of 1848, and soon after

settled in the practice of his profession at Laconia, where he has ever since resided. He had but few positions in public life, never being a seeker for office. He was assistant clerk of the New Hampshire house of representatives in 1848, clerk of the same body in 1849, 1850, 1851, and 1852, clerk of the Constitutional Convention in 1852, and a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1876. He was a prominent member of the Masonic and Odd Fellows fraternities and Perley Post, G. A. R. At the last reunion at The Weirs he made what has proved to be his last speech to the boys in blue, and it was remarked at the time as being one of his best speeches, and was most cordially received by his comrades.

Colonel Whipple married some forty years ago Belinda Hadley of Wentworth, who died a few years later, leaving one daughter, Belinda C., wife of George R. Somes of Laconia.

Colonel Whipple was a man of strong and pronounced characteristics, and had many friends. He was a successful lawyer, and was engaged in many important cases, which called forth his tact and ability, and his command of language was remarkable when he was at his best in argument or speech.

(From the *Bristol Enterprise*.)

Col. Thomas J. Whipple died at his home in Laconia December 21, 1889. At the age of seventeen he was aid-de-camp on the staff of General Cook of the New Hampshire militia. As an orator, Colonel Whipple was widely known, being conspicuous as a Democratic speaker in many campaigns. He was very popular with the veteran soldiers, and was many times the orator at military reunions. In whatever circles Colonel Whipple moved he gained great personal popularity, was very witty and humorous and by his personal magnetism made a large number of friends. In 1867 Dartmouth College conferred upon him the honorary degree of master of arts.

(From *Patriot*, Concord.)

In the death of Colonel Whipple of Laconia, at his late home in Laconia, Saturday evening, December 21, 1889, of paralysis,

after a confinement of several weeks, the Democratic party of New Hampshire has lost one of its ablest leaders and champions, the bar one of its most brilliant ornaments, and the state one of its most esteemed and honored citizens.

Colonel Whipple was a native of Wentworth, born January 30, 1816. His father, Dr. Thomas Whipple, was a prominent physician and a Democratic member of congress for four successive terms, from 1821 to 1829.

Colonel Whipple was fitted for college at Bradford (Vt.) Academy and New Hampton Institution, and graduated from the Norwich (Vt.) Military University in 1839. He studied law with the late Hon. Josiah Quincy of Rumney and was admitted to the bar in 1840 at Plymouth, commencing practice in his native town. Here he also evinced his military taste and spirit by raising a local company, known as the Wentworth Phalanx. At the outbreak of hostilities with Mexico he enlisted in the regiment of Gen. Franklin Pierce, with whom he ever subsequently maintained relations of strong personal friendship, and served gallantly as a lieutenant in the field. He was taken prisoner at Vera Cruz, but was exchanged at Jalapa and afterwards made adjutant-general on the staff of General Lewis.

At the close of the Mexican War, in 1848, Colonel Whipple removed to Meredith Bridge, now Laconia, and resumed the practice of law, in which he has ever since been engaged, with the exception of the time spent in the field during the rebellion as lieutenant-colonel of the first New Hampshire three-months regiment and colonel of the Fourth Regiment, which later position he resigned March 28, 1862.

As a lawyer, Colonel Whipple held high rank, especially as an advocate, his eloquence, originality, and wit, combined with a most extraordinary command of language, giving him unusual power before a jury, as well as on the stump, where he frequently rendered effective service for the party with which he was allied from youth but at whose hands he never sought distinction for himself.

The only offices of note he ever held were those of assistant

clerk of the state house of representatives for four years, from 1848 to 1851 inclusive, clerk of the Constitutional Convention of 1850 and delegate to that of 1876, though had he aspired to political distinction in that line there was nothing in the power of his party to confer which he might not have received.

COL. THOMAS J. WHIPPLE.

The death of Col. Thomas J. Whipple is a loss to the state of one of her most famous citizens. The brilliant abilities and the aggressive personality of "Tom" Whipple have made his name a household word in every nook and corner of his native state and his fame as a lawyer, as a soldier and as a sterling man was spread beyond her borders. At the first call for troops Colonel Whipple's sword sprang from its scabbard and he went to the front with the three-months men, again with the gallant Fourth regiment, and would have gone again with the famous Belknap county regiment, the Twelfth, which was largely raised through the magic of his name, had not other considerations ruled at the time.

As an advocate, Colonel Whipple stood without a peer almost at the New Hampshire bar in the cogency of his reasoning, the brilliancy of his argument, and the enthusiasm and devotion which he brought to the service of his clients. All in all, Colonel Whipple was a man who made many and warm friends, and his death will be felt as a personal bereavement by probably a larger number of citizens of this state than that of almost any other person. He had his faults, but the warm and generous impulses of his nature have caused them to be forgotten even now.

COL. THOMAS J. WHIPPLE.

Thomas Jefferson Whipple was born in Wentworth, N. H., January 30, 1816. His father, Dr. Thomas Whipple, was a well-known physician of northern New Hampshire, and served in the United States House of Representatives. Colonel Whipple was educated at Bradford, Vt., and the Norwich Military University, read law with Hon. Josiah Quincy of Rumney and Salmon Waires of Johnson, Vt., and was admitted to the bar in 1840, settled at Wentworth, afterwards removing to Meredith Bridge, now Laconia, where all his life was passed, excepting while in the service of his country.

He was commissioned first lieutenant of the Ninth United States Infantry April 9, 1847, and was soon made adjutant. He was taken prisoner at Vera Cruz, Mexico, was afterwards exchanged and distinguished himself at the battle of Atlixco. Adjutant Whipple resigned February 23, 1848; afterwards served in the New Hampshire state militia. When the Rebellion broke out he was practicing law at Laconia. He at once offered his services to Governor Goodwin, who appointed him lieutenant-colonel, First Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, April 29, 1861. He was mustered out August 9, and August 20 was commissioned colonel, Fourth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers. He had the honor of commanding the regiment which was the first to land on South Carolina soil after the state had seceded.

Colonel Whipple was a model soldier, strict in discipline, but kind and considerate to his men, who admired his military abilities, respected and loved him as their leader, and deeply regretted his departure, caused by his resignation, March 18, 1862, at Jacksonville, Fla.

After the war he practiced law at Laconia, where he became one of the leading lawyers of northern New Hampshire.

Colonel Whipple died of paralysis, at his home in Laconia, December 21, 1889, aged seventy-three years, ten months, and twenty-one days, universally lamented by his comrades and all who knew him.

HISTORIAN.

Colonel Whipple recruited the 12th Regiment in and around Laconia in a few days. All the men expected he would be their leader and when Governor Berry refused to commission Colonel Whipple there was sorrow and disappointment among the soldiers, that with a leader would have resulted in some strong protest that might have conflicted with military discipline. It was this situation that led Colonel Whipple to rise above personal reasons and exhibit exalted patriotism and magnanimity. His eloquent address, on another page, to the officers and men, proved his worth and loyalty, and the splendid record the 12th New Hampshire regiment made will always be pointed to with pride and did great credit to the state of New Hampshire which sent them forth.

HISTORIAN.

ADDRESS BY COL. THOMAS J. WHIPPLE AT CONCORD, N. H., BEFORE THE TWELFTH REGIMENT, N. H. V.

Fellow Soldiers: I am deeply sensible of this cordial welcome. Past experience has made me too familiar with the fatigues and hardships of the service to detain you in your present position with any extended remarks. Your neighbors, friends, and kindred have come here today to offer you the parting hand and to take their last leave before your departure to the field to participate in the great contest, to which you have consecrated your lives and your sacred honor.

While our hearts glow with admiration in view of the patriotic motives by which you are actuated, we are solemnly reminded that this parting with many of us may be the last. But in times like these, he who has a life to give to his country possesses the power to become a hero. He is indeed fortunate who, amid the roaring of guns, the thundering of cannons, the clash of sabres, and the trumpet blast of bugles, descends in glory to his grave upon the field of battle. Well may such a man be envied when compared with him who wastes painfully away, and, unremembered, surrenders his life in the ordinary course of mortality. Through all the perils and vicissitudes of the service our anxieties and sympathies will follow you wherever you may go. We have an undoubted faith in your valor and your prowess, and confidently expect that your achievements on every field of battle will illustrate your name and fill our hearts with joy and exaltation. If you fall, ours will be a proud sorrow, untarnished by shame.

No regiment from this state has yet failed to do its whole duty in the day of trial. Look at the glorious Second, with its decimated ranks, its few survivors. We venerate those who have perished as martyrs, sacrificed upon the altar of consti-

tutional liberty, remembering the gallant Fifth at Fair Oaks, the Sixth at Newburn, and now the Ninth, recently organized, like yourselves, and already treading the path of glory and of honor.

I had hoped at one time to share your dangers, to lead you in your coming conflict, to witness with pride your daring courage, and to participate in the glory of your triumphs; but this high privilege has been denied me by those whose motives I am not here to question. They are the repositories of the public trust, and it becomes me to acquiesce in their decisions. But, undiscouraged and undismayed, it is my fixed purpose, earnestly and faithfully, in such a manner as I may, to serve my country in this appalling crisis. In times like these it becomes us to trample private grievances under our feet and lift up our hearts at the demands of patriotism.

Let me earnestly beseech you to pursue the same course and to cheerfully accept, at the hands of the executive, such officers as, in his wisdom, he may see fit to appoint to your command. In behalf of all who have assembled here to bid you farewell, with a heart deeply sensible of the unspeakable emotions which crowd their bosoms, I bid you Godspeed in the noble mission to which you are now consecrated.

We invoke upon you the choicest blessings of Heaven; with mingled pride and grief we bid you adieu. I would gladly take each one of you by the hand, and speed you on your way with all good wishes.

With a proud sense of the courtesy of your commander in my reception, and the manner in which you have received these remarks, I will detain you no longer.

LACONIA DEMOCRAT EDITORIAL.

The death of Colonel Whipple, which we chronicle this week in our local columns, is an event which will attract attention far beyond the limits of the state which gave him birth and in which his life work was done. Nature gave him a princely endowment and fitted him for a leader of men. He could not only think deeply and strongly but he reached his conclusions so rapidly that they seemed almost intuitive, while he was able to state them with a singular felicity of expression which has been rarely rivalled. He combined with these qualities a certain originality and peculiarity both of manner and matter that attracted public attention wherever he went. To meet Colonel Whipple at his best was to enjoy a mental feast and to receive a vivid impression of his personality, never to be effaced. He met some of the brightest intellects that New England has seen in this generation, and one and all bore testimony to his remarkable brilliancy as a thinker and his wonderful fascination as a talker and conversationalist. And so to many outside of the town where he made his home and of the state that counted him among its noted men, the announcement of his death will be received with regret and will start up a train of reminiscences. Military men will recall striking scenes in his military career. Judges and lawyers will speak of his power and his triumph in the court room. Some will recount his success as a public speaker, and others will recall his rare and inimitable quality in conversation and repartee when with congenial friends; some will remember his princely manner as a whole, and others will speak with ever fresh amazement of his wide reading and various inclinations. The bar, of which he was a conspicuous ornament, the military associates who braved danger with him on the battlefield, and his large number of personal friends in all the walks of life, will not fail

on suitable occasion to pay fitting tribute to his memory. If he did not make the record he might have made, if his rare gifts were not always turned to the best account, and if his example could not in all things be safely followed, it is but saying that he had the frailties of a common humanity. Tried by the test of Him who said

“Let him who is without sin cast the first stone,”

it becomes us not to follow him with a harsher criticism than we would wish meted out to us. This is not the time or place, even if it were in our power, to draw the picture of Colonel Whipple as he was. That will be the work of a careful study of the various but strongly marked traits of this unique and rare nature. We need only say in the well-known words of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,

“He was a man, take him all for all,
I shall not look upon his like again.”

COL. WHIPPLE SURRENDERS.

(Laconia Democrat, Dec. 27, 1889.)

Death came to Col. Thomas W. Whipple on last Saturday evening, December 21. The event had been anticipated ever since the severe attack of three weeks ago, all the favorable symptoms in his case proving illusory, and the fatal progress of the disease being all the time patent to the eye of his physician, although at intervals it escaped the notice of friends who were loathe to believe that the end was so near and were ready to hope against hope. Early Saturday morning it was known about our streets that the crisis was at hand and news of his death was hourly expected, and when in the early evening the report "he has gone" went around, every one knew that Laconia had lost her foremost noted citizen. Colonel Whipple was a product of New Hampshire; born amid its rugged hills, of New Hampshire ancestry, he passed his life in sight of the grand old hills on which he looked as a child. He was born January 30, 1816, and had therefore nearly completed his 74th year. His father was one of the noble and strong men of his time, and the family consisted of five, of whom two sisters still survive. His early education was received at the academies in New Hampshire and Bradford, Vt., and at the Norwich University, at which latter place his early taste for military affairs had a fine opportunity for development. At the age of 17 he had been aide-de-camp on the staff of General Cook of the New Hampshire militia, and on his graduation from Norwich he raised a company known as the Wentworth Phalanx, which had a brilliant reputation. He came to the bar in Plymouth in 1840 from the office of Josiah Quincy of Rumney, N. H., and Salmon Wires of Johnson, Vt., and began the practice of his profession in his native town. On the breaking out of the Mex-

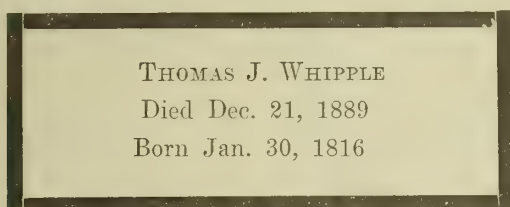
ican war he was among the earliest to enlist, joining Colonel Pierce (afterwards President Pierce), afterwards Colonel Ransom's regiment, and in March, 1845, was stationed at Fort Adams, R. I. He served during the war, being taken prisoner at Vera Cruz, Mexico, and exchanged at Jalapa, and was made adjutant-general on the staff of General Lewis. Returning from Mexico he opened a law office in this town, in 1849, where he has enjoyed a large practice, and for many years participated in all the leading cases tried in our court. He has been noted no less for his sagacity as a counselor than for his great success as an advocate, and has for years been a leading and commanding figure wherever judges and lawyers have met, either in legal encounter or social intercourse. For the past 12 years he has been president of the Belknap County bar. At the breaking out of the war he served as lieutenant-colonel of the First New Hampshire, and as colonel of the Fourth New Hampshire, resigning the latter March 18, 1862. Later he was prominent in raising the Twelfth Regiment and was elected colonel, but did not serve. Although for years recognized as one of the trusted and foremost leaders of the Democratic party in this state, he has filled but comparatively few offices. Almost any place in the gift of the party would have been at his disposal, but he steadily refused them all. He was assistant clerk and clerk in the House of Representatives, secretary of the Constitutional Convention of 1850, and a member of that of 1876. He once served the town of Laconia as a moderator. With these exceptions we think he held no civil office. He has, however, taken an active part in many political campaigns, and has always been conspicuous for his forceful and effective oratory.

Colonel Whipple has always been exceedingly popular with the veteran soldiers and he will be greatly missed at their campfires and annual reunions, where he made some of the most powerful speeches of his life, and where his presence has always been greeted with many cheers. Colonel Whipple married Miss Belinda Hadley of Wentworth, who died over thirty years ago, and he is survived by his daughter, Mrs. George R. Somes, who resided with him at his residence on Pleasant street. These few

dates and this brief outline of his career, give, however, but a meagre impression of Colonel Whipple, as Laconia has known him for the last forty years. In fact his manner and bearing, the erect form, the flashing eye, the resolute tone of voice, his personal magnetism, seem like a special gift of his own. Only those who have seen him or heard him at his best moments can be able to form an adequate idea of what he was and the impression he made with those with whom he came in contact.

It was the wish of Colonel Whipple that his funeral should be a quiet one, and from his own home, but not only the serious illness of his daughter, but the large number both at his home and from abroad who desired to attend rendered this impracticable, and a service was properly held at the Unitarian church. A very long procession marched up Pleasant street just before two o'clock Thursday afternoon. It was led by Rublee's band, J. F. Laton acting as guide, and consisted of large numbers of war veterans and John L. Perley Post, G. A. R., T. W. Whipple Camp, U. V. U., a delegation of Odd Fellows, and a large number of Masons from Mt. Belknap Lodge, where Colonel Whipple took his degrees. They escorted the remains and a long line of carriages to the church, which was immediately filled to overflowing, while crowds of people who thronged the sidewalks as the procession was moving, were forced to turn away. The service consisted of scripture reading and prayer by the Rev. C. A. G. Thurston, followed by prayer and remarks by Chaplain E. R. Wilkins of Concord, but formerly a resident here, with singing by the Apollo Quartet. It was touchingly impressive from beginning to close. Chaplain Wilkins, although very suddenly and unexpectedly called upon to officiate, seemed to gather inspiration from the occasion, and spoke, as it seemed to us, with more than his usual power and felicity. He spoke briefly of the way in which the Bible worthies, Moses, Jacob and St. Paul solved the question of the existence of God, and of a life beyond the grave. As a prelude to the account to one of the talks he had with Colonel Whipple on the subject, showing that on those fundamental doctrines he has reached similar conclusions, a variety of personal reminiscences were also detailed, and in the

address to the War Veterans a striking allusion was made to the marked passages in Colonel Whipple's Bible, which he found in his library and brought to the church with him. At the close of this service, hundreds passed in front of the desk to take a last view of his remains. They rested in an elegant casket covered with draped broadcloth and looped with tassels. They bore a remarkably, natural and life-like expression, being dressed in black with a miniature American flag resting over the left shoulder and a boutonniere of carnation and evergreen. The heavy silver plate bore this inscription:



The floral display was both elegant and profuse, a partial list of which follows:

By Mr. and Mrs. Geo. R. Somes, pillow with "Father" in purple immortelles.

Miss Gertrude Somes, crescent and star, "Grandpa."

Miss Mary Sanborn, standing wreath, "Rest."

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Beaman, standing wreath, bar and sickle.

By Comrades, Fourth N. H., pillow bearing inscription, "Our Colonel, Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers."

Belknap County Bar, closed book.

Masons, square and compass with letter "G."

John L. Perley Post, wreath, "G. A. R."

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Beckford, sickle and sheaf of wheat.

Charles Horne and Emma Murphy, anchor.

Mrs. Augusta Moulton and Laconia School Cadets, bouquet of calla lilies.

Lieut. A. L. Colburn, 4th N. H., moss pillow with cross, sword and "Col. T. J. W.," in red immortelles.

The beautiful Masonic service was very finely rendered by Past Master Henry B. Quimby, Rev. L. H. Winslow acting as Chap-

lain, and the Apollo quartet furnishing music. Very rarely is this service made so effective and impressive as on this occasion. The casket was then closed and given in charge of the following gentlemen who acted as bearers.

Capt. William Badger, 4th N. H.; Capt. Thomas Cogswell, 15th N. H., representing military; A. G. Fulsom, J. F. Merrill, representing Masons and Odd Fellows; W. H. Melcher, J. H. Tilton, representing the business men.

Darkness began to gather as the long line passed down our street marching to the mournful music of the band. A dampness settled down as if nature would fain join in the public grief which followed Colonel Whipple to his last resting-place. When the sad ceremonies were completed by the firing of a volley by a detachment of comrades, night had come on as the column made its way back from the cemetery. Undertaker Moore acted as director and Captain Tetly as marshal, and they handled the large crowd splendidly. The Belknap County Bar attended in a body. Among the gentlemen from abroad, we noticed the following: Hon. Harry Bingham, General Marston, J. F. Briggs, Daniel Barnard, C. A. Sulloway, G. B. Chandler, Joseph Kidder, Hon. F. M. Rollins, T. W. Challis, Charles H. Moore, John G. Hutchinson, Hon. W. L. Foster, Col. J. N. Patterson, John M. Hill, G. B. Johnson, J. E. Pecker, W. K. Norton, H. T. Rolfe, C. R. Corning, W. F. Daniels, F. N. Parsons, Col. W. H. D. Corcoran, Hon. M. A. Haynes, S. B. Page, S. W. Rollins, J. L. Wilson, S. C. Clark, W. B. Fellows, C. C. Rogers, and others.

Chaplain Abbott, First New Hampshire Regiment: "While associated with Colonel Whipple in the First Regiment, I received from him such treatment and consideration as to furnish ample evidence that no reasonable person could know him intimately without loving him."

Hon. G. W. Nesmith: "I see that our good friend, Colonel Whipple, has left these earth scenes of joy and sorrow, too. He possessed the uncommon faculty of clothing his own ideas as well as the thoughts of others in the most interesting and attractive dress, thus exciting and retaining the admiration of his hearers through a long discourse."

COL. LOUIS BELL.

Louis Bell was the youngest son of the late Gov. Samuel Bell and was born in Chester March 8, 1837. Among his older brothers were Dr. Luther V. Bell, long at the head of the McLean Asylum for the Insane at Somerville, Mass.; Hon. James Bell, a distinguished lawyer and United States senator; and Hon. Samuel D. Bell, chief justice of the supreme judicial court.

After completing his preparatory studies at Derry and at Gilford he entered Brown University at Providence, R. I., where he graduated at the age of eighteen years. His taste and aptitude for athletic and martial exercises had made him desirous of an appointment to the military academy at West Point and, at a later period, of a commission in the army; but circumstances prevented the accomplishment of either of these wishes. The same inclination, however, led him to direct his reading and study largely to military subjects, a circumstance which was of great advantage to him in his subsequent career.

He then prepared himself for the legal profession and was admitted to the bar in 1857, establishing himself in Farmington. His ability and high personal character at once secured him friends and clients. In 1859 he received the appointment of justice of the police court of Farmington, and two years later that of solicitor of the county of Strafford.

The breaking out of the rebellion found Mr. Bell married and fairly established in business, with the most flattering professional prospects for the future, but President Lincoln's call for volunteers in April, 1861, was an appeal to his patriotism and military spirit which was irresistible. He immediately offered his services to Governor Goodwin, and was appointed captain of Company A in the First Regiment of New Hampshire

Volunteers. The organization was rapidly completed and the regiment, leaving Concord May 25, 1861, proceeded directly to Washington. During their three months' term of service they were stationed on the line of the Potomac, above Washington, and engaged chiefly in picket duty, a service sufficiently responsible and trying but affording few incidents worthy of special mention. Captain Bell discharged his duties faithfully and creditably and returned with the regiment to New Hampshire, thoroughly acquainted with the practical part of a soldier's life and having gained the respect and esteem of officers and men.

The Fourth New Hampshire Regiment was then about being formed, and Captain Bell was immediately commissioned as its lieutenant colonel. On the 27th of September, 1861, that regiment left the state and constituted a part of the expedition against Port Royal and Beaufort, S. C. At the latter post Gen. T. W. Sherman was in command. He was struck with the efficiency and soldierly qualities of Lieutenant-Colonel Bell and made him his inspector general and chief of staff. This place he continued to hold, to the general's entire satisfaction, during the whole period of Sherman's stay in the department.

In the discharge of his duty he was in December sent by General Sherman, in a light steamer, to make a reconnoissance around Port Royal island. He succeeded in unearthing a concealed rebel battery, which opened fire upon the steamer, with the effect of slightly wounding Colonel Bell and one of his men.

Upon the resignation of Colonel Whipple Colonel Bell succeeded in March, 1862, to the command of the Fourth Regiment. In April he was ordered with seven companies to occupy the fortified town of St. Augustine, Florida. His administration of affairs there was extremely judicious and efficient. The position being much exposed, its works were admirably organized and trained, and the civil government of the town was conducted in a manner completely satisfactory.

In October, 1862, Colonel Bell again united his command at Beaufort to join the expedition designed to cut the railroad between Charleston and Savannah, at the Pocotaligo river. Al-

though the Fourth Regiment had in detachments seen some skirmishing, this was their first appearance as an organization in any serious engagement, but they acquitted themselves with much credit and acted as rear guard on the retreat. Their loss was about thirty men, killed and wounded. Colonel Bell, who led his men gallantly, was here again slightly wounded by a splinter from a shell.

In the spring of 1863 began the series of operations against Charleston and its defenses. The Fourth Regiment was employed the greater part of the summer on engineer duty in working among the hot sands of Folly and Morris islands. Here Colonel Bell had an opportunity to put in practice some of the knowledge which he had acquired years before while intending to enter the military profession. He experimented, with a good degree of success, in the preparation of a new shell-fuse, designed to obviate some of the difficulties experienced in mortar practice, and of a "Greek fire" to be conveyed in shells for the purpose of producing conflagrations.

In April, 1864, Colonel Bell was ordered with his regiment to report to General Butler to join the army of the James. He was placed in command of a brigade, consisting of the Fourth New Hampshire, Thirteenth Indiana, Ninth Maine, One Hundred Seventeenth New York, and Ninety-Seventh Pennsylvania regiments, with which he took part in the affair at Swift Creek, in the severe engagement at Drewry's Bluff and in the series of struggles on the 17th, 20th, and 21st of May. He also held the left of the line in the battle at Cold Harbor, and after the subsequent flank movement led his brigade to the assault of two of the forts before Petersburg, which he carried in handsome style, being himself among the first to enter the works.

He was also engaged with his command in the unfortunate "Mine" assault, and conducted himself so well that he was one of the few general officers concerned who escaped without censure in the report of the board that investigated the affair.

Of both the expeditions against Fort Fisher Colonel Bell's brigade formed a part. When General Terry was selected to

undertake the second it was clear to every mind that there was to be no failure, whatever the cost of success.

In the final assault upon the works, now strengthened in every possible way, and defended with desperation, Colonel Bell's brigade formed the third line of attack. At the signal for their advance they pushed forward in admirable order, their leader, as was his custom, at their head, into the storm of fire. The colonel had just congratulated a brother officer on the splendid behavior of the men, as they reached the ditch in front of the work, and a bullet from the rifle of a sharpshooter, on the crest of the parapet above them, struck him in the left breast and passed downward through his body. He fell, mortally wounded, and was tenderly borne by his comrades to the rear. But he would not leave the field till he could see the colors of his regiment upon the fort, and it was but a moment before his dying wish was gratified, and the ramparts of the captured stronghold.

With the going down of the sun his life ebbed away, and the morning saw the spirit of the loyal, chivalrous, and accomplished soldier winging its flight from earth. •

On the day after the costly purchase of the national triumph the secretary of war arrived at Fort Fisher. By command of President Lincoln he conferred upon Colonel Bell the brevet rank of brigadier general, dating from January 15, the day when he received his fatal wound.

Such is a brief sketch of the career of one of the noblest men who laid life upon the altar of his country. Strictly conscientious in the performance of duty, thoroughly skilled in every detail of his position, tenderly solicitous for the safety and comfort of his men, and sharing every hardship and danger with them, honorable, patriotic, and eminent for prudence, coolness, and courage, he was universally beloved and respected.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

By JOHN G. HUTCHINSON, President of Fourth Regiment Association, at the
Decorating of Colonel Bell's grave at Chester, N. H., by a delegation
of Thirty Comrades of the Fourth Regiment,
Sunday, May 30, 1886.

COMRADES AND FRIENDS:—Gathered here at the sepulchre of our beloved commander on this beautiful May day, when the months of spring have run their course and are to transfer to summer their annual offerings, resurrected from the wastes and severity of winter's chilly hand, these fields carpeted with green, the buds and blossoms that promise another glad harvest, these beautiful flowers of spring that bring sunshine, cheer and gladness to our homes, what more appropriate than that we who make this pilgrimage to this grave pause for a little to offer this memorial tribute? We followed him in time of war and can feel the full significance of that sentiment.

"We've shared each other's blanket
And drunk from the same canteen."

This gallant soldier of the old Granite State whose fellowship and companionship we shared from New Hampshire to Florida in years of strife and blood a score and more of years ago, whose hearts beat in unison as we marched and fought for our country's honor and glory. From '61 to '65 our services were given to uphold principles dear to us all, with gratitude to our Heavenly Father above that our lives are spared after the ravages of war in these years of peace and prosperity that have come to our land and which we had an active part in securing. On the quiet of this New England Sabbath, seeking to gather inspiration that comes to us from this day and in the rich memories that well up in our hearts as we refresh our minds with past reminiscences of the camp, the bivouac and the battlefields of the Southland, we think of the thousands and tens of thousands of those brave boys in blue whose lives went out at the call of duty, a willing sacrifice upon the altar of our country, none more deserving of our respect and homage than that noble soul who in life we loved and whose early death we have not ceased to mourn. So, comrades, surviving veterans of the Fourth N. H., with loving hands tenderly strew with the sweet flowers of remembrance his grave as an evidence of our love and affection for our departed comrade, Colonel Bell, and with them the dear old flag

he loved so well and under whose folds he gave up his precious life. (Here the grave of Colonel Bell was decorated while the male quartet were singing, "Sleep, Soldier, Sleep.") Gen. Louis Bell was the youngest of nine children, eight sons and one daughter, of the late respected Gov. Sam'l Bell; was born in Chester, on yonder hillside, less than a mile westerly from where we stand, nurtured in an honored family, well known and highly respected throughout the state, and who have borne a prominent place in its history. His father was governor of New Hampshire and United States senator more than sixty years ago. All of those eight sons entered a professional career, four lawyers, four doctors; some to gain distinction with many years of labor in their chosen calling, others cut off in early life, but not till they had given promise of success had their lives been spared. Of his four eldest half-brothers, the late Sam'l D. Bell of Manchester was long a distinguished lawyer and judge of our supreme court; James Bell was also United States senator; John Bell, a doctor and professor of anatomy in the University of Vermont; Luther V. Bell served on the governor's council in Massachusetts, a surgeon in the army and long superintendent of the McLean Asylum at Somerville, Mass.; George Bell, a doctor who died in early life; John Bell, within a few years a practicing physician at Manchester, a surgeon in the army; Charles Bell, a lawyer at Cleveland, Ohio, who died of disease contracted in the service in the late war, Louis Bell, the youngest, as brave and gallant a soldier as ever drew a sword in defense of his country. No family of our state has a more honorable record; all have now passed away, but their lives are the pride of the State that has given birth to so many noble sons who have gained a national reputation. General Bell received his education in the district schools and academy, and completed it at Brown's University of Rhode Island; studied law with the late Judge Cushing of Charlestown, and Judge Cross of Manchester, who informs me that he was one of the most promising students he ever knew; had he lived would have made one of the leading lawyers of the state; was admitted to the bar when but twenty-one years old and settled in Farmington; was judge advocate in the state militia, police justice and solicitor of Strafford county; early in life he became interested in military affairs and earnestly desired to enter West Point, but his father was strongly opposed to it and hence his entering the legal profession.

When South Carolina fired upon Fort Sumter he resolved to enter the army, and was among the first to respond to the call for 75,000 volunteers, receiving his commission April 30, 1861, as captain of Company A, 1st Regiment N. H. Volunteers, leaving the state for the seat of war twenty-five years ago last Tuesday. Re-

turning at the expiration of his three months' service, August 16, 1861, he immediately began preparation for further service. He wanted to have a part in the war till the Union should be restored, and actuated by this commendable resolution he in less than a month was commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the 4th Regiment N. H. Volunteers, then forming at Manchester. What a record made in the long history of this regiment! My brief address cannot do him justice. Let me here express the hope that in the near future, on your spacious common or some suitable place, that the citizens of his native town, with aid from the state, may unite with his comrades in erecting a suitable monument to commemorate his gallantry on many a battlefield of the South as a soldier of the Union, and tell to future generations that a grateful people never forgets the services of those who cheerfully sacrificed their lives that the nation might be saved.

During the winter of '61 and '62 he served with credit on the staff of General Sherman as inspector-general in the department of the South. While in command of the garrison at St. Augustine, Fla., he was commissioned colonel of his regiment May 16, 1862, succeeding Colonel Whipple, who had resigned. At the battle of Pocotaligo, S. C., October 22, 1862, he was severely wounded at the head of his regiment, and participated with his command in the long and arduous duties of the siege of Forts Wagner and Sumter. Afterwards, through his untiring efforts, nearly four hundred of his men reënlisted for another three years. After a thirty days' furlough we were returned to the field to take part in the campaign in Virginia, being a part of the army of the James. We can never forget the brilliant record of Colonel Bell during the last year of the war, a continual series of skirmishes and battles around Richmond and Petersburg, most of the time in command of a brigade. We recall that May day when on our way to Drury's Bluff, as we approached those outer earthworks of Richmond, when ordered to charge that fort near Chesterfield Court House, when he led us in front of the colors with saber in one hand and revolver in the other. Inspired by this dashing act of bravery we followed and took the fort and placed our flag thereon amid the congratulations of General Gilmore. We were never asked by Colonel Bell to go where he was not willing to lead. All the campaign of '64 until his death at Fort Fisher he proved his heroism wherever bullets fell and danger called. In the charge upon Fort Fisher, N. C., January 15, 1865, he led his brigade in that terrible assault and there on the ramparts of the outer works he received his fatal wound about 5 o'clock P. M., being shot by a sharp-shooter, the ball entering his shoulder and passing through his body, and before the sun had risen on the

morning of the 16th our colonel was no more. Death had released him from his sufferings and added his name to our honored dead. Several of the comrades here present were with him in this last battle and one who assisted in carrying him to the rear. No officer ever commanded men more highly esteemed. We admired him for his nobleness of purpose and uprightness of character, we loved him for his sympathetic nature and his interest in our welfare, we knew him amid scenes where it tested the noblest qualities of manhood and he was never found wanting; always patient, lovable, sympathetic, is it a wonder we loved him and mourn his loss? I never knew an officer who lived nearer his men, more approachable, concerned for the details of camp life, visiting the sick and writing words of consolation to mourning friends at home. I have recently seen a letter where he pays a touching tribute of regret for a comrade, Kelley of Company H, who died suddenly on the Baltic in '61 and was buried at sea. I shall never forget his kind words to me as I lay wounded in the flying hospital after the battle of Drury's Bluff, where he came a long way to visit me and break to me the sad news that my brother was among the slain. As I lay there among strangers, a young boy far from home with the uncertainties of a severe wound before me, with the tenderness of a mother he spoke words of cheer and encouragement that will abide with me as long as life shall last.

There was nothing about his appearance that would indicate a soldier, except his commanding physique, destined to win a soldier's crown. In place of a stern look there was the pleasant expression indicative of a heart full of love and gentleness. It was remarkable that one who could command a thousand men and marshal them successfully in battle should always have that evenness of disposition. He displayed no exhibition of temper where sometimes it would seem unavoidable, he ruled the turbulent with a firm hand, but where punishment was demanded to secure discipline he blended mercy with justice. We shall always claim a peculiar ownership in his lifework and memory, and reverently visit his last resting-place; what a rich legacy in this life is left to that orphan boy; we shall always love young Louis for his father's sake. Then there comes to us the evidence that brings consolation in the midst of our grief, that this life has not been lost in vain; our united country has gained by the blood and treasure it cost to restore. One of the finest epitaphs ever inscribed above a soldier's grave was that graven on the stone which marked the resting-place of the deathless 300, who fell at Thermopylæ:

"Go stranger, to Lacedæmon

And tell Sparta that we lie here in obedience to her laws."

Our lamented commander lies there because he was obedient to duty at the call of his native land. Some one has said: "Happy is that people which has no history." Not so! As "it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all," so it is better to have lived greatly, even though we have suffered greatly, than to have passed a long life of inglorious ease. We ourselves have been a part of great things. I count it one of the greatest privileges of my life to have served my country. We earned the right to be American citizens in the war that we could never have done in its widest interpretation in walks of peace. The longer I live, the more I love my native land; say not our Republic is ungrateful, when in twenty years there have been distributed among the crippled limbs and diseased bodies \$800,000,000 in pensions. Many should receive it who do not and others should have more, but let us rise above the narrow sphere of selfishness, and be concerned not what pensions we shall receive, but to protect in peace what we preserved in war; and so standing beside the grave of this hero and the thousands who like him have given up their lives, these monuments of marble and granite shall crumble before their deeds of heroism in defense of our country and its starry banner shall ever be forgotten. And now, comrades, what is the lesson we would teach to coming generations? I speak to many who know of the war only as they learn it from us or history. You are coming upon the stage of action and responsibility. What a heritage is bequeathed to you, the grandest country of the world; peace and prosperity abound everywhere; use these privileges in view of their cost in blood and treasure; cultivate a love of country that shall prompt you to do and to die, if necessary, for its perpetuity.

May the young men of today, as they become more familiar with the blessings this free republic bestows, and the cost that cradled, established and has preserved our land, have it so indelibly impressed upon them, that in the future of their lives they may become fitted to act well their part, whether in peace contending for vital principles or in war battling for them, or in the councils of the nation framing laws that shall be just, effective and beneficial; profiting by the experiences of the sacrifices made, may they exhibit the sturdy characters of the Pilgrim Fathers blended with the heroism and loyalty of the men of '76 and '61 and as time shall waft these passing years into other centuries beyond, may the record these United States have made ever be pointed to with pride and in the records of civilization shall stand as among the greatest works of men.

COL. FRANCIS W. PARKER.

PASS CHRISTIAN, MISS., March 2. 1902.—Colonel Francis W. Parker, formerly of Manchester, and head since 1899 of the School of Education, an institution affiliated with the Chicago University, died here yesterday. Colonel Parker had been in failing health for some time. He left Chicago for the South three weeks ago.

Francis Wayland Parker was born in Bedford on the 9th of October, 1837. Colonel Parker's ancestry is traced back into the early Colonial and Revolutionary periods of our history. His great-great-grandfather, Major John Goff, was an officer in the Revolutionary war. The famous Colonel John Goff, the father of Major John Goff, was the earliest settler in Manchester. Goffe's Falls and Goffstown were named for him. He was a famous hunter, and an officer in the Siege of Louisburg. He took an active part in the French and Indian war. Although too old to take an active part in the Revolution, Colonel John Goff trained General John Stark and General Sullivan in military tactics and prepared them for their duties as officers. The family of Goff is supposed to be closely allied to the family of Goff the Regicide, whom Walter Scott has made famous.

Colonel Parker's grandfather, William Parker, was the founder of the village of 'Squog. William Parker was a soldier in the Revolutionary war. He was a drummer under General John Stark, at Bunker Hill.

Francis attended the village school of 'Squog at three years of age; he could read before he entered school. He steadily worked his way up to a place in the academy in his native village at the age of seven years.

After working five years upon the farm, his desire to obtain

an education became so strong that he left the farm when thirteen years of age, with little or no money at his command, and attended the academy at Mount Vernon. There he sawed wood, varnished boxes and did chores, to gain money enough to pay his board. Like many New England boys he worked in summer on a farm and with the money earned attended school in winter.

When he was sixteen years of age he attended the Hopkinton academy, and that winter, 1854-5, taught school at Corser Hill, Boscawen. Here the youthful teacher, at a salary of fifteen dollars a month, had a school of some seventy-five pupils, many of them older than himself, and quite a number of them better educated. The following winter he taught school nearer home, at Auburn. His success in Auburn was so great that he was employed to teach in this town for several winters. His salary the first winter was eighteen dollars, including board, and he had the experience of "boarding 'round."

He continued to teach school, work on the farm, and attend academies, until he was twenty-one years of age. When twenty-one he taught in the village of Hinsdale, and from that place he was called to the head of the grammar school of his native village, Piscataquog. From there, in 1858, he went to Carrollton, Green county, Illinois, where he took the principalship of the only school of the place, high, grammar and primary. His experiences in the Carrollton school were very interesting. He had in one room some one hundred and twenty-five pupils, ranging in age from 12 to 25 years, with one assistant. Although two of his predecessors had been driven from the school by the violence of the pupils, Colonel Parker remained in this school two years and did not strike a blow.

The great Civil war broke out while he was at Carrollton. His desire to enter the service was so strong that he resigned his position, returned to New Hampshire and joined as a private the Fourth New Hampshire regiment at Manchester.

Colonel Parker was in several great battles during the long campaign of 1864. He lost twenty-eight men out of forty-two at Drewry's bluff. After the Crater fight, in which his regiment lost fifty men, Captain Parker was put in command of the regi-

ment. At Deep Bottom he was suddenly put in command of a brigade, and while engaged in repelling the fierce attacks of the enemy during a second charge he was severely wounded in the chin and neck. In the spring of 1864 his regiment counted one thousand men. At the last charge in the fall only forty men could be mustered.

In October, 1864, he left the hospital and came home on furlough. He took part in the second Lincoln campaign, and stumped the state for the great president. He was married in December to Phene E. Hall of Bennington.

His regiment marched with the Army of the Ohio, under General Scofield, across North Carolina, meeting Sherman at Cox's Bridge. He was taken prisoner a little later in the spring and marched with General Johnston's army to Greensburg, N. C., where he heard the glorious news of the surrender of General Lee, and witnessed the collapse of the rebellion. He was afterward made brevet-colonel for bravery at Deep Bottom.

Colonel Parker left the army when his regiment was mustered out, August 23, 1865. When he returned home to Manchester he was received with open arms by the citizens, and many avenues of success, political and financial, were open to him, but he had made teaching his chosen profession. In fact, he said that he did not remember the day when he did not believe that he should be a teacher, and putting aside all offers of political preferment he asked for and obtained the position of principal of the grammar school here. He held this position for three years at a salary of \$1100 per year.

He applied to Gov. Fred Smith, a particular friend of his, and through his influence obtained the position of principal of a district school in Dayton, O., in 1868. Here he began some work in the direction of reform in education; he studied the principles and methods of primary teaching. He was strongly opposed by the people and the teachers, but the board of education had faith enough in him to appoint him principal of the first normal training school of Dayton, and in 1871 he was made assistant superintendent.

Colonel Parker's wife died in Minneapolis in 1871. He resigned his position as assistant superintendent of schools, and went to Europe for the purpose of studying the science of education.

He was elected superintendent of schools of Quincy, Mass., and began his work April 20, 1875. Colonel Parker was exceedingly fortunate in his position in Quincy; the town had never before had a superintendent of schools, but had one of the best and strongest school boards that was ever elected. John Quincy Adams, Charles Francis Adams and James H. Slade were the principal members. They put the schools and teachers entirely under Colonel Parker's direction and supported him in a very hearty and earnest way.

In entering upon his work in Quincy, Colonel Parker had no notion of making any particular changes or of opposing in any way the general work then done in the New England States. He simply tried to apply well-known principles, and to train his teachers. The result is well known. During the period of three years of 1878-79-80, over thirty thousand visitors inspected the schools of Quincy. Charles Francis Adams wrote two pamphlets in regard to the work done. Colonel Parker has always asserted that he was introducing nothing new, no new principles or methods; he was simply applying, carrying out the recommendations of the great educators of the past. In 1880 he was made one of the supervisors of schools of Boston, and was placed in charge of the primary schools of the North End and South Boston.

He was offered the superintendency of schools of Philadelphia, but declined to accept it. He was then offered the position of principal of the Cook County Normal School at a salary of \$5000.

Just before entering on his new work in Chicago he married Mrs. M. Frank Stuart, a former pupil and assistant of Lewis Monroe, and the first assistant in the Boston School of Oratory. Mrs. Parker was one of the leading exponents of the Delsarte system of expression. She was in deep sympathy with her husband and contributed not a little to the doctrine of concentration that later was working out in the methods of the Cook County Normal School.

Colonel Parker began his new duties in the Cook County Normal School January 1, 1883. The opposition begun with his predecessor was continued throughout the years of his principalship of the Cook County Normal School. He was bitterly opposed by the conservatism of good and honest citizens in his new and scientific methods of teaching; he was more bitterly opposed by the malice of a few miserable politicians, whose chief duty seemed to be to wreck and destroy all efforts of educational progress—men who make teachers cowards. The county school board who engaged Colonel Parker, of which Washington Hering, Col. Henry Donovan and Dr. Champlin, were members; heartily supported him in his work.

Colonel Parker was the author of many educational works.

Colonel Parker disclaimed utterly all pretensions to having found any new methods or principles of education. His only claim was that he was trying himself to study the great subject of education and its application in the common schools, and to lead other teachers to study this great subject. He had a firm and unalterable faith in the common school system; he believed that the common schools will be brought to a point of efficiency equal to the demands of this great Republic, that the salvation and perpetuity of the Republic depend upon the proper education of the children.

(Daily Mirror, May 2, 1902.)

Under the direction of the state department of public instruction a teachers' institute was conducted in Dover yesterday in honor of the memory of the late Col. Francis W. Parker, the famous educator, who was born in this city, and who made a national reputation as a leader in methods of education.

Dr. A. E. Winship of Boston delivered the following address on "Colonel Parker as a Leader."

If one is content to speak of Francis W. Parker as of other good men who have gone hence, intending it as a graceful farewell to his memory, there is no occasion to do more than rehearse some specific virtues, but those of us who hope he may prove to be

America's second immortal educator must do more than that; we must analyze somewhat his characteristics, facing squarely what he was not as well as what he was.

Horace Mann is the one American who is morally sure of lasting fame as an educator. His fame rests upon his position as a pioneer, upon the fact that he championed many distinct ideals, most of which have become the practice of educators since his death, because he wrote great state reports which were reprinted in other states of the Union, and in England, and were translated and reprinted in European countries, and because he made a crisis with the thirty-one Boston masters and was master of the situation.

Horace Mann had his weaknesses, and his nobility can be understood only when we face unflinchingly his prejudices, his impatience, his rhetorical extravagance and other important factors in his life. There have been other good men and great whom we have tried earnestly to immortalize, but with indifferent success. David B. Page, a noble-spirited son of New Hampshire, wrote the best book for teachers published in fifty years. His "Theory and Practice" will live, and in a way he will be remembered, but not in any large sense. John D. Philbrick, another notable son of the Granite state, rendered the cause of education great service, and it is probable that no other city superintendent has left so large a professional bequest to posterity. An earnest effort was made to enshrine him in the hearts of the educators of the future. In New Hampshire, in Boston, in Connecticut, there were notable ceremonies and a worthy memorial volume was published, and yet even in Boston the young teachers feel no thrill of pride at the mention of his name. Wickersham in Pennsylvania, Bateman in Illinois, Sheldon of Oswego and even Henry Barnard do not appeal to educational America. Comenius, Pestalozzi and Froebel are names to conjure with in the world's arena. Horace Mann alone shines brighter and brighter in the American educational firmament. In the presence of such facts it is assuming much to express the hope that Francis W. Parker, the New Hampshire boy, will win in an arena where Page and Philbrick, Wickersham and Bateman, Sheldon and Barnard may fail.

It were foolhardy to say unreservedly that Francis Wayland Parker will win educational immortality. He is no friend to the memory of this noble man who assumes too much, who claims to know what is now unknowable.

If Colonel Parker is to live it will be because he was the leader of teachers as no other man has been since Horace Mann. If Colonel Parker lives in that sense it will be because he wrote the nearest approach we have in America to an immortal book for teachers, and he does not live in the greater life. Colonel Parker struck off

many startling sentences, but scarcely a paragraph of his stands out winnowed as do the paragraphs of Eliot and Draper, Harris and Hall, Dewey and Davidson.

If Parker lives, as some of us venture to hope that he will live, it will not be because he founded an institution to bear his name or bear his impress. Half a hundred men have their names upon great institutions, but in no single instance does any one care to ask who was Colby, Bates, Bowdoin, Brown or Vassar, or any other of the fifty. Ask any undergraduate, offhand, how much he knows of John Hopkins, Eli Yale or John Harvard. All the founders of American colleges put together will signify less in the educational thought of the future than will Horace Mann, whose only institution has been the football of prejudice and poverty for half a century.

We may sometime understand how kind fortune was to Francis W. Parker when she allowed the politicians to dethrone him at the Cook county normal school so that his adoring followers cannot dissipate their devotion by weeping at that shrine. Even more kind was she when his ideal in the Blaine school was not to be realized. He may have died of a broken heart, as many will always believe. It may also be that he died at the right time as truly as did Abraham Lincoln. If he lives, with Horace Mann, it will be because he is in no book and in no institution.

Prescience is rarely given to mortals, but one may be allowed to suggest lines along which devoted friends may look for the light of educational immortality if it shall be vouchsafed to Francis W. Parker. It will presumably come because he was a leader of teachers and not of educators.

The reason Colonel Parker could not lead educators was because of his impatience at the wrong done children and their best teachers through conventionality. Rarely did a great man ever speak in his presence that his soul did not boil to the bursting point. At Detroit in July he was upon the platform when a great leader read a brilliant paper. The colonel was outraged at sentiments at which the audience cheered. He asked the privilege of speaking at once, but the president could not allow it, and the colonel left the platform and the hall thoroughly exasperated because the teachers were being misled, as he believed.

The reason Francis W. Parker could not have an institution was because he could not make teachers who could pass conventional examinations. Passing examinations is an art by itself, and teaching school is an entirely different art, and the two have nothing in common. Colonel Parker could set the soul of a man or woman on fire with a zeal for teaching children, but when the enkindled soul sat down in a professional ice house and attempted to guess some

arithmetical conundrum or analyze the intricacies of a literary maze she was helpless where a trickster in the sleight-of-hand art of playing with professional examinations would have a high per cent.

Colonel Parker could not write a great book or essay because of the intensity of his outraged soul. Whenever he flashed forth one of his glorious sentences, he saw at once how far from his ideal the school was and at once burst forth into anathemas. His picture of the artist teacher is beautiful, but to the ordinary mind it is absurd to characterize teaching as "methods of aristocracy, which have degraded and debased mankind." Anybody can understand the appeal for association of boys and girls through school life, but the fierce characterization of the results of the opposite robs his words of weight with all who are accustomed to balance their sentences and paragraphs. As soon as he stated any truth he leaped all bounds for a death thrust at whatever he imagined was not in keeping with that ideal.

If Colonel Parker lives, as some of us think it probable that he will, it will be because he could not present his ideals without the wildest kind of denunciation. He was the John Brown of educational slavery. His leadership was not systematic like that of Wellington, not brilliant like that of Napoleon. It was not heroic like that of Sherman in his march to the sea, nor persistent like that of Grant. It was simply impatient, like that of Garrison and Phillips.

If Francis Wayland is professionally immortal, it will be because his spirit, sacrificed to conservatism, goes marching on, until forgetting what he was not, we remember what he was, America's only great leader against every wrong to the child and every hindrance to the noble teacher.

With no disrespect to the greatest American oration, I would say that it is altogether fitting and proper that we should hallow the memory of Francis Wayland Parker today but in a larger sense we cannot hallow his memory. The brave man who has died was consecrated to the cause of education far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note what we say, but it can never forget what he was. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which he has thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from this honored dead we ask increased devotion to that cause for which he gave the full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that he shall not have lived in vain; that the American public school shall under God have a new birth of freedom; and that the school of the people, by the people and for the child shall not perish from our land.

Francis Wayland Parker, of four children, the only son of Robert and Millie (Rand) Parker, was born October 9, 1837, in the flourishing village of Piscataquog, then a part of the town of Bedford, but since annexed to the city of Manchester, now forming ward 8 of that city. His father died when he was six years old. He remained with the family in the village until his eighth year, when he was placed with a family in Goffstown to be reared

The sudden rupture of the harmonious and congenial environment of a happy home, surrounded by playmates of his own age, while ministered to by the loving care and sympathy of a fond mother and sisters, was a sad experience for his tender years; so it is little wonder that the disposition made of him soon became insupportable. Manifesting thus early that characteristic self-reliance so notable in his later life, when thirteen years of age, he took up the burden of directing his own career. True, he had advice, occasional assistance also, from kindly relatives and friends, but, in all his active life, they were rarely under requisition in either respect.

Perhaps it was hereditary, the early aspiration for an education, since he derived through strains running back through Revolutionary and Colonial days from forefathers of learned ancestry, but, however that may be, he was obsessed in his earliest years with the desire to become educated. His family being in straightened circumstances, this could be accomplished only through his own exertions. So he worked at whatever he could find to do in summer-time to provide the means of schooling during winter sessions. Thus, he made his way through the district schools of the time, passing some time later at the McCullum Institute, the Hopkinton Academy, the New London Academy, and, upon receiving a small bequest from a relative, he employed it in attendance at the University of Berlin, pursuing also for some years a course in Hegelian philosophy under private tutorship, while occupying his vacations in visiting schools and the study of educational systems throughout Europe.

He fitted himself to teach as soon as possible, and then began

that career of useful endeavor so remarkable for its achievement, until death overtook him at the zenith of his fame as an educator. He was then at the head of the "Blainer Normal Institute," which had been endowed with the view of permitting him scope for the further display of his remarkable powers; it now bears his name: "The Francis W. Parker School of Education, University of Chicago."

He died March 2, 1902, at Pass Christian, Miss., where he had hope of recuperating his impaired health.

He was the recipient of honors from many institutions of learning; in 1886, Dartmouth conferred upon him the degree of M. A.

He was the author of "Talks on Teaching," "Pictures for Language Lessons," "How to Study Geography," "Outlines in Geography," "Tract on Spelling," "Practical Teacher," "Theory of Concentration," etc. He visited every state in the Union on his lecture tours. Among the subjects of his lectures were "The Child and Nature," "The Child and Man," "Artist or Artisan—Which?", "Home and School," "The Ideal School," "Education and Democracy."

Francis Wayland Parker possessed a wonderfully sunny nature, an affectionate disposition, a mind ever directed in helpfulness towards his fellowmen. He had great energy, application and perseverance, lofty ideals and unspotted integrity. His was a strong character; possessed of marked initiative, he became a reformer in his cult; blazing the way for newer and improved methods, not by any means without opposition, but, usually, finding the way of removing obstruction, dominating difficulties or overmastering obstacles, until he finally reached an eminence in his profession, of world-wide celebrity. No man of his time has imparted greater buoyancy to the best thought in education, nor left a deeper impress of personality upon the minds of his disciples.

The war for the preservation of the Union found him, at twenty-four years of age, assistant superintendent of schools at Carrollton, Ill. Prompted by the traditions of his ancestry, and

fired by patriotic zeal, he was ready to lay his life upon the altars of his country, if need be, in her defense. He resigned his position, hastened to his native state, and uniting with the Manchester Cadets as first lieutenant, marched into camp, September 16, 1861. His company was mustered into the service of the United States as Company E, 4th N. H. Vols., on September 27, 1861.

(Daily Union.)

The dust of Col. Francis W. Parker, soldier and educator, with that of his wife, was committed to its final resting-place in the Piscataquog cemetery on Thursday forenoon, May 8, 1902. The G. A. R. Fourth Regiment association, the Parker Veteran association, the Parker Veteran club, and the school teachers and children of Manchester united to do Colonel Parker honor, and his ashes reached the place where he ever wished them to rest, in the land once owned by his father and upon which he had played when a boy, under circumstances which were according to his own choice.

The city was in mourning, the schools being closed for the forenoon, the business houses on the West Side being shut up during the burial hour, and flags being at half mast everywhere.

It is difficult to imagine anything more entirely in harmony with the wishes of Colonel Parker than the beautiful exercises of the church, the Grand Army and the schools, which were carried out about his grave under the clear May skies.

The writer distinctly remembers an early summer day when Colonel Parker, then superintendent of schools in Quincy, Mass., looking out from the upper room of the Washington school at Quincy Point and seeing the scores of acres of violets that extended to the bluffs that rose sharp from an inlet of Boston bay, said that nothing would please him more than to have the school children cover his grave with the sweet blossoms when he was laid at rest. And although his life work carried him far from the Massachusetts city, and it was not for the children of Quincy Point to deck his grave, his wish, expressed nearly twenty-five years ago, was fulfilled in spirit when Parker Hutchinson, a son

of John G. Hutchinson, who was born on the same day of the month as was Colonel Parker, and was named after him, covered with sweet peas the casket which contained the beloved dust of the great teacher, in the name of the school children of Manchester.

The casket containing the remains of both Colonel and Mrs. Parker was brought to this city on the 11.29 o'clock train by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Shepherd of Brookline, Mass., the latter being an adopted daughter of the colonel. It was received by Frank L. Gray and immediately conveyed to the Piscataquog cemetery, followed by relatives, school officials and members of the Fourth Regiment association in carriages. The G. A. R. detail was in waiting at the cemetery and escorted the remains and the funeral party to the grave which was simply lined with white and green.

The honorary bearers were Mayor William C. Clarke, Superintendent of Schools C. W. Bickford, ex-Superintendent of Schools W. E. Buck, Vice Chairman of the School Board Dr. G. D. Towne. The carriers were Comrades Herman Greager, Fred McPherson, Emery Wyman of Loudon, and William D. Wyman, Lyman Wyman and Rollins D. Moore.

There was a great assemblage of people, both old and young, in the cemetery, and while many years have elapsed since Colonel Parker has been a familiar figure in Manchester, it was evident that the respect tendered to him was a genuine, living one,—that he was loved and honored by his fellow townsmen.

The exercises at the grave began with a cornet solo, "Nearer My God to Thee," rendered by C. W. Hardy, who was placed some distance from the burial place so that the effect of the music was very sweet. This was followed by the singing of two stanzas of "Some Sweet Day Bye and Bye," by pupils from the high school, under the direction of Musical Instructor Eben F. Richardson. The singers were Ethel Colby, Alice Togus, Florence Blakely, Nellie Singleton, Florence Wilcox, Marion Olmstead, Miss Durgin, Hazel Chandler, Grace Goodrich, Annie Fradd, Agnes Woodbury, Nancy Kimball, Edith Clark, Bessie

Bartlett, Daisy Flanders, Etta Parmenter, Carolina Prescott, Bracket Hazen, Charles McKendree, Carl Bailey, Walter Butler, Ralph Fitts, Elmer Campbell, Carl Winegar, Charles Noll, Arthur Wilson, Harry Snow, Reginald Martin and J. J. Walsh.

The Episcopal burial service was read by the Rev. C. R. Bailey, curate of Grace Episcopal church, after which the school children sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Then the Grand Army burial service was performed by members of Louis Bell post, No. 3, among whom were Commander Franklin W. McKinley, Senior Vice-Commander B. F. Kinsley, Adjutant O. D. Kimball, Chaplain Charles H. Avery and Past Commander T. J. Wiggin. The standard bearer for the day was Samuel McDole, who is a veteran of Colonel Parker's old regiment, the Fourth New Hampshire. Incidental to the G. A. R. service Mr. Hardy rendered the colonel's favorite hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," and just as the casket was lowered he played "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Then came the floral offering from the school children, mention of which has already been made.

When the casket had been placed in the grave John G. Hutchinson deposited a small silk flag upon the casket and spoke the final words of farewell, which were as follows:

More than forty years ago this gallant soldier, with many who surround this grave, and many thousand others, answered the call of the sainted Lincoln, where Colonel Parker made a record that will ever be pointed to with pride, and did great honor to this city that sent him forth. In behalf of the members of the Fourth New Hampshire regiment, who with him sacrificed that this nation might live, and for the Parker Veteran club to which he was so lovingly attached, I deposit in this grave this emblem of our country's honor and majesty. Farewell, comrade, commander friend, until that time in the great beyond where the great Ruler of the Universe shall gather all in reunion, where the weary shall find rest, and the loved ones shall be united. Farewell.

Then Herman Greager, the old regimental bugler of the Fourth New Hampshire, sounded the sweet notes of the taps, while Cornetist Hardy echoed them from the distance, and the ceremony was over.

The entire affair was in the hands of John G. Hutchinson, and was arranged and executed in a most perfect manner.

Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd were accompanied to this city by Mr. and Mrs. Rolfe, also of Brookline, and Colonel Parker's housekeeper, Mrs. Chisholm.

The guard of honor was composed of the following named soldiers of the Civil war: Col. J. D. Drew of Lawrence, the only surviving field officer of the Fourth New Hampshire regiment; Col. True Sanborn of Chichester, Maj. John D. Roberts of the Charlestown navy yard, Col. W. H. Cochrane of Nashua, Col. D. F. Healey, Capt. C. H. Moore, of Nashua; Lieut. John Fullerton and Lieut. Patrick Dowd. The guard was driven to the New Manchester House after the exercises of the day and entertained at dinner by Edward Wagner. Afterwards they went in a body to the home of the old regiment drum major, "Saxie" Pike, and passed a delightful hour with their comrade, who was for so many years a prominent figure in military circles.

A TRIBUTE.

I served with Colonel Parker through the war. We were in the same company until he was promoted to Lieut.-Colonel in 1865, and I can bear testimony to his worth as an officer. Without any military training he, at the outset, became first lieutenant of Co. E, and as our captain was advanced in years he retired early, and in March, 1862, Lieutenant Parker became captain of his company, and so served for three years, when he was commissioned Lieut.-Colonel of the regiment.

The regiment was so reduced in numbers that no higher rank could be given. At first he was not a success in handling men—so used to the schoolroom. He was too severe in discipline, and not considerate enough of his men. But he soon saw the difference, and when facing danger proved himself to be brave and efficient, and his men would follow him wherever duty called.

At the battle of the Mine, July 30, 1864, Captain Clough, who commanded the regiment, was severely wounded, and Captain Parker took command, and August 16 following, at the battle of Deep Bottom, he was severely wounded in the neck. At that time he was temporarily in command of the brigade.

In civil life he became one of the most successful educators in our country, and died by reason of overwork in his chosen profession. No member of the regiment was known so widely over the country as he, for he had traveled and lectured in every part of the United States and Canada. He will long be remembered for his educational work, as well as a distinguished Civil War veteran.

Soldier, Educator, farewell!

HISTORIAN.

W. C.

